

By MojaveCourier

It is the 42nd Millennium.

Throughout the ages, mankind has been beset against by countless foes on all sides. And yet, mankind continues to stand and fight back against all of them, from the treacherous xenos to the monsters and Daemons of the Warp. Over and over again, mankind has fought and driven them back with bolters and swords, dealing a wound for every blow taken.

But the galaxy has changed.

Through decades of manipulation and preparation, Abaddon has launched his 13th Black Crusade and it is perhaps the most successful one yet. Countless lives have been lost on both sides of the battle, that of the Imperium and that of Chaos. But in the end, Abaddon won.

In the end, Cadia has fallen.

In the end, the galaxy has been split in two.



But all is not lost. So long as a single soul remains, mankind shall keep fighting to the bitter end. And with the return of Roboute Guilliman, son of the Emperor and Primarch of the Ultramarines, perhaps the Imperium shall claim the galaxy for humanity once more.

But what will you do now? For you, my friend, you have found yourself within the Imperium Nihilus, the darker half of this galaxy, the half open to the very gates of hell itself. There is danger here no doubt, but with danger, there comes opportunity. And as you look down upon the Inquisitorial rosette in your hands, you cannot help but smile.

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INTO THE DARK...

But before we get into the meat of the matter, the main course so to speak, some introductions are in order. And with these introductions, perhaps a few questions can be answered. Questions such as who you are and more importantly, however you managed to get your hands on that special rosette of yours and with it, the lofty position of an Inquisitor of the Imperium of Man. Feel free to choose your own age and gender.

Drop-In

I see. It seems that you arrived in this grim and dark world with little more than a flash of light. And when you came to, you found a rosette clutched tightly within the palm of your hands. While this would normally render the rosette all but useless to you, save for simple intimidation and flattery, it seems that your arrival has come with a few boons. Namely, you'll find that somehow, someway, you exist within the records of the Imperium as a fully-fledged Inquisitor, with all the privileges and responsibilities such a position entails.

By simply dropping into this world, you will not be plagued by any of the biases common to the people of this galaxy but neither will you possess the experience and practice borne from a life of hardship and effort. You will have a difficult time ahead of you will likely not have any allies or resources to call upon for aid. Nevertheless, I believe that you are more than up for the challenge. Still, the choice, as always, is up to you.

Acolyte

Ah, it appears that you did not simply end up in this world. You were born here, in this world of naught but war. And it is here that you have carved out a life for yourself. Whether through luck, skill, or—perhaps more likely—a combination of both, you winded up inside an Inquisitor's retinue. Not only that, it seems that the Inquisitor who took you in had quite a liking to you that they ended up naming you as their successor, bestowing upon you the honored position of Inquisitor, a position that they have no doubt been training you for.

With the life you've lived in this world, you've gained more than one's fair share of experience and knowledge regarding all the dangers this galaxy has to offer. And though it may have left you with quite a bit of bias, it seems fortunate enough that your predecessor taught you to keep an open mind. Whether or not you're ready, it is now your time to step into a galaxy fraught with danger. Hopefully, your teacher taught you well.

Know that you stand in this world as one of the privileged few. You stand as an Inquisitor, a person of such power and authority that even the rulers of entire worlds find themselves bowing to your whims, lest they suffer the consequences.

But that does not give you freedom from consequences. Always remember this one rule, this one lesson.

There is a vast difference between power and authority.

+1000 CP

ORDO INQUISITORUS

Despite how it seems to the common man, the Inquisition is far from monolithic. In fact, the Inquisition is formed from many different groups and factions known as Ordos. But do not be fooled. Just because the Inquisition is divided, it does not mean that they do not remain one of the most formidable forces in the galaxy. It is through this division how the Inquisition has been able to wage wars across the galaxy, defeating the foes of man wherever they may go. And so, the question is raised. What kind of Inquisitor are you?

Ordo Malleus

The daemonic are without number, and their legions span the galaxy. But faith does not tire. Should it take us an eternity, the Ordo Malleus will find and exterminate them all.

—Lord Hephaestos Grudd

Within the Inquisition, there are three major Ordos, Ordo Malleus, Ordo Xenos, and Ordo Hereticus. Of these three, it is the Ordo Malleus, the Daemonhunters, that stand as the most ancient and hardened of them all. Formed by the Emperor before He ascended onto the Golden Throne, the Ordo Malleus is charged with the defense of mankind against the Enemy Beyond. To be an Inquisitor of the Ordo Malleus is to possess great fortitude, both physical and mental, beyond even the Adeptus Astartes. A soul such as yourself must be capable of not only braving the endless and ravenous hordes of the Warp but to stem the tide, to push back against them no matter how impossible the task may seem. And though the Ordo Malleus is perhaps the smallest of the three major factions, that does not mean that they are weak. As one of these Inquisitors, you may rely upon the Grey Knights for aid.

And who are the Grey Knights you may ask? To put it simply, the Grey Knights are a Chapter of Space Marines, those noble and mighty angels charged with the defense of the Imperium. And even amongst such mighty warriors, the Grey Knights are legendary. Clad in the finest power armor and equipped with some of the advanced weapons available to the Imperium, the Grey Knights take the battle to the Warp itself, slaying daemons by the score. And with their phenomenal psychic prowess, there are few allies greater suited for your mission against the Enemy Beyond.



Ordo Xenos

There is no end to the abomination of the alien. Do not allow any guise of sentience to stay your hand—there can be no hesitation when the survival of humanity as a species is at stake.

—Inquisitor Kartize

Forged from the fires of the War of the Beast, a war against the greatest Orks the Imperium has ever faced, the Ordo Xenos is charged with defending the Imperium against the Enemies Without, the xenos. To be one of the Inquisitors of the Ordo Xenos is to learn the alien and their culture, all so that you may better kill and purge the alien. The brave Inquisitors here are armed with some of the finest technologies in the galaxy, whether it be that of the Imperium's or even those of the dreaded xenos. In many ways, people like you are the ones with the most blood in their hands. Xenos blood yes, but blood, nonetheless. By allying with these Inquisitors, you will have the Deathwatch watching your back.

Like the Grey Knights of the Ordo Malleus, the Deathwatch is a Chapter of noble and mighty Space Marines. And they possess a reputation as large and as impressive as the Grey Knights. But unlike the Grey Knights, the Deathwatch is tasked with the arduous task of purging the galaxy of xenos filth and ridding the Imperium of their taint. To accomplish this mission, the Deathwatch utilizes technology from all corners of the galaxy. From the blades of Necron dynasties to the wraithbones of the Aeldari, there are few limits to the technology the Deathwatch will unleash against the Enemies Without.



Ordo Hereticus

A heretic may see the truth and seek redemption. He may be forgiven his past and be absolved in death. A Traitor can never be forgiven. A Traitor can never find peace in this world or the next. There is nothing as wretched or as hated in all the world as a Traitor.

—Cardinal Khyrsdam, author of the Instructum Absolutio

The youngest of the three major Ordos of the Inquisition, the Ordo Hereticus was founded in the 36th Millennium, during the end of the Age of Apostasy, where Vandire and his vile depravities found their demise. Unlike its counterparts, the Inquisitors of the Ordo Hereticus are charged with defending the Imperium against the Enemies Within. Known as the Witchhunters, these Inquisitors are often accompanied by the fine soldiers of the Sisters of Battle as they make their way across the vast galaxy, searching for and investigating all manners of treason and heresy. Whether they be witches, psykers, mutants, or just simple heretics and traitors, the Ordo Hereticus Inquisitors come for them with all the zeal you might expect of a loyal servant of the God-Emperor of Mankind. And though your kind may be the youngest of the three, you are no less important.

Unlike the rest of the Great Ordos, the military arm of the Ordo Hereticus is not a Chapter of Space Marines. Rather, their trusty allies are the Adepta Sororitas, the Sisters of Battle. Throughout the Imperium, there are none more zealous and none more faithful. These fierce soldiers are tasked with upholding the Imperial Creed wherever they may be, eradicating all those who would threaten the sanctity of the Imperium. Skilled in both warfare and diplomacy, the Sisters of Battle shall be your greatest ally against the Enemies Within. The Imperium does not suffer traitors lightly.



Ordo Minoris

Do not presume to judge me or the methods I choose to employ, petty-minded fool. You cannot comprehend the magnitude of the task I have undertaken nor the consequences of my failure.

—Inquisitor Lichtenstein

While there may be three major Ordos, the keyword there is major. There are countless more Ordos within the Inquisition, all under the umbrella of the Ordo Minoris. For every Inquisitor out in the fields of battle, there are tens or hundreds more working within the shadows and the populace. They may not have the most glamorous or glorious of jobs nor are they as famed by the Imperium at large, but they are nevertheless just as important to the continued survival of mankind. And you are one of them.

Perhaps you work within the Ordo Chronos, an obscure branch of the Inquisition meant to investigate and protect against the concept of traveling through time. Or you may even find yourself part of the Ordo Scriptorum, an organization devoted to ensuring that the Imperium will not fall under the weight of its bureaucracy. Nevertheless, know that you are still an Inquisitor and though stories of you may not be told and regaled across the galaxy, you still hold power and authority far beyond the ken of ordinary men.

> The Chamber Militant represents the most dedicated, most experienced, and most effective forces that one of the three great Ordos may call upon to aid them in their missions.

And while the Ordo Minoris itself may not have its very own specified Chamber Militant, they are, nonetheless, still Inquisitors. And as an Inquisitor, you will always possess the power to requisition soldiers and warriors from all across the galaxy, whether they be the humble men of the Imperial Guard or the towering Space Marines. But do be wise in doing so. There are quite a few organizations within the Imperium that do not have a very flattering opinion of Inquisitors strutting about and abusing their power.



LOCATION

Choose your location or roll for it to receive **100 CP**.

The Imperium! How mighty its aspect! How far-reaching its boundaries! As one world dies ten more are brought into the fold. Fear us, for we count the lives of planets, not men!

—Cardinal Morius Blate, Ecclesiarch Primus

Now that we know who you are, I suppose it is important for you to know where you are. As said before, you have found yourself within the Imperium Nihilus, otherwise known as the Dark Imperium, the larger half of the galaxy. In this place, the light of the Emperor, the light of the Astronomican, does not shine. Astropaths and Navigators alike are lost within the Immaterium like a man adrift at sea. In here, the Warp reigns supreme and travel, even simple communication, across this half of the galaxy is a daunting task.

The Cicatrix Maledictum, otherwise known as the Great Rift, was borne from the Eye of Terror and it is the very reason why the Imperium has been split in two. It is a Warp Storm like none other and to the people of the Imperium Sanctus, it is a corrupted scar that blazes across the sky. But to the unfortunate souls within the Imperium Nihilus, the Great Rift is the gates to hell itself.

But as always, humanity has proven to be an adaptable species. Regardless of the hardships within the Imperium Nihilus, humans have carved out a life for themselves. And like their counterparts within the Imperium's brighter half, the Imperium Sanctus, the people continue to fight, raging against the dying of the light, no matter what stands in their way.

And what about you? Where do you stand in this vast galaxy? Where will your journey begin?



1 | Baal, Home of the Blood Angels

How suitably appropriate. Whereas Terra is the capital world of the Imperium at large, and the core of the Imperium Sanctus, Baal serves as the capital of the Imperium Nihilus. And what a shining example of a world it is. It was only recently that Baal was ravaged by the ravenous Tyranid hordes of Hive Fleet Leviathan, an assault swiftly followed and accompanied by the aetheric storms wrought forth by the Cicatrix Maledictum. But now, Baal has been restored, rebuilt to be greater than before.

It is this world which the Blood Angels, heirs of the Angel, of Sanguinius, call their home, and it is here where Commander Dante, greatest of the Blood Angels, serves as the Regent of the Imperium Nihilus. And soon, this world shall strike back and reclaim all that has been lost in the advent of the Great Rift.

2 | Agripinaa, Orb of a Thousand Scars

For millennia, the Forge World of Agripinaa has served as a loyal world for the Imperium of Man. Every inch of its surface is wreathed and scarred with the marks of industrialization, from mines to pipelines to factories and more, all of them devoted to supplying the greater Imperium with its ever-growing material demands. And no matter how great and terrible it may be, the Great Rift has not changed this singular fact. Even now, Agripinaa continues to a be fine inspiration for every world within the Imperium. Though no longer protected by the Fortress World of Cadia, and constantly assaulted by the forces of Chaos, the defenders of Agripinaa continue to fight, fending off invasion after invasion with a fervor almost unmatched by any other world.

3 | Port Maw, Capital of the Gothic Sector

It may not be a surprise to you, but it is still worth mentioning. As much as it abhors the xeno, the Imperium will gladly make use of their technology the moment it proves useful. Port Maw is just one example of such a thing. Found within the very border of the Segmentum Obscurus, Port Maw is a massive artificial world built long ago by a xenos race whose name has long been forgotten. Nowadays, the false world serves as the home of Battlefleet Gothic and as one of the largest starports within the Imperium. And like Agripinaa and Cadia before it, Port Maw is a world embroiled in a perpetual war against Chaos. The countless vessels of Port Maw serve as both attack ships and relief convoys for every world within the Nihilus, a fact that shall not change in the coming years.

4 | Valhalla, the Frozen Land

A world of ice and snow, Valhalla is a planet where freezing temperatures are considered warm amongst its people. And yet, the freezing conditions are the very reason why the people of this world are so hardened and enduring. Like Armageddon, Catachan, Krieg, and many worlds besides, Valhalla has become a prime source of soldiers for the Imperial Guard, forming the homeworld of the regiment known as the Valhallan Ice Warriors.

Such warriors are some of the finest Guardsmen you will ever see, excelling and thriving in locales too cold and frigid for most and possessing a great drive to take the battle to the foes of the Imperium, especially when it comes to the Orks. If you ever need a loyal Guardsman to watch your back, look no further than the people of Valhalla.

Found by the remnants of Cadia and close to the Eye of Terror, the Nachmund Gauntlet is perhaps the one and only stable route through the Cicatrix Maledictum. Certainly, it is the only one known to the Imperium at large.

The importance of this route could never be understated. Even now, the greater half of the Imperium, the Imperium Sanctus, struggles to provide protection to the countless worlds beyond it. Without the Gauntlet, the Imperium Nihilus would truly be lost to the forces of mankind and that, needless to say, would be a disaster matched by few others.

5 | Vigilus, Terminus of the Gauntlet

Once a mere vital Sentinel World for the Imperium, with the opening of the Great Rift, that is no longer quite true. In these days, instead of being merely important, the world of Vigilus has become indispensable. Home to over a hundred billion souls, the world of Vigilus now serves as the gateway to the Nachmund Gauntlet and without it, the Imperium Nihilus would forever be lost.

But as its defenders have proven, Vigilus shall not be lost, not without a fight. And in this world, you will find soldiers of every kind, from brave Guardsmen, zealous Sisters of Battle and even the legendary Space Marines. From the sadistic Drukhari to the ravening Tyranids to the barbaric Orks to the monstrous forces of Chaos, these sentinels of mankind have fought them all, driving them off with wounds and scars they'll be sure to remember.

6 | Attila, Nation of Riders

Given the vastness of the Imperium, it only makes that there would be worlds whose technological capabilities are far below what would be considered the standard by the general populace. It is unfortunate but the Imperium is stifled by bureaucracy and the capriciousness of the Warp, factors only made worse by the Great Rift. Attila is one such world. Dominated by steppe-lands and vast plains, Attila is one of many Feudal Worlds across the Imperium.

The people here harken back to a time when mankind was constricted to a single world, a society of nomadic tribes living by the laws of the land. And it is in that history how the people of this land became the Attilan Rough Riders. A regiment of Guardsmen, the Attilan Rough Riders are some of the greatest soldiers you shall ever meet, riding into battle atop their trusty mounts and a fervor nigh unmatched.

7 | Scintilla, World of Corruption

The capital world of the Calixis Sector, Scintilla is a world home to over 25 billion souls and dominated by two vast hive cities known as Hive Sibellus and Hive Tarsus. The vast majority of the population live within one of these two cities. To the uninitiated, Scintilla is a world of luxury and splendor, a world filled with the wealthy and the powerful, all competing against one another for the riches and glory just waiting to be claimed.

But look deeper and you will be able to see the moral decay and corruption that inches its way into the very fabric of Scintilla's society. From the nobility up top to the denizens of the underhives, this world is a wretched hive of scum and villainy. And its laws are not any better. Across the entire planet, laws regarding trial by combat and dueling are very much still in play, a fact that the nobility are more than happy to take advantage of.

8 | Ostia, the Once Placid Paradise

The only Agri-World of the Gilead System of the Gothic Sector, the bountiful green world of Ostia is one devoted entirely to the production of food. With its vast array of differing biomes, Ostia serves as the sole breadbasket of the Gilead System. With the opening of the Great Rift however, disaster struck Ostia. And now, the bountiful planet is struggling to meet the ever-growing needs of the Gilead System and while the Crown of Blades—a vast network of defensive satellites, orbital batteries, and space stations—has managed to protect it from outside threats, it does nothing for the problems on the planet side. If you begin your journey here, perhaps you will be able to help the world and restore its glorious bounties once more.

9 | Dragon's End, the Knightly World

Start off in this world and you'll believe yourself to have stepped onto a more traditional universe of fantasy and magic by mistake. Filled with flying drakes and beasts resembling the dinosaurs that roamed Terra millions upon millions of years ago, and dotted with volcanoes upon its surface, Dragon's End is, like many other worlds within the Imperium, filled with hardship and strife. However, few planets can attest to bearing a Knight House. Serving as the home of House Griffith, it is with their mighty Knights and exemplary warriors that they have carved out a living for the people who call this world their home, a duty they have performed for millennia. Even now, House Griffith continues to fight all those who seek to endanger their beloved home, even whilst in the darker half of the galaxy.

10 | Free Choice

The Imperium is home to a million worlds. Even with the abundance of life-extending treatments available to those in power, a man could travel the galaxy all his life and never come close to exploring even a small fraction of what it has to offer. But they can certainly make quite the effort. And with this choice, you are certainly one step closer than most. Rather than the choices above, you may now freely choose where to begin your journey. On one condition. You must start within the Imperium Nihilus. Other than that, hopefully you enjoy wherever you end up.

PERKS AND SKILLS

I am the Hammer. I am the sword in His hand. I am the Gauntlet about His fist. I am the Bane of His foes and the woes of the treacherous. I am the End.

—Attributed to Justicar Tancred

No ordinary man can become an Inquisitor. Such a thing simply cannot be. After all, the training one undertakes to become one of them already pushes a man beyond the likes of their kin. And there is no doubt that you possess certain qualities that make you a perfect fit for the Inquisition. But, to make things easier for yourself, it would not hurt to possess a fair bit more. It is better to be safe than sorry and there are few places where that is made clearer than within this galaxy.

General

A Grim and Dark World | FREE

There is no shortage of such things to be found in this galaxy. From the most precocious youth to the wisest of elders, it is merely a fact of life that there will come a time when one shall come face to face with violence in this universe, whether it be through a simple childish fight or something far more gruesome. You may try to avoid it but that would make you quite the poor Inquisitor indeed.

No, it is better to be able to face such things when necessary and if you could not do so before, then this is for you. With this, you will find that you will no longer shy away from brutality and violence. With this, the sight of blood and gore alone shall no longer stop you in your tracks. With this, you can truly be an Inquisitor.

A Luxury You Cannot Afford | FREE

It is a demanding thing, to be an Inquisitor. To be an Inquisitor is to bear responsibilities that no ordinary mortal could ever hope to carry, to make decisions that many others would balk at. And yet you are certainly quite far from ordinary. Whether it be borne through simple hard-earned experience or imprinted onto you through more supernatural or technological means, you possess a certain quality that few, if any, Inquisitors are without. Like many others before you, regret and grief can be pushed down whenever necessary, ensuring that you shall not be impeded by such things when the hardest decisions must be made.

An Inquisitor Has Style | FREE

And don't let anyone else tell you otherwise. If you're at all familiar with this world, you'll notice that almost everything here has a certain… aesthetic. From the simple Guardsmen to the mysterious Grey Knights, the people here dress in ways that some people would consider audacious or inefficient, something that should hamper them in every moment, from the massive pauldrons of the Space Marines to the ridiculously ornate dressings of Inquisitors and Lords. Yet somehow, they make it work. And so do you.

From now on, even if what you're wearing could quite possibly be described as the frilliest and most ostentatious clothes known to man, you'll be able to move in it as well as you possibly could. You'll never trip over your robes, be blinded by your cape, or even be burdened by the weight of your armor. And of course, you can certainly make it so that you'll impress a crowd with how you wear your attire. On you, anything looks good.

Human Enough | FREE

It is a harsh truth but even with so many enemies knocking on their door, the Imperium is far from being a united bastion of humanity. In these dark and taxing times, the people of this galaxy still continue to view their fellow man as things to be scorned, things to be hated. Whether it be the multiple kinds of abhumans, the transhuman Space Marines, or the sanctioned psykers, there are always those who disdain their kind, viewing them as an affront to the natural order of humanity. And even some of your fellow Inquisitors are not free from this.

But it seems that you are free from this unfortunate negativity. Unlike how they would ordinarily treat others, people do not seem to view what you are in a negative manner or at least, not overtly so. Rather, they shall place greater importance on what you can do and the results you can provide. They may continue to hate you for what you are, but you will not need to fear them harming you because of it. In time, you will be able to prove to them that such discrimination can and must be cast aside, all so that man can truly be united against the enemies that seek to assail them. Hate the enemy, not your fellow man.

Dark Beauty | 50

The world may be dark and grim but that does not mean that there is no beauty to be found within. In fact, in this galaxy, such beauty is only made all the more tantalizing, the contrast between it and the world around it only serving to enhance its effects. And given how Inquisitors are said to be a cut above the rest of humanity, perhaps it was only natural for at least some of them to possess tantalizing beauty. Regardless, it seems that you are one of those Inquisitors.

Wherever you may be, people will certainly notice your striking appearance. Whether your visage is more of a classical and beautiful bent or a grizzled yet handsome look, you are certainly quite the catch, a fact you should learn to take full advantage of. After all, a pretty face can do far more than just turn heads. From the history of ancient Terra to the stories told within the countless worlds of the Imperium, there are no shortage of empires whose ends came about all because of beauty and jealousy.

The Clothes Make the Man | 50

And an Inquisitor has many clothes indeed. When one thinks of an Inquisitor, one will often picture a figure clad in armor and a billowing cloak, a power sword in one hand and a master-crafted pistol in the other. And while many Inquisitors do strike a rather similar and noticeable figure, the smart Inquisitor knows how to use this to their advantage. For you, it makes you a master of disguise, capable of making sure that few, if any, will ever suspect you of being an Inquisitor.

With only a bit of effort, you can figure out how to blend in just about anywhere. Whether it be as a homeless vagrant in the labyrinthian spires of Hive Worlds or as noble servant within the mansions found aplenty in the Imperium's Pleasure Worlds, you find yourself excelling whenever it comes to being just another face in the crowd, someone that people just never seem to take a second look at. And as a final bonus, it seems that whatever clothes you don seem to fit you no matter what.

Reliquarist Experience | 50

Artifacts and relics are the Imperium's bread and butter. From searching for long-lost caches of technology hailing from the Age of Strife to recreating the wonders of the Dark Age of Technology, the glory of the past is something the people of the Imperium have long since sought to recapture. And while you may have greater responsibilities, that does not mean you don't have the time to learn.

Through days, weeks, or even months of obsessive or even pathological reading and studying, whether for simple relaxation or to bolster your chances in life, you've learned plenty about artifacts and their nature. Not enough to recreate, far from it in fact, but you're more than able to tell whether or not the relic you have on hand is a genuine article or merely a convincing facsimile. Of course, this also gives you a good idea of discovering which parties would be most interested in the treasures you possess and finding ways to contact them across the colossal distances between you.

The Eye of the Beholder | 50

From the youngest acolytes to the most wizened of Inquisitor Lords, there are no Inquisitors who go about their missions and tasks by their lonesome. Any Inquisitor attempting to prove otherwise shall quickly find themselves suffering an ignoble and grisly end. As such, it is only natural that you have ascertained how to quickly determine the usefulness of the people around you.

With only a modicum of effort, you can quickly ascertain and discover the talents of others and their position within a societal system. Once you do so, it becomes easy and simple to see which of those people will have the skills you need for your upcoming missions and endeavors. The problem now is finding out how to convince them to aid you. Still, once that problem is solved, just keep in mind one thing. Just because they're helping you, it doesn't mean that they're loyal to you.

An Inquisitor's Words | 100

An Inquisitor will, over the course of their duties, find themselves in a wide array of locations. One day, you could find yourself on a world so luxurious that even the peasants hold wealth that could match the treasures of nobility and in the next, you're in a world so battered and riddled by war that any semblance of society is practically on their last legs. It's a good thing then that the Imperium has a common tongue in the form of Imperial Gothic. Without it, communication across the galaxy would certainly be even more difficult than it is now.

Unfortunately, as you might have already surmised, language is a tricky thing. With how spread apart the worlds of humanity are, it's only natural that the language of one world will not match that of another's, even if they share the same roots. Fortunately, that won't be a problem for you. While you may not know every language out there, you are quite good at picking them up. It takes only an hour or two for you to become passable and a day at most to become fluent.

And yes, this includes every language, even those of xenos. Just be aware that for supernatural languages, this only lets you learn how to speak the language, not how to make use of their power. If you want to use such things, you will have to learn how to do so the old-fashioned way.

The Presence of An Inquisitor | 100

But no matter how useful blending in might be, there will always come a time when you must shed away the disguise and charge forth with all the signs and trappings of an Inquisitor. Fortunately for you, you certainly know how to make an impression. When you desire it, you will walk with dignity and grace befitting that of the High Lords of Terra, exuding an aura of confidence that shall inspire awe in your comrades and fear in your foes.

Most importantly, you know how to present yourself in a manner that belies your true power. Through years of experience or simply an innate talent of yours, you've become *very* good at making sure people see how you want to be seen. Whether it's making your foes think you're weaker than you actually are or portraying yourself as an impregnable fortress, you've got good odds of fooling even hardened soldiers and warriors. Still, this isn't perfect and if someone doesn't fall for your ruse, make sure to have a back-up plan of some sort.

Call of the Wild | 100

As stated before, Inquisitors can find themselves in some of the strangest planets in the galaxy. And while many of those worlds will have some form of civilization, there will be just as many worlds where society is, for all intents and purposes, non-existent. Take for example, the world of Nocturne, home of the Salamanders. It is a world so fraught with danger that, without even considering the draconic and monstrous creatures that call it home, people die by droves and hordes every fifteen years during the Time of Trial, as the planet starts to break apart at the seams. But just like with languages, you are more than prepared to survive and even thrive in such situations.

From now on, you have tremendous knowledge and skill when it comes to surviving far away from civilization. Be it the labyrinthian internals of a Space Hulk or the deadly jungles of Catachan, you know what you'll need to do to survive. You know where to scavenge for supplies, how to avoid the dangerous beasts and traps left behind, how to make a proper shelter with what you have on hand, and most importantly, you'll know how to forage for food and drink. In fact, you're so good at this that you could impress even some of the Space Wolves. And given how they regard the Inquisition, that is far from an easy feat.

The Weight of One's Purpose | 100

To traverse this galaxy, one must rely on the Warp, on the ever-changing whims of the Empyrean, the immaterial side of reality. It is a treacherous sea, a match for the fiercest oceans you could ever encounter, with terrifying beasts taken straight from mankind's darkest nightmares lurking within, even in the best of times. And in the Nihilus, without the Emperor's guiding light, traversing the endless void between worlds has become ever more perilous. But with the strength of your soul, the weight of your purpose, the Warp has come to respect you.

From now on, whenever you traverse this treacherous and hellish realm, you will find no storms or tempests, only a calm sea. Where others would take months, you will find your journeys through the Warp lasting only days, weeks at worst. And beyond even the Warp, it seems that fate itself shall conspire to ensure that, barring outside interference, your travels shall proceed as smoothly as possible.But don't think that this will save you if decide to jump headfirst into a warpstorm or, Emperor forbid, the Great Rift. This alone cannot rid you of them and within those storms, there will be plenty of daemons just aching to get aboard your ship.

Whispers in the Wind | 100

Inquisitors will often be tasked with rooting out all manners of cults and secret organizations. Because of this, many Inquisitors have devoted a lifetime or more to the art of investigation and detective work. It is a difficult task that requires both copious amounts of skill, experience, and no small amount of luck. And while you may not yet have the skill, you are certainly luckier than most.

Whenever you stay in a locale for some time, be it in some sort of Planetary Governor's Hive World or a rundown Forge World, information has a helpful habit of finding its way into your ears. Whether it be workplace gossip in a factory or the sordid stories of the criminal underworld, you'll hear it all. And though many of these pieces of information can be rather exaggerated, you have a knack for figuring out which ones hold a grain of truth. It may not be much, but for an Inquisitor, it'll be more than enough to get started.

Sacred Hospitaller | 100

Bleak, brutal, cruel, and yet ultimately necessary. Such is the mandate of an Inquisitor and to ignore that reality is to deny the truth of the world. But while cruelty and brutality both have their place within the galaxy, that does not mean that there is no place for kindness, no place for simple good-old fashioned hospitality. And that is why you've taken measures to ensure that you will not forget that fact.

> The Orders Hospitaller are the non-militant orders of the Adepta Sororitas. Members of these orders are known as Sisters Hospitaller and are often found alongside Inquisitors and regiments of the Imperial Guard. They are tasked with the arduous mission of keeping their charges alive even in the most dangerous places in the galaxy.
>
> Contrary to what some may believe, these Sisters can fight with the best of them, using all the knowledge they've learned to astonishing effect in the battlefield.

Whether you learned from the Orders Hospitaller or even the apothecaries of the Adeptus Astartes, you've gained a substantial degree of both medical skill and knowledge. You certainly wouldn't be out of place within the Voidborne Hospitals of the Imperium. In fact, they would be more than welcome to have you aboard. Be it simple first aid, triage, or even surgery, you're a certified master at keeping your patients alive from all but the most grievous of wounds. The galaxy may be dark and grim but that's no excuse to let your fellow men die.

Amalathian Insight | 100

When it comes to ideologies, Inquisitors are divided into two camps, Puritans and Radicals. Puritans believe that the Inquisition and all its members must seek to uphold the Imperium's doctrine and will go to great lengths to do so, hunting down even their fellow Inquisitors who they believe to be heretical. On the other hand, Radicals can be best exemplified with the phrase "the end justifies the means". And once you look deeper into it, these two camps are even further divided into other groups, groups such as the Amalathians.

Unlike other Puritans, Amalathians are less concerned about the mutant, the heretic and the xenos but more on ensuring that the Imperium and its people are as united and harmonious as it could be. Like them, you have learned how to keep your allies from fighting amongst themselves, knowing how to solve disputes and arguments between your subordinates and your colleagues in ways that, while not truly satisfying everyone, are enough to keep them from each other's throats. Mankind has many enemies. Mankind itself should not be one of them.

Over ten millennia ago, the Imperium was forever changed, forged and rebuilt by the fires of the Horus Heresy, the greatest war to ever be fought by the likes of man. It was on this world, on Istvann III where the war truly began in earnest, when brother killed brother in a vile act of betrayal unlike any before or since.

Istvaanians are named after this world, an eternal reminder of what must be done for mankind to take their rightful place amongst the stars above. And in time, once mankind's pain and suffering begins to bear fruit, they believe that these rewards shall be well worth the cost.

The Evolution of Might | 200

Denounced and declared by many of their fellow Inquisitors as little more than warmongers and destroyers, Istvaanians are Radical Inquisitors that believe that in order to thrive within the galaxy, mankind must come to endure the greatest and most terrible ordeals and hardships. Whether or not they are right or wrong, you have come to embody their lessons.

Like a proper Istvaanian, you will find that your greatest growth often comes from your greatest tribulations, your most difficult trials. Ordinarily, you would learn and adapt not much faster than your colleagues but in difficult times, your capacity to grow, to be better than what you are now, will be magnified to truly superhuman levels, learning and growing at an accelerated rate, perhaps even a magnitude or two beyond how you normally grow, whether it be something as simple as the knowledge in your mind or something more esoteric, such as your psychic prowess.

A brief skirmish may not amount to much but a protracted campaign? A Great War? Oh, now that will truly be something to behold. Still, just make sure that these trials actually do pose a threat to yourself. If they don't, how could you ever expect to grow, to ascend?

Fortunes to Be Found | 200

There are countless worlds underneath the banner of the Imperium and countless more beyond. And on many worlds, there are a plethora of secrets to be found, treasures and valuables that would turn even the poorest of men to lords of entire worlds, if not an entire system. But for every story of man coming across untold riches and glory, there are ten more stories of men instead finding their own doom and a hundred more wherein they simply found nothing at all.

And yet that's never stopped you. This journey of yours alone is already a dangerous endeavor but you've certainly done well enough for yourself. In fact, it seems that wherever you go, you always seem to find a few treasures somewhere nearby.

Most of the time, these treasures are mostly trinkets, simple pieces of gold and jewelry. Useful if you need something to barter with but not much else besides. But, on certain occasions, you will occasionally come across relics of old or artifacts with interesting and strange properties. For example, you might find a lasgun with a power pack advanced enough that you could fire it off for a hour straight before you need to charge it up again or a bejeweled pendant that keeps away nightmares. Nothing too powerful but always useful and more than worth one's weight in gold.

Lord of Beasts | 200

From the simple and delicious grox to the Fenrisian Thunderwolves, there is an immense variety of beasts known to the Imperium of Man. And like everything else within the Imperium, humanity has learned to make use of such beasts, whether they be as beasts of burden or beasts of war. So, by studying the connections between man and beast, you have learned to harness that power for yourself.

Regardless of their origins, you find that beasts of every shape and size shall no longer attack you unprovoked. More than that, with a modicum of effort, you are able to forge powerful and mighty bonds between you and the beasts. It's rather easy too, considering your sixth sense for a beast's wants and needs. And once your bond is forged, you will have a loyal ally that would follow you into oblivion and beyond, now and forever.

Nemesis Lord | 200

Inquisitors cannot merely rely on their presence and authority if they wish to succeed in their mission. After all, what use are such things against the mindless, against the hateful, against that which lies beyond? And so, you have taken it upon yourself to learn the art of war, becoming well and truly familiar with the weapons of man.

So long as a weapon has its origins tied to mankind, to humanity, you'll wield it as if you've practiced and fought with it for years, garnering the respect of even the mighty warriors of the Adeptus Astartes. And yet heretical as it may be, Inquisitors shall often find themselves wielding alien weapons, ones with no ties to humanity whatsoever.

In such cases, however, you will find that your skill in handling weapons has provided you with a boon. No matter the shape or the form it takes, you will instinctively know how to wield a weapon within moments of grasping it, enough that you never need to fear harming yourself or your comrades. Perhaps in time, you will have enough skill to impress or even match the greatest warriors across the galaxy. Only time will tell. But you'll have plenty of that, won't you?

Sip at the Cup, Leave the Dregs | 200

This is the lore of Chogoris, the lore of the White Scars. Through it, the threat of corruption by the Immaterium can be held at bay and one's psychic prowess can be used as safely as possible. Whether or not you've worked alongside the White Scars before, this is a lesson you've taken into heart. You have come to know your limitations, but with that knowledge, you have come to grasp a sort of masterful grace over your actions. In battle, you have learned to move like the wind, flowing from one strike or dodge to the next and expending as little energy as possible, whether it be through your physical body or your supernatural abilities.

More importantly however, you have come to understand how far you can push yourself before danger strikes. Whether it is the limits of your body, the limits of your tools, or even your supernatural powers, you know exactly how far you can go before hurting yourself or your allies. Of course, nothing is stopping you from going all the way. After all, desperate times will so often call for desperate measures.

But do remember that the price of power is oftentimes too high. What use is power when everything you seek to protect is dead and gone, ripped away by your attempt to shield them from disaster?

Armor of Contempt | 300

The Warp is a realm free from the limitations and chains of the material, and within this chaotic dimension, impossibilities are as common as the stars in the endless sky. And yet, that does not mean it is unbound. Though it may be an ever-shifting realm of madness and chaos, the Warp can yet be constrained, molded, and changed by factors immaterial and ethereal. Factors such as the wills and minds of the people.

With this truth in mind, you have donned upon yourself an invisible armor borne from your mind and will. With this armor, the supernatural powers of the Warp are dampened and weakened when brought to bear against you. For as long as your resolve stands true and your mind remains yours, the emanations of the Warp, be it fire, lightning, or something else, shall flow over you like water over a stone, a bastion of sanity in a world of madness.

But do not believe that this makes you invincible. A strong enough current can erode even the greatest of fortifications. In time however, as your resolve hardens and grows, this defense shall become all the more unassailable. Keep fighting for what you believe in, and your armor shall stay with you till the bitter end.

Only In Death, Does Duty End | 300

Pain has been a constant in humanity, for good or ill. From the time humanity were but simple beasts living out a thankless life foraging for food and huddling together within caves lit only by a simple fire, pain has been a valuable ally, teaching men of the dangers lurking in the dark and hiding in plain sight. And yet, pain has also served as a fearsome foe. Through the fear of pain alone, entire regiments of soldiers have broken ranks, given away invaluable information, and committed countless more acts of cowardice.

As such, you have sworn that you shall never succumb to the pain and suffering that would fell lesser men. Through experience, training, and sheer natural grit, you've come to understand pain on a level that would impress even the wretched denizens of Commoragh. You've built up such a tolerance for pain that the Haemonculi Covens themselves would take decades to extract even the most minute bits of information from you. Centuries if they want anything even mildly usable.

Otherwise known as the Dark City, the city of Commoragh is vast and expansive beyond measure, a city wherein pain and suffering suffuse every inch of its surface, from its mightiest institutions to the horrific caverns beneath its lofty spires.

The city is home to the Drukhari, the Dark Eldar but they are far from alone. There are countless more souls within Commoragh. From mutants to xenos, it is a wretched hive of scum and villainy.

Most notable among its many denizens are the Haemonculi, ancient yet horrific masters and keepers of impossible sciences and dreadful technologies.

But perhaps more importantly, all your training in this regard has transformed your mind, turned into a bastion of ceramite, a fortress of adamantium against whatever seeks to assail it. Even the mightiest psykers and daemons would struggle to put a crack in the walls of your mind. There are some who might even compare your mind to that of the Emperor's Golden Ones, His finest warriors. If you would fall into the hands of Chaos, it shall be through your choices alone, not at the whims of the immaterial.

A Presence in the Shadows | 300

For every Inquisitor in the galaxy, there are legions of men and women standing behind them, ensuring that they have all the assets and resources they need to succeed in their missions. Whether they be young or old, an Inquisitor cannot succeed without the plethora of manpower and resources they have at their backs. You are no exception and you've made it your goal to ensure that you will always have access to the most important resource in the galaxy. Knowledge.

What this means for you is that you are now capable of forming and creating intricate networks of spies and informants across cities, worlds, or even entire sectors of the galaxy. From the downtrodden folks deep in the underhives to the common soldier to the servants of kings, you'll have people feeding you information about the world around them, even if they aren't entirely aware of what they're doing. You'll learn of the crimes within a world, the depravities of nobility, the extent of your enemy's forces, and more. With information, a battle can be won without even a single shot. With knowledge, a war can end without even a drop of blood.

Renaissance Man | 300

The Inquisition is perhaps the most varied and diverse organization you may find within the Imperium. Every member is unique in their own special way, coming from backgrounds as humble as a simple orphan from a war-torn world to the sons and daughters of the richest and mightiest families in the galaxy. There are Inquisitors with a talent for technology, Inquisitors who are psykers, and Inquisitors with truly exceptional charisma. Truly the Inquisition runs the gamut when it comes to its members.

For you, what makes you stand out amongst the rest of your compatriots is your mind. With your mind, you are what could be called a natural autodidact. To you, knowledge and information might as well be water and you are the sponge. There is no subject that you cannot learn on your own, no field of study that you cannot master. Whether it be economics, tactics, or something more creative, you'll be making massive strides in them, years of practice and training jammed into months or weeks, even without any tutors or instructors.

A Reflection in the Warp | 400

Humans possess a soul and in turn, they are reflected within the Warp, the inverse of the physical world. But humans are not the only beings—not the only things—reflected. The priests of Mars know this all too well, appeasing the machine-spirits with their rites and rituals. You have learned to take advantage of this fact. From the armor you bear to the weapons you wield to even the vehicles you command, you will find that the more you make use of them, the better they will become. A sword is made sharper, a bolter strikes faster and harder, armor is reinforced, and vehicles from tanks to voidships become better in all the ways that matter.

And yet this is not the end of this strange ability of yours. While simply using your tools is bound to see them grow, even if only bit by bit, if you are willing to perform mighty deeds with them, that is when they will truly become special. For example, a weapon used to slay xenos by the score shall see that weapon becoming stronger whenever used against such creatures. As another example, armor worn in a battle against daemons will see that armor becoming more and more of an anathema to such beings, such that to even strike at the armor would see them burnt by its touch. And the greater the feat, the greater the boon. When Horus slew the Emperor, his tools of war were forever changed. Who knows how far yours can go?

As repulsive and uncomforting a Blank is, the Imperium nevertheless makes use of their unique gift, similar to what they do with psykers and mutants. The most known example would be the Callidus Assassins, one of many types of assassins utilized by the Officio Assasinorum. But there are plenty more besides.

In fact, Inquisitors will often seek out Blanks to add to their retinues. After all, when some of your most common foes are psykers and daemons, Blanks are an ally like no other, more valuable than a thousand soldiers or a thousand bolters.

An Empty Soul | 400

But what then happens if a life is born… wrong? What happens when life is born with a broken and empty soul? Well, you have what is called a Blank. Also known as Pariahs, Untouchables, and Psychic Nulls, a Blank is a rare mutant, far rarer than even a psyker. For you see, unlike all other living beings in the galaxy, a Blank has no signature within the Warp, no connection at all. With no connection to the Immaterium, a Blank will find themselves a psyker's worst nightmare.

Not only do none but the strongest of psykers could ever hope to affect a Blank, a Blank's mere presence is often enough to snuff out the use of psychic powers entirely. Even the manifestations of the Warp that are the daemons are weakened in their presence and should they die by their hand, they will find themselves suffering a true death, their very essence becoming well and truly non-existent. Strangely, if you choose to become a Pariah, you will find that, unlike your brethren, you will not be restricted from using your own psyker abilities nor will you find yourself possessing the aura that makes people treat your kind with disdain, if not outright hatred.

Progenium Graduate | 400

Barring truly extraordinary circumstances, an Inquisitor should never fight alone. They should always be accompanied by a retinue of people that have proven themselves faithful and trustworthy beyond all else. After all, the Emperor Himself did not conquer the galaxy on His lonesome. He had an army at his beck and call to carry out his Great Crusade and if you wish to accomplish a mere fraction of the Emperor's deeds, you too must learn to find allies to call your own. But then there comes another problem. Such souls are no doubt rare and the price they demand may often be too high. So, what's an Inquisitor to do? Why, it's simple! Just make your own!

By following in the footsteps of the Schola Progenium, you have become a most effective mentor and teacher. Regardless of your students, you seem to know just how far-reaching their potential really lies. You'll know what skills and teachings will bear fruit within their minds and how to pass on your own talents and abilities. More importantly, you'll know the best ways to motivate your students and the best ways to accelerate their growth, without harming their future prospects, especially physically. Under your care, your pupils won't suffer any permanent damage, something that cannot be said for many other instructors in this galaxy.

And after all that, there comes the final piece. Those students you've taught, the pupils you've imparted your knowledge? You'll find that in the process of teaching them to stand on their own and in giving them the tools to succeed in all their endeavors, loyalty has taken root within them, loyalty to you. The longer you've taught, the greater their loyalty and to those you've taken on as personal apprentices, you'll see their loyalty equal to that of the Emperor's Custodes. Loyalty beyond compare, rarer and greater than even auramite.

A Worker of Iron & Steel | 400

As you will come to learn, the Immaterium is capricious and unworthy of trust. For as much as it can aid you, it can, in the span of mere moments, turn against you, stabbing you in the back at the very precipice of your great triumph. It is the very antithesis of logic and reason. No one should ever come to trust the Warp in all of its aspects and expect to come out the other side unscathed. There are many examples of poor souls who believed themselves to be masters of the Immaterium, only to find themselves ruined and brought low by the very forces they so foolishly manipulated.

And it is for that very reason that you have chosen to rely on what the physical universe has to offer you. Taking a page from the Adeptus Mechanicus, you have studied the mechanical arts of the Materium. Whether or not you were an Acolyte of the Mechanicus before becoming an Inquisitor or simply found a Magos willing to impart their knowledge upon you, you've gained tremendous knowledge over the machinery that serves as the backbone of the Imperium itself.

Lasguns, servitors, cybernetics, genetic engineering, bolters, power armor, shuttles, artillery, and even a few of the smaller void vessels, your knowledge on creating and maintaining such things is sure to impress even some of the most ardent members of the Adeptus Mechanicus, that is if they don't try and kill you for knowing such things. It depends on who you meet but that goes for just about any organization in the Imperium.

However, it should be known that this is only breadth, not depth. There are plenty more creations of mankind whose inner workings are left a mystery to you. But perhaps with this, they may not remain a mystery for long. Who knows how far you can go?

Ordo Malleus

Unyielding Anvil | 100

Of the many foes arrayed against the might of humanity, there are perhaps none more horrifying than the endless hordes of the Immaterium. From the crimson-skinned warriors of Khorne, to the entrancing serpentine seductresses of Slaanesh, to the incomprehensible avian daemons of Tzeentch, and the plague-ridden pox walkers of Nurgle, there are no shortage to the horrors of the immaterial to be found. More than once, the mere presence of daemons alone has been enough to turn the tides of a battle, the soldiers and warriors arrayed against them turning their own weapons on themselves out of fear of the vile acts the daemons shall commit against them.

But you are a brave soul. You have to be if you want to have any semblance of being a good Inquisitor after all. Whether you face an army of xenos or an army of daemons, you will stand against the tide, a beacon of the light within the encroaching darkness. The planet broke before the Guard did. And while you may not be a Guardsman, you match even the greatest of them when it comes to sheer bravery and stubbornness.

To Know the Daemon is Madness | 100

Within the Ecclesiarchy, there is a group of pious men and women, a group known as the Banishers or the Exorcists. Chosen from a young age, these brave men and women are tasked with what is quite possibly one of the most dangerous missions of all. Delving into the nature of the Immaterium and the daemons within. To most, it is forbidden knowledge, and for good reason. Knowledge on the daemonic alone is enough to tear at a man's mind, shattering their psyche and their will with the same ease of a child breaking a toy. But Banishers are different. And so are you.

Whether it be through experience, simple stubbornness, or a special part of your soul, knowledge alone can never harm your mind, regardless of what it would otherwise do to anyone else. Whether it be corrupting knowledge of the Warp or even a daemon's true name, your mind is capable of sheltering it all, free from the taint of corruption and madness. Of course, using such knowledge is a different matter entirely. You may know it but that does not give you the strength of will and the strength of soul to make use of it. Then again doing such is rarely, if ever, a wise decision.

Awe-Inspiring Presence | 200

Against the Immaterium, one should never fight alone. One should always have allies that would stand by them through thick and thin, allies that will not falter against the foes you face, allies that you can count on to never turn their backs on you in your time of need. It is such a pity then that such souls are uncommon and that finding them is an endeavor all on its own. And that's why you've learned to better the allies you do have.

With your presence, the universe shall know that Man does not stand alone, and it never will. So long as you are on the field, your allies shall be blessed with a supernatural vigor, ensuring that they shall fight as if they had the strength and stamina of ten men. And no longer will your comrades ever cower away. Courage shall suffuse their very bodies much like how blood flows through a man's veins. So long as you stand with them on the field of battle, so long as you keep fighting even to the bitter end, your allies shall never bend nor break against all that you face.

Forbidden Lore | 200

Knowledge is power. It is a saying of the Blood Ravens, one of many chapters of Space Marines in the galaxy, and yet you will find that it applies very well to Inquisitors such as yourself. With all the knowledge to be found in this dark universe, it'd be such a shame if you couldn't put it to good use. Which makes it a pity then that the knowledge you seek is often tucked away and hidden in the most obscure and guarded places around. But you're an Inquisitor. If you couldn't find all this hidden information, you would be a very poor Inquisitor indeed.

Whether it be hidden within a vast library spanning underneath an entire city or a cavern known only to a secret few, it seems that you have quite the knack for uncovering knowledge that has been lost to the sands of time. Almost as if it was your sixth sense or guided by your instincts, you know how to follow the path to find and discover lost knowledge and secrets, even if such a thing has been lost for millennia or found only within the farthest and most desolate places in the galaxy.

Of course, just because you've found the location of this knowledge doesn't mean you won't have any obstacles in your path. For one thing, your talents here lie solely in finding wisdom and secrets. You do not necessarily have the skill and ability required to bypass or overcome whatever defenses await you nor do you possess the ways to translate and decipher the secrets of these lost tomes and date-slates. For such things, you must look elsewhere.

Legacy of Hector Rex | 400

An ordinary man stands no chance against the endless hordes of the Immaterium. Even an Inquisitor can be hard-pressed to survive, let alone fight back and stem the eternal tide of the Warp. After all, what use is a fortress of a mind and a bastion of a soul when the body is merely that of an ordinary man? Made of naught but simple flesh, such things are little more than glass and clay when arrayed against the forces that seek to bring down humanity.

> Famed for his actions at the Siege of Vraks, Hector Rex is quite possibly the most famous Inquisitor in the galaxy.
>
> With sword and shield in hand, Hector Rex slew daemons by the score and banished An'ggrath the Unbound, the fiercest and greatest of all of Khorne's Bloodthirsters. There is no end to the number of Inquisitors who have followed in his footsteps.

But as always, there are a plethora of ways to make up for one's physical limitations. And the Inquisition can certainly provide. In fact, you could even say that they have an advantage in this regard, with their limitless resources and capabilities. So, by following in the footsteps of a man who stood in the presence of the Emperor himself, you have subjected yourself to the Inquisition's tender mercies and the finest chirurgeons and gene-adepts so that your body might be augmented and enhanced to become the equal of Hector Rex himself.

Your strength and endurance match that of the finest Space Marines, your speed equals the dreaded Assassins of the Imperium, and your senses make sure that you're aware of even the tiniest, almost microscopic details of the world. With all this combined, you've become a being that can go toe-to-toe and blow-for-blow against even the fiercest and most terrible of daemons. And with additional resources, you would be able to see them brought down to their knees, ready for your killing blow. You have become an Inquisitor beyond compare and when you go forth and face the foes of man, you will show them the might of humanity.

Should you have further questions regarding your newfound state of being, it would be best to direct your questions to the Exorcists, a rather mysterious and secretive Chapter of the Emperor's Space Marines.

Like the Grey Knights, Exorcists are Space Marines trained to deal with and combat the forces of Chaos. Each and every member of the Exorcists has undergone a process known as Daemonic Possession Therapy, and as such, they too have been illuminated.

A Shadow Over Thy Soul | 400

It was said that long ago, there was an organization known only as the Illuminati, a secret cabal older than the Imperium, from a time before even the Age of Strife, when mankind knew only the world of Terra. And its influence was as vast as mankind itself. But in the time of the Imperium, the Illuminati took in only those who were, in a sense, "illuminated". To the Illuminati, the Illuminated were those who found themselves possessed by a daemon, a creature of the Warp, and in some way, somehow, cast away the daemon from within their body.

Whether or not the stories about the Illuminati are true or merely one of many tall tales told across the galaxy, it cannot be denied that you are well and truly Illuminated. Willingly or not, a daemon once took possession of your body and through great force of will, you expelled the creature. In doing so, you were enlightened and changed. No longer can you ever be unwillingly possessed, and should you allow the Neverborn and their ilk into your body, you will be able to harness their powers without fear of corruption from all but the greatest of them.

More than that, you will even find yourself capable of traversing the Immaterium as you would the material realm, unaffected by its chaotic and myriad environments. And when you find yourself face-to-face with daemons, you'll find that your soul has rendered you nigh invisible to them. Only the powerful will be able to see you plain as day. Finally, should you possess supernatural powers of your own, you will find such abilities enhanced to a significant degree, enough that you would certainly be able to beat down those who were your equals before.

Ordo Xenos

Human Adaptability | 100

If there is one quality so prevalent in man over the ages, it is their tremendous ability to adapt to their circumstances. From their primitive origins on Holy Terra to the grand heights they reached within the Dark Age of Technology, humanity has shown time and time again that they are more than capable of adapting to a tumultuous and ever-changing galaxy. And while many people are averse to change, even some of your fellow Inquisitors, you are not.

Dealing with the strange and the new has been a common experience for you. Whether it be handling the strange implements of the alien or even guiding the newly founded Primaris Marines, you are no new hand when it comes to dealing with the strange and new. With your experience in such matters, you'll find that you can quickly recognize the advantages and disadvantages of new equipment and tactics in comparison to what you already possess and utilize. Quite a useful skill to have on hand when you find yourself trapped and the only tools you have on hand are the tools of your enemies.

An Open Eye | 100

The xenos are more numerous than the grains of sands of Holy Terra. And though it may be common propaganda that xenos are little more than wheat to be reaped, beasts to captured and slaughtered, that is quite far from the truth. No, the alien is a foe with all the intelligence and cunning of man. Underestimate the xeno and you will perish like so many other foolhardy men and women before you. But you have proven yourself better than them and it shows.

When faced with tough and challenging situations, the sort of things you might expect an Inquisitor to handle, you'll be able to adapt with surprising ease. You'll never find yourself shocked to a standstill or be caught flat-footed whenever you are caught by surprise. Rather, your mind will quickly jump to the things that you can do, ensuring that no matter what happens, you'll always be able to respond back in kind, whether it's with a witty retort as you dodge your foe's ambush or a devastating counterattack as you turn the tables on them.

Honor One's Brothers | 200

The noble warriors of the Adeptus Astartes are fearsome warriors, a terror to behold on every battlefield they find themselves on. But as mighty as a single Space Marine may be, their true might shines best when they fight together. One Space Marine can annihilate an entire company of soldiers. A company can win a war. And a Chapter can take a planet. Perhaps no other Chapter of Space Marines demonstrates this better than the Deathwatch and you have certainly learned a thing or two from them.

Putting your time with the Deathwatch to good use, you've gained great experience and practice when it comes to working alongside others. Whether it be alongside fellow Inquisitors or the experienced Space Marines of the Deathwatch, your teamwork will be the envy of soldiers and commanders everywhere. In fact, when it comes to teamwork, your only peers will be the Space Marines themselves. And while working alongside your trusted companions, it'll almost be as if you were all reading each other's thoughts, seemingly knowing just what your next moves will be. Such a team can make all the difference in the galaxy.

Vethric's Knowledge | 200

The xenos are as varied and myriad as the daemons of the Immaterium. From the cannibalistic Kroot to the monstrosity that is the Slaugth, there are no shortage of xenos to be found within the galaxy and though some of them can be rather similar to one another, the vast majority of these aliens are about as different from each other as they are to humanity. One xeno's weakness is not the weakness of another. And that mistake has been the cause of a grisly end for more than one Inquisitor.

Unlike said unfortunate Inquisitors, you took your lessons to heart. Whether it be the smug and arrogant Eldar or the conniving Tau, you have an encyclopedic knowledge of the anatomy of every common species of xenos within this galaxy. With that knowledge, you know where to strike to quickly and efficiently put them down, both lethal and not, in case you need someone to interrogate. And to boot, if you do encounter more unique creatures and foes, you'll find yourself with a certain talent for uncovering any physical weaknesses your foes possess. Whether it be a chink in their armor, or a wound not fully healed, you'll find it and you'll break it.

Lessons of the Ancient | 400

The universe is old and ancient beyond compare, and even the grandest of civilizations and races are but a mere speck of dust to the endless void. Countless races have been lost to the ravages of time, leaving behind little more than dust and ruins in their wake. And yet, for as many races have left little to no trace of their existence, there are just as many who have left behind more tangible artifacts of their time, precious relics with untold secrets lying within.

From the wondrous and glorious archaeotech of humanity's Dark Age of Technology to the mighty relics of ancient Aeldari, there are no shortage of precious artifacts and treasures ripe for the picking, ready to be utilized for your own purposes. Even a single one of these relics can be enough to turn the tide of a war and the greatest of them all could decide the fate of the entire galaxy.

> The Dark Age of Technology, otherwise known simply as the Age of Technology, was the peak of mankind's knowledge and technological might. It was a time wherein humanity could rightfully be called gods for such was their might that few could stand as their equal.
>
> Such is the value of mankind's ancient technology that when a team of Imperial scouts found an STC pattern for simple knives, each soldier received an entire planet as a reward.

And that is why you sought to do more than simply uncover such technology. No, you've chosen to do something wiser. You've chosen to study them, to delve deep into their inner workings so that the lessons of the past can never truly be lost. As of now, you've studied enough of technology, both xenos and human, that you've learned to meld together their principles so that you might create something better than the sum of their parts.

There are those who would decry such an act to be heresy of the highest order, especially those of a more puritanical bent, but to you, it is well worth the price. Perhaps with dedicated research, you would even be able to recreate such technology. Simple things like firearms or melee weapons, will take you a month or two of work and learning in order to understand how they were made while something larger and more complex could very well take you years at the very least. Nevertheless, whether it be the weapons in one's hand or a vessel that carves through the endless void, nothing shall ever truly be lost to you.

Ordinarily, a bond with a Halo Device would be a dangerous and maddening affair. A normal union, as normal as such a thing can get, will have the device mutating and deforming its unfortunate host, afflicting them with madness and suffering.

In time, the host's mind shall dream of civilizations long gone, languages and memories of the alien taking away their own. In the end, there will be nothing human left of the host, only a monster barely recognizable as the man that they once were.

Legacy of the Halo Stars | 400

On worlds lost to the ravages of war and time, worlds left barren and lifeless, worlds found only within the Halo Stars—a dangerous and accursed part of the galaxy filled with dangers and treasures that can be found nowhere else—one may come across strange and heretical trinkets and artifacts known only as Halo Artifacts or Halo Devices, remnants of a civilization long dead when mankind were little more than simple apes. Even the possession of one such device is reason enough for the Ordo Xenos to come down on the bearer with all the fury of the Emperor, burning them and their legacy to nothing more than ash and dust. How then did you bond with such a thing and remain an Inquisitor?

Unlike others, your bond with the Halo Device was not that of a parasite and its host, but rather your bond is symbiotic, a unique and permanent partnership in this galaxy. As of now, your body and the Halo Device are one, utterly inseparable. This bond has returned you to your physical prime, free from all the ravages of age and mundane disease. Eternal youth is yours and you need not worry about injuries forever marring your body. All but the most grievous of wounds can be healed, even something as drastic as disembowelment, dismemberment, or decapitation. One would have to annihilate your body entirely to ensure your demise.

Of course, eternal youth and regeneration is not all your union has granted you. Like the other hosts, you will find that as time passes, your body shall begin to change. Already, you have the strength to tear man's head clean off, like a child tearing up a doll. But as time passes on, you will grow even stronger as you edge closer and closer into the secrets of the Halo.

In a few years' time, your form will become truly monstrous, something not even recognizable as human. But with speed on par with an Astartes, an armored carapace strong enough to take direct hits from bolt rounds and talons of bone that could shred through power armor, some would say that price was worth it. But unlike the other fools who have played host to the parasitic Halo Devices, your unique bond has made it so that you may shift between forms, changing between monster and human within only a few moments of time. Very useful since you likely don't want to be hounded by your fellow Inquisitors.

But perhaps the greatest boon the Halo Device has given you lies within your dreams. Every now and then, your dreams are filled with visions of alien vistas and eldritch cities. What sorts of secrets could you uncover from your slumber, I wonder?

Ordo Hereticus

Strength in Numbers | 100

Though not always required, sometimes even detrimental, Inquisitors will often make themselves the center of attention. Whether it be part of a complicated ploy to locate and capture their targets or simply just an honest mistake, something that seems to be distressingly common among your colleagues, Inquisitors can be just as adept with being in the thick of it as they do with blending into the crowd. You are hardly an exception, but that isn't necessarily a bad thing. In fact, one could even say that you're quite good at using a crowd to your advantage.

For you, this means that you're good at getting people's attention. Whether it be through making a grand announcement or causing a rather messy commotion, whatever it takes to get people's eyes on you, you're great at it. And once they're all focused on you, that's when the real magic begins. You see, you might not look like it, but you are a very talented orator and when the crowds are listening, it's easy for you to whip up them up into a frenzy. Sure, you might not get all of them winded up and the frenzy will probably never last longer than a dozen or so minutes, but surely a rioting crowd would do wonders for an Inquisitor such as yourself. And if a riot isn't what you're looking for, well, giving an inspiring speech to your retinue is surely worth a few points?

Inquisitorial Eyes | 100

Investigation is one of the most important skills an Inquisitor should possess in their arsenal. Beyond diplomacy, combat, and second only to dedication of the survival and supremacy of humanity at large, investigation is a crucial tool in any Inquisitor's arsenal, whether they're one of the rare Lord Inquisitors or even just a simple Inquisitorial Acolyte. An Inquisitor without talent or ability in detective work should not be called an Inquisitor at all. Fortunately for you, you have just that.

Borne from experience, natural skill, or some combination of both, you will find that when it comes to investigation, you have few equals amongst your colleagues. From a mind that instinctually takes in all the details, big and small, of everywhere you go to senses so astute you can spot the smallest pieces of evidence even in the messiest and bloodiest of crime scenes, there is no question about it. You're a veritable master of investigation and once you pick up a trail, your target will be hard-pressed to elude you as you chase after them with unerring precision and speed, never losing their tracks or the trail they leave behind.

Nine Actions | 200

Within the Inquisition, there is a process, a list of actions to be regarded and followed when it comes to the fine art of interrogation. Called the Nine Actions, every good Inquisitor should know this list by heart. After all, rare is the Inquisitor who will never have to utilize torture in the line of duty. But there is a difference between torture for pleasure's sake and torture to gather information. You may or may not have some experience with the former, but you most certainly excel at the latter.

First things first, you know how to keep your victims alive for as long as possible, whether human or otherwise. After that comes the fun part. With only a few minutes of observation, you can quickly deduce which methods of torture and pain available to you will work best, whether it be physical, psychological, spiritual, or even supernatural. The many foes of man all have a breaking point and it's your goal to find it.

The Scent of a Heretic | 200

Heretics are a loathsome and tiresome lot and if they are good at anything, it's at worming their way out of the grasp of the Imperium and hiding themselves within the shadows. Such skills and talents make them a troublesome foe for all but the most experienced and hardened members of the Inquisition. And to make matters worse, heretics are much like xenos and daemons. They take on many different forms, from the ratlings in the depths of a Hive World to even your own fellow Inquisitors. Yes, you read that last part correctly. More than one Inquisitor has fallen to the depravities of the Warp, sometimes willingly, sometimes not.

In your endless task to put down the threat of the heretic, you have learned to see and pierce through the lies and misdirection of others. Whether it be the stammering words of a Hive World under-dweller or the dulcet and silvered tones of Terran nobility, you know when someone is lying to you or leaving out key details when they speak to you. And once you know they sought to fool you, you can quickly divine how to best expose their words for the deception that they are. An Inquisitor should always be the one fooling their enemies, not the other way around.

Legacy of Sebastian Thor | 400

The Age of Apostasy was an age of woe, a time where the Imperium turned against itself and left it rotten and ruined. With Goge Vandire at the helm of it all, the great and mighty Imperium of Man fell deep into the depths of depravity, becoming little more than a shadow of its once lofty heights. If his reign continued on, the Imperium would have died off, another empire lost to the sands of time. And yet, with the Confederation of Light, led by the mysterious and enigmatic Sebastian Thor, the Imperium was saved from destruction, hardened and ready to face the enemies of Mankind once more.

> Little is known about Sebastian Thor, and yet his story is told across the galaxy nonetheless. From the most primitive Feral Worlds to the lascivious Pleasure Worlds, few are those who have not heard the story of Sebastian Thor.
>
> Born on the world of Dimmamar, through his words and deeds, Thor became the Ecclesiarch, reforming his beloved Imperium for as long he lived, until he passed away at the age of 112.

Though he has long since passed, his legacy lives on. More specifically, it lives on in you. Like the legend himself, you possess an aura of leadership and greatness that almost compels people from all walks of life to follow in your footsteps. A crowd listening to you can become a great and loyal army with but a few words, a force that shall follow you to Hell itself. And as those who follow you grow in numbers, it shall be even easier to gather more allies as they begin to come to you, even from all across the galaxy, until even your enemies must acknowledge that quantity is a quality all of its own.

More importantly, you will find that the Emperor smiles upon you, for your cause is just and true. Your foes shall find themselves beset by disasters and calamities on the field of battle. An enemy's battleship, for example, could find itself caught in a warp storm as they make their way to you. On the other hand, your logistics shall, barring outside interference, proceed as smoothly as it can, unharmed by whatever would befall others. But do not make the mistake of believing that the Emperor's grace guarantees victory. The Emperor is mighty indeed but even His power has limits, especially when your foes could have aid of their own.

Throughout the Imperium's long history, there have been tales of great and pious warriors, souls who displayed abilities and powers that could only be called miraculous to those fortunate enough to have been witness to such acts. And in times of great need, these souls return to the battlefield, resurrected by the Emperor Himself, and tasked with aiding all those in need of it.

Known by the people as Living Saints and proclaimed as heroes by the Ecclesiarchy, these brave souls are a manifestation of the Emperor's might, a symbol of humanity's endless battle against the darkness. Amongst the Living Saints, it is perhaps Saint Celestine who is most famed, her wings and golden light serving as a righteous beacon of faith to all who see it.

The Power of Faith | 400

Long ago, in a time when mankind's only world was still Terra, it was said that through faith alone, a mere man could move a mountain with but a simple command. And even now, in this war-torn galaxy, faith is still a powerful force, the greatest power of humanity. It is through faith that the Imperium remains. It is through faith that the Imperium continues to stand against the tide, even when the galaxy has been split in two. And now, your faith has rewarded you, granted you powers beyond the norm.

By your presence alone, you have become a beacon of faith, a light in the darkness, a fire that inspires all those around you. With but a thought, you can begin to emit an aura of golden light, one strong enough to light up a massive room and ensure that you're visible even across a battlefield. And though the light may make you an easier target, the benefits cannot be denied. So long as they stay within your presence, the wounds of your allies shall be healed, enough that they could keep fighting long after they should've died.

But that is not the extent of your power. As your light shines, you are truly a monument of mankind's defiance against the evil of the Immaterium. With your light, the corruption of Chaos can never truly take hold over you or your stalwart companions. Mutations borne from the warp are ever so slowly cleansed, the souls of the faithful are purified, and even the daemons find themselves weakened in your presence alone. Weaker daemons will not even be able to approach without burning away at whatever passes for their flesh. Truly, you are a shining beacon of Mankind.

Ordo Minoris

Unsleeping Eye | 100

To the wise, there is no foe as daunting and as terrifying as the Imperium's sad and horrifying excuse for bureaucracy. Even the most hardened of Inquisitors tremble and falter when tasked with dealing with all the inordinate amounts of paperwork and the draconian laws within the countless governments set up within the galaxy. More than one Inquisitor has turned coat rather than face the paperwork laid before them. And yet, it's a mystery as to why paperwork never seems to be as daunting as foe to you as it would be to your contemporaries.

Well, for one thing, it seems that whenever you do paperwork, everything just comes clicks into place. You know what to write down to make sure that your paperwork doesn't seem out of place and when to hand it in to ensure that it gets where it needs to be. Of course, your skills here don't just apply to your paperwork. You're also rather familiar with contracts and can spot even the tiniest loopholes and details within with only a cursory read through them. Rather handy when you consider that Daemons are rather fond of devilish bindings and contracts.

Rite of Percussive Maintenance | 100

Machines are fickle things and the spirits within them even more so. Just ask any member of the Mechanicus. Were it not for the accusations of heresy, many of them would gladly rant and rave about such things. Some of them will even do so regardless. Whether or not you share that particular bent, you do have at least one thing in common with the Tech-Priests. That is, machine repair.

When it comes to fixing up machines, you are a veritable sorcerer. For one thing, so long as the machine isn't completely broken, just hitting it with something like a wrench will be enough to get it started again and keep it working properly for a couple of days more. And if the machine is broken, so long as you have the tools and the materials needed, you'll be able to get it up and running again in a third of the time it would take others. Doesn't matter if it's something as small as a rosette or as large as a Land Raider. You'll get it up and about no matter what.

Honey & Vinegar | 200

There is an ancient saying, one hailing back to a time when Terra was known by a different name, a time when mankind had only one world to call home. "A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar." In other, simpler words, kindness gets one farther than violence. And though this galaxy is filled with suffering and war, both kindness and diplomacy still work wonders, a lesson your fellow Inquisitors could stand to learn.

But that's where you come in. Where your colleagues would be content with simply annihilating the foes of man, you've learned that harnessing man's kinder nature can be just as useful. Whether dealing with long-lost colonies of humanity in the outer edges or negotiating with xenos and daemons, it seems that all but the most maddened and violent are willing to at listen and consider your attempts at diplomacy, even if they would slay all others who attempted the same.

And finally, it seems that your honeyed words are quite good at making you new friends. Amongst your fellow men, you're an able hand at ingratiating yourself within their groups, capable of fitting in them as if you were part of it for months. And among xenos, bonds of friendship and camaraderie can be made, even amongst the strangest of them, if you are but willing to put in the effort.

Chronos Fortuna | 200

Temporal and spatial anomalies are no strangers to the Inquisition. After all, there has been more than one occasion wherein an Inquisitor and their retinue have found themselves cut off from the normal flow of time and reemerged somewhere within the distant past or in the far future. In fact, there is an entire Ordos meant to deal with such matters known as the Ordo Chronos. And it looks like you have some form of history with them. Or is it the future? You can never be too sure when it comes to time travel.

> The Ordo Chronos does not only deal in matters of the space-time continuum. It also deals with the Imperial Calendar and the recorded history of the Imperium.
>
> Currently, the Ordo has found itself fractured and divided over the Primarch Guilliman's attempts to create a reliable Imperial history. As such, the Ordo Chronos is now embroiled in a civil war known as the *Chronostrife*.

As a result of the Ordo Chronos' experimentations, your very essence has somehow been split off from the normal flow of time. Ordinarily, this would result in nothing but disaster for you, but you are quite… special. Instead of catastrophe, the experiments have only given you a boon. From now on, as a result of your strange nature, you are free from the consequences of paradoxes and time travel. If a foe seeks your demise, they will have to do so through more conventional means. On one final note, the experiment has also granted you a strange sensitivity to temporal anomalies and changes, allowing you to detect when and where such things are on a city-wide scale.

Legacy of the Hydra | 400

Even amongst the scattered and fractured nature of the Inquisition, there are few as secretive and illusive as the mysterious organization known as the Ordo Hydra. Little is known about the organization and what little information there is about them is likely riddled with inaccuracies and falsehoods. Just about the only sure thing known about them is that their origins are ancient and there are some who would say that they are even older than the Imperium itself.

But perhaps you can shed some light on the situation and help unravel the mystery. Through the whims of fate, it seems that you have become entangled with the secret society of the Ordo Hydra sometime within your history. And somehow, your retirement from the group was rather peaceful, especially when you consider all that you have learned during your tenure.

Key among such things is your newfound talent in the creation of plots and schemes. Like the many members of the Hydra, you are capable of enacting plans and machinations that span the course of generations or even centuries. Only through the dedicated efforts of great men and women could your schemes ever be foiled and even then, like the mythical hydra of human history, your plans have the uncanny habit of bouncing back in unexpected ways just when its head seems to have finally been cut off.

As a final bonus, it seems that your tenure with the Ordo Hydra has rubbed off on you, leaving more with you than just a penchant for plotting. It seems that secret societies and organizations have taken a liking to you. Invitations to join such groups are often given to you, trials to join them are easier, and if you do accept their invitation, you'll find that even if you do leave the group in the future, they will treat you peacefully so long as you do not overtly act against them. Quite a useful boon, no?

A Gift from the Caligari Conclave | 400

It's been said before, but it still bears repeating. Inquisitors are unique and no two of them are ever quite truly alike, no matter how similar they might appear to be. And even amongst them, you are certainly… very different. Whether it's the fact that you weren't born in this galaxy of war and strife or that you've been travelling across universes for your own reasons, you are most definitely unique. This newfound ability of yours only serves to further cement that fact.

Borne from neither the Materium nor the Immaterium, this ability has granted you something special, the chance to find yourself as an Inquisitor greater than those who came before you. With a moment's focus, you can bring up a sort of data menu, one that details not the information from a data-slate or a cogitator, but rather information about yourself, a numerical representation of all your skills and physical capabilities. And yet, this is but the least of what your new power holds for you.

By slaying your foes—in personal combat—you will gain "experience." The greater the foe, the more experience you'll receive, and once you accumulate enough experience, you will, for lack of a better term, "level up." When you level up, you'll find that your physical attributes shall be enhanced and if you possess other supernatural attributes, they will be enhanced as well. In the grand scheme of things, these enhancements are small, barely worth noticing, but nothing stops you from levelling up more than once. Although, you will find that the more you level up, the harder it'll be to level up further, needing to slay more and more foes for every level you gain.

But these "levels" are not the main attraction of this new power of yours. No, that honor belongs to the Skill Trees. For every skill or talent, you have, there is a corresponding Skill Tree for it. With every level you gain, a skill point shall be earned, used so that you may further your progress within the Skill Trees. In doing so, your skills shall be enhanced. Some of these enhancements are small and simple, improving your skills only through small increments but, every now and then, these enhancements shall instead provide a unique upgrade, something more… *supernatural*.

With this, it is no exaggeration to say that you could one day wade through entire hordes of enemies, from renegade guardsmen to savage xenos to even the traitorous Space Marines of Chaos. In time, you will become a force whose might harkens back to the time of the Great Crusade, of a time when the sons of the Emperor still fought with the men and women of the Imperium.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Victory often rests on the correct weaponry being in the right place and at the right time.
Even the most destructive weapons of war are worthless if absent from the battle.
—Artor Amhrad, Chapter Master of the Astral Knights

But beyond one's skills and abilities, an Inquisitor must also outfit themselves with the appropriate attire and equipment. Unlike the vast majority of the galaxy however, your standing within the Inquisition has opened up a massive array of tools and items available to you. From archaeotech weapons to relics of the Immaterium and even voidships spanning well over half a dozen kilometers, there are few things an Inquisitor cannot possess and for someone like you, that list is even shorter. To symbolize the resources available to an Inquisitor, you will be provided with **500 CP** to spend in this section of the Jump alone. Furthermore, you may import or combine items you already possess into and with the items below so long as it is sensible. Items marked **FREE** can be purchased additional times for **50 CP** each.

General

Inquisitorial Rosette | FREE

I carry with me an Inquisitorial Seal. It is a small, unassuming object contained in a neat box of Pluvian obsidian. It is a modest thing. Relatively plain, adorned with a single motif and a simple motto. Yet with this little object I can sign the death warrant of an entire world and consign a billion souls to Oblivion.

—Thraviam Flast, Inquisitor of the Ordo Malleus



The iconic symbol of the Inquisition. Each rosette is unique, customized to their bearer's whims and desires, yet they all share many things in common. For one, even the mere sight of such a thing is enough to drive fear into the hearts of the Imperium's adepts and citizens. And like many of an Inquisitor's possessions, it is far more than it appears to be. Not much larger than a man's hand, embedded within an Inquisitorial Rosette are some of the most advanced technologies available to the Imperium at large.

These technologies ensure that only its rightful bearer could make use of it, its mechanisms protected through gene-locks coded solely to its proper owner. And with an Inquisitorial Rosette, one will be able to access just about any cogitator-network. There are only a rare few cogitator systems across the galaxy capable of blocking out the rosette's data-probes. A skilled Inquisitor can do wonders and miracles with little more than the clothes on their back and a rosette in their hands. Take good care of your rosette and treat it as if it were your most valued possession.

Bread & Honey | FREE

Despite what the people might believe, Inquisitors are still human. They still need food and drink like ordinary men and women do. Well, most of them anyway. There's a few of them who are… divorced from such biological needs. But even those who have no need for sustenance can still enjoy a good meal and a good drink to wash it down. So regardless of whether or not you need it, you have the signature dish of the Imperium. Simple, good old-fashioned corpse-starch! And to wash it down, you have your recaff.

A few bars of corpse-starch will be enough for all your nutritional needs and a cup of recaff will be quite helpful for all those long nights, be it fighting daemons or investigating heretics. And you don't ever need to worry about running out of the stuff. You've got a crate of corpse-starch bars that always seems to be full by the end of the day and a caffeine box that never needs to be refilled. As for the taste, well, it tastes better than you might think but worse than you'd hope. Still, food is food and besides, who says that you have to be the only one to eat it?

Data-Slate | FREE

Perhaps one of the most common devices within the Imperium, data-slates bear quite a passing resemblance to tablets of your time. If it weren't for the Imperium's habit of building things and making them last, one would be hard-pressed to even tell the difference. For an example of how enduring a data-slate can be, data-slates can often be found in droves within countless battlefields, both ancient and active, with their owners having long since passed and yet you'll find that the data-slates left behind will work just as fine as it did on the day it came out the factories.

Of course, like modern day phones, data-slates come in all shapes and sizes. For most people, a data-slate is simply a storage device for printed text or audio and video recordings. But Inquisitors are far from simple and so are their tools. Unlike the common data-slate, yours is a combination between a data-slate, a hololith, and a cogitator, resulting in a device much more similar to a modern-day smartphone, except far more advanced, capable of projecting three-dimensional holograms, and so heavily encrypted that no one short of an Inquisitor could hope to bypass its firewalls, complete with a storage capacity that to call it massive would be an understatement. Seriously, you could pack all the data on Mars on this thing. Only the best for the Emperor's finest.

Carapace Armor | FREE

While you could saunter and swagger around the Imperium dressed in nothing more than your skivvies, that's just one of many ways to find yourself in an early grave. No, as an Inquisitor, you'll have to be dressed a little bit more appropriately. Befitting someone with nigh-limitless resources, you have acquired a custom-fitted suit of master-crafted carapace armor for yourself, complete with an air-sealed helm in case you find yourself traversing through toxic and hazardous environments.

Unlike the ordinary armor worn by the regular soldiers of the Imperial Guard, carapace armor is far more effective. Whereas flak armor is meant to protect its wearer from mostly indirect impacts—direct impacts capable of outright breaking the armor in question—carapace armor can flat-out stop such things in their tracks. You won't even feel the impact with this armor on. I wouldn't wade through an active battlefield with only this though. Carapace armor may be second only to power armor, but it is a distant second.

A Bag of Thrones | 50

Wherever you are in the galaxy, you'll find that wealth and money will always have its uses. Whether it's purchasing the tools you require or soliciting the services of soldiers and mercenaries, simple and cold, hard cash can work wonders. And as you should already know, such things come in many different forms with many different names, especially somewhere as chaotic as the Imperium Nihilus. Fortunately for you, you never need to worry about that problem. What you have with you is a small pouch filled with a thousand Thrones, more than enough money to gamble with nobility. And don't even worry about it running out. At the end of every month, the pouch will somehow refill itself, ensuring that you'll always have an ample supply.

Caged Songbird | 50

Once one of the many baubles and remnants of the many extinct civilizations that dotted the Unbeholden Reaches, these miniature mechanical flying birds have found a home in many a voidship, especially among Rogue Traders and Inquisitors. Its soothing songs have helped pass days of long travel, but its true worth comes when it shrieks. No one knows how it works but whenever the bird shrieks like a banshee, it is a clear sign of warp intrusion. It's quite useful when a Gellar Field is about to fail and you don't want to end up as an amorphous blob flesh that needs to be put out of their misery. Not only that, but the songbird will also alert you whenever a daemon steps within ten meters of it, ensuring that most daemons cannot simply disguise themselves to fool you.

Holo-Wafers | 50

Ordinarily, holo-wafers are nothing more than novelty items that find use as bargaining chips, badges, crest displayers, signal markers—anything that a common card or small sign could be used for—save for its pleasing projected hololithic image. But in the underworld, a holo-wafer serves as the "marques" of assassins and hitmen, a signal to many that a death was no mere murder.

For you, these holo-wafers carry your symbol. Leave them behind a corpse and the people shall know that it was you who was responsible for the act. Watch as your reputation spreads across entire Sectors with but a well-timed death. A reputation is a powerful thing but do remember that it brings its own complications with it. Strangely, you'll find that you always have one of these wafers whenever you reach into your pockets.

Pict-Flies | 50

A wonder of technology and elite espionage device both, pict-flies are sure to find a use for those who prefer a more conniving and underhanded touch. Resembling a flying insect of ancient Terra, complete with gossamer wings and miniature legs, only a close inspection or an auspex scan will reveal its mechanical nature. As silent as a feather in the wind and capable of following simple instructions such as "follow the man with a red coat" or "hover above this terminal for an hour", pict-flies can transmit visual and audio data into pict-casters such as the one you'll receive along with them.

Ordinarily, the signal range of a pict-fly would only encompass around a few hundred meters, but it seems that the ones in your possession have a range of two kilometers instead. You have ten of these miniature machines along with the schematics to create more. Do be warned that these are rather fragile and that it would be best to keep them hidden from both sight and sound.

Communications Set | 50

Poor communication kills. Whether it be the soldiers underneath a general's command or the retinue of an Inquisitor, poor communication has led to the deaths of countless men and women. If you want to be a living Inquisitor, let alone a great one, you have to take steps to ensure that whenever you communicate with others, they understand you and you understand them. To accomplish said steps, you have this, a small box filled with tools to make sure that you and your followers can properly keep in touch.

In the box, you have what seems to be an endless supply of micro-beads, pea-sized devices meant to be fitted in one's ear that lets you communicate with others across a distance of up to a kilometer away. Next, you have the bulkier vox-caster. With this, you can communicate with ships all the way up in orbit while you're on the planet. Useful if you need to lay waste to your foes with orbital fire.

Finally, we have the vox-thief. In truth, these aren't meant to help you communicate with others. Rather, this handy little device is meant for intercepting the communications of others, mainly those utilized by vox-casters, micro-beads, and other similar devices. Very useful if you want to know the plans of your enemies and targets. And through the wonders of archaeotech, the range of your vox-thief far outclasses the common model, capable of tracking vox-communications across an entire hive-city. Just be warned that generally, the larger the range, the more "traffic" you'll have to sift through to get to what you want.

Detective Kit | 100

The Ordo Hereticus may specialize in detecting and investigating the heretical cults that pop up all over the worlds of the Imperium but that doesn't mean that other Inquisitors will not have use for the skills and tools of a detective. And even if you do not possess the skills, you will find this kit useful still. Within this unassuming case, you will find all manners of gadgets and tools just waiting to be utilized by an upstanding Inquisitor.

First off, the gene-printer. Ordinarily, such devices are the size of a backpack, but this one is much smaller, only the size of a man's open hand. By inserting two or more pieces of biological residue into it, you can determine whether one's genome matches something found within the scene of a crime. Not only that, but this gene-printer is advanced enough that you could unravel the genetic information of a genome all the way back to ancient Terra.

Second, you have the excrutiator. At a glance, it appears to be nothing more than a jet-black cube of sturdy construction, like everything the Imperium builds. But look closer and you will see hundreds upon hundreds of wires. When correctly applied to one's flesh, you may stimulate their nerves to trigger emotions, moods, and most importantly, pain. A portable torture rack should be enough to get answers out of any poor criminal you have caught in your clutches.

Of course, torture is useless if you keep killing the unlucky saps at your mercy. But that's why you have this, the final device within your case, a medikit. It has all the tools you'll need to keep even someone on the brink of death alive and stabilized. And if you don't have the skills, don't worry. The kit comes complete with a diagnostor, a guidance cogitator and a first aid manual to guide the unskilled along. It even has manacles and strait-capes perfect for restraining the injured or a captured heretic. Applied properly, even a Space Marine will struggle to break these shackles.

Ashen Skull | 100

You've heard of the Halo Devices, you've heard of the Halo Stars, and so I'm sure that you've surmised that those things are far from the only treasures and horrors to be found in within those dark and terrifying reaches of the galaxy. Take this skull for example. One of many rare relics found within the Halo Stars, skulls like these were said to be a potent form of protection against the many dangers of the Immaterium.

And it seems that such sayings ring true. So long as the preserved skull of one of the Black Priests of Maccabeus lies in your possession, your soul shall be strengthened, shielding you from psychic powers and unnatural mental influence. It is not a perfect defense, but it doesn't have to be. After all, besides sheltering your soul, the ashen skull shall give you insight on those who assault you in such ways, telling you of their nature, their location, their intent and perhaps, even their very thoughts, the ones they keep on the surface of their mind.

Privacy Field Generator | 100

The right to privacy is a right that Inquisitors violate all the time in their quest to track and bring down whatever threatens the sanctity and stability of the Imperium. But even they know that privacy has its time and place in the galaxy. Taken from the reliquary of an executed crime lord, this disc-shaped device—small enough to fit in your hand—can, at the push of a button, generate a dome of shimmering blue light with a ten-foot radius. Anything within cannot be seen nor be eavesdropped upon through purely material means, including devices such as vox-thieves or micro-beads. But it does not offer any protection beyond making it harder for your foes to see you.

Grav-Pack | 100

A jump pack is a tool utilized in order to enhance a soldier's mobility by allowing them to take to the air, leaping over the obstacles in their path or even letting them soar like an eagle in flight. These days, jump packs are more commonly seen in the hands of the Space Marines and rare is it to find mortals using them as they did in the days of the Great Crusade. But rare does not mean never and with resources like yours, rarity is rarely an issue.

Resembling a suped-up grav-chute, this jump pack utilizes a combination between suspensor fields and miniaturized jets. The suspensors allow you to counteract gravity, slowing down your descent or even letting you hover in the air for a few minutes while the jets ones allow you to jump into the air and fly like a hawk. With a solar powered battery that lasts for an hour, remind your foes why air superiority is king on the battlefield.

Sky Eye | 100

Consider this machine to be a sort of upgrade over the pict-flies. Around two fingers wide, a sky eye is a finely made piece of techno-arcanum employed by Guardsmen everywhere. Almost featureless, this metallic sphere is dotted with dozens of tiny ports for micro-scanners and an in-built suspensor array. With an equally elegant docking station serving as both a charging station and command terminal, the sky eye is fantastically useful indeed.

With a proper set of instructions, a sky eye can cover an area of up to 15 kilometers away from its port, using its micro-scanners to create a perfect three-dimensional map of the area. Depending on the instructions and obstacles in its path, this process can take anywhere from a minute to several hours. Said map can be displayed by its charging dock or through other dataslates and pict-casters. With this, you'll never be lost again. On a final note, unlike an ordinary Sky Eye, yours can camouflage itself while it does its business, making it quite the hidden boon.

Imperial Drugs | 200

Within the Imperium, there are countless people partaking in the use of drugs and narcotics, whether it be for relief, entertainment, or simply to give them an edge in battle. A wise Inquisitor would make moves to procure such a supply of goods for themselves. And it seems that you were a wise Inquisitor indeed, or at the very least, wise enough to do this. From substances like the sacred unguents of the Mechanicus to drugs like stimm and even drinks like rotgut, all can be found within this large and ornate chest, containing a single sample of each consumable in question. It even comes with the bonus of replenishing itself at the end of every month.

Of course, it is not enough that you merely have these narcotics in your possession. No, in order to utilize these items to their full potential, you must possess the ability to craft them as well. It is fortunate then that someone seems to have left the instructions to do so within the chest itself. Perfect to share and spread with the rest of your faithful companions and followers.

The Legacy of the Adarnians | 200

Speaking of drugs, while you may have access to the more common narcotics and pharmaceuticals of the Imperium now, there are still things you do not possess, things such as rejuvenats. For almost as long as man has lived, countless men have sought out ways to go beyond their allotted time, to live beyond the ordinary. Rejuvenats are one method of accomplishing that, but it isn't perfect. It is enough to allow one to live four, maybe five, hundred years but it will fail one day and for many, it is not enough. And it seems you thought the same.

What you have now is a small chest, one that replenishes itself every month, filled with a dozen vials of a silvery liquid, the last remnants of the Adarnians, a race of xenos that once stood as an Imperial protectorate, a fact that did not save them from their extinction. You see, by injecting these into your bloodstream, you will be turned back into your prime, all the ravages of age vanishing as life returns to your body. Be careful who you show this to. Not only is this illegal—which isn't really a problem for you—it is highly desired by any who still remember the Adarnians. Oh, and do be prepared for pain. The reversion of one's age isn't exactly a pleasant experience.

Hyperpolymorphine | 200

The signature tool of the Callidus Assassins, polymorphine is a very interesting drug. With it, a Callidus Assassin could change and shift their flesh to adopt the appearance of another person and, with great training, even take on the appearance of something like an Eldar or an Ork. And despite all that polymorphine allows one to do, others have sought to improve upon the substance, regardless of the costs. One such person was Inquisitor Dahwrin, whose Thorian beliefs led him to believe that an improved version of polymorphine could lead to the creation of a Divine Vessel, one who could take in the Emperor's soul itself.

His efforts to create such a vessel failed but that did not mean they did not bear fruit in other ways. Thought to have been lost to a rogue Assassin, it seems that you have found your hands on a supply of hyperpolymorphine, enough to utilize it a dozen times, along with the blueprints to create more. But what can it do? Well, to put it mildly, it's polymorphine on steroids. So long as the drug is running through your system, you'll have all the benefits of polymorphine and your shapeshifting abilities have improved that you could pass through pipes a foot wide, strengthen your bones, muscles, and flesh, improve your organs and senses, grow extra eyes and so much more. With proper training and experience, you'd be more than a match for the Callidus Temple's assassins.

By all known accounts, the C'tan are some of, if not the oldest, beings to have ever existed within the universe. In fact, most records say they were born during the creation of the universe itself, formed from the insensate and chaotic energies unleased during the Big Bang. At first, they were little more than monstrous parasites, subsisting off the stars themselves.

However, during the War in Heaven, they were shattered, split apart into shards of themselves by those who once served them, the Necrontyr. Or as we know them now, the Necrons.

Tesseract Labyrinth | 200

While many of your fellow Inquisitors would balk at the mere idea of allying with xenos, you must admit that there are a great many problems that could've been solved far more easily if the Imperium was simply willing to work alongside them without compromising afterwards. For example, if we had a little more of these cubical devices, fighting back against Chaos would be far easier. In fact, these green and black devices were said to be given by an unknown alien race to the Grey Knights themselves. If the color scheme of these devices hasn't clued you as to what this unknown race is, you don't deserve to be an Inquisitor.

Regardless, these devices are known as Tesseract Labyrinths and long ago, before the first man ever even walked upon Holy Terra, these were once used by the Necrons to imprison the beings known as the C'tan—more specifically, their Shards—but as the Grey Knights soon discovered, these machines worked just as well against the forces of Chaos, capable of imprisoning Greater Daemons. Not only that, you could even free whatever's trapped within and use it against your foes. Although, be prepared beforehand. There is no guarantee of loyalty, and they may fight back against you for enslaving them. You have five of these Tesseract Labyrinths, each one capable of entrapping Greater Daemons. Use them well.

Psyber-Fauna | 200

For as long as man has lived, they have been accompanied by the beasts of Holy Terra. In the beginning, it was the dogs they domesticated, but as time went on and humanity's cities grew, they began to tame more and more beasts. Horses, cats, eagles, and more, there is no shortage of beasts that mankind would strive to tame so that it may better serve humanity as a whole. And as your compatriots have come to learn, a pet beast can be a source of comfort, even for an Inquisitor.

But as always, nothing ordinary will do for someone like you. For you, the beast you've chosen to accompany you is a Psyber-Familiar of sorts. Enhanced both genetically and cybernetically, this beast will not only serve as your eyes and ears, but you will find that it even possesses psychic powers on its own. Nothing on the level of a sanctioned Psyker but don't be surprised to see it breathe fire or move a shelf with some minor telekinesis. More importantly, you will find that if you are a psyker, your own psychic abilities shall be made mightier and easier to control so long as the beast is by your side. In fact, you could even channel your abilities through the beast across vast distances, sacrificing power for range.

As for the beast itself, it is considered customary for it to be an eagle, but you have different options. If you wish, your beast could instead be some other animal from the early days of Holy Terra such as a wolf, a lion, or even something more exotic like a monkey. If you have a previous bestial companion, you may import them into this item as well.

Child Chirugeon | 300

Few may know of this but the Chirurgeon of Fabius Bile, the daemonic machine attached to his body, has become very much a sentient being, sentient enough that it can breed. This is one of its children. Small and weak compared to its progenitor, it is nonetheless a machine that will provide you with numerous spider-like tendrils and if needed, pump Warp-infused black ichor into your body, providing you enhanced resilience, especially against the forces of the Immaterium. As it grows older, it will grow larger and stronger, enhancing you more and more.

And one day, much like the original Chirurgeon, it shall grow a mind of its own and yet it shall remain loyal to you regardless. At that point, the Chirurgeon will start to act, performing experiments on its own that so it might better help you and further your goals. It could even hop on to others and bolster their body with a mishmash of chemical cocktails as it does for you. Still, it would probably be best to keep an eye out of any "offspring" it might produce. Or not. Perhaps you actually want that.

Mindveil | 300

The Alpha Legion is and always has been a mysterious and capricious group. Even when the Emperor still walked amongst men, the Alpha Legion's goals and methods have confused friend and foe, perhaps even to the point that they confuse themselves. More than once, an Inquisitor has worked alongside an Alpha Legion operative for the betterment of the Imperium at large. Could that be how this strange and ominous spell-soaked cloak came to rest upon your soldiers?

Stitched and sewn together through the interlocking teeth of Chamelonic Hydrasharks, the Mindveil shimmers with illusion, even at rest. By merely donning the cloak upon your shoulders, the spells of confusion and dislocation upon it shall make itself clear as incorporeal mirages of you and your allies begin to walk alongside. And with but a single chanted command, you will be able to switch places with your doppelganger in naught but an instant. Let those fools deceived by the Mindveil meet their well-earned demise.

Stormcaller Stave | 300

Nestled deep within the Segmentum Solar, the Hive World of Necromunda serves as one of the most industrious planets within the Imperium, even when compared by the standards of the Forge Worlds. There are few regiments of the Imperial Guard who have not had the honor of laying their hands upon the works of Necromunda. But for as many weapons of war are produced by the countless factories within the hive cities of the world, there are an equal number of riches and archaeotech relics hidden within the vast and labyrinthian hives and wastelands covering the surface of the planet.

The Stormcaller Stave is one such relic. Most often utilized by the shamanic Wy'tari of Necromunda's Ash Waste Nomads, this stave is responsible for their ability to conjure up and control the dust storms that plague the wastes beyond the hive cities of Necromunda. And now, so can you. With this staff in hand, you will be able to conjure up storms of your own, storms of ash and dust, of thunder and rain, storms that can encompass an entire village in seconds at best and minutes at worst. Finally, should you possess psychic powers, the storms you conjure can become far greater, enveloping cities in their entirety, and even making them unnatural. Something like a rain of fire or a storm of blood is not out of the question.

The Soulwatcher Helm | 300

You have friends in high places, don't you? At least, that seems to be the only appropriate explanation as to why this helm is in your possession. Almost identical to the very same helm worn by Antigonus Balorodin, the Expulgator of Thoth Prime, this helm also possesses the same powers that make the Inquisitor Lord an exemplar amongst his colleagues. Forged from a fusion of Eldar and Imperial technology, the helm contains a Spirit Stone and with it, the psychic energy of an Eldar psyker. With it on, you will be able to see the world through the eyes of a psyker, granting you the ability of psi-sight.

What this means for you is that you will be able to see the souls of the individuals around you, allowing you to better root out both the psyker and the heretic. More importantly, on seeing their souls, you will be able to determine their motives, their emotions, their half-truths, their lies, all with nigh-unerring accuracy. And should you possess the talents of a psyker, this helm shall serve to bolster your psychic might to ensure that your foes shall be brought to heel.

Born the youngest son of Polyphemia II's Imperial Commander, Antigonus Balorodin was groomed for a military career since the day he could walk. His only prospects in life were to become a colonel or general of Polyphemia II, courtesy of being the youngest of eight children. But that all changed with the arrival of Inquisitor Brek.

Impressed by his deeds against the endless tide of Orks on the world of Dacemon, Brek took Antigonus in and made him part of his retinue. Over the years, Antigonus would make a name for himself, combating the many threats of the Imperium, especially the Eldar.

Chronal Energizer | 300

So incredibly rare, this device and those like it are so very rarely seen in the hands of even the most powerful and extravagant of the Imperium's servants, be they Rogue Trader or Inquisitor, taking years or even decades of dedicated searching in order to obtain one. Taking the form of black tetrahedron enveloped with unfathomable runes and dark green circuitry, its unassuming size, no larger than a man's hand, belies its true potential. Twist the top and you will see it for yourself.

Once activated, the world itself takes on an eldritch and emerald glow as all things besides you slow to a crawl and you find yourself vibrating out of tune with the material realm. In doing so, all others shall see you as little more than a blurred image, like you were a mirage of some sort. With this, you'll be able to move fast enough to make even one of the Eldar look slow but do be careful. While the device you have is free of the more horrific consequences—namely, being scattered into other dimensions or forever left unable to interact with the physical side of reality—it still afflicts you with terrible fatigue after its effects wear off, usually after a minute or so.

Known as the Golden Planet, the world of Aurum is aptly named. Its atmosphere is suffused with a soft and golden glow, all thanks to the vast abundance of decavane crystals within the planet. Besides the decavane crystals, Aurum is filled with rich deposits of promethium along with a vast array of natural resources, both flora and fauna.

There are theories that the decavane crystals are responsible for the flourishing world by emitting subtle and beneficial energy field. But until detailed research is allowed by the natives of Aurim, scholars and scientists can only make theories and conjectures.

Decavane Crystals | 400

Said to be more myth than science, these strange, amber-tinted crystals have only been extracted and harvested from the Feral World of Aurum, found within the untamed vastness of the Jericho Reach. Exceedingly rare, decavane crystals are prized by everyone aware of their existence, from dashing Rogue Traders to mighty Space Marines and of course, the Inquisitors. While the origins of these crystals are a mystery to all, theories running the gamut from creations of ancient civilizations to warp-tainted products borne from the darkest of pacts made eons ago, their usefulness cannot be denied.

You see, these crystals can be used to replace or augment the power sources of just about anything. Smash together a decavane crystal and a lasgun's power pack and you'll have one that could blow a hole in a man and the two others behind him. Do it with a plasma gun and you'll get a weapon that could take a good chunk out of anyone wearing Terminator Armor. And if you use it to augment something like a generator, you'll improve its power significantly and its lifespan by an order of magnitude. I'm sure you have something you could use this for. Especially when the chest of decavane crystals you have always fills back up at the end of the month.

Schola Progenium | 400

While there are plenty of schools within the Imperium, for most people, the Schola Progenia will be the first thing they think of whenever the word pops up in their heads or in conversation. After all, when the Schola Progenia are ran by the Ecclesiarchy to teach and train the children of Imperial officials, why wouldn't it be? And now, perhaps as a sign of the Ecclesiarchy's trust in you, they have chosen to entrust you with an academy of your own, hopeful that you may be able to better mold the minds of the Imperium's future.

Either built into your Warehouse, one of your ships, or plopped down near your starting location, the Schola Progenium is already fully staffed and equipped, complete with guards, teachers, and of course, students. As the principal, you'll be trusted by just about everyone within and that same trust makes it so very easy to mold their minds like clay, letting you impart upon them the lessons you wish for them to learn.

Right now, you have around a thousand students and enough staff to watch over them, large enough to make an army of loyal soldiers. It may not be enough to create an empire of your own, but this is just the start and in time, you'll be able to expand until your schola could become large enough to take in the students of an entire planet. In future worlds, the school shall follow you, placing itself in appropriate locations or within your Warehouse if you wish otherwise.

Weapons

After its brave men and women, the Imperium's greatest export is good old-fashioned weaponry. And as an Inquisitor, you certainly don't want to be left behind in that regard. After all, what good is an Inquisitor without a gun at their side or a sword at their hip? From the humble lasgun to the mind-shattering relics of old, there is no shortage of weapons available to someone who has the abundance of resources at your disposal. And if you wish, the weapons you purchase here may be freely combined with the weapons you already possess.

Lasgun | FREE

The humble lasgun. The ubiquitous weapon of the Imperium, whether in the palaces of Holy Terra or in the caves of a Feral World, odds are you're guaranteed to run into one of these sooner or later. There's not a planet in the Imperium without one. And there are very good reasons for that. Ridiculously durable, you can bury one in the middle of a battlefield, pick it up decades or even centuries later, and fire it as if nothing happened. It's versatile too. Be it single-shot, burst, or full-auto at a rate surpassing most modern machine guns, the lasgun can do it all.

You'll also never have to worry about ammunition ever again. The power pack serving as the weapon's magazine is fully rechargeable through simple heat. Leave it out in the sun or keep it by your chest while you sleep, and you'll find it fully charged and ready to be used. And if worst comes to worst, you can "overcharge" the pack to turn it into a powerful makeshift grenade, mighty enough to crack open a Space Marine Dreadnought. There's a reason the lasgun is the perfect weapon for the Imperial Guard.

Hellgun | 50

When it comes to power, the lasgun is often mocked, derided for not having the strength of a bolter, the might of a plasma gun, or even the killing heat of a melta. And there is some truth to those statements. After all, it doesn't need to be powerful when there's a hundred of them all firing at once. But you won't always have the luxury of numbers. Which is where this comes in. Thanks to the upgraded power-pack and more refined construction, your lasgun is more than a glorified flashlight, punching through even ceramite with ease.

Merovech | 50

But sometimes, what you seek against your foes is a death by a thousand cuts. Numbers are one of the Imperium's greatest weapons and though you may be but one man, with this upgrade to your las-gun, your foes will think you to be ten instead. Otherwise known as the "Persuader", this upgrade ensures that you'll be well-equipped whenever you come face to face with a horde of rabid foes. With far larger power packs and a more than tripled rate of fire, all you have to do is keep the trigger held down and you could easily lay waste to an army. Just don't make yourself a bigger target than you have to.

Long-Las | 50

Perhaps range is what you're looking for. After all, if you can kill your enemy before they even spot you, you've just saved yourself from a troublesome shoot-out. Through the addition of a removable barrel, one strengthened and thinner than normal, both your lasguns's accuracy and range have vastly improved. Combined with the additional scope so that you can see farther, and a suppressor to reduce the visible light of your shots, you can pick off foes from kilometers away with a bit of practice and experience.

Lascutter | 50

Lasguns can do many things but one thing they're not capable of is slicing through the obstacles in your path, usually something made of metal. You could try shooting it but unless the only thing blocking you is a wooden wall, you'll just be wasting ammo. But that's where the lascutter comes in. With the flip of a switch, your lasgun, through the use of short-range disruption-field laser arcs, becomes a machine capable of slicing straight through armored doors and bulkheads. You can imagine what it does to those clad in power armor. This is the perfect upgrade for anyone who wants to get up close and personal to their enemies and show them the folly of mocking the lasgun.

Retribution | 50

Subtlety has its place and while the ordinary lasgun is far from subtle, your lasgun is far from ordinary. Based on the modifications of a long-dead sniper, your lasgun has been made into something that's both modular and collapsible. In only a minute, you'll be able to split apart your lasgun into half a dozen separate pieces. After that, you can pack them all into a special case—included with your purchase—that can pass through most forms of security and electronic detection. As for firing the gun, you'll find that it's been modified to fire off its lasers within the non-visible light spectrum. Your targets won't even see the beam that kills them.

Shotlas | 50

Lasguns are neat. Shotguns are neat. Wouldn't it be great if you could combine them together, get the best of both worlds? You aren't the only one to ask that question and their answer is the shotlas. Through the engineering knowledge of the techwrights of Footfall, your lasgun has effectively been transformed into a laser shotgun. Instead of firing just one beam, your weapon now unleashes multiple beams of light, all packed with far more energy than normal. You'd be able to knock a Space Marine flat on their ass with this. Though, don't try to fire off at someone far off in the distance. All that energy comes at the cost of beam coherence.

Soubirous | 50

It seems your lasgun's been to the world of Soubirous if this upgrade is any indication. Having rested by the eternal blue-white flame, your weapon has been blessed, sanctified by the Emperor Himself. At least, that's what the people seem to believe. With every shot of your lasgun, you unleash a golden beam of light against your foes. Though it may not be any more effective against ordinary foes, its true power shines against the Empyrean. Every shot against them is a bane upon their soul and with enough shots, they can quickly find themselves cast back into the Immaterium, their form's tenuous hold on reality crumbling apart for as long as your aim strikes true.

Triplex | 50

As useful as it is to carry a weapon for every occasion, that just isn't possible, not unless you've modified your body to make a decent approximation of a Tech-Priest. Which, to be fair, is very much an option, but some Inquisitors find that to be unnecessary or even detrimental to their line of work. But let's us move on from that discussion and focus on the lasgun. Thanks to the fine work of Triplex Phall's Tech-Priests, your lasgun has achieved unmatched customizability. From rate of fire to burst fire to power, you change it all with just a few turns of a dial or presses of a button. You can even set it to non-lethal if you want it to.

Lightning Gun | 100

It's not just daemons and humans that an Inquisitor has to worry about. Whether it's the creations of a heretek, a member of the Dark Mechanicus, or even one of the dreaded Silica Animus, an Inquisitor must be prepared to face off against machines of every shape and kind. And while there are specialized tools and equipment for such a task, there's always the option of upgrading the weapons you have now. Something like this modification to your lasgun for example.

By incorporating the technology of the Adeptus Mechanicus into your lasgun, you'll now be able to deal with machines and their ilk with the same efficiency you deal with organic life. From now on, every beam your lasgun fires off is ionized and accompanied with a powerful phased discharge of electromagnetic particles. Wonderful for overloading mechanical targets and no less effective when it comes to putting down any of your organic enemies.

Lasburst | 100

Two is better than one and as people have found, the same principle applies even to the humble lasgun. Based on an ancient pattern found millennia ago, one that was never perfected—until you came along—your lasgun has been retrofitted so that it now possesses two barrels and two slots for your power packs. Double the power, double the rate of fire, and no extra problems with maintenance and repair either. Only problem is that you'll also run out of power twice as fast but hey, if you kill your foes fast enough, that won't be a problem at all.

Auxilia | 100

Even during the beginning of the Great Crusade, when volkite weapons were commonplace among the Space Marines, the Imperialis Auxilia, the precursor to the Imperial Guard, had the humble lasgun as their weapon of choice. But the lasguns of those times were far better than modern pattern utilized nowadays. Greater durability, greater range, greater energy reserves, greater accuracy, and most importantly, greater power. Such weapons were closer to some form of miniature lascannon than the sorry excuses for lasguns today. The weapon in your hands is a relic of old, a weapon of awe-inspiring might that could turn the tide of battle against the many forces arrayed against you and humanity.

Blast-Charger | 100

The Solar Auxila, the premier and elite forces of the Imperialis Auxilia, knew they would need more firepower than the lasguns could provide, even their magnificent relics of old. And so, at the request of the Lord Solars, specialized power packs were created. Previous versions of these devices were crude and jury-rigged but under the guidance of proper engineers, the "blast-chargers" were made. Forcing a contained overload with a lasgun's firing chamber, the lasgun can then unleash a pulse of energy that can match even a lascannon, punching straight through armored vehicles and power armor with ease.

But be careful. This much power comes at cost. An ordinary lasgun will likely only be able to fire off such energy around once a minute. Trying to fire any more than that can see your lasgun melting from the strain and sheer heat coming from the beam. You'll need something more durable if you want the blast-charger in your lasgun and your finger on the trigger.

Bolter | FREE

And now we have the most iconic weapon of the Imperium. Said to have been invented by the Emperor himself, bolters are the standard issue armament for Space Marines everywhere. When you fire a bolter, it is as if thunder itself roars. With its mighty bolts, a man with a bolter can bring down even a Space Marine. And the bolter is a much of a symbol of the Imperium's tenacity as it is a symbol of its might. Thousands of years could pass, and the bolter would still be as capable of bringing down the foes of man as it did on the day it was forged. Wield this and your foes will believe that you are an angel from up above, sent to deliver heaven's wrath itself.

Heavy | 50

The bolter is mighty but in such turbulent times as these, even the bolter can be found lacking. But there's a reason why people say bigger is better. And few things exemplify that philosophy more than the heavy bolter. Whereas an ordinary bolter fires off .75 caliber rounds to burst your foes apart, your bolter will now fire off massive 1.0 caliber rounds. To give you an idea of how powerful this makes your bolter now, you can expect to start being a threat to those clad in Terminator Armor, regardless of the rounds you use. That is no mean feat, especially when you consider that not only do your bolts hit harder, but they also fly faster and further, ensuring that no foe shall be beyond your reach.

Assault | 50

The standard bolter used by the Adeptus Astartes hold thirty rounds within their magazines. That is a respectable amount but when brought to bear against the hordes of enemies in your path, you'll find it woefully insufficient. And so, this upgrade is perfect for those situations. Magazines with doubled capacity, a doubled rate of fire, and more importantly, the durability to make use of all these improvements. It even comes with an auto-reloader, making sure that you have more time to keep blowing your enemies to bits rather than finagling around with your magazines.

Shot Selector | 50

Beyond its sheer might—whether through its power or the rate of fire—a massive fraction of the bolter's appeal lies in its versatility. But the actual act of swapping out bolts is a cumbersome affair, necessitating the use of multiple magazines and having keep track of which bolts are where, something that isn't always easy amidst combat. But that's why you have this. From now on, your bolter has an additional system to it that allows it to keep track of the number of bolts you have and lets you switch between them with either your voice or a push of a button. And don't worry. It'll only respond to you. You don't have to worry about others mimicking your voice.

Silentus | 50

With the roar of the bolter and the noise of its bolts, the presence of a bolter is an obvious thing and only those both blind and deaf would not be aware of it. But it doesn't have to be that way. Despite how contradictory it may seem, there are ways to silence the deafening sounds of a bolter. Favored by the Raven Guard, this modification to your bolter adds a special audio suppressor to its construction, ensuring that your bolter shall fire off in silence, unheard and unseen by your foes. Of course, the bolts themselves still do make noise. So, if you're going for this, you may want to pick a few of the more specialized bolts below.

Censers | 50

A common sight amongst the Imperium are the censers, containers meant for the storage and burning of the incense so favored by the citizens of soldiers of humanity. Often times fanciful, and rarely found empty, such things are a comforting presence to many, be they an ordinary mortal or even a Space Marine. If you wish, these burners may be added to your bolter. And so, long as they burn, you will find that the incense released from these censers shall center your mind, calming you and sharpening your focus, an ever-useful thing in the midst of the battlefield and as combat rages on, your own allies shall benefit from them as well, for faith never shared is a brittle thing and few things in the Imperium are as hardened as their soldiers.

Howling | 50

As always, there are many things one could stand to learn from the Xenos, even those as ancient and as arrogant as the Eldar. Fashioned after the fearsome Howling Banshees, this upgrade to the bolter lets you use their terrifying presence for yourself. In battle, every bolt fired from this weapon is accompanied by a wailing scream, a sound so horrifying, so chilling, that it is said to pierce the souls of your foes. Watch in awe as your enemies quickly break ranks in fear, leaving them so very vulnerable to another follow-up from your howling bolter.

Suspensors | 50

Bolters are heavy. This is a fact that anyone whose wielded one knows all too well. Not only that, but they're powerful and more than one fool has broken their wrists firing one, especially idiots who think they can treat a bolter like they do an autogun. And this isn't even factoring any of the modifications you plan on adding to it. Fortunately, there are ways around this problem. By attaching anti-grav plates and studs to your bolter, its weight has been effectively cut in half, making it easier to move around with. But not only that, the suspensors have been arranged in such a way that the bolter will stabilize itself whenever you aim it, ensuring that you'll always get a clear shot at your foes.

Ancient | 100

With age comes wisdom but for this particular example, you get both wisdom and power. Your bolter hails from a time when the God-Emperor still walked among men, and it shows. Firing harder, faster, and more accurately, this bolter is simply better in every way than its contemporaries. And yet, your bolter's newfound might is the least of its new qualities. Due to its age, the bolter's machine spirit has become quite knowledgeable. In battle, it shall guide your hand to strike at your foes' weaknesses with precision borne from experience, and outside of it, your instincts are certainly improved, at least when it comes to matters regarding your survival. It's almost as if the bolter itself is advising you, leading you away from death and corruption.

Storm | 100

Two heads are better than one and the same goes for barrels. Whether it be the twin barrels of a lasburst lasgun, or the humble double-barreled shotgun of old Terra, people all across the galaxy have known the wonders of what two barrels could bring. And the Storm Bolter is that philosophy made true. With a Storm Bolter in hand, you could unleash a ruinous hail of bolts down upon your foes, all while you suffer no loss in speed or agility. With power like this in your hands, you'll be making hills out of corpses soon enough.

Psycannon | 100

The Psycannon is the perfect bolter for any Inquisitor expecting to battle against psykers, daemons and heretics. Lined with silver and inscribed with anti-daemonic symbols, every bolt fired from a Psycannon is one impregnated with negative psychic energy. Beyond being even more damaging to those touched by the Immaterium or born from it, it shall also deliver a devastating blow to their psyches. To be struck by a Psycannon's bolts is to find oneself frayed apart at the seams, the negative psychic energy tearing apart their mind, body and soul. It is no wonder that weapons like these are a personal favorite of many in the Ordo Malleus and the Grey Knights.

Warpstorm | 100

But if a bolter can become a weapon against the Empyrean, can the opposite not be true as well? Consider this upgrade to be a counterpart to the Psycannon and yet not truly incompatible. Through supernatural means that some would declare to be heretical, your bolter has become infused with energies that more puritanical Inquisitors would decry as demonic. But you cannot deny the usefulness of its new qualities. From now on, even if you find yourself lacking any ammunition, your bolter will still continue to fire for it siphons the chaotic essence of the Warp, molding it into a projectile of pure chaotic energy.

Micro-Factory | 100

Dwelling within the galactic core, the Kin are so much like the rest of humanity and yet, they could not be any more different. From their bodies to the technology they use, the Kin of the Leagues of Votann are as different to humanity as the xenos. But just as it is with xenos, there are still lessons to be learned, technology to be salvaged. Taken from one of the Kin, this micro-factory serves to print out bolts at your leisure. No need to rely on the whims of the warp anymore if you want infinite munitions. However, it is important to note that while ordinary bolts can be made fast enough that you can keep firing until the gun breaks, other bolts will take much, much longer and you'll have to provide samples before it can start churning them out.

Scatterbolt | 100

Shotguns are very useful weapons, perfect assaults within closed quarters such as hive cities, forts, voidships, or even within the bowels of Space Hulks. From the Imperial Guard to the Space Marines, shotguns have seen use in just about every notable faction of the Imperium. And so, someone had a question. What happens if you combine a shotgun with a bolter. This is the answer. Like a shotgun, your bolter's been modified to fire off a spray of miniaturized explosive bolts instead of a single ordinary bolt. And don't worry about this being permanent. Adjusting it is as simple as switching out the barrels, something you can do in ten seconds at most.

Lastrum | 100

Now this is a rare thing indeed. Between you and I, it would be best if you wouldn't mention this little upgrade to anyone, especially the Golden Ones. Not unless you have a really good explanation and perhaps not even then. What you wield now is the exemplar of what a bolter should be. For starters, the bolter is so durable now that it could take a point-blank bolt of plasma and have it come out red-hot but otherwise unscathed. And that durability is put to great use, for your bolter shall now fire bolts half again as fast with a rate of fire to match. Aim true and make the Emperor proud, Inquisitor.

Bolts | FREE

As mighty and as enduring the bolter is, that is far from the only thing the bolter has to offer. While a bolter may not possess the unlimited ammunition of the lasgun, it more than makes up for that by firing back with its sheer versatility. For every situation you might encounter, you can rest assured that there is very much an appropriate bolt round suited for the task. Whether it be one that pierces through armor, one that scours away at the flesh of your foes, or even one that can open a chaotic gateway into the Empyrean itself, you will always find a bolt perfect for any foe you might face.

Standard Bolts | FREE

Comprised of a mass reactive detonator cap, a depleted deuterium core, and a diamantine tip, the standard bolt isn't really anything fancy, but it gets the job done in almost every case. Rarely will there ever be a time where these things will not be useful, and few will fault or even judge you if you choose nothing else but this.

Metal Storm Frag Shells | 50

While the standard bolt does have a respectable blast radius, sometimes you'll need something even bigger. Perfectly suited for packs of lightly armored targets, these rounds will detonate before impact thanks to the proximity detonator replacing the mass-reactive cap. With the diamantine tip and deuterium core switched with an increased charge and fragmentation casing, it'll unleash a massive burst of shrapnel that'll shred apart anything unfortunate enough to be unarmored.

Kraken Pattern Penetrator Rounds | 50

But what if you're dealing with foes clad in heavy armor? Well, don't worry because the Imperium has you covered. With a heavier main charge and a solid adamantine core replacing the deuterium, these bolts are perfect for anything heavily armored. On impact, the outer casing is peeled away, allowing the adamantium core to accelerate further into the victim and with its larger detonation, shards of super hardened metal are propelled even deeper. With this, you'll quickly be putting down those larger and peskier foes.

Dragonfire Bolts | 50

While fire is a wondrous weapon on the battlefield, you can't always carry around a flamer with you. But that's why you have this. Most commonly used by Sternguard Veterans of the Space Marines, these bolts are filled with a special gas whose unique qualities reveal themselves on impact. Upon the bolt's detonation, the gas shall quickly be discharged in a gout of superheated flame, one large enough to make a mockery of cover and hot enough to melt the flesh off a man's bones with ease.

Hellfire Rounds | 50

Fire may be a dangerous and powerful tool, both to you and your enemies, but it isn't always the best against some of the myriad of foes arrayed against you and your allies. Sometimes, a different bolt will serve better. Bolts like these for example. Developed specifically for use against the Tyranid hordes, Hellfire rounds replace the core and tip of a standard bolt with a vial of mutagenic acid and thousands of miniature needles. On impact, these needles pierce into your target's flesh, pumping the acid into their bodies. But don't worry about this being only for Tyranids. Acid works wonders on other targets just fine.

Organgrinder Shells | 50

As a rule, weapons are made for one of two things. To kill or to subdue. But rules are made to be broken and the organgrinder shells are one such result. Designed to torture or deliver a foe a lingering and excruciatingly painful death, when these bolts penetrate into a foe's flesh, they do not detonate but rather, they slowly, painfully, spirals their way through the body, slicing and grinding through guts and viscera. The pain is utterly torturous and there are plenty of stories told of unfortunate victims choosing to end themselves rather than endure it any longer.

Flash Bolts | 50

The wider Imperium may not know of it, but the ever-reliable flash grenade can trace its history back to the 2nd millennium, long before the Imperium was even a blip in the Emperor's eyes. Even now, you will be hard-pressed to find a Guardsman unaware of the flash grenade and its uses. But what if you could use such things from afar? Enter the Flash Bolts. Designed by a Techmarine of an unknown chapter, these bolts have had a magnesium-based charge integrated into their design. With these charges, these bolts can even blind and disorientate a Space Marine. Just be careful and prepare yourself before heading off onto battle with these bolts. You don't want to get blinded yourself.

Tranquilizer Rounds | 50

As conflicting as it may sound, bolts can be made to be non-lethal. For as much as a bolter serves as a weapon of death and destruction, there will be many times when the foes you face must be taken in alive. And so, these specialized rounds, utilized by the Raven Guard and the Deathwatch both, shall serve you well in such times. Filled with a powerful tranquilizing agent in lieu of explosives, these bolts are silent when fired and in flight with even a single one being enough to incapacitate a full-grown Ork.

Korvidari Bolts | 50

Utilized by the Raven Guard, these bolts are aptly named. Etched with raven-feather charms, these bolts are designed to engage targets at abnormally far distances, even for a bolter, packing extra propellant to boost both the range and accuracy of the bolt. More importantly, each bolt houses a minute, hyper-sensitive targeting system and a flight correction relay. What does this mean? It means that, regardless of how obscured or far away your foes may be, you will nevertheless always possess the accuracy of a marksman, of one of the Raven Guard.

Bloodshard Bolts | 100

The Metal Storm Frag Shells work wonders against hordes of cannon fodder while the Kraken Rounds serve as perfect tools against the machine and those clad in armor. But what happens if you end up facing hordes of armored enemies, foes such as the Necrons for example? Mighty as they are, ordinary bolts will certainly prove insufficient against such odds. Well, the Blood Angels have your answer. Utilized by the sons of Sanguinius for use with their Angelus bolt guns, Bloodshard Bolts contain a payload of razor-filament. On detonation, this payload is unleashed alongside the classic explosion of the bolter, cutting through flesh, bone, and even power armor with little to no resistance.

Stormwrath Bolts | 100

You know, it almost seems like every Space Marine chapter has their own special bolts. Just look at this one for example. Fashioned and forged by the artificers of Chogoris to be used by the White Scars and their kin against the monsters and beasts of their home world, these acid-etched bolt shells are a thing of beauty. Containing a unique alchemical propellant formula and laced with fulgurite, with these bolts, your bolter shall roar with thunder and strike with lightning.

Tempest Bolts | 100

Manufactured only in one world, these bolts are comprised of rare and potent technology found only within the greatest Forge World in the galaxy, Mars. By incorporating miniaturized plasma-shock generators into its design, these bolts will, upon detonation, unleash a pulse of thermal and electromagnetic energy. While it will kill men just as easily as ordinary bolts, these bolts are most suited against machinery and electronics, as evidenced by the Mechanicus usage of such things against the heretek, the corrupted machines, and their most hated threat of all, the abominable intelligences.

Morbidus Bolts | 100

Another example of how silent a bolt can be, even if it doesn't seem to make sense to anyone other than one of the Mechanicus. Utilized by the Reiver Squad operatives of the Primaris Space Marines, once fired, these bolts shall streak through the air unseen, unheard, and without flaw towards yours foes. On impact, they shall shatter, dispensing toxins so potent that most of your foes would be slain instantly with not even time to make a noise. And that isn't the end of it. Once the bolt's been spent, it will let out a gaseous hallucinogen, one that would horrify any of the victim's nearby allies.

Psycannon Bolts | 100

A psycannon is already a powerful weapon. A man wielding such a thing could tear through hordes of daemons and heretics alike. And yet, with these bolts, the weapon could be made even greater. Utilizing a core formed from psy-anthaemic substances, these bolts can pierce through warp-stuff and psychic barriers as if they were parchment, ignoring all but the greatest examples of such things. Of course, it is no less lethal against the likes of ordinary foes. In fact, it is even said that the souls of those slain by these bolts are snuffed out like candles in the wind.

Nullbolts | 100

While the bolts above are certainly a powerful weapon, especially when facing foes touched by the Empyrean, there is something to be said about versatility. And so, in the interest of a second option, the nullbolts are presented to you. Formed from materials whose unique properties dampen the warp and its energies, the detonation of these bolts embeds shards of said materials into your foes, severing, or at the very least interfering, their connection to the Immaterium. And any who are not slain outright shall find themselves overcome with a smothering inertia and denied almost all sensation of the Materium. Naturally, that makes these bolts quite effective against those in the service of Slaanesh.

Jericho Bolts | 200

In the 2nd millennium, there was said to be a weapon that matched the destructive power of the Imperium's nuclear weapons, a weapon that would only have to be fired once. The Jericho Missile. And though its schematics have been lost, that does not mean that there have been no attempts to recreate it, blasphemous as that might sound. Envisioned as a miniature version of the mythical missile, these bolts may be a far cry from the original but that doesn't mean they aren't effective. Once fired, these bolts split apart mid-flight into sixteen different propelled explosives. And a moment later, you'll bear witness to a series of explosions more reminiscent to that of Bolt Cannons than anything else. It's quite a satisfying scene indeed.

Lastrum Bolts | 200

I'm sure you know by now how powerful the Lastrum bolters of the Custodes are by now, but you should also know that their power is incomplete. But with this, it doesn't have to be so. Each and every one of these bolts has been hand-made by the finest artisans of Holy Terra and their work is so very much appreciated. These bolts boast mass-reactive heliothermic warheads, a shackled star in something about as large as a man's thumb. On detonation, these bolts burst apart, so very briefly, into a miniature sun mightier even than a plasma gun, incinerating your foes to such an extent that nothing shall be left, not even ash.

Thermic Penetrator Rounds | 200

The Deathwatch Chapter and its members have a long and proud history. Their entire Chapter is devoted to the protection of the Imperium from the dreaded and treacherous xenos that seek to defile the purity of man. To accomplish this arduous task, they have brought forth many tools. And you can count these rounds among them. Through thermic acceleration, the bolts are fired off at speeds of over 3,000 meters per second, or in other words, just a few notches below Mach 9. And in its wake, armor is rendered practically useless for the bolts punch through them as if they were little more than air. With these, you shall strike your foes hard and true indeed.

Mindphage Bolts | 300

This… this is… how did you get your hands on this? What you have now are bolts older than even the Imperium, psychoactive rounds that burn at one's psychic sight even as they close their eyes and turn away. This is a weapon of horrifying power. While it may not be any stronger than an ordinary bolt, its true might is what comes after. Every foe you slay with this weapon is not merely killed. No, those slain by these bolts are wiped away, the very memory of their beings taken away from all but the greatest of minds. No one will mourn for them. None will remember them. Such is the might of mankind at their greatest.

Vortex Bolts | 300

Long ago, in forges long since lost to the sands and ravages of time, bolts of power were crafted, bolts that harnessed the very might of the Immaterium itself. Now, such horrors of the past have found their way to you, waiting to be used against whatever foe you deem worthy of your ire. Upon detonation, these bolts shall create a miniature vortex within your targets, a minute portal to the Warp. Needless to say, such things deliver catastrophic damage to even the largest of enemies and for any psykers who miraculously survive, most shall find themselves driven mad by the creatures of the Warp flowing from the tear in reality.

Grenades | FREE

But despite the bolter's might, there are simply foes that they are not well suited for. From armored xenos to superheavy vehicles, it almost feels like that just about every foe you might encounter has one answer or another to the power of the bolter. But, as usual, there is an answer to your dilemma, one that lies in the ever-useful grenades. Millennia after they were first made, grenades have proven their worth time and time again. While you have nothing fancy like cryo, plasma or even gas grenades, you'll find that, despite their simplicity, frag and krak grenades are still worth their place on the battlefield. The frag is for infantry and the krak is for armor. You get a box with a dozen of each grenade, and don't worry about it running out. It will replenish itself every week.

Blind Grenades | 50

Grenades aren't just for killing enemies or breaking through armor, you know? They can be used to confuse your foes as well. With blind grenades, you can do exactly that. A specialized kind of smoke grenade, a blind grenade lets out a dense cloud of smoke alongside infrared bafflers and broad-spectrum electro-magnetic radiation and chaff in order to disrupt enemy optics and scanners. The effect might be short-lived, but it serves as a perfect obstruction for you to make your advance.

Choke Gas | 50

Keeping your foes alive in combat can be a tricky thing but you'll need to do it one day or another. As such, the Imperium once again provides. Best used for crowd control and riot dispersal, just a few lungfuls of this thick and bluish gas can reduce even the rowdiest and most zealous of mobs to a sobbing and coughing mess. Best be careful while using it though. The gas has a nasty tendency of spreading through air filtration systems and while it won't kill nor cause permanent damage, it is still quite a nasty irritant.

Cryo Grenades | 50

Used by the Deathwatch, cryo grenades are filled with a special chemical gel that freezes upon exposure to air. Once these things detonate, everyone near it is blasted by gel and gets flash-frozen because of it. Against susceptible to the cold, you'll have few better weapons, and even those who aren't frozen because of it will find them struck by a searing pain after being exposed to the chemical gel, their skin blackening from frostbite.

Photon Grenades | 50

The perfect way to disorient your foes. Once triggered, these detonate with an eye-searing blast of light and sound, light so strong that, without any protection, ordinary humans can suffer permanent ocular damage and even light-sensitive equipment can break through the sheer influx of newfound light. It's so bright that it will even reflect of off both plasteel and concrete, making sure that even those who turn their backs against the explosion shall be affected. Maybe these should've been called blind grenades instead.

Gunk Bombs | 50

Well, this is a bit… disgusting. If you don't know, "gunk" serves as a catchall term for the countless types of goos, slimes, and sludges found within underhives—most commonly Necromunda—and it seems that someone had the brilliant idea to make a bomb out of such foul things. It may not be as explosive as ordinary grenade but when it detonates, it'll shower your foes in filth and slime, slowing them down and infecting anyone unfortunate enough to leave their skin exposed to the gunk.

Vengeance Grenade Launcher | 50

Speaking of grenades, it would be best that you possess some form of implement to fire them off rather than just relying on your hands. True, all the augmentations and cybernetics available to a servant of the Imperium such as yourself can easily serve to alleviate the problem of both range and accuracy when it comes to tossing a grenade but there's no substitute for a classic grenade launcher. Built by the Tech-Priests of the Forge World Graia, this gun launches grenades at your enemies with pinpoint accuracy and at speeds of an appreciable fraction of sound. Not only that, the grenades you fire become magnetized, adhering to walls and enemy armor, and with the press of a button, can be detonated remotely. There's a reason that the Space Marines that have used this weapon have attested to its effectiveness.

Cluster Grenades | 100

More is better, you've heard it said before. While it may not always be true, it seems that for this case, you can't help but agree, at least if this grenade is any indication. Composed of two dozen anti-personnel bomblets, this grenade expels those bomblets on either impact or through a timer. While each bomblet may not be as powerful as a krak grenade, the sheer number of them is enough that a single one of these grenades is enough to outmatch a krak thrice over. And unlike a krak, their size lets them detonate in places where they would be more effect. Places such as between the joints of a suit of power armor.

Psychotroke Grenades | 100

These grenades might seem like a change of pace from the last few options above, yet it is anything but. Far more potent than the standard hallucinogenic grenades utilized elsewhere, the gas is pungent, sweet-smelling, and incredibly psycho-reactive. Because of this, even sealed environmental suits are useless as protection. Foes clad in power armor will suffer from intense and debilitating hallucinations just as much as those clad in nothing at all.

Poison Globes | 100

Every good Inquisitor should know that brute force isn't the only way to kill an enemy. After all, why waste all your time pumping bullets and bolts into your foes when a single dose of poison can kill them far faster? So, by following in the footsteps of the Venenum Temple and their assassins, you've gotten your hands on their own Poison Globes. Filled with crystalline shards, these grenades disperse a rather potent gaseous neurotoxin strong enough to debilitate, if not outright kill, almost every foe you might encounter. Not too useful on those wearing power armor unfortunately.

Egarian Geodes | 100

But that's what these are for. Hailing from the Egarian Dominion, a civilization long dead, and their colossal crystalline Maze Cities, these relics are but one example of their strange yet useful technologies. Filled to the bursting point with compacted shards of diamantine glass, these strange geodes are mightier than the frag grenades. On detonation, these glass shards shall shower whatever's near it in a storm of cutting projectiles, a storm that can pierce and slice through even power armor. It might be heretical, but you can't deny its usefulness.

Shard Grenades | 200

But what if you want something really, *really*, heretical? Boy, do I have just the thing for you! By using tiny fragments of Warp-corrupted metal, often taken from the corpses of those tainted by Chaos or from the warped structures suffused with Chaos, the shard grenades are born. Victims wounded by any of these fragments will not only find themselves infected with madness, but their flesh will even begin to mutate as their body becomes suffused with the very essence of the Warp. Isn't that radical?

Stasis Grenades | 200

Within the Imperium, many relics are kept hidden and preserved within a stasis field, rendering them frozen in time, free from the ravages of the world. But what can be used to preserve, can also be used to destroy. Developed by the Adeptus Mechanicus, stasis grenades are rare and expensive, often used only by the Imperium's elite agents, like an Inquisitor. Once activated, these grenades emit a stasis-loop field around itself. Anything caught within these fields shall be trapped, doomed to repeat the same actions over and over again until the grenade's power source is expended, and the field deactivates. The stasis field does not last long, only a minute at best, nor are they very large, bearing only a two-meter radius, but that is more than enough to turn the tides of battle.

Vortex Grenades | 300

If this doesn't scream dangerous, perhaps you should get your senses checked. Unlike regular grenades, these devices utilize complex and intricate warp technology to function, technology dating back to before the Age of Strife. Upon detonation, these grenades burst open a rift—a vortex, if you will—between real space and the Warp. These rifts often resemble what we know of as a black hole and it acts like one. All things within the rift shall be drawn into the warp, ripped apart until they become part of it and only the mightiest shall be spared of this terrible fate. You do not want to be anywhere near these when they go off.

Fittingly enough, owing to the nature of their creation, vortex grenades are astronomically rare. They are manufactured only in small quantities by the Adeptus Mechanicus and found only within the hands of the Imperium's greatest agents and assets. Use these well and use them wisely.

Micro-Grenades | 300

Yet another wonder from ages long past, this is another example of how wondrous the tools of men were at their zenith. Produced only within remote corners of the Calixis Sector, acquiring these would normally come at ruinous costs but few can say they aren't worth the price. Despite only being the size of marbles, a single one of these grenades still packs just as much power as a frag or a krak. But as you might have surmised, their size makes them difficult to arm normally. But that's why you have these dispensers, ones shaped like tubes. With the press of a button, it'll dispense and prime for you a small handful of the bombs all at once.

Unlike the other grenades, purchasing this gets you a dozen dispensers with each dispenser having twelve micro-grenades each. Not only that, but you also get a thick book detailing the creation of micro-grenades and how to miniaturize other types of grenades. Although, judging by the size and complexity of the thing, it'll probably take you a few months to learn how to do it for other Imperial grenades and a few years or even a decade for anything as complex as a Vortex Grenade.

Melee Weapon | FREE

While explosives and ranged weapons are perfectly suited for the task of killing your foes from afar, they are considerably less effective when your enemies attack up-close. While you could certainly bludgeon a foe to death with a lasgun or a bolter, the machine spirit probably won't like you if you do it all the time and you definitely don't want to use a grenade against someone right in front of you. But that's why you have this. It might be a simple sword, a spear, a maul, claws, or something else, even a whip or a fist if that suits you, but there's a reason weapons like these have been used since time immemorial. It works. Even something like a wooden club can kill someone if you hit them hard enough.

Anointed | 50

To the daemon, a sword wielded in battle shall do more against them than a bullet from an autogun, not because of any inherent differences in their craftsmanship but simply because the symbolism of a sword resonates greater within the Warp than that of a gun. And that symbolism can be made greater still.

Your weapon has now been soaked in sacred oils and blessed by priests bearing true faith in the God-Emperor. Through this, your weapon has been made holy, striking at the daemonic and Chaos-touched with greater force, even burning those who would dare touch it with their filthy hands.

Shock | 50

This should be rather familiar to you, no? Thanks to the addition of a miniaturized generator to its design, your weapon now crackles with violent discharges of electricity. Curiously, it seems that these additions are meant to cause harm rather than simply killing your foes, leaving behind painful burns, not bodies. It's a curious thing when compared to the rest of the Imperium's design philosophy. Still, there are few foes who would be unharmed by jolts of electricity in the middle of a fight.

Tox Dispenser | 50

Poison has been a tool used by humans since the dawn of history and the art of coating a blade with poison is only slightly younger. Unfortunately, in this day and age, simply coating your weapon in poison, simple as it is, is practically useless given the abilities of many of your foes. So, it is fortunate that technology has provided you with a better solution.

Through the addition of a series of micro-dispensers, you can quickly coat your weapon with your toxin of choice with only the push of a button. Not only that, but you could even replace the toxins within the dispensers with any liquid of your choice. Of course, you'll have to provide the toxins and chemicals in question.

Chain | 50

A simple melee weapon cannot cut or break apart the myriad of foes standing against the forces of humanity. But something like this can. Combining the mechanics of a chainsaw and the melee weapon of one's choice, weapons like this have been used by humanity since the Dark Ages of Technology. With its razor-sharp teeth, your weapon can now saw through foes clad in armor as easily as if you were hacking apart a tree, even if its something like a hammer or a mace.

Power | 100

And yet, there will always be people who find even the chain weapon lacking. Well, for those people, the power weapon should suffice. Instead of relying on something like the teeth of a chain weapon or the weight and sharpness of its material make, a power weapon does something different. By wreathing the weapon in a crackling field of disruptive energy, it becomes capable of disrupting matter with every blow. With an upgrade like this, a sword becomes capable of slicing through even Terminator Armor while something like a mace could crumple it with only a few well-placed blows.

Burning Blade | 50

Would you believe that these weapons started off as an accident? Due to faulty conduits, the blades of the power weapons being created on a certain world were being raised to temperatures of over 600 degrees. Loi Metalworks investigated this problem, declared that it was a feature and voila! The Burning Blades were born. Now, your power weapon's energy field has been designed so that it will deliberately radiate intense heat, making it hot enough to slough flesh from bone with every strike and set your foes ablaze. Do be careful. While the weapon's been heavily insulated to ensure that you'll barely feel the raging inferno that is your weapon, it is still a dangerous weapon, one that a skillful foe could turn against you.

Force | 100

Not enough… It's still not enough. Yes, I can see how you might think that. If technology is not enough for the weapon you seek, why not utilize your own innate powers? By etching and engraving archeotech circuitry patterns into your weapon with psycho-reactive crystals, you will be able to channel your own psychic energy into a deadly force that can rend reality itself. In essence, you have made a power weapon only by you and your fellow psykers. Naturally, this upgrade is useless for non-psykers.

Nemesis Force | 100

A force weapon is powerful. That fact cannot be denied but even it falls to the same problem many weapons have. If the wielder is powerful enough, the weapons they wield often become little more than pretty trinkets, incapable of matching up to their wielder's might. But there are ways to get around that problem, especially for force weapons. With the addition of a psi-matrix attuned to your unique psyche, your weapon has now become a Nemesis Force weapon. And as your psionic might grows, so too shall the power of your weapon.

Lathe-Wrought | 100

But there comes the problem where a power weapon is only as useful for as long as it has energy. Without it, the weapon is nothing more than a well-forged tool. Useful? Yes, but it is not enough. Sometimes, it is best to focus on the material of the weapon rather than adding something to it. And so, there is no better place for grand materials than the Lathe Worlds.

Owing to the strange astronomical and gravitic alignments of the Lathe Worlds, the Tech-Priests hailing from their have forged alloys superior by far to most others found in the galaxy. Such is their strength and durability that weapons forged from these alloys are more than a match to the power weapons so common in the galaxy. And unlike a power weapon, the weapon shall remain as sturdy and as mighty as it is for as long as it exists.

Inertia | 200

By using archaeotech found within dead worlds, you never have to choose between a weapon that's light or heavy, not when you can have the benefits of both. Whenever you swing your weapon, it now gathers inertial energy, making it seem lighter the more it moves. However, on impact, that inertia is swiftly converted to kinetic energy, turning your blow into something with more than enough force to rupture and break apart power armor or even the hull of a tank.

Paragon | 200

Over the course of mankind's history, there have been weapons forged through using methods and materials that have long been lost to the sands of time. These weapons were crafted to such a degree that even now, millennia after they were first constructed, they serve their wielders as well as they did on the day they were forged, a true paragon of their like. The weapon you wield is now one such artifact.

Hailing from a time before the Imperium, this weapon of yours is more durable, more powerful, more balanced, simply better than most others of its kind. This is a weapon worthy of being wielded by the greatest of warriors across the galaxy, a weapon whose value is, for all intents and purposes, priceless, a weapon that battles would be fought. Hopefully, you will prove worthy of wielding such a thing. Even the greatest weapon is nothing but scrap in the hands of an unskilled wielder.

Graviton | 200

Gravity is a mighty force. Without it, worlds all across the universe could never exist and neither could the stars themselves. Is it no wonder then that humanity has learned to harness its might? Using knowledge and science hailing from the Dark Age of Technology, your weapon has now become capable of using gravity itself to bring down your foes, literally. With every strike you land, you can now unleash waves of gravitational force that could send your foes to their knees or even pulverize armored vehicles with a direct hit as they collapse under their own weight.

Empyric Conduit | 200

No wonder there are so many Radical Inquisitors if these are the type of things they get to play with. Fashioned by the hereteks known as the Empyric Engineers, this modification is an extensive one. Lines of gold now run along the length of your weapon and warp-mechanisms have been integrated into this design alongside a miniaturized null-field generator.

And so, with the press of a button, your weapon is wreathed in warp-matter in its rawest form, raging and chaotic empyrean energy contained only by the strange machinery embedded onto your weapon of choice. With this in hand, daemons and mortals alike shall fear you. Against the daemon, you shall strike their bodies and essence both, with neither their armor nor their unnatural durability serving as adequate protection.

But against mortals, well, there are those who would call you a daemon among Inquisitors. Just using your weapon is enough to draw out fear from all but the most hardened of warriors, visions of the warp radiating out from your chosen tool. And when you strike at them, their bodies shall be corrupted, forced to undergo monstrous mutations against their will.

Combat Shield | 50

There are some people who may not consider shields to be a weapon, but those folks simply haven't had the wondrous experience of slamming the edge of one shield's down on the faces of their foes. Or perhaps they simply haven't had the honor of wielding one of these. Favored by the Astartes, this is effectively a power weapon in the shape of a shield. With its construction of plasteel and a potent field generator, you could use this to turn aside bolter shots with little more than scratches to the paint on the shield.

Storm Shield | 50

But why not go for something bigger and stronger? Constructed with even more plasteel and housing an extensive web of intricate circuitry, the Storm Shield is the Combat Shield's big brother. Over twice as large as its counterpart, whereas a Combat Shield can block bolts with ease, the Storm Shield does the same with lascannon shots or even plasma fire. Unfortunately, it is a fair bit heavier and bulkier, but I suppose that just makes it hurt harder when you slam it onto your enemies.

Suppression Shield | 50

How can you beat your foes if all you do is block their blows? You can't just stand around and block their shots if you want to see them down on their feet. Well, in this case, the Arbites can help you solve your little problem. With the incorporation of an electro-shock unit into your field, you can deliver a devastating discharge of electricity right onto anyone who comes into contact with the shield. Wonderful for crowd control and perfect for burning the skin of anyone dumb enough to come at you with no armor.

Castigatus Shield | 100

You know what? You're an Inquisitor. You can afford to be fancy. What you have here is something old, something plenty of people would kill you for. You see, this type of shield was once favored by the Sons of Horus. Yes, the very same Legion once led by Horus Lupercal, the Primarch who sundered the Imperium. But regardless of one's feelings on the matter, this is still a powerful tool.

As sturdy as a Storm Shield despite being the same size as a Combat Shield, a Castigatus Shield is special because, through some unknown mechanism, the shield can unleash its defensive energies as a pulse of aggressive force, pushing away, knocking down your foes and even sending lighter ones flying away. Quite useful if ever find yourself dogpiled by a pile of cultists. Still, the intense power needed for this pulse ensures that you'd likely only be able to use it every minute or so.

Praesidium Shield | 100

Nevertheless, sometimes a simple thing will serve you better than anything with complex and confusing mechanics. And few things will exemplify that fact more than this wondrous relic of a shield. No longer does something as simple and mundane as plasteel make up the majority of your shield. Rather, your shield is now forged from layers of hardened ceramite and adamantium. This doesn't even begin to take into account the further improved field generators integrated into the shield. Truly, you shall be an unwavering bulwark against your foes, the barrier upon which your allies can rely upon, a shield to save them in their darkest hour.

Why, you could even take a direct him from a tank's battle cannon and come out of it harmed but intact.

Dispersion Shield | 150

Like many things, the concept of a shield is a not a uniquely human trait. From the Tau to the Eldar to even the Orks, just about every civilization in this galaxy has, at the very least, possessed an understanding of a shield and its uses. And many have used it to great effect against their foes. This is the Necron's answer. Forged from the living metal of their bodies and integrated with some truly powerful field generators, a Dispersion Shield will allow you to stand against more than just mere men and their weapons.

With this, you'll be blocking power weapons, force weapons, bolt rounds, and even tank shells with neither worry nor care. Not only that, the same field generators that make this shield so durable also make it so that you can deflect most solid projectiles that strike at it. That's right. You can parry a tank shell right back down the tank's barrel if you time it right. And even if something does manage to damage the shield, it can repair itself, ensuring you'll never be without it for long.

Of course, there is one downside to the shield, beyond its rarity and heretical origins. Owing to its construction, the shield is extraordinarily heavy. It's weighty enough that unless you're a Space Marine or wearing power armor, it'll be impossible to move at any reasonable pace while carrying the thing.

Zeroth Conductor Shield | 150

Let's not let the xenos have all the fun. Mankind has a plethora of wondrous technology as well. And though many of them are relics of the past, there is nothing that stops them from combining it with the technology of today. Take this relic of a shield for example. Discovered by Magos Kleel during the time of the Great Crusade, shields such as found use in the hands of the Space Marines, especially with the Salamanders. And now, so can you.

Mightier than any Storm Shield, even now you can wade through a battlefield with this, turning aside just about everything up to a tank shell, without even beginning to consider its unique properties. You see, your shield now possesses a unique thermic conductor and by activating this device, your shield's outer face shall transform into a searing white plane, so bright it blinds most who dare to look at it while radiating heat so intense that almost any weapon that strikes it to little more than molten slag.

Watch in awe as bullets, bolts and even artillery fire, simply turn to ash the moment they even get close to you. But be wary. Power is a stingy mistress and unless you're packing a generator in your body, the thermic conductor won't last for more than a few minutes at most before having to recharge.

Flamer | 50

Fire. Such glorious fire. Where would mankind be without the greatest tool in history, the wondrous flame that kept away the dark and the beasts that lurked within? And so, even in the farthest reaches of the universe, mankind has brought fire alongside, to use for warmth, for protection, and to burn down their foes until they are nothing more than ash and dust. Welcome the flamer. At the pull of the trigger, the flamer unleashes the liquid incendiary that is promethium, bursting into a righteous flame upon leaving the barrel. Once the fire reaches your targets, watch as even foes clad in power armor find their defenses turned against them, their precious armor turning into an oven that cooks their flesh as easily as fire burns away both paper and wood.

Compression Tanks | 50

A flamer is already capable of turning men and women into nothing more than charred meat, unfit to be little more than fertilizer for the dirt beneath your feet. But it could always be better and in this case, that means making the fire hotter. By modifying the tanks of your flamer to further compress the fuel within, the fires it will unleash are intensified further, becoming hot enough to outright turn those you condemn to death into a fine dusting of ash upon your clothes.

Pyreblaster | 50

While flamers certainly excel in burning down hordes of cannon fodder, they are quite lacking when it comes to stopping power, especially when it comes to foes who can weather through the worst of flames and come out swinging. Let's fix that problem, shall we? With a longer barrel and a sturdier frame, your flamer launches out jets of flame with enough force to actually be able to stop a man in their tracks, even if they were clad in fire-proof armor. Not only that, thanks to the greater force, it'll be much harder for your foes to escape the increased range of your flamer.

Balefire | 50

Regeneration. So useful to have and yet so infuriating when your foes have it. There are few things worse than shooting xenos with a few dozen rounds and seeing them fall to the ground, only for them to then rise up again as if they were never even injured in the first place. No more. Now, by utilizing a blend of promethium and various radioactive compounds, courtesy of the Deathwatch, the fires will irradiate any foe faced against them, stunting their regeneration so long as it's biological. This is particularly effective against Orks and quite a few Tyranid variants. Although, this does come with the problem of irradiating wherever you use this thing, but a little bit of radiation poisoning is better than death, right?

Dreg-Tox | 100

Fair, radiation poisoning is a bit of a bother especially when you don't have protection against it. So, why not use this? Through some heretical modifications, your flamer now incorporates a special glass tank filled with a green liquid that is sprayed out in an instant before the fire. In doing so, the flames become infused with the liquid, turning it into an eye-searing green fire filled with all manners of noxious plagues.

Yes, this does transform your flamer to a Nurglite weapon, but don't worry too much. The plagues have been sterilized, making them weaker and making it impossible for them to spread beyond the fire's touch. Although, you'll probably have a difficult time convincing other Inquisitors of that fact.

Incinerator | 100

So now that we have Chaos out of the way, why not go for something more righteous and holy? I speak of course, of the Grey Knight's Incinerators. Through their work and their knowledge, the fuel in your flamer has now been psychically impregnated, letting it burn fiercer and hotter so that you may better slay your foes. Not only that, thanks to its newfound psychic nature, the fires will now ignore all but the greatest psychic or sorcerous barriers. And like a Force Weapon, an Incinerator is only made more effective if you are a psyker yourself.

Triflame | 100

Versatility is key to surviving in this galaxy. If you can't adapt, you die. And even your weapons must be capable of the same, otherwise they will prove insufficient for victory. The Triflame modification is the answer to that problem. Designed and forged by a Techmarine of the Deathwatch, your flamer now incorporates what is effectively a shot-selector, letting you choose from three modes of fire.

You can concentrate the flames your weapon spurts out, turning them something so hot it can cut straight through power armor, or you can widen the fire spray, ensuring you can fully engulf hordes of your foes within them or burn out an entire cathedral. And finally, there's the last setting. Instead of a spray of flame, your flamer can be set to launch bursts of them out, almost as if you were launching Dragonfire bolts.

Salamander | 200

The Salamanders are one of the First Founding Chapters, heralding from the Emperor's Great Crusade. Like other Space Marine Chapters, they have a certain gimmick that makes them stand out, mainly their massive love for flamers. And it seems they were willing to share. Based on the designs of the Primarch Vulkan himself, your flamer is an exemplary of its kind.

Not only is it more heavily built, capable of carrying more fuel and using said fuel more efficiently, the flamer unleashes fires further and far hotter than ordinary, enough that instead of just cooking a man in power armor, it melts the power armor along with it. It is no wonder then why the weapons of the Salamanders are so coveted by many if this is the kind of power they wield.

Æther Flamer | 200

It seems we aren't done with the Warp just yet. Often used and favored by the Thousand Sons, your flamer no longer uses something as mundane as ordinary fire or even something like promethium. No, your flamer fires off what can only be described as the raw essence of the Immaterium itself. Unlike ordinary flamers, the fires this weapon unleashes does not merely melt the bodies of your foes or turn them to ash.

No, what it does is far worse. Instead of normal fire, your flamer will let out mighty gouts of warpflame, kaleidoscopic fires hot enough to melt ceramite. And once one's flesh is touched by prismatic flames, they shall be corrupted, their body mutating in chaotic ways, as is the nature of the Warp.

Plasma Gun | 100

The power of the sun, in the palm of your hands. There's no better way to describe this weapon. Amongst the many weapons of the Imperium, there are few that can match the sheer might of a plasma gun. By energizing liquid hydrogen into plasma and containing it using powerful magnetic fields, you can, at the press of a trigger, fire off said plasma at speeds beyond even a bolter, a miniature solar flare set to destroy your foes. And depending on your preference, you can overcharge your shots to deliver a bolt of superheated matter capable of turning even Space Marines clad in power armor to ash and dust. Although, I wouldn't recommend going hog-wild with overcharged shots. An overheating plasma gun means bad things for the user.

Microburst Flasks | 50

By switching out the ordinary flasks of a plasma gun with flasks containing a higher concentration of heavy ions, your plasma gun can be made to slay your foes far more efficiently. Thanks to these flasks, your plasma gun shall fire bursts of plasma that are smaller but denser than ordinary. Because of this, these bursts can be launched farther, and they will penetrate even further into armor. And while the plasma from these flasks is considerably cooler, it does mean that the chances of the gun overheating are greatly mitigated.

Burner | 50

Well, this is a rather dangerous choice. Once common in the hands of the Dark Angels during the time of the Great Crusade, a Plasma Burner works by venting plasma gas through a magnetic bottle in high-speed jets. The result of such a thing means that your plasma gun can, at the flick of a switch, transform into a plasma flamer. While you may be lacking in range, this is certainly far more useful within the tight confines of a ship or a bunker. And do not worry about any lingering radiation. A few upgrades to the magnetic field have fixed the issue regarding fragility.

Caliver | 50

Favored by the Adeptus Mechanicus for their Skitarii soldiers, their primary military force. With the addition of three fuel cells onto the gun along with a bulkier frame, your plasma gun becomes capable of unleashing a barrage of plasma bolts to overwhelm your foes. If you and a squad were equipped with weapons like these, you could light up the night sky with a single volley of these bolts. However, that very same rate of fire is what makes these guns so very dangerous to wield. With the increased rate of fire, it is only natural for the chances of the weapon overheating to increase as well. Be careful with this weapon, lest you lose both life and limb.

Apollo | 100

Created by one of the Blood Angels' Techsmiths, plasma weapons like these soon gained popularity among many other Space Marine Chapters, more specifically among the Salamanders and their ilk, those with an affinity to fire. Naturally, there is a good reason for that.

You see, plasma guns like these have been designed to fire off bursts of plasma hotter than ordinary, enough that the coils themselves have turned a blue-white rather than the ordinary blue. Not only that, whenever these plasma bursts explode, they leave behind globs of plasma that act almost like lava, burning at your foes longer than ordinary and leaving the ground more dangerous to trod upon, for men and vehicle alike.

Selvanus | 100

Long have soldiers dreamed of using a plasma gun that would never turn against them, no matter how hard and fast they fire it against the enemy. Before the Age of Strife, such weapons were commonplace, but in these times, they are a rarity, something reserved for only the most powerful amongst the Imperium. But rarity is no matter for someone like you. Designed by the Forge World of Cerix Magnus, this is the answer that soldiers have sought for generations.

Thanks to their work, the Selvanus-Pattern Plasma Rifle eliminates the issues of plasma weaponry by discharging the plasma in smaller pulses, rather than large bolts. While this decreases the plasma gun's destructive capabilities by focusing on precision, it compensates for it with a vastly increased rate of fire, double the standard, alongside an improved targeting system, designed so that all your shots may land true.

Twin-Linked | 100

But if power is what you seek and you feel that the issue of stability to be something you can deal with on your own time, why not take this? By slapping another plasma gun onto your plasma gun, you've got a mighty weapon in your hands! Well, that's a bit of an oversimplification but the principle remains the same. Two is better than one. Double the rate of fire, double the capacity, double the power, but the danger remains the same. Perfect for taking down hordes of foes or tanks. You'll love it.

Ectoplasma | 200

As difficult as it is to control, the might of the Warp is a potent force that can wipe away entire hordes of your foes if it could be harnessed. And further proving humanity's tendency to blatantly ignore every red flag in their path, someone decided to combine the power of plasma and of the Immaterium. Together, it has given birth to a weapon that all should fear. By channeling the energy of the warp and combining it with plasma, your weapon unleashes bolts of energy imbued with the souls of the tortured and the damned. Not only are bolts fired from your weapon faster, stronger, and hotter, but all your foes must also be prepared to deal with an assault on their minds and souls, for the wailing souls shall seek to ravage them in every way imaginable.

Hrud Fusil | 200

But there are more creative ways to use the Warp, ways that would be more… stable. Taking "inspiration" from the Hrud and their plasma fusils, your plasma weapon has incorporated their unfathomable mechanisms. Now, every so often, shots from your weapon will simply phase between reality and the warp, bypassing whatever defenses they have in place. Whether it be armor or a force field, they will prove useless against the power you bring to the field, and they shall swiftly meet their end for few things can survive a miniature star.

Beamer | 200

Let us ignore the Warp and its temptations. The tools of the Materium can be just as mighty as any warpspawn creation. And though it may not be a creation of man, this still serves as proof of that statement. By following the principles of the Leagues of Votann, your plasma gun can be set to unleashes its energy through a constant beam, drilling and melting through whatever's in your way, be it solid rock or traitors clad in Terminator Armor. It may be short ranged compared to a standard plasma gun, but its power does not lie. Let the fools enjoy the Immaterium's cold-hearted treachery. The tools of reality shall be all you need.

Omni-Scope | 50

Not truly a weapon but rather an attachment for one. Or to be more accurate, attachments if the crate you have now is any indication. Found mostly in the hands of legendary assassins and famed bounty hunters on account of its rarity and value, this should prove useful to you. Composed of several finely tuned sensors wands linked to a precision lens, the Omni-Scope is, in essence, a combination attachment with all the benefits of a preysense sight, a red dot laser sight, and a telescopic sight. With all these at your disposal, your foes could be hidden ten miles away in a fortified bunker and you'd still be able to put them down like the mongrels they are.

Gene-Locks | 50

Here we have some more attachments for any of your little toys. Don't you just hate it when your foes can just pick up your guns and use it as well as you do? Well, no more! "No more!" you say. With this never-ending crate of gene-locks, you'll never have to worry about your tools being turned against you. All you have to do is integrate into your equipment and it'll make sure that they'll never be used by your foes, outright failing to function outside the hands of its proper wielder. Of course, with enough time and effort, these locks can be broken but it certainly won't be happening fast enough to help them in the middle of the battlefield.

Sympatic Dataspikes | 50

You know, regardless of your opinions on them, you have to admit that the Imperium's Assassins have some of the best and finest equipment possible. Just look at these if you want an example. A pair of wrist-mounted, retractable spikes, these aren't really meant to primarily be used as weapons.

Oh, they're very good at letting you punch through the weak spots of foes clad in armor, but that's not their main use. Rather, you're meant to jam these things within cogitators and machines, allowing you to either siphon off information or inject rather damaging scrap-code into their systems. This is especially handy if you're planning on fighting hereteks or members of the Dark Mechanicum.

In the advent of the Horus Heresy, the Adeptus Mechanicus suffered a schism. Swayed by the lies of the Warmaster and his false promises, sects of the Mechanicum allied themselves with the forces of Chaos. In turn, they became a dark "mirror" to their former comrades.

Nowadays, these traitors can be found wherever the forces of Chaos lie. And they use their sizable knowledge to a terrifying extent, creating terrible weapons and horrifying monstrosities, the most infamous of which are the Daemon Engines, creatures of the warp bound into physical vessels.

Web Weapons | 50

Keeping your foes restrained is often more difficult than just flat-out killing them. After all, save for those with rare and powerful gifts, one cannot control the speed of a bullet nor the sharpness of their blades. Which is exactly why you have your hands on these nifty little things.

These are web weapons and with the press of a trigger, they launch masses of filament that quickly expand to form a sticky and durable net, one resembling a spider's web, hence the name. Once your foes are ensnared, the web shall constrict and if your foes continue to fight against it, the tighter it shall be. After that, you've got five or so hours to put away your captured foes before the net flakes away.

Catechist Pattern Stake-Crossbow | 50

A weapon favored by Inquisitors of the Ordo Hereticus, this seemingly primitive weapon is anything but. Closer to an autogun than an ordinary crossbow, it is semi-automatic, self-loading, and a true symbol of how strange the tools of the Inquisitors can be. As you might have expected, this weapon fires off no normal bolts but rather diamantine-tipped stakes, each one etched with sigils and prayers against psykers and daemons. Even the stake's touch is enough to burn at their skin and so long as it's stuck in their bodies, only the strongest of psykers and daemons can keep their powers from going out of control, destroying themselves in a storm of psychic energy.

Melta Gun | 100

Otherwise known as "fusion guns", "melters", and "cookers", such names are suitably appropriate for the melta gun. Wonderfully potent, a melta gun works by agitating the air in front of the barrel and in doing so, unleash a tremendously powerful blast of searing heat powerful enough to melt straight through the even the heaviest of armored vehicles—vaporizing them to be more accurate.

Capable of being fired like a lasgun or a flamer, the melta gun is the perfect weapon for the Inquisitor who expects to find themselves face to face with armored foes and vehicles. About the only weakness you can find for the melta gun is its rather pitiful range. You almost have to get up close and personal with your targets if you actually want them dead. With this purchase, you will receive both a melta gun and an Inferno Pistol, a pistol-sized melta weapon with the same power but half of the range.

Helfrost Gun | 100

Hailing from the world of Fenris, home of the Space Wolves, Helfrost weapons are a rather unique and interesting tool of war. You could even consider it as a sort of counterpart to the famed Melta weapons so often used by Guardsmen and Space Marines alike. Whereas as a Melta fires off a short-ranged beam of concentrated heat, the Helfrost instead unleashes a short-ranged beam of the purest cold. And with this pistol, you and your foes will know just how deadly the cold can be.

Once struck by the beam, flesh blackens and shatters with catastrophic frostbite and armor offers no protection, buckling and cracking as frost spreads from the point of impact. And unless your poor foes can fight their way free, they shall find themselves as a withered revenant forever imprisoned within a jagged and never-melting tomb of ice and frost.

Immolation Rifle | 100

Ancient and exceedingly rare, immolation rifles are rarely found outside the confines of the Deathwatch, and even them, they are only found in limited numbers. At a glance, it seems to resemble some sort of archaic flamer. In truth however, the Immolation Rifle functions more like a strange Melta Gun. With a pull of the trigger, the rifle fires off a seething, short-ranged beam of intense heat. Against lightly armored targets or unarmored targets, the beam sears and burns away their flesh, delivering excruciating pain and turning them into charred husks. However, against inorganic materials, the beam does nothing. While this may ordinarily be a downside, you will quickly be glad that you have it when you're stuck in the middle of a cramped voidship and you can't afford to break open a hole to the vacuum of space. In any situation where collateral needs to be minimized, the Immolation Rifle reigns supreme.

Flechette Blaster | 100

Looking more like a museum piece than an actual weapon—although, you can probably say the same for most weapons around here—Flechette Blasters stand as a testament to the Mechanicus' technological prowess and their sense of aesthetics. Lightweight, silent, and astonishingly lethal, weapons such as these are the favored tool of the Sicarian Infiltrators, renowned as some of the most brutal warriors of the Adeptus Mechanicus. They fire hundreds of tiny darts, each one bearing technological artifice so rarely seen. Once a single dart hits, it will emit a homing beacon that shall draw in the other darts, creating a series of impacts that can burrow through armor, flesh, and then bone.

Shokk Attak Gun | 100

An infamous Ork weapon but not for the reasons you'd expect. At a glance, it looks like a child attempted to put together a missile launcher with a vacuum with little to no knowledge of anything related to engineering. But despite how much it looks like scrap metal, it only belies its power and the frightening depths of knowledge the Orks instinctively possess. No one knows exactly how it works but the Shok Attack Gun works by projecting a narrow force field through the Warp, starting from the barrel of the gun and ending roughly where it's aimed at, sometimes even within the bodies and vehicles of your foes. Ordinarily, Snotlings are the primary ammunition of this weapon, but you can substitute that for whatever you can get your hands on, biological or not. Emperor knows you would not be the first one to do so, even if everyone else who used these weapons before were Orks.

Psilencer | 200

While most force weapons are melee weapons, most psykers seemingly choosing to rely on their powers to strike from afar, ranged force weapons do exist. Weapons such as the Psilencer, for example. Commonly used by the Grey Knights, the Psilencer allows you to harness your psychic powers, focusing it into crystals built into the weapon to unleash beams or bolts of empyrean force. Naturally, this weapon will only work in the hands of a psyker, being little more than a pile of steel in the hands of a normal man. But with a psyker in control, the power of the Psilencer shall only grow as the psyker does.

Exitus Armaments | 200

Perhaps one of the most magnificent examples of Imperial craftsmanship, the Exitus Armaments of the Vindicare Assassins are the pinnacle of handheld autogun technology. Each and every single one is hand-crafted by Magos Artisans of the Adeptus Mechanicus, perfectly fitted to the exacting specifications of their wielders. And it comes in a matched set—a pistol and a rifle.

Both of these weapons utilize sophisticated machine spirits and ammunition forged from special high-gravity alloys, allowing them to pierce nearly all forms of known protection. Not only that, they also possess a built-in silencer and a shot selector, letting you switch between three forms of equally powerful ammunition—one to overload any force fields the target has, one to punch through all but the thickest of armor, and one filled with virulent bio-toxins strong enough to turn your foes to ash.

With weapons such as these, you could kill your target from across an entire city, dropping them dead in a silent shot, leaving none even aware of your presence in the first place. With a weapon like this, the only reason you'll miss is if you lacked the skill or if you were made to miss.

Earth Breaking Trident | 200

One of many relics beckoning from the times of Dark Age of Technology, weapons such as these were often utilized by the World Eaters. Formed like a trident of old, this weapon possesses a seismic accumulator within its long haft. And like the name implies, this trident can generate powerful seismic waves radiating all around once it is thrust and cast into the earth. With this weapon, the earth shall crack and quake at your command and all who bear witness to you shall be reminded of a more ancient time, of a time when Gods were said to walk and fight amongst men.

Hexrifle | 200

As an Inquisitor, you should already be aware of how vile and sadistic the Drukhari can be. But regardless of all their depravities, of their disgusting deeds and behavior, they are still mortal in the end, and they still know fear. And this rifle brings that fear to the spotlight. Utilized by the darkest of their kind, the Haemonculi, the Hexrifle does not fire anything as ordinary as bullets. Instead, it fires off crystalline cylinders, somewhat similar to the Splinter Rifle favored by most of the Dark Eldar.

Unlike the Splinter Rifles however, these crystals contain a miniscule, almost microscopic, amount of the virus known as the Glass Plague. The moment the shard touches your foe's flesh, the virus will spread, and they shall turn into nothing more than a glass statue, their last moments forever frozen in time. And never can they be resurrected, for this death is a true death, their souls ripped apart and unable to be made whole ever again. For a species who prides themselves on their immortality, it is no wonder that this is so rightfully feared.

Staff of Light | 200

Moving on from the Drukhari, it seems that the Necrons have left you with a gift. Or perhaps you took it from one of their many tombs dotted across the galaxy? Either way, what you have here is a peculiar weapon, even by the standards of the Necrons. Unlike most, this staff does not use the principles utilized in the Gauss weaponry commonly utilized by their kind.

Instead, through perplexing mechanisms, the Staff of Light absorbs energy from thin air, and unleashes it as powerful lightning bolts capable of punching through power armor. Not only that, by absorbing energy, the Staff of Light also brings down the temperature around you, enough to freeze anything and anyone unprotected from such a rapid change in temperature, letting you shatter them with a strike from your staff.

Ordo Malleus

Truename Staff | 100

Names have power and against daemons, the Neverborn. Speaking their True Name is often enough to bring them to their knees, ripe to be slain or for those with a more radical bent, exploited for one reason or another. But even the True Names of another daemon can have power over that of a different one. Crafted by the hands of masters, this sanctified staff is but one of many. On this stave, the true names of nine and ninety daemons have been etched upon it. As such, each and every blow of this rod upon the daemon shall tear at their very essence, bringing them pain like so few others. Daemons are the enemy, and it is your duty to bring them to the light.

Hell Rifle | 100

At a glance, one would say that this weapon doesn't belong in a battlefield at all or even anywhere close to it. It is far too ornate, far too well-crafted, to be anything more than a museum piece, especially when you consider how much it resembles an ancient rifle of old. But then again, you can say the same about the many weapons and implements of war fielded by Space Marines and Inquisitors alike. No, beauty and fragility are far from proper reasons to keep a rifle like this out a fight.

Through the use of containment shielding and galvanic impellers, this weapon unleashes shards so impossibly sharp that it'll punch straight through power armor as if it weren't even there, doing so more effectively than even a heavy bolter. And it'll never run out of ammo, no matter how much you use it. So obviously daemonic in nature, it's quite clear why weapons such as these and those who wield them are so heavily shunned by the more Puritanical Inquisitors and so heavily favored by Radicals.

The Months of Shame is the name given to the aftermath of the First War for Armageddon. It was coined by the Grey Knights, seeing the civil war as a mark of shame and regret over their actions and the loss of so many of their fellow brothers, including their Grand Master.

The war finally came to an end with the awakening of Bjorn, one of the few living souls to fight alongside the Emperor. With his words, he reminded the Wolves and the Knights of their duty to humanity and the Imperium.

Talisman of Storms | 200

It is a known fact that the Inquisition has come to blows with the many other factions of the Imperium many times within its history. Sometimes for good reasons, but just as often, these conflicts are borne from little more than spite and pettiness. The Months of Shame are an example of the latter. Through the actions of Kysnaros, an Inquisitor with more foolishness than sense, a war between the Space Wolves and the Ordo Malleus erupted. And though it left a legacy of regret and disgrace, that does not mean there were no spoils worth taking.

Taken from the corpse of a storied Rune Priest, this talisman is a runestone imbued with sorcerous energies that the engravings carved upon are forever alit with an icy-blue glow. For as long it is upon your person, you will find yourself protected by a miniature storm, one no less wrathful than those of Fenris. To approach you would be to approach a hurricane and when your foes do so, they shall find themselves battered by the frigid cold and deadly winds of Fenris. It would be best not to boast of how this talisman was acquired. The Space Wolves can be an unforgiving lot.

Speculum Umbrae | 200

So many examples of heretical technology can be found wherever you go in this galaxy. From the wicked artifacts of the Dark Mechanicum—the chaotic counterpart of the Adeptus Mechanicus—to the horrifying relics of the Yu'vath, the Slaught, and countless other Xenos, an Inquisitor could travel the galaxy and stumble across heresies by the dozens in every world they step on. A heresy like this, for example?

Arrayed into the form of a flower's petals, no larger than the width of a man's hand, this crystalline device is so complex and intricate it almost feels like you'll break it just by touching it. However, the thing is far heavier than it appears, and it consumes power at a truly monstrous rate. By channeling said power into it, be that the electricity of the Materium or the empyrean energies of the Warp, the speculum umbrae shall begin to call forth the dead and with it, their precious secrets.

To be clear, what this device calls forth is not truly the souls of the dead. Rather, they are merely hollow shells formed from matter of the warp and filled with the essence of the empyrean. But as much as they are but images of what they once were, they still hold tremendous knowledge of the past. And if you have the force of will to stand before these tortured and pained ghosts, you may compel them to answer your questions or, if answers are not what you seek, command them to possess the bodies of the living.

Shard of Erebus | 400

A dagger with a flint blade and a golden hilt, this weapon is crude, plainly unfit to be used in the battles and wars waged within these times. After all, what use is a knife of stone against the burning light of a lasgun, the adamantine construction of armor, a sword that could pierce straight through said armor, and the myriad of other killing tools available in these times? However, to underestimate this dagger is to do so at your own peril. There are easier ways to kill yourself after all.

This dagger can trace its origins back to the time of the Great Crusade, a time wherein the Emperor still walked and fought amongst men. Once, this knife was but a sword known as an anathame but through the actions of Erebus, the First Chaplain of the traitorous Word Bearers, it was shattered and forged anew, split into eight different knives—eight athames—each one given to those he believed would make the greatest use of this weapon. Now, over ten millennia since their creation, the Shards of Erebus have been scattered. Three are in the hands of the Despoiler. The rest have been lost to the Imperium, save for the one in your hands.

But let us move on from the history lesson. It is time for the most important question. What can this weapon do? To put it simply, this dagger has a presence within the Immaterium. Use it against a daemon or its ilk and you will find it to be amazingly potent, capable of delivering wounds that would agonize a daemon's physical form or even outright banishing them back into the Warp with a single strike. And yet, I'm sure that you've surmised that is but the least of its power.

In the hands of a skilled wielder, this weapon, this Shard of Erebus, can be used to cut open a hole in reality, a rift into the Immaterium. Used wisely, you could move from one end of the galaxy to another, whether it be with your retinue or with your voidship at the ready. The alpha strike to end all alpha strikes. What kind of Inquisitor wouldn't find that useful?

A Deck of Cards | 400

At end of the 41st Millennium, a sorcerer of the Thousand Sons was captured and interrogated by the Inquisition. While the ultimate fate of the sorcerer is in question, the Inquisition did find many of the sorcerer's possessions worth examining. And much like the sorcerer, the whereabouts of these possessions are a mystery, leaving the Inquisition forced to instead replicate such relics to the best of their capabilities. Somehow, it seems that fortune once again shines upon you for you find yourself in possession of one of these Inquisitorial replicates, one that might prove to be the most powerful amongst them.

Appearing to be a never-ending set of tarot cards, each one harkening back to a time when Terra was still young and green, each of these cards holds a special power. By defeating a foe—lethally or otherwise, so long as their soul remains—these cards shall glow with an otherworldly power. This marks the perfect opportunity to use the card's unique properties. Through a ritual, one you shall instinctually know so long as the cards are in your possession, you may bind the souls of others into one of these cards.

Once bound, you may call upon these foes, summoning them onto the field, to assist you in battle. Whether it is to slaughter your foes or to aid your allies, it matters not. What matters is that so long as they are summoned, your foes shall heed and obey your commands, both the letter and the spirit. There is no risk of them working against you for as long as they are bound.

Ordo Xenos

Multi-Sensory Discouragement Array | 100

Taken as the spoils of war from a conflict against the Tau, this machine resembles one of their sensor beacons. Or at least it did until you got your hands on it. Thanks to the efforts of Tech-Priests and perhaps yourself if you were so inclined, this machine has been compressed to something more portable, something the size of a backpack. Once the device is activated, it will begin to emit frequencies on a sub-sonic level, accompanied by scatter-bursts of ultraviolet light. Such things will render many of your targets stunned and nauseous for as long it keeps going. But do be wary. Without proper protection, this machine can affect you just as well as it does your foes.

Digi-Multi Lasers | 100

Popular amongst Rogue Traders, Inquisitors and the rest of high society, digital weapons, or digi-weapons if you prefer, are miniaturized weapons, often built into things such as rings or other jewelry, hence the name. Digi-weapons cannot be crafted by most of the Imperium and so, they are more often created by the Jokaero, a strange race of ape-like xenos with tremendous technological knowledge and capabilities. As small as they may be, they are nonetheless just as powerful as their full-sized counterparts. And your variant is a step above even that. By combining the potency of plasma, melta, and las energy into a beam of destructive force, you have a weapon that can easily punch through even a Land Raider. It's unfortunate that you only get one shot a day and it doesn't stock up. Still, that single shot can work wonders if you use it right.

Wraithbone Pendants | 200

Among Inquisitors, Gideon Ravenor of the Ordo Xenos is infamous for his dealings with the xenos, specifically the Aeldari. Trained under Gregor Eisenhorn, another Inquisitor of the Ordo Xenos, Ravenor would quickly make a name for himself amongst the ranks of the Inquisition thanks to his potent psychic abilities, one he used in conjunction with the wraithbone pendants in his possession.

Wraithbone is such a fascinating substance. Stronger than plasteel, more durable than adamantium, and naturally self-repairing, it's no wonder that the Eldar use it in just about everything they have. From their armor to weapons to even their ships, it's rare to find any Eldar without some form of wraithbone in their person. But for the people of the Imperium, it is the opposite. It is exceedingly rare for a man to be in possession of it, even one as vaunted as an Inquisitor. But for those who do possess it, it is no exaggeration to say that wraithbone can be worth more than entire worlds. Something like this pendant, a set of them in fact. One for you and each of your Companions.

So long as these pendants are upon your person, you will be able to telepathically communicate with anyone else who has them across vast distances. You could be on a voidship and you'd be able to talk with companions from entirely different Sectors of the galaxy. Not only that, but the pendants also make it easier for you to use your psychic powers upon whoever is wearing them.

However, perhaps most importantly, it seems that while wearing the pendant, or even keeping it near you, while you sleep, nightmares shall be kept at bay. You never need to fear a restless sleep with this upon your person for even the machinations of daemons cannot enter your dreams for as long as the pendant remains.

Nightmare Doll | 200

What a ghoulish thing this doll is. A creation of the Haemonculi of the dark city of Commoragh, by smearing a drop of blood onto this doll's monstrous facsimile of a face, it shall come to life, mewling and writhing as it connects to you sympathetically, taking on a distorted version of your shape and face. But making an ugly little doll of yourself would not be worth this much, certainly not.

Rather, for as long as you and the doll are linked, any wounds you take will be passed on to the doll instead. Your foes could riddle you with bullets and they'll find their efforts worthless, the bullets that should've torn holes into your body phasing through you as if you weren't there at all. Of course, it is not as if the bullets didn't harm anything. Rather, what they harmed was the doll as it took the wounds you should have taken as its own. Even attempting to decapitate you will do nothing as their weapons pass through your neck as if you were nothing more than a ghost.

But, as you might have surmised, this defense is far from flawless. Once the doll is damaged enough, the link between you and it shall be broken until such a time that the doll can be fixed, restitched and repaired and the link made anew. Fortunately, it seems your doll is special, rejuvenating itself at end of every day, ensuring that there'll scarcely be a time when you'll never have the doll's protection.

Universal Anathema | 400

From the priests of Mars to the Inquisitors both radical and puritan to even the gangs of underhive cities, every one of them dreams of one day attaining a great treasure that they could bring to bear against their foes on the battlefield. In that regard, there is no better treasure than that of an STC. A single STC is worth worlds on their own and even a single tattered fragment is enough to turn the tides of battle. Something like this, for example.

Known as the Universal Anathema, this device is but one example of how easily mankind demonstrated their dominance over the xenos of the galaxy. Simply let the device taste of the biospoor of your foes and watch as it works its magic. In only a few moments, the Universal Anathema shall create a toxin so perfectly tailored that all but the hardiest of foes would drop in minutes if not seconds. With this in hand, no xeno is beyond death.

Panacea Perverted | 400

Of course, any talk about deadly toxins and poisons is incomplete without mention of the creations of the Drukhari. From poisons that melt metal like acid to venoms that turn even one's bones against themselves, there is no end to the depravity of these Dark Eldar. Nothing too gruesome, nothing too violent. And even the relics of humanity's golden age are not free from their wicked ways. Taken long ago from humanity's hands by one of the Drukhari's Archons, the Panacea was an STC of unparalleled value, a true medical miracle. With it, any of the illnesses and genetic flaws that plagued humanity were no more, cured by the hands of the Panacea.

But it could be better and with the hands of the Haemonculi, it has been done. With their talents, a new and improved chemical concoction has been formed, dubbed the Panacea Perverted. Inject it into your body and watch in glee as you find yourself bestowed with immunity to a vast array of material toxins along with astonishing regeneration, closing most wounds in only a matter of moments at worst. And keep in mind that the toxins spoken of here are judged by the standards of the Drukhari. That is a testament to the might of the Panacea Perverted.

Ordo Hereticus

Quicksilver Veil | 100

Of the many factions within the Imperium, there are few who embody loyalty and faith to the Emperor as much as the Adepta Sororitas, the Sisters of Battle. And like every other faction, they have their own relics locked away, to be used at an appropriate time. And it seems that they've decided that the time is now. Crafted from gossamer-thin nanofibers, this veil dazzles heretic and xenos alike. Whenever you find yourself in the fires of war, the veil shall shift in and out of the vision of your foes and as you weave through battle, you will find that you shall be harder to strike, the shots of your foes firing wide and their blades missing their mark. It is not a perfect defense, for a determined foe will quickly see past the dazzling illusion, but in the midst of the battlefield, it shall be enough to see you free from an ignoble end.

Holy Orb of Antioch | 100

Despite the rocky relationship between the Inquisition and the Adeptus Astartes, they must learn how to work together in even the most treacherous circumstances so that humanity can stand against its countless foes. So as a form of courtesy from the Black Templars, you have been given one of their prized relics, the Holy Orbs of Antioch. Crafted through a combination of high explosives, incendiary chemical agents, and sacred unguents, each of these grenades are especially damaging and torturous to the wicked and the impure. Simply pull the pin, count to three—no more, no less—and lob it at your enemies to see them consumed in an explosion of sacred fire strong enough to break and burn through even power armor.

Even amongst the heretics and the traitos, Witch Finder Rykehuss of the Ordo Hereticus is someone to fear beyond all others. Clad in some of the finest and most ornate armor ever created by the Mechanicus, Rykehuss' presence alone is enough to remind the citizens of the Imperium why the Inquisition should be feared.

Thousands have died at his hand, many of them innocent and yet just as many were heretics, rogue psykers and cultists. To Rykehuss, the death of innocents, while regrettable, is but a small price to pay in order to suppress and put down the deeds and activities of witches everywhere.

Rykehuss' Lance | 200

Otherwise known as a "power stake", "excoriator" or "Witch Lance", this weapon is a mighty mix of technology and sorcery both. Taking the shape of a solid rod of cold-forged iron and adamantine with a wickedly sharp point on end, a solid hit with this will certainly leave behind a nasty bruise. But the other end, however, is a handle with an integrated power field generator. But that is not the end of this weapon's secrets. Look closer at the weapon and you will find thousands upon thousands of runes etched onto its surface.

Every single last one of them is a prayer against the psyker and invocation against the warp. With these runes, you shall turn your enemy's own strength against them for the blows of this weapon shall strike harder against psykers and witches for every iota of psychic might they possess. And so, like the Inquisitor who first commissioned these weapons, Witch Finder Rykehuss, wielding this iron rod, this symbol of power against the psyker, shall see you become the bane of witches everywhere.

Rosarius | 200

A simple amulet, often in the shape of the Imperial Aquila or some other symbol of the Imperium, forged from adamantium or some other durable metal, the Rosarius is more than what it appears to be. Given only to those most trusted by the Ecclesiarchy, it is an icon of the Imperial Creed, a symbol of mankind's unyielding will against its countless foes within the galaxy. And more than just a symbol, the Rosarius is a conversion field generator. For as long as you wear it, you shall be guarded by an invisible force field that turns impact into light. Whether it be the beam of a lasgun, a bolt, or even plasma, you'll be protected while your foes can find themselves blinded by the light. Still, don't go thinking you're invincible with this. A strong enough blow can overload the field and bring it down. If that happens, you'll be left vulnerable, and the conversion field will need time to recharge before it can protect you again.

Liber Heresius | 400

Since their creation in the Age of Apostasy, the Ordo Hereticus has been far from idle. Over the millennia of their existence, they have fought against the countless threats seeking to overturn and overthrow the Imperium of Man. From the seductive cults of Chaos to the alien Genestealers of the Tyranids and so many more, the Ordo Hereticus is expected to battle against all manners of foes lurking within the shadows of the Imperium. As such, is it not only natural for information against such things to be written, but it is also natural for it to be spread. At the very least, it has spread amongst the Inquisitors.

First written during the Age of Apostasty, over the millennia, it has evolved, growing to contain the wisdom of hundreds, if not thousands of Ordo Hereticus Inquisitors, becoming less of a book and more of a giant collection of paper and ink. And in your hands, it will be able to become even greater. Even with just a cursory read-through, there is already so much vital information you can utilize in your career as an Inquisitor. And as you continue on your journey, this treasure trove of information shall only grow thicker and thicker, gaining more and more writings on the nature of the world around you and the various groups within them.

The Remains of Saints | 400

Throughout the Imperium's millennia-long history, there have been an innumerable number of men and women who have, shown a level of devotion to the Imperium and its people that they were declared as saints and martyrs. And even in death, these brave and holy souls continue to serve the Imperium as fervently as they did in life. Their remains—ashes, tears, blood, bone, and more—have come to possess qualities that grant boons to whoever is in possession of them, bolstering inside and outside of battle. It is wondrous then that you have a reliquary of such things.

From the Bones of Falkothan to Elana's Eye, you have the remains of one of every noteworthy and dead saint, martyr, or hero of the Imperium. Individually, these remnants are not all too powerful, lacking the punch or the might of the other options available to you. However, as has been said before, quantity is a quality all its own and there is no greater weapon the Imperium possesses than the sheer numbers of faithful within it. You could bestow upon an entire army the boons of these sacred relics, driving them to a fervor that would put the fear of the Emperor himself into the heretics and the daemons. And you never need to fear the day the reliquary runs empty for the blessing of the Emperor ensures that it shall replenished every month.

Ordo Minoris

Synskin | 100

The Officio Assassinorum has a wide variety of wondrous devices and weapons for their living killing machines and while they may not be directly associated with the Inquisition at large, they work together often enough that, while difficult, it is not uncommon for someone like you to have access to their armories and reliquaries. You should have no problem with something like synskin, the trademark of the Imperium's Assassins, for example.

What you have is a canister of synskin, one that never seems to run out no matter how much you use. By spraying it onto your skin, it will serve as a bio-reactive bodyglove, one perfectly molded to your physical form. With it on, you'll be rendered invisible to thermal imaging, night vision and you'll find stealth to be far easier thanks to your now-silent footsteps. Not only that, but synskin can serve as a form of armor, around a third as effective as carapace armor. It's easy to see why the Assassins are so terrifying if this is the least of their technology.

Noospheric Interloper | 100

Auspexes, otherwise known as scanners, are short-ranged devices used by the various members and factions of the Imperium in order to detect any hidden foes within their vicinity. Whether it does by detecting motion, heat, radiation, or other forms of energy is up to the auspex in question, but the best examples of them in question will detect all of these in combination with each other. Auspexes such as the Noospheric Interlopers, for example.

Utilized by the Vanus Assassins, the Noospheric Interloper is an Augury Scanner, nigh unparalleled amongst even the creations of the Mechanicus. With a range of over a hundred meters, the number of foes that could hide from you is few and once you find them, the Noospheric Interloper will make sure that they won't be running away from you. After all, the Noospheric Interloper was meant for use against the Adeptus Mechanicus and it shows.

At your command, your scanner shall pry into the software of machines, ready to inject malicious and dangerous packets of data into them. With this, the Vanus Assassins watched as the machines and automata of their foes ran rampant, dismantling themselves and their allies in their mindlessness, or even suffering from catastrophic explosions as their reactors overheated. And now, so can you.

Omnissian Rod | 200

More than just a weapon of great power, with the Aquila atop its head and the cog and skull of the Mechanicus embedded within the eagle, the Omnissian Rod is a symbol of the unity between the Imperium of Man and the Priesthood of Mars. To wield this weapon is to be one who upholds that unity, no matter how difficult or tedious the task may be. And so, even while this item is only known to be in your possession, you will find that many of the higher-ranking members of any society shall acknowledge you with, at the very least, some form of begrudging respect and those more technologically inclined shall often come to you, seeking your advice on matters.

But regardless of its status, this is a weapon still, one that can both blast away your foes at range and smash them to pieces up close. Crackling with barely contained energy, the Omnissian Rod serves as both a masterwork power weapon and by channeling energy up the length of the rod, it will fire off blasts bearing a mighty resemblance to a plasma gun. They're certainly just as powerful. It's no wonder that the highest-ranking members of the Adeptus Mechanicus are feared on the battlefield with weapons like these in their hands.

Hall of Judgement | 200

The laws of the Imperium are more labyrinthian than any maze you could find in the galaxy. For every precedent set by a judge, there is at least another equally valid, yet contradictory precedent set by another judge. It's enough to drive a man mad and it has even done so before. But as an Inquisitor, you should, at the very least, be as familiar as you can be with these things. If you aren't, this attachment to your Warehouse should be the perfect way to get you started.

Utterly massive and seemingly endless, this library is filled to the brim with knowledge. To be more specific, the contents of this library are the laws of the land, the laws of the Imperium, the laws of humanity.

From the laws of places that could hardly be called villages to the intricate policies and commandments of Holy Terra herself, every law of man can be found within these hallowed halls. Whether its ancient articles written in crumbling parchment, or the laws of new worlds engraved upon hololiths, you can find it here. And with every world you go to, the Hall of Judgement shall only grow further and further, the knowledge of those worlds finding their way to the shelves, at least when it comes to laws and their ilk.

> The laws of planets and worlds are normally handled by whatever local law enforcement officers can be found on those worlds. However, when it comes to the laws of the Imperium, such things are enforced and upheld by the Adeptus Arbites.
>
> Serving as judge, jury, and executioner, the Adeptus Arbites are the police force of the Imperium, tasked with ensuring that nothing on a world breaks the Imperium's laws, often working alongside the Inquisition to do so.
>
> In fact, it is not uncommon for one of the Arbites to become a member of an Inquisitor's retinue, serving as both an able-bodied soldier and a particularly well-studied scholar of the laws of the Imperium.

Uther's Tarot | 400

Thousands of years ago, during the time of the Great Crusade, a sect of the Adeptus Mechanicus sought to divine knowledge not merely from the workings and ruins of the material realm but rather from the Immaterium, the realm of the Warp. Their attempts to do so came to a tragic end but it seems that some of their efforts at least bore fruit, enough to be useful to you. Are you familiar with the Emperor's Tarot, Inquisitor? If so, this might look familiar to you.

Named after Uther Tiberius, the man who used it the most, this deck of psycho-active liquid crystal wafers, appearing rather similar to the Emperor's Tarot, can guide you to answers to the mysteries that plague you or treasures beyond compare. All you have to do is to ask it the right questions. Focus on something you desire, draw a card from the deck, and a vision shall be shown to you. It could be of the past, of the present, or even of the future, but regardless of its place in time, this vision is sure to guide you to what you desire.

But's that not all it can do. If you desire a larger reward for your endeavors, or perhaps simply a greater challenge, you may call upon the dread powers within the card. In doing so, you may strengthen the opposition you face on your missions and in turn, you will also receive greater rewards, be that in experience grown, currency found, or treasures looted.

Chrono Crystal | 400

It looks like you've been to Necromunda before if your possession of this item is any indication. Appearing as wonderful and mesmerizing crystal of kaleidoscopic colors, to the untrained eye, this finger-sized crystal is nothing more than a particularly beautiful trinket. It could fetch you quite a sum in the right markets but little more than that. But you're no untrained eye, far from it.

In truth, this seemingly simple bauble is a Chrono Crystal, one of a very precious few within the galaxy. In fact, the only known place you can find these things is in Necromunda, in the hands of Bald Bryen, the self-proclaimed mayor of Rust Town, one of the most mysterious and enigmatic settlements within the Underhive. In fact, just by being in possession of this thing, you've likely garnered Bryen's hatred if he ever finds out about it. Not only that, but it is said that those who have these crystals shall inevitably cross paths with the Ordo Chronos.

But rumors and hearsay are not what you're interested in. No, what is far more fascinating is the strange ability of your Chrono Crystal. You see, should you ever meet an untimely end on your journey, the crystal shall begin to glow, flaring as bright as the greatest of stars. And once the crystal shines brightest, time reverses and your demise shall be undone as you are sent back to when you were last considered safe, up to a maximum of a month back.

After that however, the crystal becomes inert, losing its color and its shimmering beauty. Until your next Jump or until ten years pass, whichever comes first, the crystal will be nothing more than a dull rock, useless for anything else. Still, for a guaranteed save from your doom, this should be worth the price.

CYBERNETICS

Although flesh may blacken and fail, fear not, for this too can be replaced. You can be reincarnated - reborn in steel by the will of the Omnissiah.

—The First Litany of the Doctrina Augmentata



The realm of machinery is not solely under the purview of the Adeptus Mechanicus. From the simple soldiers of the Imperial Guard to the nobles within the finest and greatest palaces in the galaxy, it is not uncommon to see men and women implanted with cybernetics of varying quality.

Some devices are rather crude and obvious, plain to see with even the eyes of an untrained child. Others are far more complex, far more powerful and versatile. The worth of these implants is enough that there would no shortage of unsavory folks who would be more than willing to rip them out of another man, dead or alive. Naturally, such cybernetics are more often in the founds in the hands of the rich and powerful, people like Planetary Governors, Space Marines, and of course, the Inquisitors.

To signify the resources at an Inquisitor's disposal, you have an additional **300 CP** to spend on this section only.

Bionic Limbs | 50

From common workers to planetary governors, it is not uncommon to see men and women with mechanical replacements for lost limbs. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that such replacements are the most common form of cybernetics within the Imperium. And while many such cybernetics can be crude and unwieldy, you can rest easy knowing that by choosing this option, you are sure to get something of the highest quality and reliability. Be it replacements for your arms or replacements for your leg, any cybernetics from this option is sure to be superior to the muscles and flesh of a man. With these, a normal man would even be able to stand up to a Space Marine. You may purchase this multiple times, each time replacing or adding a limb.

Bionic Senses | 50

The second most common form of cybernetics within the Imperium, most often found among soldiers and those who believe themselves in need of a hidden edge, people like the Inquisitors for example. And why wouldn't they make use of such things?

From eyes that can spot a man lying in mud and grime miles away to ears that can discern even the footsteps of all but the stealthiest of assassins and so much more, it is no wonder that such things are commonplace. Like the artificial limbs above, this may be purchased multiple times.

Mechadendrites | 50

While the previous two options might be the most common form of cybernetics available, it is more than likely that the mechadendrites are the first thing that comes to mind when one thinks of the Imperium's cybernetics. And for good reason! Favored by the Mechanicus, mechadendrites are, in essence, souped-up artificial limbs. Snake-like and extraordinarily flexible, yet limbs all the same. Like with robotic limbs and senses, there are many variations of mechadendrites available to you.

From steel snakes that can see the world far better than a man ever could to shining metal tendrils that can bring a man half-dead back to the realm of the living, the diversity of mechadendrites is a wondrous thing and like above, you may purchase this item multiple times.

Integrated Equipment | 50

So many interesting tools and weapons… such a massive treasury of equipment you've collected over the course of your journey. If you wish, you may incorporate some of these tools into your body, making them part of you forevermore. Of course, there are a few caveats to this.

For one thing, these items can only be reduced in mass and volume so much and for another, you will likely need greater sources of power if you want to make full use of your new body. Still, the resources of an Inquisitor are nigh endless and for something as simple as this, that should hardly be an issue.

Toxiphage | 50

Rather simple in concept but so very useful nonetheless, a toxiphage is an implant that, when made part of one's body, serves to neutralize any toxin or drug that enters their system, affecting anything stronger than caffeine, including alcohol. You can see how useful this would be in your line of work. However, it is only right to warn you that while this implant works wonders on ordinary toxins and drugs, its efficacy when utilized against more supernatural attacks is considerably more varied. Still, people would and have killed for something like this.

Memorance Implant | 50

Bolstering and improving one's mind lies well within the purview of the machine and anyone with any sense is quick to do just that. A combination between a neurally-linked datavault and a pict-capture array, the memorance implant automatically records all information on everything you view. And once it has been stored, you'll be able to freely replay that information at your leisure or overlay it on top of your present view to serve as a guide on any possible actions you could take. Not only that but you'll even find your memory to have vastly improved, ensuring that you'll never forget a single thing unless someone or something starts digging through your mind.

Subskin Armor | 50

You can always be more durable and anyone who says otherwise is a fool of the highest order. By implanting thin plates of carapace plating underneath the skin, the same plates used in the construction of carapace armor, you'll have your very own form of subskin armor. While it may not do much against a properly aimed lasgun, against the common autogun, glancing shots, and the all-too-common shrapnel, it'll almost seem like you're practically bulletproof.

Synthetic Muscle Grafts | 50

If cybernetics can make you more durable, why can't it make you stronger? Grown in vats, made hyperdense and augmented with flakweave, these new muscles of yours will grant you enough strength to give even a Space Marine pause. And unlike the ordinary variant of this implant, the one more commonly found within the Imperium, your body will not become misshapen or deformed, instead appearing to be the same as it was before.

Skeletal Petrifaction | 50

And here we have yet another way to make you more durable. This upgrade to your body isn't really an implant. It's something closer to a chemical treatment but that doesn't mean that it is any less effective. Through a series of painful operations, ones that you fortunately don't remember, metallic fluids have been injected into your bone marrow and thanks to the power of your skeletal system, these fluids have attached themselves to your bones, reinforcing them to a degree that makes them nigh unbreakable. You'd have to fall from the highest spires of a hive city before you even get fractures.

Cant-Mechanicus | 50

In your time here, you'll quickly notice how the Tech-Priests speak to each other as if they had a language of their own. In this case, it is because they do. Known as the Cant Mechanicus, this particular language is a form of binaric communication, incapable of being understood or spoken by ordinary mortals. Which is why there's this.

By purchasing this, you'll be implanted with the knowledge of the Cant Mechanicus along with some way to speak it. With this, you will quickly be able to converse with members of the Adeptus Mechanicus and you will even be able to communicate with machine through binaric code. Not only that, should they be under your control, you would be able to issue simple machine spirits commands. Commands such as opening doors from afar or coming closer to you, but nothing too complicated. But this will do nothing if the machine spirits dislike you or are possessed by others. You may speak to them but that does not mean that they will listen to you.

Autosanguine | 100

But even with all the enhancements above, you are not invincible, far from it, and there will come a time when you must rest and recuperate from the wounds inflicted upon you. And once again, the purity of steel has an answer. Ancient and blessed technology, these microscopic machines flow through your blood and as they do so, they shall seek to heal your wounds.

Where others would take weeks to heal from their wounds, you shall do so in days. Not only that, but these machines shall also relieve you of your soreness, soothing your pain to make sure that you can ignore those minor irritations, those tiny yet annoying pains that plague ordinary men.

Mind Impulse Unit | 100

Also known as sense-links, Mind Impulse Units (MIU) are implants that will allow you to, as the name suggests, connect your mind directly to machines or other technological devices. By interfacing with the machines—either through the connectors or wirelessly—you'll be able to control them as if they were part of your body and as such, MIUs are commonly used by Tech-Priests and Techmarines.

As you can imagine, this is quite useful especially if you're the type of Inquisitor to go in guns blazing with more weapons than you can carry. Of course, don't expect to start wielding your new machines with elegance and grace. It takes considerable practice and experience to use the machines connected to your MIU as seamlessly as you do your body. And don't even think of controlling any machines with some form of firewall. That's just a good way to get brain matter leaking out of your orifices.

Glavian pilots are sought after all across the Imperium for their supernal skills behind all manners of aircraft. Even Inquisitors have gladly made use their talents with Gregor Eisenhorn being the most notable one to do so. But why is that? Why are Glavian Pilots so famed for their unrivalled ability in the air?

It is simply because of Glavia and its culture. As a world, Glavia is home to some of the most violent weather in the galaxy. To survive in Glavia is to learn how to traverse the air for traversing the harsh lands is something to be no more than necessary.

As a result of this, there are few Glavians with no experience soaring the skies and those who do make for very poor Glavians indeed.

Glavian Bio-Circuitry | 100

Using nano-genic machines, your nerves have been rewired and bio-circuits have been laid throughout your skin and your nervous system. A painful process but to an Inquisitor like you, pain is nothing more than an old friend. Known to the people of Glavia as "the silver", this augmentation is highly sought after by many of their pilots, for good reason.

Through it, you will find your reflexes bolstered by a significant amount, enough that you could safely pilot all but the fastest of air and void craft. But not only that, your new bio-circuitry allows you to directly interface with any vehicle, allowing you a level of control unmatched by any ordinary riders and pilots. And unlike the ordinary version of these implants, these bio-circuits are hardened against electrical attacks. There's no vulnerability to EMPs and electric attacks here.

Potentia Coil | 100

Power is key to anyone relying on the blessed purity and strength of the machine. This is doubly so if you've integrated any weapons or tools into your body. But the Omnissiah provides and holds the key to solve your power woes. Dubbed the potentia coil, this kind of implant takes on many forms, whether it be crystalline stack affairs or bulky galvinators taken from engines.

With a potentia coil, you'll rarely, if ever, have to worry about running out of power for any of your cybernetics and not only that, but this also provides you with a bevy of benefits for any thing integrated into your body, letting you provide more power or even overcharge them if needed. So long as you have this, it's almost no exaggeration that you can keep on going for days, weeks or in the most extreme of cases, even months at a time.

Chem Gland | 200

Created by the finest biosculptors as some of the greatest of their craft, implants like these are highly prized and quite few and far between. A chem gland is an organic and miniaturized chemical factory concealed within your body that can, by consuming your own natural resources, synthesize powerful chemical agents.

For you, this means that you can pick any three substances available from **Imperial Drugs**. Your body will now be able to produce this substance on demand, swiftly moving it into your bloodstream so that it can take effect. If you wish, you may swap out these substances every month or so instead of having to open up your body in order to change it up.

Rite of Clear Thought | 200

Amongst the Adeptus Mechanicus, there is a certain ritual undergone by many of their members who reach the rank of Magos. It is one linked so deeply into their religious dogma that their very symbol—the skull split into two, one organic and the other wholly cybernetic—is based upon it. It is known as the Rite of Clear Thought.

Through the efforts of some of the most skilled Biologist Adepts, the entire right hemisphere of your brain has been excised, replaced with machine augments. Not only that, but the left side of your brain has also been enhanced further, improving your logical and analytic capabilities. In the end, this has made you, for all intents and purposes, a human cogitator, with all the benefits such a thing entails.

Ordinarily, this process would've rendered you emotionless, leaving you as being of pure logic and rationality. At your request, however, this was prevented. Instead, you will be able to toggle your emotions as you please, leaving you capable of feeling them whenever you wish. Despite all this galaxy's dangers, emotion is still a powerful and useful force.

Sparks of Life | 200

In many ways, the Adeptus Mechanicus is the Imperium writ small. And like the Imperium, there are many factions within the Mechanicum, each more different than the last. One such group is known as the Electro-Priests, zealous devotees of the Motive Force and fierce warriors. Through their augmentations, they can manipulate the electric energy coursing through their body to great effect, using it in battle to defend themselves and destroy their foes.

> The Electro-Priests are divided into two factions, the Corpuscarii and the Fulgurites. The former believed that the light of the Machine God should be spread across the galaxy while the latter believed that it was something, kept only to the worthy.
>
> Naturally, the two factions warred with each other, and the surface of Mars is scarred and burned as evidence of their conflicts.

Now, thanks to these augmentations, you possess their very same capabilities. With the electoo circuitry spiraling throughout your body and the many powerful capacitors within you, you now possess a whole new array of abilities to use against your poor foes. From shielding yourself with Voltagheist Fields to draining electricity from both man and machine to unleashing mighty bolts of lightning that would quickly see your foes rendered to nothing more than corpses and ashes, you will swiftly become a deadly force on any battlefield you stride upon. I'd recommend getting artificial eyes, however. This much energy is liable to make your eyeballs burst.

Sicarian Noise | 200

Amongst the Skitarii, the Mechanicus' equivalent to the Imperial Guard, the Sicarian Infiltrators are renowned for being some of the most awe-inspiring things on the battlefield, in no small part due to their vast array of advanced cybernetics. It only makes sense then that you'd use their bionics for your own and you have just the thing in mind. Implanted somewhere in the back of your skull, this device bombards your foes with white noise, a constant audiovisual assault that blinds and deafens them, leaving them vulnerable. But do not worry about your allies. You have a null-code that prevents them from suffering in the same way your foes would under your assault.

Gifts of the Micro-Omnissiah | 300

There is a sect of the Adeptus Mechanicus known as The Cult of the Micro-Omnissiah. As you might surmise from the name, the Tech-Priests of this sect believe that the smaller a machine, the closer a machine is to the perfection of the Omnissiah. As such, these Tech-Priests specialize in the creation of the finest and smallest machines within the Imperium, machines that they have graciously seen fit to bestow upon you.

First among their gifts is the Micro-Factory built into your body, capable of manufacturing swarms of nanomachines. Complementing this is their second gift, the Nano-Genus Mechadendrites, specialized mechadendrites meant to feed into the micro-factory. With this, you'll be able to work miracles for the abilities provided to you by the nanomachines are nigh-unmatched in both power and versatility.

For starters, one of the things your nanomachines can do is act as constructors, knitting any breaches within the one's body with such speed that it almost seems like regeneration. It can even do the same for machines and other inorganic materials, so long as you have the knowledge of their workings, that is. And of course, what can be used to create, can also be used to destroy, for your nanomachines are capable of stripping away atoms, effectively destroying whatever's in your way at a molecular level. Perfection, it seems, truly lies in the little things.

Omnissiah Igvita | 300

Better translated as "Lifeblood of the Omnissiah" in Low Gothic, this sect of the Adeptus Mechanicus has been a part of the Forge-World of Ryza for as long as one could remember. To the people of Ryza, plasma is what drives the Omnissiah, its heart and soul, and it is only through the study of blessed plasma can humanity grow beyond their limits. It is why, to this day, Ryza is the "The Furnace of Shackled Stars". And you have chosen to follow in their footsteps, much to their delight for the faith of Ryza always seeks to welcome new adherents to their cause.

No longer does something as simple and mundane as blood flow through your veins. For someone like you, only the grandeur of plasma shall suffice. Extensive augmentations have seen your body become something capable of containing blue-hot plasma as if it were always part of you. And in place of your heart, there is instead a miniaturized plasma reactor, a shackled star.

Of course, you cannot simply restrain plasma forever. All that energy, all that power, all of it has to go somewhere. But that's why, all across your body, there are no few number of exhaust ports and jets. With but a thought, you can unleash the plasma within you as if you were a plasma gun, unleashing bolts and beams of energy so hot that even foes clad in Terminator Armor can meet their ends as fast any ordinary man when faced against you. Illuminate the universe on the wonders of plasma and show them that even a man can shine as bright as a star.

The Arch-Heretek Umbra Malygris is one of the more infamous figures within the long history of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Like many before him, Malygris saw flesh as nothing more than waste to be discarded, replaced with the sanctity of steel.

But unlike the rest of his kin, he was not satisfied with the restraints and restrictions laid upon him. He sought to expand his knowledge, delving deep into heresies and horrors most would rightfully fear. In time, he waged war against the order he once held dear, leaving behind a legacy of terror and death across entire sectors of the galaxy.

Anima Chorus | 300

Amongst even the most open-minded factions of the Adeptus Mechanicus, there are subjects and machines considered to be heresy against all that is good and proper. Once such thing is the branch of technology known as Anima Mori, the forbidden art of overcoming death and even restore life to the dead. Such arts have long been considered a perversion of the natural order; a belief that has been set in place long before even the Great Crusade of the Emperor Himself.

Rediscovered by the Arch-Heretek Umbra Malygris, this blasphemous technology is truly heresy of the highest order. With this horrific and profane machine built into your body, you will be able to emit a bio-aetheric radiation waveform that reacts with dead flesh, saturating and permeating it with unnatural life. And so, corpses shall rise and fight once more as a grotesque parody of life, closer to zombies than anything living. Made stronger and more resilient, the twisted and shambling monsters you bring about shall spell only death for your foes, all accompanied by the discordant and unnerving moans of the invisible radiation pulsing from you.

Armatus Necrotechnica | 300

Hailing from the Dark Age of Technology and sealed within the darkest depths of the vaults of Ferrus Manus, the Armatus Necrotechnica is a vile and fell piece of nanotechnology that truly exemplifies how far Man has fallen from their lofty heights. Incorporated into your armor or even your very being, this machine shall ensure that your fallen comrades shall fight beside you until their very bodies are ground to little more than ash.

During the time of the Great Crusade, the burgeoning Imperium fought foes that possessed technologies so dangerous and vile that no other choice was left other than to seal them away, never to be used again.

The Armatus Necrotechnica is just one such example. There are many others that were sealed away by the Primarch of the Iron Hands, each one a horrid and monstrous example of the horrors of this galaxy.

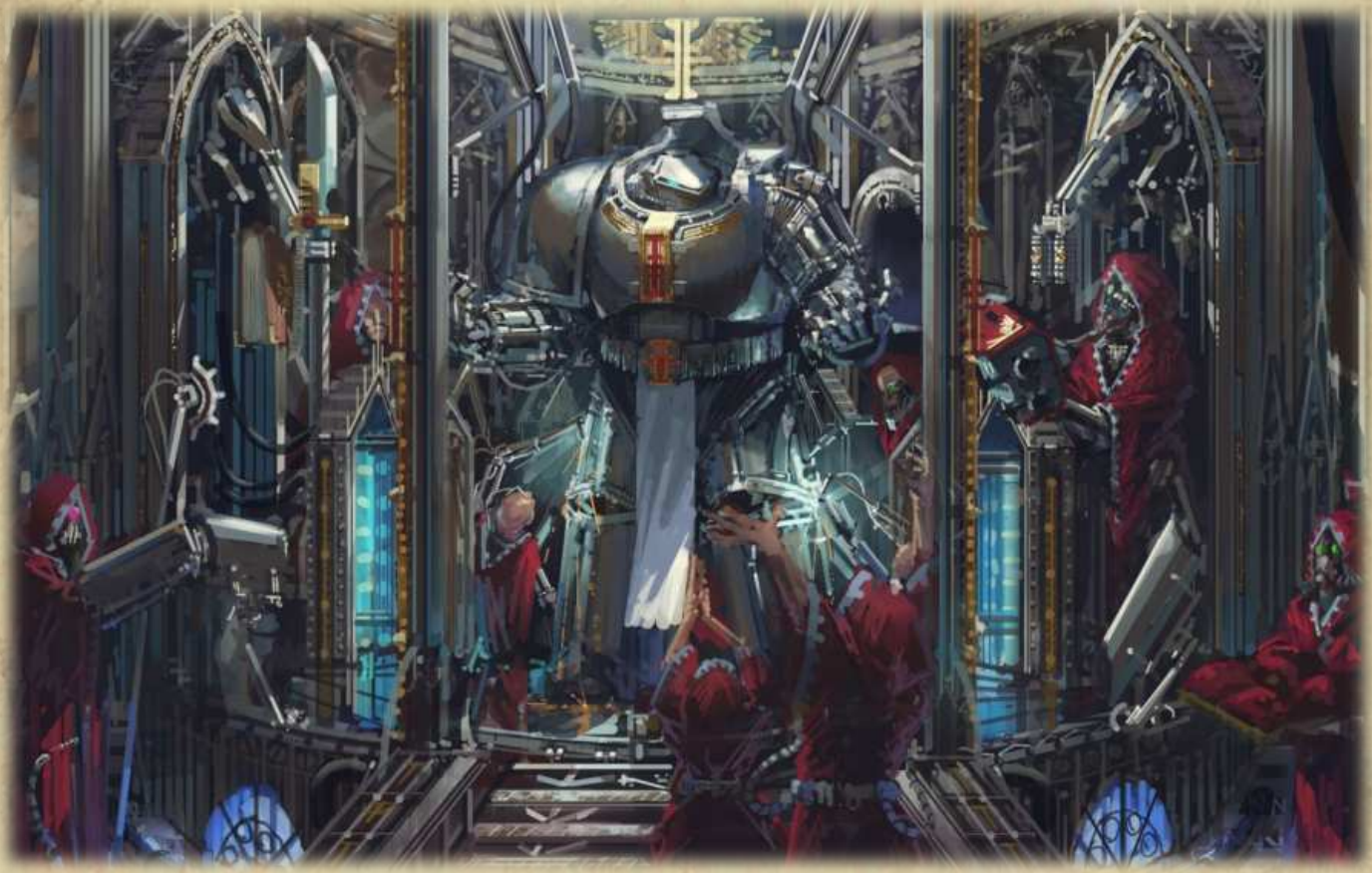
Once activated, you will begin to pulse out an oscillating electro-spectral field. Within this field, vehicles and machines that should've been rendered inoperable thrice over shall keep on attacking and moving firing their weapons, even as they break under the strain. The corpses of beings like the Adeptus Astartes shall drag themselves onto the offensive, their broken and ruined power armors moving and fighting despite all the damage they've accumulated. Even the Tech-Priests and other cyborgs will continue to fight, their cybernetics dragging them along even if when whatever flesh they still possess is nothing more than rotten meat. With this, only the total and utter annihilation of your forces will spell defeat for you.

With this, your foes shall fear even the dead.

POWER ARMOR

As my battle-brothers are clad in armor of Truesilver, so shall they ride to war in gleaming chariots, protected against all harm until the moment of battle is come.

—Issad, Brother-Captain of the Grey Knights



In this galaxy, power armor is almost as ubiquitous as the humble lasgun and the mighty bolter. But unlike those two, the common folk around here will likely never see power armor within their lifetime, let alone find themselves clad in such a thing. But you are far from common. You are an Inquisitor and for people like you, power armor is closer to a certainty than it is an impossibility.

Of course, someone such as you should not be satisfied with simple power armor, as much of an oxymoron that may be. No, for you, something more unique must be forged. Something… special. To that end, you have sought out the finest artificers in the galaxy, all to provide you with armor worthy of your status. Was it worth it? By purchasing any of the armor options below, you receive **1000 CP** to use in upgrading your armor only.

Armor Import | 100

Ah, but before you can even begin to consider upgrades and modifications to your armor, it would be prudent for you to ensure that you are in possession of the appropriate armor in the first place. And so, for those already in possession of armor that they'd like to improve upon, this option is for you. For a small price, your armor can be transformed into power armor and in turn, it shall be made open to the various modifications and upgrades below. If you wish, you may also combine your imported armor with another set of armor purchased here.

Ignatus Power Armor | 100

If you are looking for armor symbolic of the Inquisition and its duties, look no further than this particular model. Made and produced by skilled Mechanicus artisans, Ignatus Power Armor is, in many ways, the perfect example of power armor. With this, you'll never need fear the vast majority of the foes you may encounter, the ceramite plates of your armor turning aside bullets and las-bolts with contemptuous ease. And thanks to the complex systems embedded within, you'll fight as if you were unencumbered by the weight of the armor and your own strength is bolstered, enough that you could even provide a challenge against one of the Adeptus Astartes. Ignatus Power Armor may not be as advanced as the armor donned by the Space Marines, but it is well worth the price.

Terminator Armor | 200

Otherwise known as Tactical Dreadnought Armor, this is the power armor you wear if you need something truly durable. The most advanced form of power armor available to the Imperium at large, Terminator Armor is truly something to behold. With it, you will be shrugging off blows that would tear an ordinary Space Marine to shreds, be it bolter rounds, plasma fire, or even missiles. Of course, a great defense is nothing without a good offense, especially when you consider that you can wield all but the heaviest of weapons the same way a man wields a lasgun. You bring to the battlefield a level of firepower matched only by heavy vehicles and their like, a mobile juggernaut capable of fighting almost everywhere, be it the confines of a Space Hulk or the open field of an active warzone. About the only weakness you possess is your reduced agility but even that can be amended with time and experience.

Spyrer Hunting Rig | 400

Hailing from Necromunda, the Spyrer Hunting Rigs are a work of art. In fact, they are such a technological wonder that it is curious how the Mechanicus have never really set their sights on Necromunda. Politics aside, versatility is the name of the game when it comes to Hunting Rigs. On a baseline level, a Spyer Hunter Rig is self-sustaining, providing the sustenance you require and removing the need for you to eat, drink, or sleep for as long as you're wearing it. Not only that, even if the suit gets damaged, it is capable of repairing itself, ensuring that you'll never even need to take it off.

And yet somehow, these two qualities are but the least of the Hunting Rig's miraculous technology. Just by wearing the rig, you'll be able to stand your ground against a Space Marine and with luck and skill, even win against them. However, the Hunting Rig's true powers come with experience and time, and this sentiment is a bit more literal than you might think.

Over time, the longer you wear a Spyrer Hunting Rig and the more you utilize its armaments and tools, the more suited the armor will become for you and the greater it shall be. Whether it be the mobility provided to you or the strength of your armaments, the Hunting Rig shall see it all renewed, made better in the ways that you use it most. It would be no exaggeration that of all of the power armor that exists, it is perhaps the Spyrer Hunting Rig that holds the most potential.

Material Construction

Truesilver | 100

Formed from woven bands of sanctified silver and iron, truesilver is a rare and equally useful substance used to upgrade weapons and armor alike. But you are an Inquisitor and rarity alone is no obstacle to you. Beyond being a great improvement to your armor's decorative style, the engravings and infusion of truesilver into your armor serves to strengthen you in your battle against the daemons.

For you see, truesilver is a weakness of the daemon. Even the light reflected off it is enough to make a daemon flinch and touching it burns away whatever passes for their flesh in their empyrean forms. Truly, you can become a shining knight saving humanity from monsters.

Dragon Scale | 100

Ordinarily, your power armor would rely on built-in reactors and generators in order to keep functioning as "power" armor instead of just armor. But that means that when those reactors are broken, your armor breaks along with it. But with this, you won't have to worry about that.

Using your lessons from the Adeptus Mechanicus, your armor can now be linked to your potentia coil, supplementing your armor's energy reserves and allowing you to overcharge many of your armor's integrated systems. Naturally, without a potential coil, this upgrade is nigh-useless.

Egerian Geode Mesh | 100

The Egerians and their technology are so fascinating. Strange but fascinating all the same. And with that fascination comes usefulness. Subjected to specialized chemicals and treatments, the crystals of the Egerians have been made malleable, letting them bend and flex like rope or a net. In this state, they can be fashioned into something a mesh of sorts, something to supplement your power armor.

By bonding this to your armor, you will come to find that it shall bleed off heat and other forms of energy far quicker, thus bolstering your armor against lasguns, plasma fire, and the like. It might make your armor a tad bit heavier, but you won't even notice that when you take a direct hit from a plasma bolt and find that you're still standing when before you'd be nothing more than hunks of burnt flesh and molten scrap metal.

Aegium | 200

To simplify matters, it is best to consider the Skitarii to be the Mechanicum's equivalent of the Imperial Guard. An exaggeration? Perhaps, but it is still the best way to compare the two. And much like the Imperial Guard, there are certain forces within the Skitarii that have been deemed advanced or elite in some way, forces that can be trusted with far more precious equipment.

Normally used only by the Sicarian Ruststalkers and Sicarian Infiltrators, the multi-layered alloy known as aegium, at least informally, is strange to say the least. Harder than the plasteel normally utilized in the armor plating of the Skitarii, aegium has a peculiar property that allows it to act as a capacitor of sorts. This means that it will harness the energy of incoming attacks and disperse it across your frame, minimizing the damage done to its more vulnerable components. In practice, this means that your armor is more durable, and you won't be stopped or slowed by blows that would see others reeling or knocked down.

Auramite | 200

There are many who would kill you for having this, you know? But I suppose that's just part and parcel of being an Inquisitor. Then again, how often can one say that they're wanted by the Emperor's Custodes themselves? Still, their auramite is something wonderful to add onto your armor, isn't it? While the quantum-inert metal doesn't add anything too fancy to your armor, it doesn't need to. What it does is make you far more durable. Whereas ordinary power armor can be breached with a well-placed bolt, you can take an entire magazine before you start showing signs of major damage. Sometimes, all you need is a nigh indestructible suit of armor.

Van Saar | 200

One of the six Great Houses of Necromunda, House Van Saar is a rather strange faction, even amongst their contemporaries. For one thing, they seem to have a shockingly large number of archaeotech, enough that they can somehow equip most of their forces with them for millennia now. And while their technology rarely makes it off of Necromunda, it does happen from time to time, often given to those in the upper echelon of the Imperium.

For you, thanks to their technology, your armor has been improved, becoming lighter, more flexible, and more durable. But loads of other materials can do the same and that isn't what makes Van Saar's relics unique. Your armor is, to put it lightly, radioactive. But don't worry about it being harmful, at least to you. Extensive modifications—from micro-field generators to inner lead-lining—have been made to ensure that you won't be on the receiving end of the radiation, even without a helmet on. But your foes can't stay the same.

By dropping the micro-field generators, you can wade into the battlefield as watch your enemies suffer from radiation poisoning in real time. See them stumble and collapse as their bodies are wracked with pain simply for daring to approach you, leaving them as sitting ducks for you and your allies. Speaking of allies, it'd be a kind gesture to tell your allies about the radiation. You probably don't want them suffering the same fate as your foes.

Etherium | 300

The Assassins of the Imperium are some of the greatest combatants throughout the galaxy, outclassing even the Adeptus Astartes, on a physical level at least. While a great deal of their prowess is thanks to the significant number of augmentations they have undergone, one cannot forget that much like the Inquisitors, the Assassins have access to some of the finest equipment available. And as an Inquisitor, you are more than free to requisite such assets for yourself. Take for example, the strange material that is Etherium.

Often built into the synskin armor of Culexus Assassins, Etherium resonates very well with their abilities. And now it should serve you well. With it built into your armor, psykers shall no longer be unsurmountable threats for you will find the dangers of the Empyrean dampened and weakened when brought to bear against you. All but the greatest of psykers shall struggle to even affect you with their powers, let alone harm you. And yet that is not all Etherium could do for you.

With Etherium, you will find yourself capable of, in a way, separating yourself from the physical realm, turning intangible for brief moments of time, no more than a fraction of a second really. And yet, such little time is often all one needs to turn the tides amid battle. And should you be a Pariah, this ability of yours will be magnified, lasting long enough that you could even walk through walls, be it iron, stone, or something stranger.

Lathe-Wrought | 300

Within the Imperium, there are many worlds with strange and unique properties. One example of such worlds are the Lathe Worlds and their unique position in the galaxy. Due to the astronomical and gravitational alignment of those worlds, it becomes possible for the Adeptus Mechanicus to create alloys of unrivalled strength and durability. The creation of such alloys and the equipment that makes use of them are naturally quite rare, with only half a dozen such things being made every decade. Luckily for you, you've gotten your grubby little mitts on one of them.

The most obvious benefit of their work is the weight or rather, the lack of it. Right now, your armor is so light that an ordinary man would be able to walk around in your armor while its unpowered and barely even notice the strain. Of course, once it's powered on, that same lack of weight means you'll be able to move faster too, even if you were originally clad in something like Indomitus-Pattern Terminator Armor.

And once you stride into battle, clad in your lathe-wrought armor, the other benefit becomes all too clear. When before, your armor might have fallen to bolters, lascannon shots, and more, that is no longer the case. Attacks that could take down tanks with a single blow will leave little more than scratch damage. With the wonders of the Lathe Worlds protecting, you'll wade through battlefields like a titan.

Mecronid Liquidity | 300

Salvaged from the Frontier World of Molus, a forested land dotted by countless ruins, this interesting piece of technology has now been incorporated into your armor and what an improvement it has made. Little is known about the Mecronids but if this technology is any indication, they must've made for rather lethal foes. And now, you've made it your own, another worthwhile addition to the armor you will bear in battle.

Your armor has now come to resemble little more than a glimmering pool of liquid metal, its colors based upon the materials involved within the armor's construction. However, all you have to do is to simply touch the metal, let it come into contact with your skin. Once you do so, the metal shall slither across your body, until it covers you entirely and takes the form of your armor. Cool to the touch, your armor's newfound liquid nature comes with a bevy of new benefits. For one thing, donning your armor is as simple as touching it. You have no more need of the lengthy rituals required of ordinary power armor. But this is only the least of its new capabilities.

Thanks to its malleable nature, your power armor is capable of hardening, briefly turning super-dense in response to whatever assails, whether it be the physical impact of a bolter or the hailstorm of las-fire across the battlefield. To your foes, you would surely seem to be an unstoppable juggernaut across the battlefield, barreling through all obstacles in your path, unhindered by their relentless assault upon your person. And don't worry. You'll never have to worry about your armor turning against you. The integration of this technology has turned the parasite into a symbiote, subservient to your will alone. The armor one bears must be armor one trusts in full.

Weapons & Utility

Import | FREE

The tools incorporated into one's armor should not be limited to merely the options available to you now. After all, throughout your journey across time and space, have you not amassed a collection of weapons and tools that would be the envy of even the richest and most powerful beings in the galaxy? And so, to better make use of such treasures, you may freely incorporate them into your new power armor. Just remember that this only incorporates them into your armor. It does not resize or improve them. It only makes it part of your power armor.

Mag-Lock | FREE

Whereas ordinary men and women must rely on holsters and straps to keep their weapons and tools in place, warriors clad in power armor have the option of relying on something more convenient, mag-locks. By using strong electromagnets in certain portions of the armor, you can stick just about anything metal to your armor. There's even some in your armor's hands to ensure that you have a very tight grip on anything you're wielding. Not only that, but you also have the option of mag-locking your feet to anything metal. It may not seem like much but when you're fighting atop a battleship in the void, you'll be glad to have it.

Vacuum Sealed | FREE

And speaking of fighting in the void, it would be remiss not to remind you that as an Inquisitor, you'll have to fight in all manners of hazardous environments. From worlds where magma falls down like rain from the heavens to underground caverns filled with gases so corrosive as to turn a man into a pile of flesh and bone in minutes, the environment around can be just as dangerous as the foes you face. Fortunately, any form of proper power armor has some form of vacuum sealing available to them and yours is no different. With a gesture or a thought, your armor can automatically seal itself to keep away any unwanted or hazardous gases and liquids. In fact, you could even fight underwater or in the void of space for as long as you had oxygen to spare.

Life Support | FREE

Moving onwards, it is not just oxygen you'll need to keep on fighting even when clad in power armor. Luckily for you, your power armor provides. First things first, you have the monitron integrated into your armor. It keeps track of your vitals, informing you of your health and warning you of any injuries you've received. After that, you also have an injection system filled with all manners of painkillers, anti-toxins, and stimulants. Combined with the monitron, these things will make sure that you can keep on fighting for as long as you can, regardless of your injuries. With this, you'll never have to worry about dropping dead on your feet in the middle of a battlefield.

Inoculator | FREE

A plethora of drugs and chemical cocktails are available to the people of the Imperium and for the Inquisitors, they have even more options available to them. But therein lies the problem. How exactly can you get those drugs into your system? It's not like your enemies will let you take off your armor and plunge a syringe into your arm. But that's why you have this. Built into your armor, the inoculator can, at your mental command, inject you with whatever substances you've loaded into it. Perfect if you need that extra dose of adrenaline in combat or something to calm your nerves after a tough battle. Consider this to be an upgrade to the standard injection systems in power armor.

Auto-Senses | FREE

Power armor is meant more for than just keeping you alive, you know? It's also meant to make you better at killing your foes and while the bolstered strength is very much appreciated, the auto-senses should serve you just as well. Contained in the helmet, the auto-senses provide you with a heads-up display to help you out. From the fanciful thought-activated communications arrays, audio filters, photovisors to make sure you don't get blinded even by flash grenades, targeting reticules, range finders, tactical displays, auspex-links, and more, you'll always have a plethora of useful information in the middle of the battlefield.

Lumen-Heraldry | 50

Well, you certainly aren't going to have any trouble standing out. All across the surface of your armor are shifting, dynamic patterns of luminescent colors, creating shapes and images that flow as you move and fight. While this may not provide you with any defensive benefits, it's quite useful for more social uses. Whether it's being intimidating, being complimentary, or even just using it to communicate in code, there's a lot a creative mind could do with this.

Impact Gel Cells | 50

As durable as power armor may be, it does nothing for the fragility of the person within. Save for a rare few upgrades, power armor doesn't make you any more durable and there have been many stories of power armor remaining unharmed from blows that left the person within as little more than mulch. So, to mitigate that issue, special cells composed of impact-dispersing gels have been built into your armor, diminishing the effects of heavy impacts on your poor body.

Electric Charge | 50

Given how useful power armor is, there will be plenty of times when you'd want to stay in it all the time, even when you're fast asleep. The problem with sleeping in your armor however is that you have no way of defending yourself. At least, ordinarily you wouldn't. Now, whenever someone even touches your armor without your permission, they'll find themselves getting shocked with electricity hot enough to cause third degree burns and, in some cases, outright kill those of weaker constitutions. Hell of a way to deter any would-be armor robbers, eh?

Reflec Coating | 50

Well now, aren't you quite shiny? This upgrade is one that makes itself readily apparent, mostly due to the shining sheen of your power armor's coating due to the multiple layers of microscopic crystals that have been layered and embedded onto your armor. Beyond serving as an ornamental affectation, these crystals serve as a great form of protection against las-weaponry, redirecting and dissipating most lasers that strike you. While it may even allow you tank a lascannon's bolt, it will do nothing against anything other than lasers.

Silent | 50

When someone says power armor, I doubt the first thing that comes to people's minds is the word silent. In fact, it's probably at the bottom of the list of words to describe power armor. But much like the bolter, you'd be surprised what you can do to power armor. By purchasing this, all the servos and motors of your armor have been lubricated and modified to such a degree that they work flawlessly and silently. Imagine the faces of your foes when you seek up on while wearing a thousand pound eight-foot-tall suit of power armor.

Void Hardened | 100

While most forms of power armor can be used to fight underwater or in a vacuum, it can only do so for a limited time, a few hours at best, before it has to come back to a proper atmosphere. But for situations where you could be expected to fight against without access to air, your power armor will need an upgrade. With this, you'll be able to last even a whole day in the void.

The extended air tanks will make sure you won't need to be in an atmosphere for a full day of combat. The enhanced cooling systems will ensure that you're comfortable in your armor and that it won't build up heat in the vacuum of space. And finally, the ablative fracture plates all but negate the damage done by micro-meteorites and other stellar phenomena. It even works against normal weapons fire too, so that's another useful bonus.

Programmable Camouflage | 100

I AM ALPHARIUS! Forgive the outburst, but you'll see the reason why soon enough. With this particular device, taken from… well, you can probably guess, you'll be able to change the colors of your armor on the fly, switching between all the colors of the rainbow and more. Of course, this can do far more than just your armor's paintjob.

By bending light around you, you will be able to conceal yourself as something else, whether it be a random person on the street or as an enemy's ally, the possibilities are endless. But light is immaterial, and as such, it would be wise to stick to subtler changes unless you want people wondering why there's always a bunch of empty space around you.

Yeld Wings | 100

Since the dawn of history itself, men have looked up to the skies, seen the birds fluttering high in the air, and dreamt of soaring as they do. With the wonders of technology, you can now do the same. Taken from one of the Hunting Rigs of Necromunda, these wonderfully exotic wings—crafted with hundreds, if not thousands of miniature metal plates—move with but a thought, are durable enough to take bolter shots, and are so easy to use that even a complete amateur can glide with less effort than even a bird of prey.

Flying, however, is a more difficult task, even for those with experience. You'll likely have to practice quite a bit if you want to pull off some truly death-defying stunts. Still, what kind of man has never dreamt to fly like an eagle?

Arcane Wards | 200

There are two primary types of wards utilized by Inquisitors, in their line of work. Both of them have been engraved onto your armor. The first are the pentagrammatic wards, used mainly by the Ordo Malleus. Made for combat against the daemons of the warp, these wards serve to weaken all but the most powerful of daemons and burns away at their flesh regardless. And for the weaker daemons, the wards are so potent that it can banish them outright for merely daring to approach you.

The second are the hexagrammatic wards favored by the Ordo Hereticus. Through a combination of powerful protective glyphs and sigils along with a latticework of null-circuitry, you will be protected both body and soul. Now, whenever you find yourself up against psykers and their ilk, their powers will be noticeably lessened when used against you, leaving you free to strike back with a devastating blow.

Ancient Machine Spirit | 200

It seems that your armor is older than it seems, or at the very least, its machine spirit is. Just by donning the armor, you can already tell its effects as it comes to life. Instead of the armor moving as you do, it almost seems as if it knows your every move, making your move before you do. Not only has this made you noticeably faster, it is also far from the only thing your armor has in store. Like many relics, your armor subtly guides you in battle, moving a hand here, a foot there, all so that you could become the killing machine it knows you could be.

But if all that is not enough, your power armor also displays a frightening intelligence said to have been accrued from centuries or even millennia of data. Even without you at its helm, your power armor can fight as if you were the one in control, ensuring that even when separated from all your companions, you'll never battle alone. It almost makes one wonder. Are you sure that your armor is ancient and not something… *abominable*?

Rocket Boosters | 200

Despite all the advantages of power armor, one must admit that such armor is often… less mobile than you might expect. It definitely makes one faster, significantly so in fact, but it doesn't do much for mobility. Try turning on a dime while clad in power armor and you'll be lucky if you don't break something. But there are no limits to the creativity and ingenuity of man when it comes to overcoming or bypassing the weaknesses of their tools.

By taking inspiration from stories hailing from the 3rd Millenium, heavily miniaturized rocket boosters have been installed along various points in your armor. By utilizing these thrusters, you can maneuver around the battlefield with nigh-unmatched speed and mobility, capable of reversing directions in split-seconds, letting you zigzag your way across enemy combatants like a bolt of lightning from the skies above. With a bit of experience, you'll even able to utilize the thrusters in close quarters, moving more skillfully than even the Eldar.

Force Rod | 200/300

By incorporating the fragments and shards of Force weapons into your power armor, your armor has been transformed into a Force Rod, a special kind of Force weapon. Because of it, you are now capable of channeling psychic energy into your armor, storing it for the battles yet to come or using it to bolster your armor's force and strength, whichever you need most.

But if that is not enough for you, an additional payment of **100 CP**—for a total of **300 CP**—will be enough to upgrade your armor even further. Instead of a Force Rod, your armor will become a Force Matrix as a series of psychic conduits will now run through your armor like circuitry or veins. And how does this technology work?

When a psyker unleashes their psychic might, very rarely do they so with precision and finesse. Psykers with both power and skill are few and far between. As such, plenty of energy is wasted, simply left to dissipate into the Warp. It would be prudent to take advantage of that, would it not?

From now on, your armor shall passively absorb the energies left behind by psykers whenever they use their psychic powers, including yourself should you not possess the finesse to control your psychic might. And should a psyker assault you directly, your armor will mitigate their psychic attack, weakening it by a significant amount. What you do with that power afterwards is up to you.

Aetherwalker | 300

The Caligari Conclave has a shockingly large amount of archaeotech at their disposal, don't you think? Wouldn't it be nice if you could nab some of that stuff for yourself? Say no more! Reverse-engineered from an ancient set of psychically reactive armor, this will allow you to be able to phase between realspace and the Immaterium for a brief period of time. And an instant later, you'll be somewhere else.

Yes, you read that right. You now have access to pinpoint teleportation, even if only across small distances, no more than the size of a modest cathedral, and with a thirty-second cooldown between uses. Use it to strike at your foes from behind, make a hasty retreat, and more. Teleportation opens up so many doors and you don't even have to worry about it backfiring! Whatever this was made from, it is leagues more stable than the ordinary methods of teleportation available to the Imperium.

Jakara Mirror Shield | 300

It's not just the Caligari Conclave that has a rather curious amount of strange technology. Necromunda certainly won't be caught lacking in that regard. Often seen as part of the Hunting Rigs favored by their nobility, the Jakara Mirror Shield is quite unique. Shackled around your forearm, this device is a miniature force field generator, one that produces a conversion field on par with that of a Rosarius.

Unlike a Rosarius however, the field's primary purpose is not to deflect incoming blows, even if it does the task very well. Instead, the field absorbs the energy of anything that strikes it and redirects it towards an array of containment devices by the shield around your wrist. Once redirected, you can focus this energy into the shield's firing chamber and send it straight back at the source in a blinding blast of heat and light.

Light of Sollex | 300

Another one of the many factions of the Adeptus Mechanicus but one relatively small in scope, the Cult of Sollex is an organization that has its roots on Haddrack, a rather minor Forge World within the Calixis Sector. Nowadays, however, the cult has its tendrils in quite a few places, and it has been made all the stronger for it. As part of the Mechanicus, Sollex is dedicated to divining wisdom and knowledge from the spectrum of light. Naturally, some of their greatest creations involve the use of lasers. Creations such as this one, for example.

Through their knowledge, your armor has been modified to make use of the purest form of power there is, the power of light itself. From afar, it seems that your armor has been decorated with dark red circles dotting around a significant portion of your armor. But up close, it becomes all too clear what those red dots are meant to be. They're lenses, ones that would normally be outfitted on lasgun. There's a reason for that.

The instant this armor modification is activated, each of the lenses becomes capable of emitting beams of light, lasers, all around you. While each one isn't particularly harmful, they aren't meant for use against your foes. Instead, they'll strike at any projectile headed your way, effectively rendering harmless. Be it bullets, bolts, plasma, or even other lasers, it will take a prodigiously massive amount of enemy fire before anything makes it through.

And while this may be less effective against foes up close, the laser fire should be able to distract them enough for you to strike a decisive blow or… you could concentrate every laser to blow through them with one strong enough to punch through power armor.

Empyreanist | 400

There's rare and then there's *rare*. This is the latter. Few people even know that something like this actually exists. And if you aren't one of those few, you better have a very good explanation on why you have this. Well, regardless of the consequences of having this on your person, you must admit that most people will find it more than worth the price. Through a combination of heretical rituals and arcane relics of old, long-forgotten the technology of a long dead race of xenos has been integrated into your power armor.

By concentrating for a moment, the ancient technology comes to life, humming and purring with the sounds of the Immaterium. And with but a thought, you can call forth the machine's purpose, creating an anomaly that grinds the world itself to a halt. With this, time is at your command. With this, time itself shall be stopped, save for you. It may only last for ten seconds at most, but there's a lot you can do in ten seconds, especially when no one can stop you.

However, as mighty as this is, there are a few things to keep in mind. One, this is not something you can use at your leisure. Due to the arcane nature of its construction, there is a cooldown before you can use it again, somewhere around thirty seconds or so. Two, do not be so foolish as to believe that you are the only one who has access to chronomancy. From psykers to daemons to xenos, chronomancy is an art available to all and it would be the peak of idiocy to not be prepared to battle against others who would seek your power.

Ciricrux Anima | 400

But's let not let the xenos hog all the glory. You will find that for everything created by the alien, there is something built by man that can match blow-for-blow. And the Ciricrux Anima is one such thing. Usually only found as a support system built onto the rarest of Titans, the artistry of some of the finest craftsmen within the Imperium have, after generations of work, managed to create a miniaturized version of the device. One that they have entrusted to you.

With it, even if you weren't a psyker, you would be able to manifest some of their powers. At a baseline, by simply activating the machine, you emit an aura of fear encompassing a mile away from you, fear so potent and malevolent that those with weaker wills will outright end their own lives rather than risk facing you. More than that, the Ciricrux Anima will allow you to leech away the life of those near you or unleash psychic tempests of power strong enough to see a Space Marine drop dead. And if a foe is foolish enough to strike at you with something like a Vortex Weapon? Well, they'll soon regret it as they watch you absorb that energy to heal your armor, reversing time itself to the point where your armor was in peak condition.

And that is what the Ciricrux Anima can bestow upon an ordinary man. But for psykers? Oh, the power you gain will truly be something to behold. While you may not gain any greater control over your psychic powers, they will be bolstered in both scale and might, allowing you to face off against psykers who could have easily overwhelmed you before. Not only that, but should you utilize Force Weapons and other Warp-based technologies, the Ciricrux Anima will improve their power, allowing you to wield them to even greater effects.

VEHICLES

Your foe is well equipped, well-trained, battle-hardened. He believes his gods are on his side. Let him believe what he will. We have the tanks on ours.

—Colonel Joachim Pfeiff, Krieg 14th Armored Regiment



Walking is good and all but there's a reason why mankind's ridden into battle atop all manners of creatures and automobiles. From the humble horse to the towering and awe-inspiring God-Engines of the Collegia Titanica, you are spoilt for choice when it comes to the Imperium's vehicles of war. And like the tools in your hands, so long as you have the resources to spare, you have free reign over your chosen mounts.

Should you purchase anything here, you will be provided with a vehicle bay perfectly sized for any vehicles you purchase, even if you purchase a whole fleet's worth of them. Beyond serving as a place to store your engines of war, this vehicle bay is also arranged in such a way that you'll be able to comfortably perform changes and modifications to your vehicles.

By default, this will be located in your Warehouse, but you may place it near your starting location if you wish or if your Warehouse is otherwise inaccessible.

As for fuel and munitions, you won't need to worry much about that. So long as the vehicle's still in drivable condition, it'll be fully restored at the end of the day. If it is destroyed, it'll be back in the bay a week later, as if it were never even damaged at all.

Atalan Dirtcycle | FREE

Let's start you off with something simple, shall we? In fact, we'll even let this one be a freebie. Built as sturdy as a lasgun, the Atalan Dirtcycle is cheap, reliable and perfect for almost any environment. Fast and agile, there's a reason these are so popular within the Imperium. And while I wouldn't recommend testing it against lasguns or anything stronger than them, it does just fine against common autoguns. Just make sure to wear a helmet, alright?

Drop Sentinel | 50

If you're going to get a vehicle, why not grab something from the Imperial Guard? One of the most iconic vehicles of the Imperial Guard, the Sentinel serves as one of their primary scouting and light support vehicles. Capable of navigating some of the most inhospitable terrain in the galaxy, equipped with noise-reducing modifications to increase its stealth capabilities and auspex systems to detect any enemies in your vicinity, it's easy to see why these became one of the Imperium's premier scouts.

Especially when you consider this model in particular comes equipped with two grav-chutes to make it capable of jumping into the fray at a moment's notice. And of course, a Sentinel is useless without weapons to defend itself. The standard armaments of a Drop Sentinel are Multi-Meltas and Heavy Bolters, but you can take a Heavy Flamer, a Missile Launcher or even a Plasma Cannon instead.

Escher Cutter | 50

Someone should *really* do a thorough inspection of Necromunda at some point. Sometimes, it feels as if they have more archaeotech than most planets have people. Just look at this thing for example. Created by House Escher, this is a jetbike and while it looks like someone just strapped a seat onto a jet engine, it still works like a proper jetbike—complete with anti-grav tech—capable of soaring over your foes or even above the spires of a hive city.

Equipped with your choice of twin-linked Grenade Launchers, Plasma Guns, or Heavy Stubbers, along with an underslung grenade dropper, you can rain death over your foes with ease while you weave through the air like an eagle in search of prey. However, try not to get hit. There's not much armor on this thing and one good shot can send you plummeting down onto the ground.

Ironstrider Ballistarius | 50

Now that we've talked about a vehicle of the Imperial Guard and vehicles of the people, why not take a ride on the Mechanicus' vehicles for a change? This little thing is a highly efficient walker, equipped with either twin-linked Autocannons or Lascannons, depending on your preference. Unlike the Sentinel favored by the Imperial Guard, it'd better to think of this as a mobile artillery platform, capable of bringing foes clad in Terminator or even heavy tanks with only a few good shots.

However, unlike the previous two vehicles, the Ironstrider does not excel in durability, even leaving you exposed. Instead, what makes this machine so valuable is its engine, appropriately named the Ironstrider Engine. Created by the Tech-Priest Aldebrac Vingh, it is a perpetual motion machine, capable of running indefinitely. In fact, most Ironstriders today have been running continuously for over five thousand years and while no one's ever been able to recreate the engine since Aldebrac's untimely demise, maybe you will succeed where countless others have failed.

Taurox Prime | 100

Do you know what the last four vehicles have in common? They're all small and because of that, you can't exactly pack a whole lot of weaponry onto them. Not only that, but that same size makes it so that they're not usually as durable as a bigger vehicle. It doesn't help that all four of them leave the rider exposed. Luckily for you, there's a reason that mankind's built all sorts of APCs and tanks. And the Taurox Prime is a great vehicle for anyone who wants something a little more durable.

While not as fast as motorcycles and jetbikes, nor is it even as close to agile as Sentinels and Ironstriders, it more than makes up for its size, durability, and the weaponry it carries into battle. Whether it be in a hive, a jungle, or on the open plains, the Taurox can carry you and a dozen soldiers to your destination with ease, even while under enemy fire. And with the weapons mounted onto it—from Hotshot Volley Guns to Battle Cannons to Gatling Cannons to Cannons to Missile Launchers and more—you're more than capable of firing back and killing more than your fair share of enemy combatants.

Exorcist Missile Tank | 100

Of course, while an APC can work as a poor man's battle tank, you'll need something more dedicated if you want to rain fire and death onto your foes. Courtesy of the Sisters of Battle, the Exorcist Missile Tank can do just that. One of their most revered and venerated weapons of war, each Exorcist is a one-of-a-kind masterpiece. Generally equipped with a pintle-mounted Storm Bolter and a powerful Heavy Flamer in order to defend itself, an Exorcist is a beauty to behold on the battlefield and with the missile launcher atop, you will definitely be the center of attention.

Designed after the most ostentatious and beautiful of pipe organs, the Exorcist missile launcher is capable of launching either explosive or high-incendiary missiles. With this, you'll be wiping out enemy emplacements, squads, tanks and even aircraft in flight with a single salvo of blessed missiles. You better get good at playing the organ though. That's how the launcher works after all.

Of course, if that isn't to your liking, you could always have the Exorcist missile launcher replaced with something more conventional. However, that's the boring choice and the Sisters of Battle probably won't approve of you removing one of the most important aspects of the tank.

Gyrfalcon Pattern Jetbike | 100

Never fear, for the Custodes are here! Now this is a proper jetbike! Unlike the Escher Cutter above, this thing is armored to the high heavens, and it comes equipped with an on-board refractor field for even more defense. You could crash into a wall with this thing and the only thing broken would be the wall and whoever was unlucky enough to take cover behind it. At this point, the weakest link here would be you. So, just to be safe, make sure to wear some proper power armor, alright?

As for speed, you will certainly be a sight on the battlefield, capable of nearly breaking the sound barrier once you take into account the combination of its grav-repellor systems and the plasma thrust motor. And for weapons, the Gyrfalcon comes equipped with a Solarite Power Lancer and your choice between a Lastrum Bolt Cannon or a Corve Las-Pulser. Either way, you'll be reaping through your foes like a scythe through wheat.

Aquila Lander | 200

While flying is good and all, most jetbikes don't do too well when it comes to getting out of a planet's atmosphere. Either they're too fragile, too slow, or both. Also, jetbikes generally leave you exposed unless you're in power armor. No, if you want to go in and out of a world, you'll need something faster and something sealed. Luckily for you, the Imperium has their landers. And you'll get a chance at one of the classics.

Favored by the Imperial Navy, the Aquila Lander could not be more aptly named. Bearing a more than coincidental resemblance to the Imperial Aquila, especially its wings, the Aquila Lander is capable of carrying you, and around a dozen others, to and from orbit with ease. Unlike most Imperial vehicles, this one is rather lightly armed, carrying only a twin-linked Heavy Bolter for defense. However, it is heavily armored, enough that you could safely tango with enemy aircraft and come out of it with little damage, if they even manage to hit you at all when you take into account the lander's speed. With this, you will soar like a true eagle of the Imperium.

Corvus Blackstar | 200

But what if you don't want to go to space? What if you simply want to rain death from above? Well, the Inquisition has the answer to that. More specifically, the Deathwatch does. Perhaps best described as a fusion between a Stormraven and a Valkyrie, the Corvus Blackstar is a wonder of Imperial engineering. Sleek yet somehow still bulky, this aircraft is fast and stealthy enough to blow past the defenses of an alien host, slipping past their sensor grids or outright tanking anti-aircraft fire to deliver a devastating onslaught of fury and pain. And given what the Corvus is armed with, that won't be a problem at all.

Packed to the brim with a stunning array of weaponry—Assault Cannons, Lascannons, Missile Launchers, Grenade Launchers, and Hurricane Bolters—there are few foes within this galaxy that you could not annihilate. More than once has a vessel like this scoured away entire battalions of enemy soldiers. And don't forget, the Corvus Blackstar is still a massive aircraft, more than capable of fitting an entire squad of Space Marines inside. I'm sure you can find a use for that.

Questoris Pattern Imperial Knight | 200

One of the countless wonders of the Dark Age of Technology, these towering machines were used by humanity within colony worlds in order to protect themselves from the countless threats within the galaxy and to take the fight to them. Nowadays, though their worlds have fallen from their lofty heights, Knights and those who pilot them continue to do the same, all with the help of the Adeptus Mechanicus. And while you may not be a knight, you've managed to get your hands on one of your own, probably the most iconic model of them.

Standing at nine-meters tall, the Questoris Knight is the most common of the Imperial Knights but that doesn't make it any weaker than its other contemporaries. Instead, the Questoris Knight boasts unparalleled versatility, boasting speed, strength, and durability in equal measure. And with the vast array of equipment you can arm the Knight with, you'll be wiping out armies as a walking fortress packed to the brim with some of the finest weapons available to the Imperium. Feel free to which Questoris you want. There's one for everyone.

Huh. It seems that the Mechanicus has a few questions for you, if you don't mind answering. Surely this won't cause major problems between the two of you if they don't like your answer.

Dominus Pattern Imperial Knight | 300

But as the people say, there is always a bigger fish. If the Questoris Knight is not powerful enough for the occasion, rare as that may be, the Dominus Knight serves as the next step up. About as big as a Knight could be before it could start being considered a Titan, the Dominus Knight is even more of a walking fortress than its Questoris counterparts. Whereas its brethren Knights focus on versatility or speed, a Dominus Knight uses sheer amounts of overwhelming firepower to get the job.

Whether it be the Valiant or the Castellan, any Dominus Knight is packed to the brim with all sorts of arcane and exotic weaponry, each one turning the knight into a veritable siege engine no matter the distance, be it up-close or afar. From the Volcano Lance to the Thundercoil Harpoons, there are few threats that a Dominus Knight cannot surmount. You may not be a Titan but to the foes beneath you, that shall be of little comfort.

Baneblade | 300

Weighing over three hundred tons and with a length of over thirteen meters, the Baneblade is famed across the Imperium for its history and its use amongst the Imperial Guard. One of the oldest armored vehicles within the Guard, the Baneblade is also one of its most powerful, serving as the super-heavy tank of choice for most of the Imperium. And for good reason.

Armed with a mighty Baneblade Cannon, a coaxial Autocannon, two Lascannons, multiple twin-linked Heavy Bolters, and a Demolisher Cannon, a single Baneblade can reap a bloody harvest from your foes from even kilometers away. Not only that, but the Baneblade is so heavily armored that the only things you'll have to worry about are Titans and truly extraordinary amounts of enemy fire.

And if the standard Baneblade isn't enough to entice you, feel free to choose from one of the many other variations of the iconic super-heavy tank. From the plasma toting Stormblade to the Titan-slaying Shadowsword to the even more excessively armored Stormsabre, I'm sure that somewhere out there, there's a Baneblade that's perfect for you.

Hellbore | 300

War is most often waged above ground, be it on the land itself or in the skies above. But the winner of a war is often the one who remembers that there are more unconventional ways to fight their opponents. After all, an attack from below can often be just as, if not more devastating than an attack from above. It's an unfortunate consequence of most of your foes only keeping track of what they can see. And if you ever need something for such an ambush, the Hellbore has your back.

Used by both the Imperial Guard and the Adeptus Mechanicus, the Hellbore is a massive beast of a tunnelling machine, capable of fitting four Rhinos within its insides. Either that or multiple squads of Space Marines. And the colossal drill isn't just for show. Equipped with a phase-field generator, the Hellbore can swiftly bring enemy fortifications crashing down as you rip apart their very foundations.

Of course, try not to bring this up into the ground outside of surprise attacks from below. It may be durable enough to survive on almost any battlefield, but it can't do much to fight back outside of using its enormous bulk and it isn't quite fast enough for that to be a truly effective option.

Capitol Imperialis | 400

Oh? You thought the Baneblade and the Knights were big? Let me tell you, the Imperium builds things big and those are just the tip of the iceberg. Meet the Capitol Imperialis, a Super Heavy Tank that is more than worthy of the name. At over 80 meters long and 50 meters tall, this massive engine of war could run over a Warlord Titan. And it has the bulk to match, coming in at a weight of 67,000 tons. Through size alone, this veritable landship could already become an army-killing force on the battlefield, especially when you know that it can bring aboard two full companies of Imperial Guards, both the infantry and the tanks.

More importantly, the Capitol Imperialis is more than just an APC writ large. It is a mobile command bunker with all that entails. Plated with solid adamantine and equipped with six Void Shield generators, this bunker can take hits that would kill Titans and still keep going. If this vehicle somehow gets destroyed, something has gone *very* wrong. And within the command bridge deep in its belly lies all manners of appropriate equipment—from vox-gears to pict-casters to logic-engines, to holo-maps and more—perfect for waging an entire war.

But that isn't enough for the Imperium. No, if the Imperium builds anything well, it's weapons. And the Capitol Imperialis is no exception. Armed with hundreds of bolters, the landship can lay waste to anyone trying to get in and if they get too close, the electrically charged hull should repel most boarders. However, the real cream of the crop is the Behemoth Cannon, a cannon so large that you could fit four Battle Tanks down the barrel. Fire it and the very earth shall tremble and shake as your foes find themselves hurled high into the air from the sheer force of the weapon. Truly, the might of the Imperium is magnificent indeed.

Overlord Gunship | 400

No matter how grand and mighty the Capitol Imperialis is, it still suffers from a few ungainly weaknesses. For one thing, the massive transport travels at a snail's pace compared to the other land vehicle of the Imperium. And for another, if it can't simply run over the obstacles in its path, it won't do very well traversing more treacherous terrain on account of its size. The Overlord Gunship does not have those problems.

While it may only be a fraction of the size of the Imperialis, the Overlord Gunship is still a massive beast of an aircraft. In fact, it's so large that even Thunderhawks seem small in comparison. Whereas those aircraft can carry up to thirty Space Marines, the Overlord can carry at least eighty and it'll still have room to spare for two Space Marine transport vehicles.

But don't think that's all the Overlord can do. First of all, its quintuple engines make it fast enough to break into orbit while also possessing hulls armored and thick enough to perform orbital insertions with ease. And to make it even more durable, it also comes with energy shields for even more protection. It will take ruinous amounts of firepower to bring this down.

And like with many other vehicles of the Imperium, the Overlord Gunship is brimming with enough weapon to kill a full company of soldiers. With its Desolator Lascannons, Melta Cannons, Heavy Bolters, its wide variety of missiles, and more, the Overlord Gunship is closer to a flying Imperial Knight than anything else. About the only question left is how you got your hands on this given that these ships, unlike most of the Imperium's technology, are brand-spanking new.

Leviathan | 500

And here we go. Out of all of the Imperial Guard's armored carriers and tanks, the Leviathan is quite possibly the biggest of them all, outclassing even the Capitol Imperialis. And not slightly. With the same length of the Imperialis, almost double its height, and weighing over 30,000 tons more, the Leviathan is likely to be the largest thing on any battlefield, even when compared against the walking cathedrals that are the Titans. And of course, that size isn't just for show.

Like its little brother, the Leviathan is heavily armored, with solid plates of adamantine and four Void Shield Generators, can carry up two full companies of the Imperial Guard and a few other vehicles with them, and it also has a command bridge perfect for waging war. Unlike its little brother, however, the Leviathan also comes with a landing pad on its rear deck, letting aircraft dock in to resupply or to get repaired.

As for weapons, the Leviathan certainly isn't lacking. It comes packed to the brim with enough firepower to turn a tank division into nothing more than a molten pieces of scrap metal with things and with its massive Doomsday Cannon, a Macrocannon large enough to fit a projectile the size of a Battle Tank, mountains will crumble and shake as you bring forth enough force to reduce any Titan smaller than a Warlord to nothing more than worthless ruins.

Mobile Cathedral | 600

You'll notice that I said that the Leviathan is the biggest vehicle of the Imperial Guard. There's a reason for that and that's because the Imperium has even larger vehicles in store. While most of those vehicles aren't really meant on the battlefield like the Land Train, or maybe they're unique one-of-a-kind vehicles like the many flavors of the Mechanicus' Ordinatus, the Mobile Cathedral of the Ecclesiarchy is not one of them.

Three hundred meters long, a hundred meters high, fifty meters wide, and weighing in at over 500,000 tons, the Mobile Cathedral dwarfs almost every vehicle within the entirety of the Imperium. Whether it be Titans or Leviathans, the number of vehicles even approaching the Mobile Cathedral's size can be counted on one hand. And like those other vehicles, the Mobile Cathedral is filled with weapons of every sort.

From autocannons to bolters to flamers to meltas to plasma guns and more, anything thinking of approaching this massive behemoth should quickly reconsider, lest they be turned to bloody piles of metal and flesh. While it may not have anything like the Behemoth or Doomsday Cannons, the sheer volume of weapons mounted onto this thing ensures that it is still a threat to just about anything else on the battlefield.

And unlike the Capitol Imperialis and the Leviathan, the Eccelsiarchy's Mobile Cathedral comes with massive thrusters. Capable of burning and pulverizing any unlucky tank caught underneath, these thrusters are also strong enough that the Mobile Cathedral can break through the atmosphere. Yes, the Mobile Cathedral is also a massive orbital dropship. Steers like a grox though. No fancy maneuvers here.

ARTIFACTS & RELICS

The void has more secrets than man's imagination can conjure—each more terrifying than the last.

–Samus Vyr, Lord-Captain of the Tears of Terra



From the C'tan to the Tau, the countless races of the galaxy have left behind innumerable artifacts, relics of such unimaginable might that they could single-handedly turn the tides of a war, treasures so valuable that men and women of every stripe would be willing to burn down entire worlds to find themselves in possession of such things. And while you may not have burned down worlds just yet, the resources of the Inquisition can ensure that you do have a few unique and powerful artifacts and relics in your possession. Choose wisely.

Skull of a Commissar | 100

Servo-skulls are some of the most iconic tools of the Imperium. Not only do they serve as a reminder of mankind duty to their fellow man, they also act as useful pieces of equipment, capable of a great many things. This particular example was made from the skull of a faithful Commissar of the Emperor. Surprisingly, it is rather chatty for a servo-skull, often beeping expletives towards soldiers. While that would normally be rather humorous, the fact that a few beeps from it are enough to send most men running back into the fray makes it both funny and useful. And if the soldiers still choose to cower? Well, the glowing red Bale Eye should be enough to punish them for their cowardice and immorality. You can tell him not to do that and he'll follow your command. But he will be sad about it.

Kurov's Aquila | 100

An Inquisitor often finds themselves working alongside the common soldiers of the Imperial Guard. In doing so, they'll often find themselves with relics, some taken from the corpses left behind while others are instead gifted, a reward for a job well done. Perhaps that is why you have this with you, the last legacy of General Kurov, one of the finest officers in the long history of not just Armageddon Steel Legion, but of the Imperium itself. After his long and illustrious career, he retired and left behind a legacy, a strange twin-headed avian servitor, with one head blindfolded and the other's beak bound and shut.

This servitor has been bestowed with the tremendous knowledge of General Kurov and so it serves to guide those who shall follow in his footsteps. Should you need it, you may turn to this eagle for guidance. In response, the blindfolded head shall vocalize the most relevant piece of information it has while the bound-shut head's eyes shall project a hololithic display of Kurov himself, arms folded and dress uniform immaculate, his image flickering as it reveals to you the moves you could make and the paths you could traverse. With age comes wisdom, and wisdom is most useful to those who are willing to listen.

Cloak of Crystals | 100

Well, well, well… whatever do we have here? As far as relics go, this is definitely quite audacious. Formed from thousands upon thousands of interlocking miniature amethyst crystals, it is quite clear that this cloak is definitely not of Imperial make. In fact, judging by its purple and black coloration, it is likely that this was made by the Yu'vath, a race of xenos that the Imperium rendered extinct in the Angevin Crusade nearly three thousand years ago.

Despite its heretical origins, this cloak is quite the boon. For one thing, the cloak itself is practically immune to almost all forms of lasers. Even a lascannon is all but useless against it. But the cloak is special for another reason. Through whatever vile warpcraft is used in its construction, the cloak crackles with warp-spawned lightning, striking any foe that approaches. While it may not be any effective against foes clad in armor, it certainly helps in dealing with any fodder that dares to think themselves worthy of even being in your presence, let alone fight you.

Stalker Helm | 200

A wondrous example of just how magnificent mankind was back in its glory days, the Stalker Helm is a helmet with few equals. A gift from the Torchbearers Crusade, this marvelous mask is a sensor-net relic whose components and elements date back to the Dark Age of Technology and over the millennia it has existed, it has been wrought and worked upon by artificers of the highest caliber. And you? You are simply the latest in a long line of bearers to add to its great history.

Once worn, every component, from the node-lattice, the sigil-etched lens arrays, and its auto-blessed ocular scanners, each one serves to analyze the movements of your foes, down to the most minute detail. With this, each and every frailty of your foes shall be made clear to your senses. With this mask worn upon your face, your foes will believe that you fight against them as if you could see the future, especially when they see you dodging their every move and striking back all at once. And if you ever need to review the past, the Stalker Helm also comes with a pict-recorder to ensure that you have a picture-perfect knowledge of your history with it.

The Daemon Colt | 200

The humble stub gun. Long ago, when Holy Terra was still a vibrant land of life and humanity had not yet taken their first steps as the rightful rulers of the galaxy, weapons such as these were simply known as guns for mankind had yet to create the iconic lasgun and their other deadly creations that are now scattered across the galaxy. Even now, outclassed as it may be, the humble stub gun still finds use in the hands of people everywhere, whether they're someone deep in the underhives or a proud member of the Imperial Guard. But as always, there are plenty of ways to make a weapon stronger.

Resembling a beautifully ornate six-shot revolver of an exceedingly large caliber, around a third the size of a bolt, the ever-shifting engravings on it are not merely for show. Because of those engravings, the revolver can fire off shots half as powerful as a bolter, crumpling most forms of armor with ease. However, that isn't all it can do. By utilizing the special rounds that come with the revolver, rounds that you always seem to have in your pockets, any foe slain with this shall have their bodies burst open from within by a daemon of the Warp. Nothing too powerful, easy enough for you to put down, but more than enough to wreak havoc amongst your foes.

Hound's Teeth Gauntlet | 200

There are varying opinions on how one should utilize the tools and remnants of the Daemon and the Heretic. For the Puritans, such things are meant to be destroyed, obliterated until there is nothing left, and should that prove impossible, let the daemonic thing be sealed away in some guarded and obscure part of the universe, left to be forgotten for the rest of time. But for the Radicals, well, I'm sure you can take a guess at what they'd rather do with empyrean tools and artifice.

Formed from the misshapen and colossal fangs of Khorne's Flesh Hounds and melded with a skeletal brass glove, the Hound's Teeth Gauntlet is a tainted and unholy weapon, leaving behind bleeding wounds that are all but impossible to staunch or filling those hurt by the thing with unnatural rage. But that is least of its powers. No, this gauntlet shall serve you best as a focusing tool. By focusing on the image of a particular being, be they mortal or one of the Neverborn, the gauntlet will allow you to track them across unfathomable distances, their psychic aura visible to you wherever you may be. Needless to say, this makes finding your target a far easier task. Very useful for Inquisitors, wouldn't you agree?

Warp Crown | 300

It isn't just the Blood Ravens who can "acquire" relics and artifacts of tremendous power. The Inquisition can do it just fine, as proven by this Psychic Hood that was "gifted" to you by the Blood Ravens. Like any other Psychic Hood, the Warp Crown is lined with psi-enhancing crystals, serving to boost your psychic powers, if you have any, and bolster your resistance against psychic attacks.

In fact, a strong enough psyker would even be able to flat out nullify the powers of other psykers. But that alone wouldn't make it special. By wearing the crown, you will be surrounded by a small field of psychic energies, almost like an immaterial mist. With this, any foe fighting you in melee shall face a losing prospect because for every moment they stand near, the more and more likely that they'll be shunted out of your way, sent back a fair distance away from you, not enough to put them out of the fight, but more than enough to give you some breathing room.

Phosphoenix | 300

During the time of the Great Crusade, there was a kind of weapon used by the Legions of the Emperor and the Mechanicum. It was known as Phosphex, an incendiary weapon deadlier than promethium, hotter than phosphor, and more ruinous than radiation. Once lit, phosphex burns with no need for oxygen and with little fuel needed, capable of burning water and even setting it alight. As a weapon, it burns through solid rock, ceramite, and adamantium like nothing. A Space Marine clad in power armor would be turned to nothing but ash in seven seconds. Imagine what it could do to a horde of your foes.

And yet, the above is not enough to make Phosphex so deadly and feared. Otherwise known as the Living Flame or the Crawling Death, Phosphex is almost… *sentient*. It seeks out fuel with an all too human hatred and it knows enough to flee from what little can snuff it out. With such malevolent intelligence, it can grow nigh exponentially and as it grows it taints and defiles the land for so long that even the worst of radiation could not compare.

What you have now is a copy of the only known Phosphex weapon still in the hands of the Imperium. Beautifully ornate and gilded with gold, this is a weapon of mass destruction, capable of turning an entire army into nothing more than ashes and dust if you hit the right targets. But like any weapon of mass destruction, be careful how you use it. To master Phosphex is a task nigh impossible. Be wary of where you use this revolver.

Demon of Speed | 300

All across the galaxy, there are tales of a man, of a warrior, of a Space Marine, who rides across the Immaterium and the Materium on a steed constructed of the finest steel and engulfed in perpetual Empyrean fire. Known by name of Doomrider, this fiendish rider is a Daemon Prince of Slaanesh. Mysterious and unknowable, the secrets of his origin have long been lost. There are some who say that he was once one of the Space Marines of the Emperor's Children, having led many of their debaucheries on the Siege of Terra. Others say that he is a traitor from a different Legion, having turned against the Imperium in the wake of the Great Scouring. Regardless, his history matters little to you.

What does matter is his bike. Through some sort of Empyrean event, you've found yourself in possession of the very same bike. Or at the very least, an extremely convincing replica of it. And it is truly a powerful thing. A Daemon in the form of an Assault Bike always is. With a speed that beggars belief, outclassing all but the fastest land vehicles of the Imperium and capable of moving in the air as if it had a jump pack, this monstrosity of a motorcycle is a machine of war indeed. Its burning wheels leave behind a trail of warpfire wherever it goes and whatever it cannot simply plow through shall fall underneath the assault of the twin-linked Melta Guns mounted upon its prow. Most importantly however, this bike is a creature of the Warp, capable of fighting all on its lonesome. Doomrider himself will surely have his interest peaked whenever you ride into the fires of war on this bad boy.

The Nova Rifle | 500

The void-faring vessels of the Imperium come in all shapes and sizes. With such diversity and variety, it is only natural for their weapons to be just as varied and myriad. From gargantuan lances shooting beams of light that burn and pierce through whatever they strike to macrocannons that fire off shells and munitions mighty enough to render entire sections of planets inhabitable, there are no ends to the armaments you could find aboard the mighty vessels of man. And yet, amongst all these weapons, there are none that exemplifies the righteous wrath of man more than the Nova Cannon.

Mounted upon the front of a starship, a Nova Cannon is a weapon of an ancient design, harkening back to a time before even the Age of Strife. Using potent gravitic impellers, the standard Nova Cannon fires off a projectile—ranging from plasma warheads that burst with the heat and ferocity of a star to implosives devices that unleash the weight and might of gravity itself for several thousand kilometers—at a fraction of the speed of light. To bear witness to a Nova Cannon in use is to see it render an entire fleet of warships utterly and thoroughly annihilated or to see a world cracked in half from the cannon's sheer might.

And now, with this weapon in your hands, you may bring a portion of that power unto the battlefield itself. Its origins are shrouded in mystery, and some say it is a creation of the Emperor Himself while others believe it to be an artefact hailing from the Age of Strife. Regardless of its origins, one thing remains true. It is utterly massive, even by the standards of the largest of the Adeptus Astartes. To call this a gun would be an understatement of the highest order. Bearing neither adornments nor decorations, this rifle is noteworthy for its size alone, possessing a barrel the length of a man and a body half again as long. In truth, it would be more accurate to call this rifle a mobile artillery piece.

But with massive size comes a power that is equally colossal. As you might have guessed, for this cannon, no ordinary bullets or bolts shall do. Rather, every bullet for this weapon must be custom-made, each one a quarter the size of a man's arm. Using the same technology found within a Nova Cannon, the bullet will leave the barrel at speeds fiftyfold faster than sound. With a single shot, entire hab-blocks could be wiped away, even without considering the use of more… exotic munitions. With a weapon such as this, your foes could be a time zone away and you could still render them little more than bloody chunks along with the building they're in.

Sinistramanus Tenebrae | 500

Or the Left Hand of Darkness, if you prefer. If the Nova Rifle is a miniaturized Nova Cannon meant for human hands, this is the miniaturized version wielded only by Titans and not just any ordinary Titans, as strange as that is to say. The Titans that bear these weapons are known as Psi-Titans, creations of war so horrifying that were they not deemed necessary by the God-Emperor himself, they would be decried as heretical machines, meant only to be destroyed and all knowledge of them to be wiped away, forever lost to history. Even the presence of a Psi-Titan on the battlefield would drive many around it to madness, the sheer… *wrongness* of the thing emanating off of it in waves. And with its weapons, every time it took to the field, legions of its foes were scoured out of existence itself, their very beings ripped and torn to shreds.

Otherwise known as the Psi-Cannon, the Sinistramanus Tenebrae is one of their weapons. However, unlike the Nova Cannon above, your version of it bears little resemblance to the real deal. Instead, it is more of a vambrace and a clawed gauntlet both, enveloping your left arm in adamantium armor so dark it leeches the very light out of its surroundings. Before even considering its true power, the weapon is durable enough that it could take a plasma bolt unharmed, and its fingered claws can slice through power armor like a hot knife through butter.

But that's not where the might of this weapon lies. Through arcane mechanisms long forgotten, the weapon draws forth power from the Immaterium, tremendous amounts of it, almost as if you were tearing open a hole to the Empyrean. Once you've drawn forth enough power, a kaleidoscopic orb shall coalesce within your hand, a sphere formed from the warp's essence. And with but a thought, you can unleash the might within the spear, unleashing a beam of darkness that takes in all the light around it, and for an instant, it is as if the world is black and white.

All those in the path of the beam shall be destroyed, their very beings disassembled molecule by molecule as they are sent into the merciless Empyrean. Even those shadowed by the beam shall not be left unharmed for though their bodies may be untouched, the same could not be said for their souls, sheared away from their proximity to the malevolent force that is the Immaterium.

However, as powerful as it is, the Left Hand of Darkness does have a few weaknesses. For one thing, using the weapon is a relatively slow and obvious process. You can't just pull a trigger to make your foes drop dead. And you won't be able to hide it either as drawing in the essence of the warp makes you shine like a beacon even from a mile away. But even this seems a trifling matter compared to the second drawback.

The more you use this weapon, the thinner the veil between reality and the warp becomes. If it becomes thin enough, the foes in front of you will be the least of your concerns. Daemons will pour out of a weakened enough veil in droves and the warp itself becomes perilous for all to use. If you were a powerful or skilled enough psyker, this drawback can be diminished, but even then, it would take practice and experience to be able to do so well enough that you would no longer need to put your full focus onto the act.

Let this serve as a reminder. The Warp is a beast who knows no master but its own. Attempting to tame it as if it were a common dog is folly of the highest order.

SHIP

The captain goes down with the ship.

—Ancient Terran saying



Of course, you can't be an Inquisitor without a ship to call your own. Well, technically you can but you probably won't be able to get much done if you can't move from planet to planet. And while there's always the option of hitching a ride on someone else's ship, I think you'll agree that there's nothing quite like the feeling of being the captain of your own ship.

And so, for any Inquisitors who fancy themselves travelling the endless void, discovering new worlds, slaying new xenos and heretics, and unearthing treasures unseen for eons, this is for you. From the simple Clippers of the Imperium's Merchant Fleets to the Black Ships of the Inquisition, if you're willing to pay, you can have them all.

Still, it would be appropriate to remind you that as an Inquisitor, your purpose is not to create a miniature Imperium of your own, even if it is so very, very tempting to do so, especially in a place where the Emperor's light barely shines. And that isn't even beginning to discuss the opposition you would surely face, from within, without, and beyond. But if that is what you desire, do not say I did not warn you.

Galaxy-class Troop Ship | FREE

Oh, what do we have here? This… this is quite old. In fact, ships like these haven't been in use since the Age of Apostasy, the Imperium having lost the means to create them during that tumultuous time. And like many relics of the past, there are a few things about it that make it stand out amongst the common vessels of the Imperium.

You see, this small ship, no more than a quarter of a kilometer in length and a crew of three hundred souls, is closer to a dropship rather than any proper voidship. In fact, the ship itself has barely any weapons to speak of, certainly none that would let it stand up against anything above its weight class. Nevertheless, the vessel excels at its primary purpose of dropping off troops, blazing past through planetary defenses and is fast enough to make hitting it with ship-scale weapons a difficult endeavor.

Sword-class Frigate | 100

When it comes to manners of combat in the void, Escorts are the Imperium's smallest and most common vessels. Every fleet in the Imperium can count on having at least a handful of these at their disposal. And of the Escorts, the Sword Frigate is one that has been tried and tested since the first days of the Imperium. At over a kilometer and a half in length, weighing over six million tons and carrying a crew of over 25,000 souls, the Sword is a powerful and yet simple vessel used by just about every force in the Imperium, whether it be the Imperial Guard, the Space Marines, or even the Adeptus Mechanicus.

As for weapons and armor, you'll find that this vessel may just surprise you. Boasting thicker bulkheads and plenty of redundant supports and beams in its construction, the Sword can take a surprising amount of punishment, better than most of its contemporaries. And with the multitude of laser weapon batteries on its hull coupled with its two macrocannons, it'll be able to strike back with enough firepower to make wrecks out of its fellow escorts.

Inquisitorial Black Ship | 200

Not to be confused with the Black Ships meant to stow away Psykers for the journey to Holy Terra, Inquisitorial Black Ships are instead ships made by Inquisitors, for Inquisitors. Borne from a desire to not become reliant on the Imperial Navy or the Space Marines, the Black Ships of the Inquisition are in fact quite old, with their presence having been noted as far back as the Horus Heresy. Painted entirely black, and running without lights, a Black Ships makes for a rather secretive and spacious vessel, perfect for any Inquisitor.

As for its armaments and armor, you won't be disappointed. Built as a combination between a Strike Cruiser and a Navy Battlecruiser, the Black Ship is somewhere around four kilometers long, weighing in at twenty-six million tons, and carries a crew of almost 90,000 bodies. And with its size comes room for plenty of weapons. From a Bombardment Cannon to port weapons batteries, and torpedoes, there's no shortage of tools to let the Black Ship annihilate the forces of your enemies.

Armageddon-class Battlecruiser | 300

But why not go even bigger? The Black Ships may be powerful, but they can be made even greater, and with thicker armor to boot. Built in the lead-up to the Third War of Armageddon, the appropriately named Armageddon Battlecruisers were constructed using the recovered hulls of Lunar-class Cruisers. As such, the Armageddon ships boast the same reliability and ease of modification that makes the Lunar Cruisers so popular amongst the Imperial Navy.

Along with possessing the same armaments of its little brother—macro cannons, lances, and torpedoes—the Armageddon Battlecruiser also comes with enhancements to its weapons system and improved power relays. As such, where the previous vessels were constrained to battle against foes in medium and short-range distances, the Armageddon-class Battlecruiser can bombard them from afar, taking pride in its own safety as the weapons of the enemy can't even reach it.

About the only weakness it has is its size. Spanning a length of five kilometers and weighing in at thirty million tons, this Battlecruiser needs a hundred thousand souls to keep it in tip-top shape. As such, it makes the ship rather cramped, although you'll find that your quarters are still as spacious and comfortable as ever. Lucky you.

Arvus Lighter

You'll be getting a few of these for free upon purchase of any ship, dependent upon the size of the ship you bought. And trust me, you will want it, and so will your crew. Unless you want to find a landing spot on every planet or rely on what can sometimes be a dangerous teleportation trip, you'll want a lighter to ferry you from orbit to planet-side.

An Arvus Lighter is a small, general-purpose cargo hauler. Nicknamed "the Hog", "the Little Pig", and "the Onager" for reasons lost to time, this shuttle is a personal favorite of the Imperial Navy. Equipped with two powerful engines, this little vessel is void-capable and capable of carrying a few tons of cargo with every trip, along with a dozen passengers, a lot more if you're willing to squeeze them in. Unfortunately, the Arvus Lighter is bereft of weapons, unless you count the Chaff Launchers. It may be durable but try not to stay on the battlefield too long.

PSYKER POWERS

Just one witch, unsanctioned, caused the destruction of Hive Skorpios when one of those things used her brain as a gateway to this world. Within three days, the entire hive's population was reduced to drooling mindslaves. Within three weeks, an entire continent was at war. And all because the governor thought his family should be exempt from the psyker cull and refused to give his daughter to the Black Ships.

—Inquisitor Mallen, Ordo Xenos



Every day, a thousand psykers are sacrificed to the God-Emperor of Mankind. Every day, thousands of psykers meet their end aboard the many Black Ships of the Imperium. Every day, thousands upon thousands more die on their worlds, slain by their fellow men in fear of what they could bring. And with the advent of the Great Rift, a psychic awakening has spread across the galaxy. More and more psykers are being born and the Imperium finds itself struggling to keep up.

With the powers of a psyker and all the danger that brings, it is no wonder why so many people are afraid of them and what they could do. But despite all of that, the Imperium nonetheless recognizes their potential and their usefulness. In fact, without the psyker, the Imperium could not even exist at all. After all, how would they traverse the void without the eyeless Astropaths or the mutant Navigators?

But the psykers are useful for more than just traveling the endless void. With the plethora of psychic powers available to them, psykers have found use within almost every faction of the Imperium. From the gangs of underhives to the Space Marines and even the Inquisition, psykers can be found everywhere despite their relative rarity. But what about you? Are you a psyker? If so, you receive **500 CP** to spend in this section only. If not, you receive **300 CP** to spend elsewhere.

The Assignment

In order to properly measure the psionic power of an individual, an accurate measuring system must be created. The Inquisition endeavored to do just that, creating the rating system known as The Assignment. Although, it is important to keep in mind that the Assignment serves only as general guide and that a genius with a knife could just as easily kill an idiot psyker with the power to wipe out hab-blocks. It is not a perfect system—especially when you consider that there are many ways to bolster one's psionic potential—but it is a useful one. So, dear Inquisitor, where on the Assignment do you fall under?

Iota | 100

While levels below Iota exist, this is the point where a psyker becomes capable of actually manifesting their psychic powers at will instead of merely unleashing it during times of severe distress. These types of psykers are usually the most common ones picked up the Black Ship in order to sacrifice to the glory of the Emperor on Holy Terra. Usually, these types of psykers only display a singular psychic power—with little might to speak off—and not much else besides. At this level, a psyker will have to rely on their wits and skills if they want to make full use of what little psionic capabilities they possess.

Epsilon | 200

This is where a psyker's abilities become far more obvious. At this level, psykers stop becoming sacrifices and are instead wheeled away, either to become Astropaths or to be trained by the Astra Telepathica in order to become Sanctioned Psykers, powerful soldiers of the Imperial Guard. As an Epsilon-level psyker, one can expect to be able to call forth the powers of an entire Psychic Discipline. Not only that, it is at this point where a psyker could be said to be able to change the tides of battle and in the right circumstances, with the right equipment, that same psyker could easily wipe out an entire squad of soldiers.

Delta | 300

Psykers of this level and beyond are quite a rarity, even during this tumultuous psychic awakening. In fact, before the Great Rift, psykers such as these were one in a billion. While that may seem quite rare, in a galaxy of quadrillions, it isn't as rare as you might think. In fact, it's actually not too uncommon to see Psykers of this level within an Inquisitor's retinue. In the battlefield, psykers of this level are gamechangers, outright capable of winning entire battles on their lonesome but it is also at this level where a psyker truly needs to start being careful, lest they attract the attention of things lurking behind the veil.

Beta | 400

Ah, this is where we get to the big leagues. This level of power is often reserved only for those fortunate enough to be born with it and instead of merely winning battles, a Beta-level Psyker could wipe out an entire army with the psychic might they can call forth. Of course, such power is not without its consequences. At this level, insanity and madness are all too common amongst the younger psykers, those who have not had decades if not centuries of training and experience with their psionic powers. But that isn't the only threat. With such power within them, a psyker becomes a beacon to those within the Immaterium and with it, a whole host of dangerous predators seeking to take advantage of them. Be wary.

Alpha | 500

To put it plainly, to compare an Alpha-level psyker to a 'normal' psyker is akin to comparing an infant child to the glory of an atomic weapon. Whereas a Beta-level psyker could conceivably wipe out an entire army on a good day, an Alpha could win a war on their lonesome and that's just the start of it. With this much power, it is not uncommon for a psyker to become an apocalypse unto their own, becoming the sort of target where pre-emptive orbital bombardment is considered a measured and reasonable response.

To the Imperium, psykers with this much power are threats to be eliminated at all costs, whether it be by the hands of the Inquisition or the weapons of the Imperial Navy. After all, a stable Alpha-level Psyker is a rarity beyond all others. For most psykers on this level, derangement of both the mind and soul are almost guaranteed and that does not even begin to mention the machinations of Chaos. For the chance to corrupt and consume a being with this much power, there are few things they will not do.

The Disciplines

While there are psykers who are capable of casually turning men into their reconstituted molecules with a wave of their hand or bring a voidship careening out of the skies with a clench of their fist, such things are only possible for the greatest of psykers. For everyone else, they must simply use their powers in the ways that suit them best.

In this case, most psykers will focus on mastering a subset of psionic abilities, something known to Inquisitors and other psykers of the Imperium as disciplines. Most psykers are only capable of using the abilities of a single discipline. And as such, to signify this, **you receive one Discipline for free.**

Biomancy | 200

When someone thinks of a psyker, the first image that often pops into their mind is a man hurling forth bolts of lightning from their fingertips. And if you want to be like one of those psykers, it's best to start off with Biomancy, the art of manipulating the biological energy and processes of themselves and of others. With this, you'll not only be able to conjure up lightning from your body, but you'd be able to heal yourself and your allies, shape your body to your whims, or turn the flesh of your foes into bloody works of art. The Mechanicus may decry the flesh and its weaknesses but to a powerful Biomancer, the flesh is mightier than any metal.

Divination | 200

Countless men have sought to see into the future and now, you are one of few who can actually claim to have done so. While practitioners of this discipline may not demonstrate the flashiness or sheer might of the other disciplines, a Diviner is nonetheless perhaps the most dangerous foe to face. After all, when the basics of this art will see a novice bearing witness to the future yet to be, imagine how much more terrifying it could be against one who knows how to use it. With Divination, entire armies will dance to your whims as they move like puppets on the strings of fate that you make.

Pyromancy | 200

It is fire that has been mankind's greatest tool. It is fire that has seen them rise above the myriad beasts and creatures of ancient Terra and it is fire that has taken humanity to the stars. And so, even the greatest of psykers must acknowledge the gift of the flame. And so too shall your foes. With the might of Pyromancy, rarely will you ever be caught lacking in firepower. It may be a simple thing but for Pyromancers of the greatest kind, the flames they bring forth shall cast ablaze entire worlds with the blazing heat of a roaring star.

Telekinesis | 200

Otherwise known as Psychokinesis, the discipline of Telekinesis is the art of turning one's psychic into physical force. While it may perhaps even be simpler than pyromancy, for even the simplest child may grasp at the concept of force, that does not make it any less useful. For beginner Telekines—the term used for practitioners of the discipline—the best they may be able to hope for would be jamming the weapons and vehicles of their enemies or tossing heavy objects at their foes.

But for those who have honed this craft? Why, it makes for a world of difference. Masters of the art that they are, they become capable of creating barriers of psychic force, traversing across the Immaterium in an instant, and they may even learn to rip apart the veil between reality and the Warp in a vortex of doom and damnation.

Telepathy | 200

After the art of throwing lightning from your fingertips, the discipline of Telepathy is perhaps the one most known by the people of the galaxy. And it is also the most insidious of them all. And why wouldn't it be? After all, what manner of monster would violate the sanctity of another's mind? Well, they do call Inquisitors monsters masquerading as men. For novices of this art, their attempts at telepathy are less than subtle, blindingly obvious to most that there is something wrong. But for those with talent, they will find that a knife in the back hurts more when in the hands of one they thought they knew for years. For a Telepath, subtlety is key, especially when paired with a more obvious threat.

Sanctic Daemonology | 200

Considered by many to be the most dangerous of all the psychic disciplines, Daemonology revolves around the manipulation of the Immaterium and its relationship to the material realm. Not only is it a dangerous art, it is also one of the most difficult disciplines to learn, let alone master. But few are those who would say that is not worth the effort. Most commonly utilized by the Grey Knights, a Sanctic Daemonologist is a threat to be feared by heretics, daemons, and their chaotic ilk. From banishing the monsters of the Immaterium to cleansing and purifying the land around you of their taint, a master of Sanctic Daemonlogy is an awe-inspiring sight. More than once has a man found themselves finding the will to keep on fighting with a psyker like this on their side, almost as if the Emperor Himself stood beside them.

Malefic Daemonology | 200

But you should be well aware by now that there is a hidden side to many things in this galaxy and Daemonology is no exception. The darker half of Sanctic Daemonology, Malefic Daemonology, as you might have surmised from its name, focuses on summoning daemons and ensuring their corruption and strength. To most of the Imperium, this art is viewed not as a psychic discipline but as the gravest of sorcery and Warpcraft, something practiced only by heretics and the most Radical of Inquisitors. From the corruption of the soul to the weakening of the veil between reality and the Immaterium, to face a Malefic Daemonologist is to face Chaos itself and more than once has a man taken his own life rather than see their very being corrupted by the evils of the Warp.

Technomancy | 200

It is through their minds that humanity has created wonders and horrors that would stand the test of time. From humanity's earliest days to their reign amongst the stars, it is their minds that have brought them forward and delivered them to their apex. And so, is it any wonder then why a discipline revolving around the manipulation and creation of technology came to be?

As you might be able to guess, Technomany is the art of manipulating machines through the use of one's psychic might. From communicating with machines spirits to forcing machines to break to healing them with but a word and more, Technomancers are some of the most versatile psykers around, their powers finding use whether they're on an abandoned voidship or lost in the middle of a labyrinthine cavern. But that is not their greatest asset.

You see, the greater a Technomancer becomes, the more they shall come to understand the machine. Even those unaware of their talent possess an aptitude for machinery that would see them climbing high into the ranks of the Mechanicus. And the greatest of them all has an understanding that shall exceed all but the finest of Tech-Priests.

Umbramancy | 200

Fire may have been mankind's oldest ally, but it was the darkness and those that lurked within that humanity knew and feared above all else in those primal days. And as the ages have gone, this fear has never truly left. It is always there, lurking deep within, waiting to come bubbling up to the surface once more. Now, in this tumultuous time, fear of the dark and of the unknown grips at the hearts of men everywhere you go. Yet, there is wisdom to be found in embracing your fears and in doing so, learning to use the darkness against your foes.

A specialty of the Raven Guard Space Marines, Umbramancy is a unique and useful discipline of psychic abilities. For starters, novices in the art will start off being able to cloak themselves in darkness, shielding them from the sights of their enemies and letting them pull off ambushes worthy of any Raven Guard.

But as the Umbramancer grows in both power and skill, they will be capable of so much more. From enveloping foes in a veil of darkness to drowning them within a shadow whirlpool to turning even their own shadows against them, the enemies of an Umbramancer shall learn to fear the dark once more, no matter who they may be.

Navigation | 200

Ah, what would the Imperium do without their precious Navigators? It's been said before but the importance of the Navigators cannot be understated and without them, the Imperium would be restricted to tiny little fiefs, barely capable of defending planetary systems, let alone sectors of the entire galaxy. And so, as monstrously mutated they may be, far more than even the abhumans, the Navigators are tolerated, even afforded great privileges for the services they provide.

But let me tell you a secret. The power to traverse the dangers of the Warp is not limited solely to the Navigators and you are living proof of that fact. Thanks to your new specialty, traversing the Immaterium to travel across the galaxy becomes a viable option for you know now what to do, whether it be finding the calmest routes or moving past whatever obstacles may block your vessel's path.

In time, perhaps you may even be able to act as a miniature Astronomican, guiding others like a light in the darkness. And in the Imperium Nihilus, such a thing will surely be needed.

Astropath | 200

Second only to the Navigators, the Astropaths are some of the vital elements of the Imperium. Where the Navigators deal with the traversal of the Immaterium, the Astropaths handle manners of communication. And of the psykers who serve the Imperium, the vast majority of them are Astropaths and it is through them how the Imperium remains whole. You may not have undergone the training of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, but you've more than proven yourself to be a worthy Astropath.

With this discipline at your disposal, you are capable of partaking in Astral Telepathy, a way of communicating with others across the vastness of the cosmic void. While it is difficult and time-consuming for clear and stable messages to be sent, you could work alongside other Astropaths to form an Astropathic Choir, a way to ease the burdens of Astral Telepathy. But even if you are not capable of doing so, you should know that there are plenty of ways to improve one's telepathic abilities, especially for an Astropath.

Runecraft | 200

By utilizing your psychic gifts, you open yourself to the Immaterium and with it, the whispers and temptations of chaos. It is the very reason why the life of a psyker is a harsh and difficult one, almost akin to walking with death shadowing your every step. And though there is no way to make a psyker's life safe—all those who say otherwise are merely fools or liars—there are ways to make it *safer*.

Whether it be runes, glyphs, sigils, or some other symbolic language, you have learned to channel your psychic powers through symbols, and by doing so, you lessen your exposure to the Immaterium and its cloying grasp. By doing so, you may sacrifice power, but you will more than make up for it in sheer versatility.

You could store a spell in one of your symbols to save it for later or you could even engrave your symbols onto objects in order to enchant them with tremendous powers. On its own, Runecraft may not be the most impressive of disciplines, but when used in conjunction with other powers, you will truly be capable of creating wonders.

The Unique Powers

While disciplines are how most psykers utilize or categorize their powers, there are many psychic abilities that cannot be neatly slotted into the mold, as much the Imperium would want them too. And for a price, those very same powers can now be yours. Just be careful, alright? Being a psyker already makes you a target. Don't try to bite off more than you can chew.

Fortune's Favor | 100

For psykers, especially those lower on the totem pole of power, one of the many ways their powers will manifest is through luck. Be it a good hand in a game of cards or a fortunate find somewhere within the labyrinthine hive cities, psykers are generally luckier than most folk, at least when it comes to more trivial matters. You on the other hand? You take it to a whole new level. While you may not be luckier than most, what you can do is share that luck around, bestowing it upon your allies. As everyone knows, even a little bit of luck can be enough to turn the tides and the more powerful you become, the more of your allies you can bestow your fortune upon.

Paternova | 100

Beyond their mutations and their psychic powers, the Navigators are even stranger than you think. And the greatest amongst them are stranger still. Known as the Paternova, this being is the most powerful of the Navigators and serves as their leader. While the politics of the Navigators are deliberately confusing and frustratingly vague to outsiders, you've managed to glean some knowledge of it and used it for your own ends.

Now, like the Paternova, it seems that your psychic might is inherently welcoming to those related to you by blood. Through some manner of warpcraft, for as long as you live, those related to you shall find that their psychic abilities to be greatly enhanced, a tremendous aid if you're the type of person to have a large family. And unlike the actual Paternova, you won't even have to look like a mutated monster of a man!

Power Bestowal | 100

But if you wish to share your power with more than just your family, the Paternova likely isn't the option for you. This is, however. Like the Emperor himself, or if you're feeling more heretical, the gods of Chaos, you can splinter off a portion of your power, bestowing it upon another willing soul, even if they aren't psykers. With this, you can effectively create Daemon Princes in all but name. Of course, it would behoove you to remember that what can be given so easily be taken away, often with disastrous consequences befalling the souls who you just ripped away your power from,

Psychic Detection | 100

One of the most important parts of being an Inquisitor is to be able to detect anyone approaching you, be they friend or foe. While there are many ways to do so, be it through training or technology, psykers, as always, find a way to stand out even here. At a baseline, you are now automatically aware of every living thing around you at distance of fifty meters. You are also aware whenever another soul enters this range of yours. While there are ways to hide from your sight, as you grow in power and skill, those shall lessen in number until none but the greatest could ever hope to hide from you, even if these beings lacked a soul or were merely one of many machines created by the countless lives of the galaxy.

Animation | 200

It's alive! It's alive! With this power, your tools can be brought to life, ready to slay your foes as well as you do! That may be a bit of an exaggeration. Really, it all depends on how powerful and skilled you are. As you are now, your animated creations are neither intelligent nor powerful. However, even as a novice, this is still quite useful. And why wouldn't it? After all, a weapon that fights on its own just means that someone else is watching your back.

Once you get better though, you'll be able to animate far more than just weapons. With this, you'll be to create golems out of whatever's near you, bring life to APCs, tanks, jets, and with enough psychic might, even something as colossal as a void ship. But don't think that'll be easy. You'll need decades of experience and a great deal of power before you could hope to do something like that.

Avenging Angels | 200

All across the Imperium, there are stories. Stories of soldiers long gone coming forth onto battle, wreathed in ghostly flames, a legion of the damned setting forth to once more battle against the forces that would endanger humanity and its rightful rule. Fantastical and unrealistic and yet, all stories hold a grain of truth. And with this, you shall see the stories come to life.

Now, whenever you find yourself in battle, the spirits of the fallen shall rise, wreathed in flames and bearings wings of golden light. Enhanced by your power, these angels of mankind shall continue to fight, until they die once more. But be wary. This power only gives life to the fallen for a brief period of time. They will not stay around any longer than they need

Verminspeaker | 200

The psykers who have managed to evade the grasp of the Black Ships and remained unsanctioned often develop unique abilities, ones rarely displayed by those with actual training. But that doesn't mean those powers aren't useful. Just look at the Verminspeakers for example. Like them, you've learned how to exert your psychic abilities onto the beasts of the galaxy and in doing so, see through their senses as if they were yours. Not only that, your psychics allow you to impose your will upon them, forcing all but the strongest of beasts to see you as they would the greatest of their kind, willing to obey your every command.

World Spirit | 200

The worlds of the galaxy are myriad and varied and only fools would deny that fact. Each one is unique, each a treasure trove of history and actual riches both. And across the galaxy, there are tales of worlds who have a soul of their own, a living spirit mightier than any man. These tales are not merely stories and you have just the means to prove it.

While not every world has such a spirit—the only worlds with spirits are those touched by the Warp, or in future Jumps, worlds with magic—you are able to commune with the ones that do, channeling their power to strengthen and purify your own, even across an entire galaxy. But naturally, the closer you are to the world, the more powerful the spirit's aid. If you were standing atop the world in question, you could pull off feats of psychic power that would give even a Daemon Primarch pause.

Projection | 300

A lone Inquisitor can change the very course of history. Look no further than Inquisitor Fidus Kryptman. Well, I supposed it would be more accurate to call him a former Inquisitor. Without him, the Imperium would have only discovered the true threat of the Tyranids when it was far too late. Of course, the many worlds he sacrificed for that goal are the very reason why he is no longer an Inquisitor, but his actions nevertheless resonated across the galaxy. Imagine then what a group of Inquisitors can do.

But getting Inquisitors to work together is like herding cats, except even harder because somehow, Inquisitors are more feral than literal animals. Fortunately, that's not a problem for you. With this psychic power, you are now able to be in two places at once, splitting into two bodies, one real and the other more immaterial yet still solid. This projection is not as powerful as the real you, possessing perhaps only a quarter of your true psychic might and yet it is tremendously useful all the same.

As of now, you are not able to project yourself very far, no farther than across a small hive city, but as you grow in both power and skill, the distance you can project yourself onto shall grow vaster and vaster until you could be on a moon and still be able to project yourself onto the world below. And in time, you may even be able to project more than one such duplicate, even if it is exponentially more difficult to do so the more of them you project.

Soul Binding | 300

The ritual of Soul Binding is one conducted by the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, and it is a ritual for every Astropath they take under their tutelage. In this ritual, the Astropath, after years of training, has their minds brought before the Emperor in all His psychic splendor and in but a moment, a small, almost infinitesimal part of His cosmic might is bestowed upon the Astropath.

It seems that you have undergone something similar and in doing so, you have been forever changed. While you may not have gone through the trauma or lost your eyes, you do have the benefits of the ritual. For one, the ritual has improved your psychic skills, allowing you to utilize them with both greater control and more precision. And not only that, but the binding has also made you more resistant to the perils and corruption of the Warp, be they Daemon, the Immaterium's true nature, or simply the consequences of your own psychic abilities.

Third Eye | 300

It seems that you had a few Navigators in your family tree. At least, that would probably be the only acceptable explanation as to why you now have the very same Third Eye common to the Navigators. It would be a wise move to keep this hidden for the Navis Nobilite are not fond of those like you outside of their control. Still, as detrimental as it is to your interactions with certain groups, the Third Eye is most useful, letting you gaze into the Immaterium, piercing through material barriers and disguise, and even letting you gaze into the souls of Men.

Not only that, the Third Eye also bolsters your navigational capabilities, allowing you to better traverse the turbulent seas of the Warp and uncover the more favorable routes through it. Finally, by casting your Third Eye's gaze upon those in your path, you can subject them to a whole battery of empyrean effects. From scarring them with mutations and madness, burning them with your gaze, or even scouring from existence all those in your path with the Red Tide, your Third Eye has truly made you a force that only fools would unwisely provoke.

INQUISITORIAL RETINUE

Old friends are like debt collectors; they have a tendency to turn up when you least expect them.

—Gilbran Quail, Collected Essays

The Inquisitor who stands alone is the Inquisitor who dies alone. An Inquisitor is one who has access to almost every resource the Imperium has to offer and if there is any resource the Imperium has in abundance, that resource is manpower. And while many problems can be solved by throwing enough men at it, a wise Inquisitor knows that quality is better than quantity and that it is best to rely on a few good men rather than simple cannon fodder.



Kill-Team | 100

You've had your fair share of friends and allies before all this, haven't you? Trusted compatriots that you'd be more than happy to have by your side and watching your back? If so, why not bring them along for the ride and let them join in your newfound role as a member of the Inquisition. You may import any of your previous Companions as part of your retinue. They will not be Inquisitors in truth, but they can act as one under your banner.

You may import up to eight Companions and each of them will receive **800 CP** to spend as they please. They will also receive the appropriate stipends. Just keep in mind that they cannot take any Drawbacks nor purchase any Companions. Those are a privilege reserved exclusively for you.

Judge Dread | 100

"Why did I become an Arbites? No one has asked me that question since I was a young man, barely out of my teenage years. It has been two decades since and my answer has not changed. The people need a guiding hand, one that rewards duty and punishes the guilty. By becoming one of the Arbites, I have become the law. And so, it is my Emperor-given duty to rid the Imperium of corruption, no matter what form it takes."

You are already aware of the Adeptus Arbites, yes? Judge, jury, executioner, and all that jazz? Well, wouldn't it be nice to have one on your side? If your answer is yes, then this is the Companion for you! At forty years old, Erasmus Cadmus is just about the right age for an Arbites Judge, and he is certainly quite noteworthy, having put down more than his fair share of cults and rebellions, often with unflinching brutality and cold efficiency.

As for his personality, he's just about the exemplar of what one of the Adeptus Arbites should be. Dedicated to the spirit of the Imperium and bearing no mercy for any who would tarnish and betray humanity. In his eyes, none are above the law, be they a simple factory, a Planetary Governor, his fellow Judges, or even Inquisitors. To him, those who would side against humanity are nothing more than scum, worth less than the dirt on his boots.

But that doesn't mean he doesn't have a kinder side. For one thing, he's a bit more lenient than his co-workers, just a little bit. Enough that he's willing to ignore minor offenses if the perp immediately stops doing it in his presence. And he even has a sense of humor. In fact, you can swear he smiles whenever a crook just up and runs from him, right before he shoots them in the leg with a witty joke. Well, witty for Judges that is. Your mileage may vary on that front.

In battle, he more than proves his worth. Showing off his decades worth of training and experience, he's a crack shot with that Bolt Pistol of his, and with the voice-activated shot selector, he certainly isn't lacking for options. With hardier foes, his ornate and baroque Combat Shotgun should suffice, acting like a suped-up version of his Bolt Pistol, complete with a wide variety of shells and slugs at his disposal.

Of course, he can also take more than a few hits, thanks to his Hydraphur-pattern Carapace Armor of his. Not only that, but he also comes with a good boy of a Cyber-Mastiff, one strong enough to rip apart an Ogryn with its jaws, and a Grapplehawk whose claws can tear through anything short of carapace armor with ease. And if he ever needs to chase a suspect down, he has an Assault Bike capable of ramming through walls with a mounted twin-linked Bolter to shoot down anything in his way.

"I love grenades. Frag, krak, incendiary, plasma, rad, and my absolute personal favorite, the vortex grenade. Let me tell you something. You haven't lived until you dropped one of those things down a daemon's throat. Wish I could have more of those but apparently, they're 'rare' and that I shouldn't 'waste' them by using it against trivial foes. Stingy bastards."

The Imperial Guard is composed of the finest soldiers within the Imperium—often drafted from the greatest soldiers of a world's Planetary Defense Force—and you can find them all across the galaxy, fighting against humanity's countless foes, from xenos to daemons and more. Numbering in the billions, without the Imperial Guard, the Imperium could not stand for they are the foundation upon which the Imperium wages war. After all, if you throw enough bodies, you can fix almost any problem.

But the Imperium isn't stupid, despite how it may seem at times. They know full well that the precision of a scalpel is needed just as much as the brute force of a hammer. Which is why the Tempestus Scions exist. Often trained since childhood, the Tempestus Scions are the best of the best of the Imperial Guard and as such, are tasked with missions that ordinary Guardsmen are not trained or equipped to handle. And Lyla Kaiserin is one of them.

With a scarred yet stunningly beautiful face, Lyla has no shortage of admirers and yet, it is her eyes which are her most striking features. In fact, once you see them, it is blindingly obvious what world she calls home. Let me give you a hint. The planet broke before the Guard did. Yes, Lyla is one of the many Cadians who have found themselves without a home and like many Cadians, that doesn't stop her from continuing the good fight, no matter how far she has to go.

As a soldier, Lyla is every bit what you would expect from the soldiers of Cadia. Fierce and brave with a foul mouth to boot, she can field strip a las gun with her eyes closed in only half a minute and reassemble in another thirty seconds. Although, she does have a knack for explosions, often exulting and preaching of the magnificence of the grenade, be it a simple frag grenade or a mighty vortex bomb.

For her armaments, she comes equipped with a triple-barreled Hellgun, capable of punching through power armor and blowing open a fist-sized hole along with it. Her sidearm is an archaeotech Plasma Pistol, one that fires purple bolts of plasma and never overheats. But her real pride and joy is her Assault Grenade Launcher. It might ordinarily be a single shot weapon, but she's had it hooked up to a backpack filled with all sorts of grenades, letting her let loose a torrent of explosions at any target in range. And don't think that offense is all she has. She armors herself with a suit of Kasrkin Carapace Armor and an energy shield from House Van Saar of Necromunda. It'll take a lot of enemy fire to bring this bad girl down.

The Bio-Mechanical Monstrosity | 200

"Oh Inquisitor, I didn't see you there. What am I doing, you ask? Well… nothing heretical. Nothing heretical at all. Unless…"

Explorators are just one of the many classes of Tech-Priests within the Adeptus Mechanicus. As for what they are, well, that's quite simple. Explorators are Tech-Priests focused on the exploration of the void and the worlds within to uncover and discover any lost secrets and technology, preferably ones from the Dark Age of Technology. But even among the strangeness of the Mechanicus, Explorators stand out by being even more… *unique* than the rest of their kin.

And Omicron-Ψ is perhaps the perfect example of what it means to be an Explorator. Hailing from the Forge World of Ryza, Omicron is relatively young for a Tech-Priest, being a few years shy of hitting 200, and he's only been an Explorator for a fourth of that. But don't let his age fool you. His accomplishments are quite impressive for his age, having discovered no less than half a dozen STC patterns. Were he a less ambitious man, he could live out a life of comfort in whatever planet he chose. But Tech-Priests are far from normal, especially Explorators, and Omicron is no different.

With the opening of the Great Rift, Omicron-Ψ has been emboldened and his adventurer's spirit has erupted into a roaring inferno, hungry for the knowledge to be found and the technologies to be gained, no matter how heretical. Oh yes, while he's managed to keep it hidden from the piercing gaze of his contemporaries, Omicron is skirting dangerously close to being seen as a Heretek.

Whereas most of his fellow Tech-Priests utilize machinery and steel to replace their feeble flesh, Omicron-Ψ specializes in the radical and heretical form of augmentation known as Transgenic Grafting, the art of splicing alien organs and other biological matter into the human body. Combined with his knowledge of technological Warpcraft, it is quite shocking how his heresies have yet to be discovered.

As of now, Omicron-Ψ hardly even looks human—but then again, most Tech-Priests are like that. For his augmentations, he has grafted onto his body the wings of a Khrave, the light-bending scales of a yet to be named xenos beast, the beneficial nocturnal traits of the Nightsiders, and the power armor rending claws of a Genestealer. Coupled with his more mechanical augmentations, this Tech-Priest can go toe-to-toe against most Space Marines—even those in Terminator Armor—and kill them with a single blow.

And if you're feeling a bit radical, Omicron-Ψ will be more than capable of grafting alien parts onto you. He'll especially like you if you're willing to help him with his goal of discovering or even developing new technologies for the Imperium. He's not particularly picky either. He'll be happy with both sanctioned and heretical technology, whatever gets him closer to his goals.

Twins They Were | 200

"BURN! BURN THE HERETICS! BURN THE XENOS! BURN THE DAEMONS! BLOOD FOR THE EMPEROR! SKULLS FOR THE GOLDEN THRONE!"

"Apologies for my sister. She has always been a zealous believer of the Imperial Creed and our time here in the Nihilus has not improved her manners. If you ever need a hand in battle, her warrior's spirit shall certainly prove sufficient but if you ever need a gentler hand, my knowledge and experience will prove more useful."

Where would the Imperium be without the Ecclesiarchy and where would the Ecclesiarchy be without the Adepta Sororitas? Since the Age of Apostasy, they've been a common sight across the Imperium, their presence serving to bolster the faith and courage of the common man. Of course, they also serve as able deterrents to any who would dare to rebel against the Imperium. The sight of a Sister blowing a man to shreds with a bolter or watching the men they burn with their Flamers scream in agony as their flesh sloughs away helps people change their minds rather quickly.

But let's not fret about the Sisters of Battle and instead focus on your companion. Or to be more accurate, companions. That's right, for the price of one, you get two! No older than twenty-five, these two Sisters—Eliana and Soriana Illumoise—were originally supposed to be stationed on Sepheris Secundus but with the opening of the Cicatrix Maledictum, approaching the planet became a nigh-impossibility and as such, they've decided that sticking with you is the best option they have.

As for their appearances, they're about what you might expect out of one of the Adepta Sororitas. Both of them are astonishingly beautiful, bearing flawless faces framed by their natural snow-white hair and with bodies that seemed to have been sculpted by the Emperor Himself. They have no trouble turning heads and more than once has a sinner repented upon seeing their visage.

But for personality, the two of them could not be more different. For one thing, both of them specialize in entirely different branches of the Sororitas. Eliana is a Sister of Battle and perhaps one of their fiercest soldiers. In battle, she shows her fervor and zealotry to the Imperium with her proclivity towards fire, burning all those in her path. Soriana on the other hand, is part of the Orders Dialogus, and her knowledge and diplomatic skills lets her translate all but the most encrypted of texts and keep peace between even the most different sects of the Imperium.

Naturally, this also means that they also wield different equipment. Eliana wades into battle clad in the standard of power armor of the Sisters of Battle, along with a Rosarius to further protect herself. For weapons, she wields an Infernus Pistol, a Godwy-De'az Pattern Boltgun combined with a Hand Flamer, and a vicious two-handed Chainsword that she wields with but a single hand. On the other hand, her sister armors herself with special Sororitas Carapace Armor, complete with a Rosarius, and wields an ornate Bolt Pistol alongside a powerful Null Rod for use against daemons and psykers.

And yet, despite all their differences, the two of them are more like than even they realize. With their loyalty to humanity and their faith in the Emperor, the twins are the pinnacle of what humanity should be. And their faith has been more than rewarded. Their faith is of such strength that they become capable of great feats that some would say they were psykers or for those more foolish, witches.

Knight of the Holy Sea | 200

"I have worked alongside the Eldar, the Tau, the Necrons, and many other xenos. By the Emperor, I have even fought side-by-side with Orks. But not once have I ever fought beside a daemon. Heed these words Inquisitor. There is no greater threat to the Imperium than Chaos. And though some of my brothers will not admit it, sometimes we must seek aid from the Enemies Without against the Enemy Beyond."

Designated as Chapter 666, the Grey Knights have been a part of the Imperium's since the Second Founding, only seven years after the end of the Horus Heresy. And since that time, they have proven themselves as worthy warriors, more than able to defend humanity and the Imperium from the forces that dare to tread against them. And so, wherever the Enemy Beyond wreaks havoc, you can rely on the Grey Knights to put an end to that threat.

And amongst their kind, Nessus the Librarian is an exemplar amongst the Grey Knights. Stronger and faster than your average Space Marine, as average as you could call one of them, Nessus is proof that training and experience can get one farther than most might think. At over four centuries old, this Grey Knight has taken part in hundreds of battles, Nessus has slain daemons by the score and come out of his battles unscratched by all but the strongest of foes. He's even banished a Bloodthirster and a Keeper of Secrets before.

But his most notable feat was his last stand against the daemonic hordes on the ocean world of Myst, named after an ancient relic of Holy Terra. Through his efforts, the Grey Knights were able to recover an archaeotech cache before it could have been tainted by the touch of Chaos. While the world was ultimately subjected to Exterminatus, the technology obtained has saved many more.

And like all Grey Knights, Nessus wades into war clad in some of the finest weapons and armor of the Imperium. For starters, his armor is no ordinary example of Space Marine Power Armor. Having been extensively modified and use throughout his centuries of battle, his Aegis Pattern Terminator alongside his Iron Halo has turned aside lasguns, bolter fire, and even plasma bolts with little more than scratch damage. Coupled with are that his twin-linked Plasma Gun, mounted on his wrist to keep his hands open, and a Nemesis Force Halberd, more than enough to slay any ordinary daemon.

But let's not forget about his psychic abilities. Like all Grey Knights, he possesses a considerable amount of psychic power, enough to let him take on entire squadrons of ordinary soldiers all on his own. While he may be a far cry from Alpha-level Psykers and the like, he doesn't need to be. His experience and training ensures that he knows how to use what power he does have with great efficiency. As for his specialties, he's quite skilled when it comes to Sanctic Daemonology, as you might have expected from a Grey Knight.

Outside of battle, Nessus focuses on training himself. If there's a training room aboard the ship or somewhere nearby, you'll find him there counting the hours away as he goes through training regimens that would cripple ordinary men. If you wish, he would gladly let you join him. He's even quite willing to train you in all manners of combat and in the use of your psychic powers, should you have any.

I'd advise you take him up on that offer. It's not always that you get a Space Marine willing to teach you a few tricks. And besides, he seems much more sociable and affable during training sessions, joking around and even happily telling you about a few stories during his time as a Neophyte.

The Winged Dreadnought | 200

"You're asking me about my time in the Deathwatch? Huh… I can barely remember the last time someone woke me up just to ask me about my past… Why am I laughing? I am simply reminiscing on old memories. In fact, let me tell you of the time when me and my squad traded a few relics with the Custodes. It's a funny story, really."

Space Marines are not invincible, a fact that you know all too well. Whether it be through concentrated fire or the efforts of a powerful warrior, Space Marines can die just like a mortal, no matter how old or skilled they are. But unlike ordinary men, the wounds a Space Marine can endure are far greater and that even when most would think too damaged to serve, there are ways to keep them in duty.

Enter the Dreadnought. Effectively a walking tank equipped with both powerful ranged and melee weaponry, honored Space Marines who have been maimed and crippled beyond repair are often interred within one of these war machines, bestowing upon them duty of serving the Emperor even in death. Many Chapters have one such honored warrior and the Blood Ravens are not one of the exceptions.

Interred into his Dreadnought well over five hundred years ago, Nitos Allarius has proven his worth to the Blood Ravens many times over, his wisdom being sought after by many of his fellow Blood Ravens. How you managed to grab a hold of him is a question for the ages given how he's usually kept within the guarded vaults of their ships. But Nitos doesn't seem to hold much resentment for it. In fact, it seems that he finds it quite amusing, having the Blood Raven's own tricks turned back against them.

In fact, he is even glad that you managed to nab him from his fellow brothers. Apparently, he was getting rather cooped up aboard their fleet and that he would rather put his relatively new body to good use. And what a work of art his body is. While he might say that the Dreadnought he's interred in is a relic of the Blood Ravens, you can't help but notice that a few of the engravings are distinctly Prosperine. Strange, very strange.

Still, the body is truly a war machine, capable of facing tanks single-handedly and coming out the victor, without even considering its armaments. Equipped with a curved Force Blade, combined with a Combi-Bolter loaded with strange ammunition that Nitos calls Asphyx Shells, on his left arm, a Heavy Plasma Cannon in the other, and a shoulder-mounted Heavy Conversion Beamer, Nitos is more than ready to face any enemy, be they a squadron of enemy Space Marines or a rampaging Carnifex.

And don't think that his Dreadnought is all he has to offer. Before he was ever interred, Nitos was a Librarian of the Blood Ravens and while his psychic capabilities are not the most powerful of his brothers, the ones he does have more than make up for it when use alongside his metal body. Have you ever seen a Dreadnought fly with wings of lightning and crash into the ground and send soldiers and vehicles flying on impact? You will soon when Nito takes to the field.

Outside of combat, Nito will be content telling stories of his time in the Blood Ravens to most who are willing to listen, regaling them with tales of adventure and hardship, whether it be a battle aboard a Tyranid Bio-Ship or a jaw-dropping quest of him and his squad in the bowels of a Traitor Chapter's Fortress-Monastery. He'll even be willing to teach you a few tips and tricks on how to steal and "trade" relics with others.

The Star-Struck Navigator | 200

"Good evening, Lord Inquisitor. I am simply gazing at the stars. When I was a child, I never had the time to simply gaze up into the evening sky. I had more… important matters back then. But now? Now I can appreciate the beauty of the cosmos as much as I please. Thank you, my Lord. Thank you for giving me this chance…"

If you're going to be travelling across the cosmos, you'll need a Navigator at the helm of your ship. And while you could certainly try learning how to do so, another helping hand wouldn't hurt. And so, enter Cicera Stella, the young and yet powerful heiress of one of many Navis Nobilite houses.

Unlike most Navigators you might find in the more public eye of the Imperium, Cicera is considerably less… subtle than her kindred. While an ordinary Navigator would be able to blend in with the rest of humanity, save for their third eye, Cicera does not have that luxury. With skin and hair as pale as snow, amethyst veins and warp-colored eyes, Cicera stands out even amongst the rest of her kind.

But don't think this appearance of hers will deter her. What she lacks in subtlety, she more than makes up for it in firepower. Standing heads and shoulders above most of her fellow Navigators, Cicera is psyker of great power and skill, capable of wiping out scores of daemons through her mastery over her Third Eye, supplemented by her experience in the use of cryomancy. More than once, she has left a battlefield littered with frozen corpses.

Of course, just because she has phenomenal psychic powers, it doesn't mean that she is ignorant to the usage of tools and weapons. After all, she has met blanks before. She knows full well, that her psychic powers are not infallible, a sentiment not shared by many of her fellow Navigators. To that end, she has equipped herself with an arsenal that wouldn't be out of place in the Imperial Guard, if only far more ornate.

Her weapon of choice is a Combi-weapon, a fusion of a Force Rod to enhance her own psychic capabilities, and a Grav-Gun, perfect for crushing most forms of enemy machinery under their own weight. To defend herself, she is garbed in a suit of Reinforced Void Armor, enough to make her almost as durable as a Space Marine, even without shielding herself with her psychic capabilities. No helmet though. Can't cover up her most attractive feature after all.

Outside of battle though, Cicera is far more demure, preferring to stay away from most forms of social interaction. When she isn't tasked with navigating ships, you'll find her in her quarters, reading a book, painting on a canvas, or making a few miniatures with her psychic powers. However, her favorite hobby is stargazing, something she never got much of a chance to do in her younger years on account of the harsh training she underwent. She'll very much appreciate it if you can get her quarters with an open view of the cosmic void.

As for her interactions with others, you will likely have to bear the brunt of that. Unaccustomed to the outside world, the only person she's willing to communicate with for now are you and your Companions. For others, she usually just stares at them disdainfully, almost as if they weren't worth her time. Fortunately, that's the worst thing she does, which is better than what could be said of some other Navigators. Still, maybe you can help her out with that. Navigators can't work alone after all.

The Elven Lieutenant | 200

"Do you know how many xenos I've killed, Inquisitor? Quite a few. From Orks to Eldar, I've fought and slain thousands of the damn things and they just keep on coming. It never stops! …But do you want to know a secret? Sometimes, I wish it never does. The battlefield is where I belong, and I don't know what I'd without it."

With her family's long and extensive history within the Imperial Guard, Amelia Mei is the perfect picture of what can be expected amongst the best and brightest soldiers within the Imperium. Adopted she may be, Amelia has nonetheless followed in the footsteps of her parents, her grandparents, and those beyond. And she certainly stands out amongst her fellow guardsmen, especially when she stands a bit over seven feet tall.

Serving as a Lieutenant, she's been in such a position for over a decade and those under her position find her to be one of the finest commanders to take to the field, an awe-inspiring figure that many of them wish to emulate. If she wanted to, Amelia could easily find herself in a much higher position, more fitting of her skills and rank. And yet she does not. Amelia finds the thrill of battle far too exciting to leave behind and as a Lieutenant, she gets just that.

However, there are rumors abound regarding her heritage. After all, Amelia strikes quite the stunning figure. As tall as a Space Marine and yet possessing a far lither and flexible frame, she's stronger than she looks and guardsmen everywhere can attest to her skills on the battlefield, dancing around Orks, Tyranids, and even traitorous Space Marines.

Coupled with her archaeotech combi-weapon of a chainsword and a flamer, she's a force to be feared on the battlefield with a kill count that could give even a Space Marine pause. But to those who have taken a closer look, they will mention her inhuman beauty, the strange proportions of her body, the pointed ears, and perhaps most damningly, a beautiful glowing jewel she keeps close to her chest.

Despite all of that, Amelia has steadfastly refuted any such accusations made towards her person. And many have learned not to tangle with her. While she is certainly above average when it comes to commanding soldiers, she, like many other officers of the Imperial Guard, is not above being petty and often, those who make such remarks will find themselves cleaning latrines or stuck in the most boring and dreadful positions around.

Still, you will rarely find another soul whose devotion to Mankind shines as brightly as Amelia's. After all, when her entire family is made up of those humans, from her parents to her siblings, how could she do anything less? How else could she repay the love that mankind has given her?

The Battlesuit Crusader | 200

" You fight well Gue'la. Or should I say, Inquisitor? You remind me of the Gue'ron'sha, the Space Marines in your language. I respect that. I believe you would have made a fine Shas'la. And I am sure you would have earned the honor of piloting one of our Battlesuits. If you are curious, perhaps we could make an exchange. I have always wanted to see the difference between your Knights and my Battlesuit."

Inquisitors are no stranger to working with xenos, whether they're Eldar, Tau, or even Orks. With every threat in the galaxy, it would be suicide if an Inquisitor fought it all off alone, even if some of them would rather do that than ever work alongside xenos in any capacity. If you're taking this option, you probably aren't one of those kinds of Inquisitors. That being said, let's talk about your new companion.

Nightsun of the Fire Caste has been a Fire Warrior of the Tau Empire for a decade and half, and he has proven himself in battle time and time again, enough that he has been deemed worthy of piloting one of their Battlesuits. But he's never been in anything like this. Due to the awakening of the Cicatrix Maledictum—known to him and his people as the Mont'yhe'va—"Devourer of Hope" in the Imperium's tongue—Nightsun has found himself cut off from the rest of his people.

But that won't stop him from carrying on the Greater Good. And he sees the perfect opportunity to do just that with you. While some of his fellow Tau view humans as barbaric and crude, Nightsun is a bit more lenient, seeing their capacity for war and bravery against the creatures of the Warp as something to be admired. He wasn't always like this but after working alongside the Black Templars in an uneasy alliance against Daemons, he came to acquire an appreciation for them, something that's made abundantly clear when you look at his battlesuit.

Standing twice as tall as he does, his XV-8 Crisis Battlesuit has been painted to resemble the black and white color scheme of the Black Templars, complete with a combination of their iconography along with that of the Tau Empire's. Considered to be Tau equivalent to power armor, Nightsun's Battlesuit is well equipped for war. Armored with iridium and possessing a Shield Generator, this Battlesuit can take quite a beating and fire back with its wondrous array of weaponry, from its Airbursting Fragmentation Projector, a rapid-fire Burst Cannon, and even fight up close with a heavily modified Imperial Power Fist, one strong enough to pulp even a Space Marine in a single blow.

Outside of the battlesuit, Nightsun is garbed in Combat Armor, the Tau Empire's equivalent to Carapace Armor, and equipped with a Pulse Carbine that's been decorated with what is distinctly Imperial engravings and purity seals, a Bonding Knife, and of course, drones. He has three of them. First is the Marker Drone, which improves the accuracy of him and his allies. Second is the Recon Drone, an artificial scout equipped with a Burst Cannon. Finally, the third drone is the Stealth Drone, which generates cloaking fields over him and his nearby allies.

As a Companion, Nightsun will generally defer to you, following your commands so long as you provide adequate reasoning for them. However, against most things you might encounter, he will recommend that you first attempt to meet with them diplomatically before resorting to violence. But not daemons though. Nightsun hates daemons with a passion that rivals that of even zealous Imperial Cultists, and he will not hesitate to put them down. Seems like his alliance with the Black Templars rubbed off on him more than he thought.

The Tyranid Cowgirl | 200

"Howdy, Inquisitor. I'd thank ya kindly for not shooting me the moment you saw me. And for welcoming me into your retinue. I know it must be difficult to rely on a 'filthy xenos', but I assure you Inquisitor, you won't find me stabbing you in the back. Besides, when are you ever going to find someone as good of a shot as me?"

Well, this is certainly unique. Inquisitors have certainly had xenos in their retinues before, but I don't think there's ever been a case of one having a Genestealer within them, at least without some form of coercion or strange coincidences. Either that or such a thing happening is extraordinarily rare, even within this galaxy. Still, if people find out about this, you'll definitely stand out. Best be prepared for that.

As a refresher, Genestealers are an offshoot of the Tyranids, the extragalactic invaders currently rampaging all across the galaxy. But rather than attacking and eradicating all life on a planet, Genestealers are a more insidious sort, seeking to subvert worlds so that they may summon their Tyranid masters to feast on a world wholly given unto them by their servants.

But every now and then, a Genestealer manages to find themselves cut off from the rest of their kin, a part of the Tyranid's Hive Mind no more. Whether it be through some form of mad science or alien experimentation, this Genestealer Hybrid has a mind of its own, and, entirely sensibly, decided that she did not want to be devoured by the Tyranids.

And so, Vallia Vidal made her way onboard, fled her world, and made a living as a bounty hunter within the Vigilus System. Though some people have become rather suspicious of her, she's managed to pass off her purple skin, head ridges, and third arm as unfortunate but useful mutations. Still, she is rightfully paranoid of others finding out about her nature and she hopes that by siding with you, she'll have far better protection at her side.

But don't think she doesn't have anything to offer. You don't become a successful bounty hunter without more than a few tricks up your sleeve. In her case, that would be the two Kinetic Destroyers she uses as her primary weapon. Relics of better times, a single shot from one of these bad boys can punch through even the vaunted armor of the Custodes and given how she can casually headshot a target from over two kilometers away, you'll be thankful that these are at your side. And for battles up close, her third arm wields a Bonesword, the Tyranid equivalent of a Force Sword, capable of cutting through power armor like a hot knife through butter.

To protect herself, she has a set of armor crafted from the remains of other Tyranids, an energy shield from House Van Saar, and an advanced camo-cloak capable of rendering her fully invisible to make sure she doesn't get hit in the first place. Other than that, she also quite an arsenal of grenades, both lethal and non-lethal. Nothing on the level of a Warp Grenade but plenty of versatility on hand.

While she's in your retinue, Vallia will be tinkering around with any explosives you let her have, trying to make grenades out of them. Not only that, but she'll want to drag you around on her bounty hunting adventures, adventures that often go off the rails through no fault of her own. Or so she says. Still, she does have quite the knack of finding lost treasures. I suppose there will be little harm in indulging her. Just a little bit though.

Serpentine Queen | 200

"Come on boss. I know you're an Inquisitor and I love you and all, but that doesn't mean we have to keep getting into these situations every chance we get. Royalty like us should not be dealing with trash. Such things are meant only for commoners. The two of us should be basking in luxury, not trudging through mud and dirt like filthy animals."

While there are six major races of Xenos known to the Imperium—Eldar, Necrons, Orks, Tau, Tyranids, and the Kin—the keyword there is major. There are a plethora of minor xenos out there in this galaxy—from the Jokaero to the Rak'Gol to the Stryxis and more—and wouldn't you know it? Inquisitors have a history of working alongside them too. In this particular case, it seems that you've garnered the aid of one of the Sslyth.

As for what the Sslyth are, they are a xenos race of serpentine humanoids, possessing strength almost enough to match a Space Marine, astonishing speed and agility, two sets of arms, and scales durable enough to stand firm against ordinary firearms, all while being seemingly impervious to pain. And of course, much like the snakes they so resemble, the Sslyth possesses many traits in common with them, from the tongues they use to sense for prey to the venom within their fangs.

This particular Sslyth is named Selissia and even amongst the alien Sslyth, she stands out quite a bit. Rather than the more common jungle green of her fellow snakes, her scales are an arctic blue in color. And that isn't just for show. You see, Selissia is the product of Drukhari engineering, an attempt at removing the Sslyth's weakness to the cold. They succeeded.

Rather than being resistant to the cold, it could be said that Selissia thrives in it, her very presence enough to drop the temperature in a room by several degrees. But not only that, Selissia, rather than venom, spits out a special chemical that supercools whatever area is struck by it. Even Space Marines in Terminator Armor could find themselves frozen in place due to the sheer drop in temperature.

Still, don't be fooled into thinking she's reliant on her body. Her four arms means she wields four different weapons, each one a marvel of Drukhari engineering. From the Ossefactor that turns her opponent's bones against them to the poisonous Splinter Rifle to the blinding anti-tank Dark Lance to the torturous Agoniser, Selissia has a weapon for every occasion. For armor, she's equipped with the Drukhari equivalent of Carapace Armor, enough to withstand lasguns fire with ease but little more than that.

In terms of personality, she's about what you'd expect from someone who might as well be cut from the same cloth as the Drukhari. Haughty and refined, Selissia sees herself as royalty, queen of her kind. And you as the king, regardless of whether you're male or female. As such, she prefers to live a luxurious life and makes sure that you do too. Only the finest will do for nobility such as yourself, be it food, drink, or other… activities.

Try and keep a tight leash on her, alright? It's easy enough to be accused of heresy by your fellow Inquisitors. Let's not make it harder on yourself.

Execution Force Jumper | 400



The Imperium's Assassins are, in many ways, considered to be even more valuable than the Emperor's Space Marines. After all, when a single Chapter can have up to a thousand Space Marines and there are hundreds of chapters within the Imperium, it almost makes it seem as if Space Marines aren't really that rare. That isn't even beginning to mention the fact that in terms of a one-on-one fight, an Assassin will win more often than not. So, how did you manage to wrangle an entire team of them into your retinue?

But in the end, I suppose how they ended up with you is hardly the most important part. No, it's more important that you know who they are and what they can do. Let's get started, shall we?

Up first, we have the Callidus Assassin named Tayla Seleri. A master of disguise, through the use of polymorphine—of which she has an ever-replenishing supply, Tayla can take on the form of just about any other human, letting them impersonate others to an uncanny degree. She's even capable of mimicking Orks and Eldar to a degree. And if she does get discovered, she is a phenomenal fighter, slicing through any foe in her path with her wrist-mounted C'tan Phase Blade or making them drop dead with a Neural Shredder.

Next is Caoimhín Laridum, a Culexus Assassin. Even without his primary weapon, the Animus Speculum, his aura forces all but the strongest of psykers to be unable to use their powers, experience considerable pain and those of weak minds will even drop dead through their presence alone. And with the Animus Speculum, they can harness their negative psychic energy in a blast that could wipe away even the souls of their targets. Culexus Assassins are feared for a reason and Caoimhín is eager to remind the foes of the Imperium.

Whereas the other assassins are the picture of stealth and subtlety, Eversor Assassins are the opposite, biological killing machines meant to wipe out entire organizations and hierarchies. While most of them are kept in stasis until needed—on account of their psychopathy and all the drugs running through their systems—Imperis Nox is one of the rare few stable enough to be kept awake. Armed with an Execution Pistol, a weapon that combines a Bolt Pistol and a Needle Pistol, along with a Neuro Gauntlet chock full of lethal toxins, Imperis can easily kill off an entire room of traitors and heretics before they can even do more than scream in terror.

But if you need something killed from afar, look no further than the Vindicare. Trained heavily in marksmanship and mental discipline, Alba Glacia is an exemplar of the Vindicare Temple. Capable of waiting years to make the perfect shot, this same patience and discipline makes Alba the best of your Assassin Companions to lead an Execution Force. With her Exitus Rifle, she can bring down a target anywhere within 25 kilometers with accuracy that lets her shoot bullets out of the air. And if anything does get up close, her Exitus Pistol combined with her physical aptitude can make sure they'll very much regret it.

Poison has been a tool of assassins for millennia and even in this galaxy, that hasn't changed a bit. So is it any wonder then why Venenum Assassins such as Dilitrio Ramis exist? More subtle than the Assassins above, Dilitrio is an expert on anything poisonous or venomous, using them to bring down any organic foes you command him to. In fact, most of the toxins he has on hand are enough to take down most foes in only a matter of moments. And with some blessed psi-negative toxins, he can even slay daemons or those corrupted by the Warp. Of course, he can also be quite discreet if you need him to. After all, poison is meant to be a subtle tool.

But what if you need a target dead without anyone knowing an Assassin was ever involved? Well, that's what the Vanus Assassins are for. Masters of information, Vanus Assassins are, in essence, human computers, excelling in making sure a target's death is just an unfortunate accident in the eyes of everyone else. And even among them, Giovanna is special, being considered an Unbound Infocyte, giving her the ability to both designate and terminate her targets, something she does with gusto. And don't be fooled into thinking she's no good in a fight. She is still an Assassin of the Imperium and she has the skill and wargear to back that up.

As a rule, beyond all of their specialized gear, each of the Assassins above are armored with the Panoply of the Assassin, a skin-tight suit of armor that provides them with unparalleled mobility and flexibility, lets them better blend into their surroundings and a level of protection equal to Flak Armor. With Companions like these, you can decide the fate of entire sectors of the galaxy.

THE COST OF POWER

All power demands sacrifice… and pain. The universe rewards those willing to spill their life's blood for the promise of power.

—Sindri Myr, Alpha Legion Sorcerer

Is what was offered to you not enough to your liking? Does your heart still ache and yearn for more? Do you still need more power? If that is your desire, then you have come to the right place. With the drawbacks below, we can make your time in this already harsh and grim world all the darker and more difficult. And in return, you'll receive plenty more CP to spend on whatever you desire.

But do be careful. The cost of power can exact debts and tolls far higher than one could ever hope to pay.

Everything Is Canon | +0

But not everything is true. This universe is a mess of truth and contradictions. For everything you've read about it, there's probably something else that contradicts it or outright calls it a lie. To alleviate that little issue, this drawback is for you.

While this won't let you do something as drastic as resurrecting the God-Emperor in his entirety or bringing back the missing Primarchs from wherever they are, it does let you mix and match whatever depiction of the lore that you prefer. As a general rule of thumb, while you may not be able to do any sweeping changes across the setting, you can, at the very least, make the setting quite a bit more consistent.

The Jumper's Return | +0

Is this your first soirée into this galaxy? If it's not and you instead chose to return here, I can offer you something special. With this drawback, we can make it so that ramifications of your actions in another time will affect your stay here. For example, if you had somehow destroyed that planet Ostia in a previous Jump, you will find that Ostia would no longer exist here and the Gilead System would be in utter turmoil at the loss of their breadbasket.

Choose this option if you wish but beware of the consequences. The actions of the past can be far-reaching indeed and consequences of one's deeds are sometimes never truly clear until they come to you.

Phantom Pains | +100

An Inquisitor's life isn't easy. It's filled with battles against all sorts of foes. Some of them are just normal humans, misguided as they are. But sometimes you'll be tasked to fight against monstrous xenos and daemons. It's inevitable that an Inquisitor will soon find themselves wounded in one way or another and you'll never find an Inquisitor without a scar of some sort. And for you, it seems that those scars have never truly healed.

For your time here, you will be plagued with pain. It is not a searing pain but more of a dull ache, something you could get used to in time, an annoyance more than anything else. Really, the biggest problem here seems to be that no matter what you do, be it through psychic powers or through more technological means, the ache is always there, a constant reminder of your travels and battles.

Addiction | +100

We all have our vices, Jumper. Some handle it better than others, capable of abstaining from their addictions of choice almost indefinitely. Others, however, are not so blessed with great mental fortitude, and they will find that their vices and failings control them instead of the other way around. Unfortunately, it seems that you are one of the unfortunate latter.

Whether it's a proclivity for a rare kind of alcohol or a more sinful preference for flesh, if you cannot satisfy your cravings, you become far more irritable and twitchier, not enough that it'd be a detriment in combat, but you certainly won't be good at your job until your urges are satisfied. Perhaps in time, you will be able to wean yourself from your addiction, but it certainly won't be easy. At bare minimum, it will be an endeavor measured in years.

My Patience Is Not Limitless… | +100

While there are many kind Inquisitors, or at the very least, Inquisitors capable of putting on a façade of kindness and compassion, you are not one of them. In fact, it's a pretty safe bet that people will outright call you an asshole behind your back and sometimes even right in front of your face if they're either foolish or powerful enough. And they wouldn't be wrong.

You're blunt, straight to the point, and while that can be useful, it pretty much ensures that you'll have trouble making any friends in your time here. At least you're capable of keeping it in check when up against your fellow Inquisitors and the like, so you won't have too many enemies. For an Inquisitor that is.

Time Extender | +100/200

In the grand scheme of things, ten years isn't really a whole lot of time. Oh sure, it may seem like a whole lot, especially if you're constrained into a single world but for an Inquisitor, you can't be. You have to travel the galaxy to do your job and even in the best of times, the Warp is a fickle mistress. It is not unheard of for a simple trip to another system to take months instead of the week it would have ordinarily been.

To rectify that problem, there is this option. If you wish, your stay here can be extended so that instead of calling this galaxy home for the next ten years, you will instead do so for the next fifty years. If you wish, you may purchase this multiple times, staying an additional fifty years each time, but only the first two shall give you CP. Everything after that is just for your own amusement or pain.

Your Most Charming Feature | +100/200

While Inquisitors are certainly supposed to stand out amongst the common men, there are plenty of times that they should be able skulk around, unseen and unnoticed by their foes. But for you, doing so is considerably more problematic. For one thing, there's something physical about you that makes it clear who you are to anyone looking too closely. Whether it's a unique tattoo on your face, the fact that you can't seem to smile, or a strange tic of yours, anyone who knows what an Inquisitor is will be able to tell that you are one in, at most, a few minutes.

But if you want more CP, you can take the second tier of this drawback. Now, instead of having to put in effort to discover who you are, people will immediately know who you are just by seeing you. Instead of having a minor obvious physical feature, you could instead have something like the face of a horse, the glow of an angel, a child's stature, or something equally blatant. I'd suggest practicing stealth or purchasing some sort of camouflage device.

Tides of the Warp | +200

You've heard it before and you might have even experienced it in sometime in your past, but it once again bears repeating. The Warp is a sea more turbulent and fickle than any other. Sometimes a simple jaunt through the Warp will be just that. Something simple, something routine. But other times? Well, in other times, a ship could find a month-long trip instead taking them a few days if they're lucky or weeks longer if they're not.

And while having the former happen to you is often a sign of good fortune, you won't be experiencing that at all. In fact, when it comes to traveling the Warp, few are as unlucky as you. Regardless of the trips you take, you can bet on arriving at least a month after your original plan. And at worst, you might find yourself marooned years after you originally supposed to have arrived. Best keep your affairs in check and timetable in order, eh?

No Helmet | +200

You know, if you take a closer look at many of the notable characters of this galaxy, they share at least one thing in common. From bounty hunters to xenos to guardsmen to Space Marines and even your fellow Inquisitors, a lot of them wade into battle clad in armor but no helmet. You're one of those people now. For the entirety of your time here, you will never, ever wear a helmet. The most you'll ever wear is a hat or a mask. While there are many ways to protect your head, it is still a rather glaring vulnerability. And good luck going in a vacuum without one.

Wounds of the Past | +200

While wounds of the body are universal amongst Inquisitors, so too are wounds of the mind. And there many who would say that those are more devastating than any physical scar. Though you may or may not share that opinion, you are still one of many people whose past continues to haunt them. From sleepless nights to visions of the past, it seems that wherever you go, you find something that reminds you of the past, something that tears at your heart and dregs back up uncomfortable memories, ones that you'd rather forget.

All of these things serve to make you distracted, make it difficult to focus on the task at hand, make it hard to sleep without being plagued with nightmares and though you may be able to push these feelings down to get the job done, they will inevitably come rising back up. Still, you are an Inquisitor, aren't you? Are you really going to let something as banal as trauma keep you from protecting humanity?

Bounties Galore | +200

Hmm… You must've royally pissed someone off. While most of the common folk won't or can't do anything against a properly armed Inquisitor, the keyword there is *most*. For the right price, there are plenty of fools who'd do something as foolish as assault an Inquisitor. And given the price on your head, enough to make a man a king, there will be no shortage of bounty hunters trying to cash in, enough that you probably wouldn't be able to go a month without some sort of attempt on your life.

While many of them are little more than idiots, there are quite a few who are quite skilled, enough that you should probably keep a little bit of paranoia, just to be on the safe side. And don't think that killing whoever put a bounty on you will end the seemingly endless tide of bounty hunters. For one thing, you have to find them first and for another, even if you do make an example of them, someone else will just pick up the mantle and put an even larger bounty on your head.

"Hey, twist. What will it be?" | +200

What? Ah, I see you're having trouble with the locals. I suppose that's only natural. The Imperium is a vast and varied empire and the differences between cities, let alone between worlds, is already staggering enough. It only makes sense that you'd have some difficulty mingling with the people around you. What is not natural, however, is your inability to learn and adapt to such differences. And that's a pretty bad thing for an Inquisitor.

Whether you're cruising around the underhives or hanging out with planetary governors, you find that you are almost comically bad when it comes to interacting with others. You don't pick up on their subtle hints, you misunderstand the meaning of their words, and sometimes you even end up insulting them without meaning too. Needless to say, you're going to have a bad time whenever it comes to anything other than combat, and unfortunately, combat is only a small part of an Inquisitor's duties. Good luck.

Hunted by Lucius | +300

Seems like you've attracted quite a bit of attention but it's not quite the attention you want. Rather, it seems that you've piqued the interest of one Lucius the Eternal, a Champion of Slaanesh and perhaps one of the most feared beings known to the Imperium. With his armor and weapons, Lucius is already capable of cutting down a swathe of Guardsmen with utmost ease and yet that wouldn't make him one of the most dangerous foes of the Imperium.

Lucius is known as the Eternal for a reason. No matter how you kill him, he will always come back, taking over the bodies of whoever is the closest thing responsible for slaying him. He's even taken over the factory worker who built the mine responsible for his death. No, your options here are to either run from him, or restrain him. And the latter will not work, not permanently at least. Somehow, possibly one of the Great Enemy's whims, Lucius always manages to find a way back into the Warp, ready to strike again another day.

Purity of Man | +300

Xenos, Heretics, Daemons… Their existence is an affront against all things human, abominations who should've been wiped clean from existence eons ago. You will not let that stand. For as long as you draw breath, you will devote yourself to the most righteous cause of eradicating of all other sapient life in the galaxy until mankind once again rests atop the pinnacle of creation.

You will kill the Tau, you will kill the Eldar, you will banish the Daemons, and you will never stoop so low as to work alongside them or even use anything other than human tools to do so. The only creations you will use are those of man. All others will be destroyed or locked away. The might of humanity is all you will need. Let the bodies of the xenos and the daemons serve as a testament to your deeds.

Radical, Man! | +300

And here we have the other end of the spectrum. To you, there is no price too high, no cost too great. If it could aid you in your thankless task to save humanity, you will utilize it. To that end, you've found yourself gripped with using the weapons and tools of the Immaterium, of Chaos. This is not merely using the psychic powers already in your possession. No, you are obsessed with the use of sorcery, of heretic arts. It is too the extent that in the pursuit of protecting humanity, such methods are your preferred tool, using them whenever you can, even if it is to the detriment of others or even yourself.

Inquisitorial Target | +300

You already know that the Inquisition is a nest of vipers, each one more dangerous than the last but now you'll get to experience that personally. Through one reason or another, you've gained the ire of a particularly powerful Lord Inquisitor. And this is not a good thing. Throughout your time here, you will be beset by all manners of dangerous foes, from common bounty hunters, both human and otherwise, to Tempestus Scions to even Space Marines, all manipulated into trying to kill you at the Lord Inquisitor's command. And killing the Inquisitor won't solve the problem. While it might buy you a month or two of peace, whoever took after the fallen Inquisitor shall strike back with renewed vigor and an even greater number of resources at their disposal.

Scars Upon Thy Soul | +300

We have spoken of phantom pains, of mental trauma, but there are wounds that leave an even harsher impact upon another. I speak of course, of a wound on thy soul. It seems that sometime in your past, you came across a daemon, one that you could not have hoped to survive, let alone fight. And yet through some Emperor-given miracle, you survived where countless others died. But not without consequences.

Most obviously is a scar of some sort on your body. It is a nasty thing, one that never seems to ever truly heal. Sore and painful to the touch, but that isn't the worst part. It is merely a symptom of the true disease. For the rest of your time, your soul itself is damaged, weakening whatever abilities you possess and making you more vulnerable to attacks on your mind. I would not recommend making use of your psychic abilities, lest you open yourself up to the Immaterium even more and risk opening the wound even further.

Fortunately for you, none are aware of your debilitation just yet, but the truth will inevitably come to light, and many will seek to make full use of it, whether to see you dead at their feet or nothing more than their broken toy. I only hope that you are ready for when it comes to you.

The Curse of the Halo | +400

The Halo Devices have been mentioned before but just in case you need a reminder, Halo Devices are strange xenos artifacts hailing from the region of the galaxy known as the Halo Stars, one of the most mysterious regions of space known to the Imperium. With that mystery comes a reputation, one that has launched countless expeditions into its expanse. And of those expeditions, precious few have returned, and no matter how loaded their cargo decks are—sometimes empty, sometimes filled with enough treasure to makes kings of men—they all come back with stories of horror and terror, many of them broken and traumatized.

The difference between this Halo Device and the one offered to you above is simple. By taking this, your Halo Device did not form a symbiotic union but rather that of a parasitic one. And the consequences of this are dire indeed. Even now, the device is forever bound to you and you bear cravings for the flesh of your fellow man, a craving you can't deny. And year after year, the device changes you more and more, afflicting you with horrific mutations and madness, until there is barely anything left of the original you. Are you sure this is worth it?

If you wish, after this Jump is finished and you have been separated from the Halo Device, you may keep it as a souvenir. It may still be as dangerous as it was before but perhaps one you will be able to replicate it for your own purposes, sinister or otherwise.

Ork Spores | +400

Orks are some of the most common foes of the Imperium. Humanity has been in conflict with the greenskins for longer than the Imperium has stood. In fact, there have been reports that even during mankind's golden age, the Orks were still a thorn at humanity's side. No matter how hard men have tried to wipe them out of existence, the Orks have always managed to sprout back up like weeds, striking back at humanity with brutality and cunning.

This is because Orks are no ordinary xenos. Instead, they are something of a symbiosis between fungi and beasts and so, instead of reproducing through more traditional methods, they instead multiply through spores, ones that remain viable for years, decades, or even centuries. Short of glassing a planet, there's practically no way of ridding a planet of a greenskin infestation once it's taken root. And now, unfortunately for you, it seems that those same spores have somehow latched onto you.

For the duration of this Jump, everywhere you go, you'll be spreading Ork spores wherever you go. And wherever those spores go, Orks will follow, popping up like weeds. Fortunately, if you show some initiative and diligence, you could get rid of them far before they ever evolve past being Feral Orks. Still, that will take some time and if other Inquisitors find out about this little problem of yours, you can bet that they'll have some questions for you.

Daemon Magnet | +400

Daemons are a scourge upon the galaxy, an accursed plague whose very existence is anathema to all that is good. The presence of a daemon is never a sign of anything good and even just knowing about them is grounds for execution depending on one's status. And it is your thankless duty to banish them, a task that takes its toll on you both physically and spiritually. And unfortunately, you're going to be doing that a lot. Wherever you go, it seems that the veil between reality and the Warp are thinned and while that does serve to make your psychic abilities and sorceries more powerful, or at the very least, easier to use, it also serves to allow daemons an easier time at getting a foot into reality. While a day in a Hive City won't exactly let a daemon come out of the Warp willy-nilly, when you're there for a week, you could expect to face an incursion of around five or so daemons, ones that aren't too powerful, thankfully. Still, any longer than a month and you'll be dealing with outright invasions. Fortunately, this curse of yours doesn't seem to take effect whenever you're somewhere in the void. Thank the Emperor for small mercies.

Carta Extremis | +400

It looks like someone's been abusing the Exterminatus button a bit too much. Either that, or someone higher up in the Imperium found you a wee bit too… heretical. Well, regardless of the reason, it seems that you have been stamped Excommunicate Traitoris and the punishment of Carta Extremis has been enacted upon you, stripping you of your very title as an Inquisitor, and even your Rosette has become nothing more than a shiny bauble, serving as little more than a reminder of your time in the Inquisition.

But that is the least of your worries. Having been declared a traitor to the Imperium, you are considered a criminal of the highest order. Few will aid you, most will avoid associating with you in any manner, and many will seek to put you down, whether they be Planetary Governors, Space Marines, or even your fellow Inquisitors. Maybe you could try seeking out Fidus Kryptman. He has the same problem as you after all. Perhaps he has some useful insights to share with you.

Mind-scrubbed | +400

Amongst the Imperium, it is considered standard procedure to either be executed or "mind-scrubbed" whenever contact with memetic and dangerous information is made. As an Inquisitor, you are considered far too valuable to merely be executed and as such, "mind-scrubbing" is the norm for you. As you might have surmised from the name, "mind-scrubbing" is a process in which one's memories are selectively examined and erased. It's a complicated process and when done hastily or sloppily, it often ruins more than just the selected memories.

Unfortunately for you, it seems that someone was a bit too sloppy when it came to scrubbing your mind. Now, instead of merely erasing a few dangerous memories, the memories of your time before this world have all been erased, impossible to access until after your time here. For your sake, I wouldn't recommend taking the Drop-In origin along with this drawback. That would likely only spell disaster for you.

Lost to the Warp | +600

Remember all those fancy trinkets and gadgets you had before coming into this world? Yeah, you can say goodbye to all of those things. It seems that upon your arrival to this world, your Warehouse or otherwise closest equivalent to it was struck by a Warp Storm, scattering each and every one of your possessions all across the galaxy. Tracking them down is an option but you'll find that anything more precise than determining the city they're in to be ineffective.

If you want any of them back before the end of your Jump, you'll have to work to get it. And you better do it quick. While no one is yet aware of your scattered treasures, rumors have a way of spreading faster than light everywhere you go, and it won't take long for people to start finding them on their own. And while some may be wielded by more heroic and good-natured souls, you probably don't want someone like Ahriman to get their hands on it.

Don't worry about losing any of your items permanently. Should you not retake possession of them by the end of the Jump, you'll find them within your Warehouse or closest equivalent at the start of your next one.

Perils of the Warp | +600

Whenever a psyker reaches deep into the warp to strengthen their psychic powers, they risk thinning the barrier between reality and the empyrean. And the thinner the barrier, the more rampant and destructive the Warp becomes. Ordinarily, you would have the control and experience with your powers to ensure that this will rarely happen unless you use a truly monstrous amount of power relative to your psychic capabilities. But that is no longer the case.

Now, whenever you use all but the most subtle and weakest of your psychic powers, you are all but guaranteed to cause some sort of psychic phenomena. Some of these are relatively harmless, but their danger generally scales up the more power you utilize, enough that you probably shouldn't abuse your psychic powers like some others would. And don't think you're safe from this even if you chose not to be a psyker.

Whether it be from this universe or beyond, the use of any of your supernatural powers carries the same risk of calling upon the perils of the Warp. Be careful and be wise with your powers, lest you find yourself cast adrift into the Immaterium and risk becoming prey for the billions of greedy and eager maws within.

INTO THE LIGHT...

So, you've made it this far, lived long enough to make your mark on the galaxy. I suppose congratulations are in order. After all, not many Inquisitors make it as far as you do. Plenty of them simply die ignoble deaths, and only a rare few meet their end in peace, satisfied with what they've done in their lives.

Still, we both know that you still have one last choice to make. What will you do now?

Stay Here

Truly? Hmm… It seems your time here has truly rubbed off on you. Very well, if that is what you wish, we can arrange it to be so. Your affairs back home shall be put in order, and you will be free to do whatever you wish to do in this galaxy. It's filled with opportunity, after all.

Go Home

I cannot fault you for choosing to end your journey. This galaxy has a way of reminding people of more precious memories, of nostalgia, of the things they've left behind. You may go home now, with all that you've acquired, a reminder that your journey was no dream, no figment of your imagination.

Continue On

Well, this should've been rather obvious. Your time here may been quite memorable and the things you've experienced, the things you've done, have certainly left their mark on you, but that's no reason to stop now. There are still plenty of worlds to visit, to help, to plunder, to do as your heart desires.

Regardless of your choice, it would be remiss of me to, at the very least, not give you a few souvenirs of your time here, two little parting gifts to make sure you always have some way to look back on your past and your deeds.

Black Library

Not that *Black Library*. You'll have to handle grabbing the contents of that one on your own. Rather, what you have here is a collection of novels, each one detailing an adventure of yours and with varying points of view. You could be reading from POV of yourself, your Companions, or even someone else entirely. Their quality is varying, almost as if they were written by different authors, but they are a delight to read and you could even use them to see if you missed anything in the past. You get a new set of these books every year. Do what you will with them.

Jumper 40,000

You should have expected this really. What you have now is a set of models of you, your Companions, and many of the other characters you've met in your journey. Not only that, it also comes with codices to let you play wargames with them along with artwork of some of the most exciting and important moments of your Jumps. You get a new set of codices every year along with new models. You can choose whether or not these models come assembled and painted or not. And to actually play the wargames, you also receive a very fancy and durable table, sized perfectly for all your wargaming needs. Try not to let your box of shame get too full, alright?

NOTES

Feel free to choose your own age and gender. Such things matter little in the grand scheme of things.

Perks and Items are discounted based on their respective origins. Any discounted **100 CP** perk or item is instead free unless otherwise stated.

Clarifying Stipends:

1. **500 CP** for Items (usable everywhere other than Perks or Psychic Powers)
2. **300 CP** for Cybernetics
3. **1000 CP** for Power Armor but you must purchase it first.
4. **500 CP** for Psychic Powers if you choose to be a Psyker. **300 CP** elsewhere if you do not.

Regarding Perks

Tyranids and other hive-minded creatures do not count as a beast for the purposes of the **Lord of Beasts** perk unless they have been cut off from the hive mind.

Armor of Contempt works on all other supernatural powers post-Jump.

As a baseline, **Lessons of the Ancient** will allow you to reverse-engineer basic technology with at most a month or two of research. At this point, you will be able to recreate them exactly or devise suitable substitutes, depending on what resources you have on hand. Larger and more complex technology can take decades to millennia of extended study. Of course, don't forget that you don't need to go at it alone.

A Gift from the Caligari Conclave is based on the leveling system of the game *Inquisitor – Martyr*.

Regarding Items & Equipment

Unless otherwise stated, any items purchased here that have been lost or destroyed will return to you or to your Warehouse at the end of the week.

If you purchased any weapons with modifications, such as the Bolter for example, and chose to purchase a second copy of it, you do not need to purchase the modifications again.

Unless otherwise stated, you will receive twenty-five magazines—or the closest equivalent—of whatever ammunition your purchased weapons utilize. These rounds are replenished at the end of the day.

Imperial Drugs will only give you the substances that are relatively common within the Imperium. If it is unique or otherwise unavailable to Inquisitors without going through great trouble or effort, you will not find it within the chest. Basically, any Imperium consumables within the various TTRPGs are fair game.

The Remains of Saints only include the actual body parts of Imperial Saints. It does not include any of their equipment. For instance, the Righteous Femur of Saint Brannicus is fair game. The Daemonhammer of Saint Agamemnon the Just, on the other hand, is not.

Auramite is said to be almost quantum-inert, making them the second-best materials for use in manipulating the Immaterium, behind bare skin. In practice, this doesn't really come up. Psykers in the setting don't really show any loss of efficiency whether they're armored or not.

Any vehicles you purchase will come with a crew comprised of not-too intelligent servitors. They'll be good enough but if you want your rides to truly excel, get a proper crew. For voidships however, your crew will be composed of humans, complete with astropaths and a navigator if you don't already have the services of one.

Regarding Ships

The number of **Aurvus Lighters** you get per ship is listed below.

1. **Galaxy-class Troop Ship** – 2
2. **Sword-class Frigate** – 10
3. **Inquisitorial Black Ship** – 25
4. **Armageddon-class Battlecruiser** – 50

Regarding Companions

Companions are loyal to you first, barring drawbacks, but they will encourage you to go along with their philosophies.

The Winged Dreadnought, Nitos Allarius, is interred in a Contemptor-Osiron Dreadnought.

Yes, the **Serpentine Queen** is a giant reference to the Viper King from XCOM 2.