

PART 2 - Land of the Sky Father.

The introduction you read is determined by if you destroyed the Deadlight artifact or not.

Deadlight Intact

Watching the recording of The Light of Terra slowly, painfully docking with the Hephaestus Automated repair and resupply station has come to be something of a habit for you now, the sight of the ship, venting atmosphere from countless gashes in her armoured hull, slowly almost drifting into a repair bay ready for the long, arduous process of once again being restored to her former glory a stirring one, a testament to your drive to survive and thrive, even in the most inhospitable of environments. In the recording you can just make out the sight of almost a dozen titanic servo arms, monstrous kilometer long crane things swinging into position to begin work before the blast doors slide shut and block the sight of your ship from view.

Strange to think even with all your hard work aboard The Light none of this would have been possible if your long seperated companions hadn't landed on the station itself and managed to bring it back to life, the Cogitator Core roaring back to awareness mere minutes before The Light dropped out of warpspace.

Suffice to say, that reunion was particularly heart-warming. You never really understood how much of an anchor they were till they were gone.

You turn away from the screen and look out of the reinforced plasteel window that forms a wall of your office.

You look out over a world.

Over your world.

Before being trapped within the warp for all those long, uncounted millenia the Light of Terra carried her own Imperial Guard regiment, and the supplies and equipment that would have allowed them to take control of a hostile world was still locked securely within her holds. The descendants of the ships original crew who joined you, willingly or not, have all been shuttled down to the surface. Thankfully the gear of the Imperial Guard was designed to be as accessible to a feral worlder barbarian as it was to someone from Holy Terra herself.

From aboard the Hephaestus you can already see the lights starting to glow, tiny pinpricks of

diamond as night sweeps across the world, each dot marking out a new building in your growing settlement.

Judging by the paperwork, each dot also marks another dozen problems and teething troubles your newly formed civilisation is experiencing, but that is something to worry about later. For now you simply enjoy the sight of your achievements.

Deadlight destroyed

Irritating. That's what that was. Too much time spent hunting things through cramped, rusty little passageways and scouring out the wretched, vermin infested pits they called home. At least now your companions have arrived, finally turning up from wherever they wandered off to without you too keep an eye on them.

Sometimes its even difficult to regard the ones who follow you as people. Not your companions, regarding them as people isn't too difficult. It's the tribals who have aligned with you, willingly or not. Slow, weak, superstitious, stupid, stinking, unwashed little shambling idiots, but at least they understand their place. Occasionally, very very rarely one will accidentally meet your gaze, and that second of pure, unadulterated awe in their eyes before they prostrate themselves is ... enjoyable. That and the fear. The fear is nice too.

Still, things are looking up, somewhat. The ruined hulk you were trapped on is now being rebuilt above you, the reactivated station a new and brightly burning star visible above the settlement even during the day. There were enough resources in her holds to have your followers start building, and you couldn't really see any reason to stop them, aside from the possibility their smell will ruin your new world.

Ultimately it was either ship them to the planet or keep them aboard ship and let the unwashed mass who has submitted to you befoul your new toy.

Sometimes the sheer hardships you face leave you in awe of yourself.

Before you begin your work reshaping the world to your liking you decide to see what the neanderthals have done.

Understandably as it turns out, not much. One building in the day or so they've been here. It would be almost half decent sight if those ugly purple clouds weren't slowly spreading across the horizon though, the sunlight filtering through them giving everything an almost warped appearance.

You can't help but smirk. It's a temple.

To you.

Companions

The time spent aboard ship has most likely had a marked affect on the companion you obtained previously, sometimes visibly, sometimes not. Each of them has improved their skills and obtained new followers.

Any previous companions you had may rejoin you, though if the Deadlight is still intact they too are limited to a basic human form.

If the Deadlight has been destroyed, proceed to the end of the companions section.

Toby The Tyranid. Still best not to think about it too hard.

Shortly after you made planetfall a badly wounded Tyranid spawnship drifted into the upper atmosphere. While it is barely alive and will take almost as Long as the Light of Terra to heal it is still in posession of a working factory-womb and can still spawn limited numbers of tyranids. While you cannot spawn any of the great psychic beacons that are Zoanthropes or the terrifying Hive Tyrants without loosing control of your swarm to the Hivemind, at your command hordes of lesser creatures will be birthed to rain down in spore pods and swarm your foes. The more biomass the spawnship is forced to use the weaker it will become though, so if food is scare be careful or you may kill your greatest asset here.

While individual Tyranids can only evolve minor adaptations, Toby himself will begin to spin a bizzare chrysalis about himself shortly after the ship arrives, and when he emerges he will have evolved into a new and terrible form, an event never before witnessed within the galaxy.

Due to your partial control over Toby you can influence his evolution into one of the following forms.

Dimachaeron

The Dimachaeron appears to have evolved for a single purpose, to slaughter those identified among their prey as leaders in the midst of battle, spreading terror and dismay among the ranks of all who resist the Hive Mind's advance. Bristling with blade-arms studded with sickle-like claws, it can slice a fully armoured Space Marine in two and, able to leap a Leman Russ Battle Tank without breaking stride, when stalking its prey the Dimachaeron dispenses with the slow, stealthy approach of the Lictor and instead relies on sheer brutality and animalistic rage, leaving a gore-soaked trail of carnage behind it.

Perhaps even more fearsome than the array of sickle claws, razor-sharp teeth and tail spikes is the spine-ringed maw hidden within the Dimachaeron's thorax. Any foe unfortunate enough to be caught in the beast's grasp will be held in place while the thorax hinges open and the fanged maw impales them. While the trap-like jaws of the Dimachaeron's ribcage hold the victim in place, the spine-maw injects them with a potent bio-acid, reducing their internal organs to a slurry of nutrients that are then absorbed by the Tyranid to bolster its own physiology, allowing it to ignore all but the most horrific of injuries.

Harpy

The avian Harpy has a long and sinuous body with massive leathery wings and a broad, armoured head. To better harness thermal currents, its body is hollow, resulting in it being relatively fragile compared to Tyranid creatures of similar size. However it has superior agility in their air than even technological fighter-craft can manage. The Harpies' undersides are covered in bloated cysts that can rain down Spore Mines onto luckless prey. It can also emit an ear-splitting shriek that might rupture eardrums and is excruciatingly painful or even fatal, and at the very least causes disorientation. Opportunistic by nature, Toby will avoid protracted assaults, preferring instead strafing runs and swooping dives, or engaging enemy skimmers ill-suited to fighting back. This form will also mount twin Heavy Venom Cannons. The Heavy Venom Cannon is a larger and deadlier version of the venom cannon that launches a greater crystal payload at supersonic speeds. The shot collides with enough force to cave in enemy tanks, and also releases a residue of the electrostatic firing charge upon collision in a lethal blast of electrical energy.

Maelceptor

The Maelceptor is a living psychic engine, with energy spearing from its cranium to vaporize any who cross its path. Those Psykers with minds strong enough to survive its psychic screams are laid low by its powerful Scything Talons. Even in defense these creatures are potent foes, for its sixfold mind-nodes generate a psychic barrier that consumes the bullets and energy blasts sent against it. However these brain-arrays fulfill another more sinister role. The ethereal pseudopods that snake from the Maelceptor's lobes are best described as the Shadow in the Warp made manifest. Should one of these ectoplasmic tendrils so much as brush against an enemy, the psychic immensity of the Hive Mind will invade the victim's brain, overloading it with such a force as causing the unfortunate subjects head to explode.

Tervigon

The Tervigon is a massive Tyranid which serves as a living incubator capable of spawning waves of Termagants into battle. A Tervigon can carry dozens of Termagants in a dormant slumber kept beneath its lumpen carapace, ready to birth at a moments notice, and its monstrous form capable of producing more within hours. When traveling through space, Tervigons do not go dormant like other Tyranid creatures but instead roam the Bio-ships acting as guards capable of yielding Termagants to delay any intruders whilst using their potent synaptic link to awaken other Tyranid creatures. If a Tervigon is killed its nearby young are inevitably also killed in a released symbiotic backlash.

Toxicrene

Physically imposing, the Toxicrene accompanies Tyranid broods into battle and uses its tentacles to thrash at those who venture too close. However its most feared weapon is the choking clouds of spores that blast out from its dorsal chimneys. Each cloud is composed of millions of tiny spore organisms that possess a predatory sentience, deliberately forcing themselves into the respiratory systems of non-Tyranid organisms. There they nestle and embed, feeding on the moisture of their host and growing an astonishing rate, causing organs to rupture, airways to close, and lungs to fill with blood.

Carnifex

Carnifexes excel at thunderous charges, where their immense bulk is used to crush or smash through any opponent or obstacle. They are not as swift as other Tyranid creatures but their brute force more than makes up for this. A Carnifex's stampede takes time to build force as their incredible alien musculature strains to propel it forward. As it builds momentum and reaches top speed, the ground shakes with each stride of the monster and foes are scattered or trampled before it, and only fortress walls or Super Heavy Tanks have any chance of surviving the ferocious impact. Most Carnifex kills registered come from high energy attacks - lascannon, plasma and melta weapon strikes to critical locations. Carnifexes can shrug off other small arms fire and even boltgun hits with minimal loss of function. As a Carnifex Toby seems to have swapped his scythe like main talons for a pair of truly intimidating guillotine like claws and a massive reinforced bone club on his tail. The Carnifex is best known for another reason aside from its considerable combat prowess however, for it boasts the most impressive regenerative abilities of any Tyranid. Indeed, stories and reports of slain Carnifex rising up fully healed to continue the fight are far from uncommon.

Tyrannofex

A Tyrannofex is a monstrous battle-fortress species of Tyranid. Its bulk, armour and weaponry makes it a match to, or even goes beyond, its foe's most powerful battle tanks constructed of more conventional technology. A Tyrannofex has a massive cannon fused with its torso, the largest and most destructive Tyranid weapon carried by anything smaller than a Bio-Titan. The nature of the main cannon varies between Tyrannofexes. Toby seems to have evolved a Rupture Cannon which launches two cannonballs in quick succession. The first is a bloated tick that bursts upon impact, showering the target in oil. The second is a hard, virtually impenetrable seedpod. The fluid from the first hit dissolves the shell of the second in a fraction

of a second, causing a massive implosion of the target powerful enough to force armoured vehicles inside out.

Shas'O Ko'el, Tau Battlesuit Pilot.

Once free of the Light of Terra Shas'ui Ko'el was able to return to the scoutship his unit had launched from and finally made contact with his superiors. At first surprised at his survival and then shocked into silence by his story Ko'el was ordered to return for debriefing. A little sad to see someone who had become a close friend leaving you turned your attention back to settling the planet. What you didn't expect is the same ship Ko'el left on returning a few days later, bearing one of the Ethereal Caste, the leaders of Tau Society! After a few days of negotiation a deal was struck. The Tau would aid in restoring the ship in return for the chance to study the wealth of Pre-heresy information stored aboard her. While they cannot give you anywhere near the resources you would like due to the simple fact the Imperium is always watching and would not allow you to live if they were aware of your possession of the Light, soon enough a trio of transports are landing and thirty Fire Warriors have joined you, as well as almost a hundred Kroot warriors and three hundred Tau Earthe Caste technicians and scientists.

Perhaps best of all, Ko'el returns, newly promoted to the rank of Shas'O, and piloting a spectacular new battlesuit, which you may now choose:

VX-88 Broadside Battlesuit

The Broadside Battlesuit or XV-88 is the heaviest variant of the Tau Crisis Battlesuit. Designed almost exclusively with the Tau's long range combat doctrine in mind the Broadside mounts two titanic shoulder mounted Twin Rail guns capable of punching a pinsized hole through almost any armoured vehicle, the pressure as the bullet passes through enough that the crew are simply sucked right out of the tank as a fine bloody tinted mist. The Suit also mounts twin pods in place of the hands, these used to saturate an area with explosives.

XV-09 Hazard Battlesuit

At its core, the XV09 is a short-range close combat weapons platform, its reinforced chassis being much larger than any other Battlesuit design and using experimental technology to pack enormously-powerful weapons powered by a compact energy core. This loadout, besides going against typical Tau military doctrines, also requires a substantial expenditure of resources to produce. Traditionalist elements of the Ethereal and Earth Caste have argued that that these costs would be better used building more tried and true weapons, however those Fire Caste members who use it, especially members of the Ke'Ishan Sept, swear by its ability to fulfill the counter-attack role. The standard XV9 armour is armed with two Twin-linked burst cannons, energy weapons capable of filling the air with hundreds of photon blasts in mere seconds, short ranged but extremely deadly, and has inbuilt photon casters to launch defensive Photon

Grenades. In addition to their jetpack, the armour also has Vectored Retro-Thrusters for increased maneuverability.

XV-08 Riptide Battlesuit

The pinnacle of Earth Caste battlesuit development, it stands twice the size of the XV8 Crisis Suit series. However, it nonetheless is an extremely agile and fast suit, being easily capable of outmaneuvering more crude Imperial walkers. The Riptide draws power from two primary energy sources. The first, the Fusion Reactor, is the standard and more reliable method of energy. However the Riptide is also equipped with a Nova Reactor, an experimental dark matter energy source that is only activated should the Riptide's Shas'vre pilot require a burst of extra power. Extremely lightly armoured and under gunned compared to other suits, the Riptides lightness and massively overpowered energy sources allow it virtual flight, and its Fusion Blaster can be truly formidable when used properly, the pilot dancing through opponents to target seldom seen weakspots.

XV109 Y'vakra Battlesuit

The Y'vakra is equipped with a triple barreled phased-plasma flamer capable of vaporizing even hardened ceramite, and a massive EMP Discharge Cannon designed to incapacitate enemy war engines. The complex vectored thruster array incorporated into the Y'vakra's impressive armor allows it to traverse the battlefield in long graceful bounds, slamming into the greatest concentration of the enemy and reaping a heavy toll in lives before jetting away. An impressive piece of engineering, the Y'vakra goes against almost all conventional Tau military wisdom in that it is incredibly well armoured, sacrificing speed and power for the ability to virtually ignore most opponents.

Shauphezh Xi'Cokemeq, Dark Eldar Reaver, Featuring The Barons of Moves Like This.

Shauphezh doesn't change at all, the time the two of you spent aboard the ship less than a fraction of a second to the essentially immortal Dark Eldar.

Well, perhaps she does grow a little fonder of you. It's hard to tell. It might just be her idea of a joke, so you aren't quite willing to risk asking, but she does seem to smile more when she is looking at you and thinks you aren't looking at her.

The two of you are quietly minding your own business asleep in bed one morning, shortly after making planetfall when a sudden and terrible sense of impending... something brings you to full wakefulness in the blink of an eye.

Standing at the ... no, not standing.

Posing.

Being absolutely fabulous.

Being absolutely fabulous at the foot of your bed are three Dark Eldar. Clad in tiny, disturbingly figurehugging costumes the three simply hold their poses, an aura of danger and fabulousness almost radiating from them. Someone clears their throat and you turn, and there is another, 'regular' Dark Eldar stood next to you. With perhaps the most long suffering sigh you have ever heard he hands you a sheet of paper. It has a location, it mentions a band of pirates who will be landing there to attack and loot your fledgeling settlement and then there are the last two lines.

**We are The Barons of Moves Like This.
We require an audience.**

You awake later in a partially constructed medbay, and try to piece together what happened. You attended the event with a half dozen of your followers, the pirates were there, and The Barons of Moves Like This arrived, after that... it all ... it's a blur of glitter and fabulous terror. You dimly recall seeing one of the barons delivering a pelvic thrust so glorious one of the pirates turned himself inside out on the spot, his internal organs shooting out of his eye sockets, but your mind lurches away from the recollection. Some things were too spectacular for mere human minds to comprehend it seems. Too fabulous.

The same Dark Eldar who handed you the paper earlier is still here, apparently waiting for you. You aren't quite sure where he got the cigarette, but he nods at your unspoken question and announces "A roadie, yeah. The Barons are impressed you survived, and they like the light here. Say it gives better quality flexing time. Make sure they get enough of an audience and you'll do well on this one."

Necron Tomb Spyder

Your little adventure aboard the Light of Terra has no effect on the Tomb Spyder. Sitting in an empty room for millions of years didn't bother him, so however long it took to get the ship into dock wasn't an issue. In fact, the only time it did anything other than blindly obey your orders was just after you made planetfall. It turned, orientated itself with some distant beacon and

slowly drifted away. Following you found it digging at a spot not far from you, and it quickly unearthed something.

Something massive.

A complex that seemed to stretch on and on, deeper and deeper, with one of the largest chambers what you suspect to be close to a kilometer tall.

Almost all of these massive rooms are empty.

One you find partially collapsed. Excavations are quick, aided by the claws of the Tomb Spyder. Soon enough you have unearthed what the chamber held - the ancient remains of a massive circular machine of some kind. Evidently the occupants were evacuating for some unknown reason, and geological instabilities caused the roof to collapse before they were gone, for as well as the ruined gate there are what must be close to a hundred Necron Warriors who all turn to silently regard you. After a few moments where you dare not move they all raise their weapons in salute and snap into what you think must be parade rest.

Behind them something is simply there. One moment empty space, the next a titanic black pyramid is slowly rising into the air. Panels slide away and around the four sides titanic Gauss Flayer arrays swing out into readiness, the very top of the pyramid opening and a massive green crystal appearing, humming with energy. You can feel the power of the thing from halfway across the room!

There is a rush of displaced air, a noise something like a sonic boom and suddenly you, your entourage, miners, Tomb Spyder, Necron Warriors and all are back on the surface, right where you landed. returning to the chamber proves pointless, for it is now empty, the monolith teleported elsewhere by your presence.

As well as the soulless Necron Warriors you also gain your choice of the following:

A Tomb Stalker

These large centipede like machines were previously an unseen form of construct used by the Necrons and shaped after huge, un-living ancient beasts of prey. They are noted for being swift, tireless and relentless engines of destruction that have the single-minded task of protecting the ancient sepulchres of Necron Lords. As such, they serve a similar function as other constructs by guarding their masters' sleep whilst being eternally vigilant for any signs of intruders that would dare interrupt their lords' slumber.

The arcane machinery within a Tomb Stalker allows it to detect the pulse of life through hundreds of meters of solid rock allowing it to track its prey with ease. This, combined with a type of phase field, allow it to tunnel through solid matter as if it were swimming through water and strike at targets without warning. As such, there is often little left of their an enemy, beyond dust and blood, in the wake of a Tomb Stalker's attack.

A Tomb Stalker is armed with a devastating mixture of Gauss weaponry as well as razor-edged talons, giving a Necron army a powerful mixture of firepower and combat agility.

A Necron Destroyer

While those few Necrons still capable of thought long for a return to their organic state, Destroyers have thrown that dream away in order to pursue the all-important goal of annihilation. They ruthlessly adapt, augment, or expunge any facet of their physical form in order to better their combat capacity. Even the Destroyer's senses are reconfigured to better serve target lock and prediction capability, its neural circuitry repathed to improve response times at the cost of emotions. Destroyers will still flee before an enemy, seeing retreating as a form of self-preservation rather than base organic fear.

Destroyers are found on every Necron Tomb World, suggesting that the descent into this particular form of madness is driven by subconscious imperative - possibly one implanted by a C'tan. Most Immortals are banished to the outskirts of their Tomb Worlds, dwelling in isolated fortresses ruled over by courts of Destroyer Lords.

In battle, the brutal efficiency of Destroyers more than compensates for their habitual insubordination. Many Necron Lords and Nemesors build campaigns around the actions of Destroyers, rather than making doomed attempts to enforce their own plan on the twisted warriors. So long as a Destroyer knows that there are other forms of life, it will direct its baleful attention upon their destruction. Once the enemy is destroyed, Destroyers pay little heed to their allies.

Destroyers are armed with a huge and devastating Gauss Cannon. This heavy weapon is very effective against lighter infantry, though still capable of damaging light vehicles reliably. They are engineered with anti-grav technology, and can easily equal Eldar Jetbikes in mobility, able to redeploy and begin firing again within a matter of seconds.

A Deathmark

Even when they existed as the Necrontyr in flesh bodies, Deathmarks had a reputation for precision and patience. Like most Necrons, their technology lies far beyond the realm of mortal comprehension and they can effectively slip in and out of dimensions at will. Their victims will assume that they have been ambushed, and that the Deathmarks teleported onto the battlefield. The reality is that they were already there, waiting for just the right moment to lay their trap and catch their prey with their Synaptic Disintegrator rifles.

Due to their nature as agents of assassination and ambush, the ancient codes dictate that Deathmarks cannot be deployed against nobility or other "honourable" races. This matters little however, as Necrons consider most alien foes to be not worthy, unless they prove otherwise on the battlefield. Since almost no one has lived to tell the tale of a Deathmark attack however, this gives all save the more traditional Nemesors free reign to deploy them against any alien they wish.

When fighting, Deathmarks reside in a pocket dimension; a hyperspace between now and then, and can from here observe the battlefield, and even tap into enemy transmissions, only to materialize and strike when they deem the opportunity to be right, or from orders of their commander. When a target has appeared, they exit their dimension and place a mark in the shape of a green halo over the head of their target, which allows them to track it no matter where it runs - hence their name.

A Flayed One Pack

Flayed Ones are Necrons who have succumbed to the Flayer Virus of the Star God Llandu'gor, a process which drives them insane with hunger for blood and gore. They wear the skin and body parts of their opponents, spreading mass terror across enemy lines.

Flayed Ones are loathed by other Necrons, fearing their virus. Due to this, any Necron infected will be exiled or destroyed, although some of them will always escape into another dimension to join their degenerate kind. They have no regard for strategy nor tactics, just appearing on battlefields, lured by the smell of blood and carnage, and will attack anything they get their eyes on. This being said, they are not stupid: Flayed Ones have been known to stalk prey and wait for long periods for an exposed weakness, giving them the perfect opportunity to attack.

A Nemesor won't rely on Flayed Ones, nor change his tactics to accommodate their presence, as they are far from predictable and refuse to take orders. When a battle is over, the commander usually orders the destruction of the Flayed Ones, but just like before, some of them always escape back to their dimension, waiting to once again materialize onto the battlefield to slake their eternal thirst and hunger for blood and flesh.

Hooligan Tuesday

'The Sarge and Tuesdays Terrors'

Raised by the Imperial Guard and having spent her life safely tucked away into a command structure where she never really had to think for herself, always able to expect orders from higher up meant her new life aboard the Light of Terra was as much a culture shock as anything.

Determined to make up for accidentally getting you hooked on Morphine the woman surprised herself most of all as she quickly transformed, the pressures of surviving in such a hostile environment forging her into an extremely effective companion and as more and more of the tribes joined you, a skilled and capable commander to boot.

Finally guiding the Light into dock the two of you make a surprising discovery. The Imperial

Guard ship that Hooligan and her fallen squad had been dispatched from had been dragged along within the Light of Terras warp field, and was floating alongside. Requisitioned under greatest secrecy by an Inquisitor the regiment hadn't even known they were to try and retake the ship till they were being sent to die aboard her. Eventually the survivors rebelled, executed the Inquisitor and his retinue rather than be marched to their deaths and had been stuck aboard their own ship till now.

Upon discovering just how big a part the two of you played in getting them to a position where they can make planetfall the guard remnant are quick to rally behind Hooligan which is why you make planetfall in an almost two thousand strong group of tribal survivors from the Light and former Imperial Guardsmen as well as the support personnel to keep them all working smoothly and why Tuesday herself is now cheerfully ensconced in the commanders chair of a super heavy command vehicle, which you may now choose:

Lucius I-VII Pattern Stormblade

A titanic barely mobile metal fortress the Stormblade mounts a Ryza-pattern Plasma Cannon, a powerful if short-ranged weapon capable of obliterating Titans and virtually evaporating other super-heavy vehicles, powered by massive photonic fuel cells. Additional space left over is used for extra heat shielding to protect the crew and an extensive cooling system to make it more reliable than the Executioner. To compensate for the loss in long-range firepower both sponson turrets are fitted with Lascannons with a fire control system adapted from the Baneblade, while the sponson mounts themselves are fitted with twin-linked Heavy Bolters and a coaxial Heavy Bolter is also included. A Targeter just above the primary weapon and an off-set armoured housing for a Searchlight are standard. Slow to traverse the battlefield and slow to fire this behemoth will quite easily remove any obstacle that comes within range of the monstrously sized fixed plasma cannon built into its hull.

Praetor Armoured Assault Launcher

The Praetor Armoured Assault Launcher is a variant of the Crassus Armoured Transport. Armed with a Praetor multiple missile launcher (which the vehicle is named after), the Praetor is used for long range missile bombardment in support of Imperial Guard units. The Praetor missile launcher was last thought to have been used on the land-leviathans of the Tellarite Rebellion forces during the Nova Terra Interregnum. The STC template for the weapon was rediscovered -along with several others of note- by tech-priests of the re-consecrated Forge World of Zhao-Arkkad. This led to the dissemination of the Crassus chassis to introduce the Praetor weapon platform by Zhao-Arkkad's manufactoria. The Praetor has been spread to frontline regiments throughout Segmentum Tempestus.

The Praetor is armed with a single Praetor Launcher, holding twelve gargantuan missiles in three racks of four, each of which can be fitted with a number of different munition types. In addition, the Praetor is armed with two heavy weapons sponsons, typically equipped with Heavy Bolters, but can be exchanged for Heavy Flamers, Autocannons, or Lascannons as required.

Lucius I-XI Pattern Stormlord

The Stormlord is a rarer variant of the Baneblade super-heavy vehicle used by the Imperial Guard. Unlike the more common Shadowsword variant, it is not designed to hunt Titans but instead geared towards the destruction of infantry.

The Stormlord's primary armament is a Vulcan Mega-Bolter, an utterly massive pair of gatling cannons normally mounted on titans and which can dispatch entire infantry regiments in a few seconds of hell with a vicious hail of fire. The Stormlord is normally deployed alongside the Titan Hunters as "pest control". Its massive amount of anti-infantry firepower is the bane of light troops everywhere, but its most widely regarded ability is troop transport, which its older counterparts are not equipped for.

The Stormlord's secondary armanent consists of two sponson-mounted Heavy Flamers, two sponson-mounted Lascannons and a frontal Twin-linked Heavy Bolter and all bar the flamers are capable of using special anti-tank shells in addition to normal anti-infantry munitions. Fired at very high velocities, the anti-tank shells can penetrate even the thickest of armour, turning this variant into a potent tank hunter at need.

Mekboy 'Ardat Jones

Jones enthusiasm for being part of a WAAAGH doesn't even come close to fading at any point in your adventure, even if the WAAAGH is composed of two people, and one of those a human. You do discover that for all his enthusiasm it is surprisingly difficult to keep him focused on actually rebuilding any ships system you can use, the Mekboy spending his time 'makin' fings bettah!', and this generally involves improving his and your weapons and armour. The Ork appears to have gotten into his head that you are an anti-tank specialist, so it really shouldn't surprise you when you wake up and find a truly massive Pilebunker attached to the arm of your armour. Once the issue with you not having three arms is worked out and the weapon is instead fixed to a newly installed shoulder mounted servo arm you come to realise there really isn't much that can challenge you, one on one. A few of the things lurking in the deep holds put up a fight, but they quickly learn to either hide or work in packs.

Between the two of you your WAAAGH is soon a fair bit bigger, with the tribespeople either becoming assistant Mekboys or following you as fighters. As dangerous as they are, the other tribes really have no concept of total war, especially not the Orky kind, and they fall faster than you'd have expected. After that, it seems like it's just a matter of moving people around. Salvagers here, these people can farm the massive, blind fish in the flooded holds, these can be

mechanics, do this, do that, and in short order the ship jumps and you finally manage to escape the almost ruined hulk.

After that, things are... interesting? interesting might be one way of putting it. Less than a week after starting a settlement you and your followers are grouped on a nearby hill as you watch a titanic Ork Rok falling from orbit to land directly on top of what would have been your home.

Still, what you loose in supplies and effort you gain in suddenly having a small mountain fortress for a base. As the dust of the impact starts to settle 'Ardat breaks the silence as he announces "'Ere Boss, I called in a faver, got some new boyz fer ter join yer Waaagh!"

Choose one group to add to your warband:

Grinda and Da Speed Freeks.

The Kult of Speed is an Ork affiliation. Its members are Speed Freeks, Orks obsessed with and addicted to speed. Although most Orks prefer slaughter and explosions, some become addicted to driving really fast. These crazy individuals band together in their own mobs and warbands, full of War Buggies, Warbikes and Wartrukks. Most vehicles are painted red as, according to Orky superstition, "Da red wunz go fasta!" They rely on Mekboyz to build and maintain their vehicles, and sometimes a warband is even led by a Big Mek instead of a Warboss. The obsession with speed can affect any Ork - so it is possible to find Orks from different Clans in a Speed Freek force. Of all the Clans the Evil Sunz have the most Speed Freeks.

Leading a collection of ramshackle bikes and trucks Grinda is famous (or infamous, depending on who is telling the story) as a former Dakkajet pilot who made the transition from air power to piloting a heavy armoured ground vehicle in the middle of a fight when both wings of his jet were shot off. Discovering that piloting or (possibly driving) a wingless jet through an eldar warhost and using the now useless for aviation jet engines as a massive mincing machine was incredible fun Grinda ordered all his flyboyz to make the transition to land-based-but-powered/armed-with-jet-engines and never looked back.

Drozz Bomb'Ava and Da Flash Gitz

Flash Gitz are an elite breed of Ork Nobz who are obsessed with their lovingly customised, ostentatiously polished and painted weapons known as Snazzguns that can potentially wipe out entire squads of infantry in a hail of fire. Unlike other Nobz, Flash Gitz prefer "more dakka" to being "stompier", that is to say, they have a preference for ranged fire over melee combat. They are powerful ranged heavy infantry troops for an Ork WAAAGH! Many Flash Gitz are members of the Bad Moons Clan, where they serve as the clan's elite infantry. In addition to their powerful armament, Flash Gitz often wear garish armour, adorned with bionic eyes (usually called Gitfindas) and skull trophies mounted on their weapons or upon their back. Due to their hulking size and powerful musculature which is typical for Ork Nobz, they are still capable close combatants with their Choppa Bayonets and Sluggas. Flash Gitz consider themselves to be at the top of Ork society, having accumulated large numbers of Ork teeth. Many love to flaunt their powerful weapons to other Orks, and are often accompanied by

well-dressed Grotz who often boast of their master's achievements.

Bomb'Ava himself could charitably be described as a hysterical claustrophobe. Less charitably, he could be described as a mad bomber with an almost pathological need to blow up every building he comes across with his custom gun, a fully automatic rocket launcher the size of a car named 'Da Bustah Machine'.

Killboy and his Meganobz

A Meganob Meganobz are the richest and most battle-hardened Ork Nobz within a warband who pays a Mek to build them a suit of Mega Armour. Piston-driven and covered in enough protective plating to turn its wearer into a walking tank, this armour is incredibly expensive. Yet it serves as the ultimate Greenskin status symbol. Though other Orks mock the Meganobz for wearing so much armour, only the dumbest would do so within earshot. Even a direct hit from a tank round is unlikely to do more than knock a Meganob over, worsening his already foul temper. For many, the only chance of surviving an encounter with an angry Meganob is to outrun him. To counteract this weakness, many Meganobz roar into battle aboard armoured Battlewagons. This saves time that would be wasted slogging across the battlefield, and helps the Meganobz get stuck straight into combat.

Killboy himself is easy to mistake for an Ork dreadnought, a virtual mountain of armour plating and angry Ork muscle, the close combat monster towering over virtually everything at an awe inspiring four meters tall the Meganob is more than a match for virtually anything you could hope to encounter, though given the fact there are less than twenty of the armoured Orks in his retinue superior numbers can and will eventually bring him down.

Pliskin and Da Boyz Wifout Borderz

Ork Kommandos epitomize the Orky virtue of low cunning. Nothing makes a Kommando happier than creeping up on an unsuspecting enemy, his mates slithering through the undergrowth at his side. When the time is right, the Kommandos will burst from their concealment, slashing, stabbing and shooting their stunned prey before they have a chance to strike back.

Kommandos are viewed with suspicion by the majority of Ork Boyz, on the rare occasions they are viewed at all. These small-unit specialists do not socialize with the other Orks, and sometimes exile themselves from the tribe for months at a time, even permanently divorcing themselves from their warband in more extreme cases. The Kommandos prize intelligence and initiative, and some of them are even able to read. Not for them the thrill of a massed charge or a turbo-powered race to the front line in a badly-made truck. Instead a Kommando gets his kicks from slitting throats and spreading panic behind enemy lines before launching a perfectly timed ambush. The horrified look on the faces of their prey, who assumed they would be able to see the Ork attack a mile off, is tremendously rewarding to the members of a Kommando mob. These scare tactics are epitomized by Snikrot of the Red Skull Kommandos, whose name is a byword for terror upon Armageddon.

Likewise, the Imperium, on first being told of these "specialist" orks, was disbelieving, taking it as dogma that Orks are completely incapable of such subtlety, and that none of that species could ever enter combat except in a large mob, with ostentatious armament and bellowing noise.

It is common for each Kommando to have a specialist role within the mob, and have a nickname appropriate to his role, such as 'Fireboy' or 'Throatlit.' Their organized and militaristic outlook means that young Stormboyz often develop into the Kommandos instead of rejoining the right-thinking Ork boyz at the heart of each warband. Kommandos are most often found among members of the Blood Axes Clan who also prize planning and kunning plans above headlong charges.

Kommandos are usually looked down upon by most of the orkish society, believing that "all dat sneaky round stuff just aint what da orks do". But no warboss in his right mind would refuse their services. Kommandos put on camouflage and hide around in cover, using stealth, espionage, guerrilla warfare, and other methods of stealth combat to kill their foes. On the field of battle, Kommandos will assassinate enemy sentries and destroy gun emplacements to give the rest of the ladz a better chance of reaching the enemy lines unscathed thus playing important role in any warband.

Pliskin regards himself as a Kommando in charge of loot acquisition. Usually dropping down in a rokk pod with the rest of his Boyz Wifout Bordaz, Pliskin and his boyz don their standard issue cardboard boxes, sneak into an area and steal EVERYTHING, massively increasing equipment and resources available, as well as greatly hampering the enemy. Pliskin himself can also offer stealth advice, locations of alternate paths, or intelligence about high-level fights.

Princeps Brutus

Saying Brutus is delighted to be the sole Adept of the Omnissiah aboard the Light of Terra would be something of a massive understatement. Even for someone who theoretically should consider emotion as a vaguely fleshy heresy he is utterly overjoyed with virtually every discovery the pair of you make, cataloguing it all exhaustively. At least, he does when he isn't borrowing your phone to play games.

Still, the easy familiarity he has with the ships ancient and recalcitrant systems means things aren't as bad as they could have been. Ancient storage areas give up their secrets, forgotten supply caches are unearthed, and Brutus soon has a veritable flock of Servo-Skulls swooping around him or vanishing into the ductwork to repair some distant system. While his lack of combat skills makes things a little difficult early on, his repair abilities easily offset that. Surprisingly happy to share the rites of the Omnissiah he soon has a small following of his own,

men and women eager to learn the machine secrets he holds and with them repairs take less and less time till soon the ship is ready to move.

You see surprisingly little of your Engineer companion once you make planetfall, with you working out problems on the ground and him overseeing the work gangs unloading the supplies entombed within the Light of Terra before she was lost, so when you receive a message stating simply 'I have found Something.' you can't help but be a little worried. More worrying still is that he apparently transmitted the message as he was landing.

You find yourself hurrying a little more than usual as you move to the landing site you have been using when you feel something. An impact so massive you feel the shockwave through your feet before you hear it. In the silence after the impact your phone rings, and you realise you are just a little hesitant to answer it. You hear Brutus when you do, a cacophany of laughter so utterly delighted it sounds almost deranged.

There is another impact, and another. and another. By the time the fourth has almost knocked you to your knees you are laughing in utter delight as well as you watch the colossal machine stride towards you.

Apparently Brutus has found a fully operational Warhound Titan.

Warhound Titans are primarily designed to perform reconnaissance missions and terror raids deep behind enemy lines. As the eyes and ears of the Legion they typically range far ahead of the main battlegroup and operate in pairs in order to outmaneuver larger Titans they might encounter. In major engagements they prefer to operate on the flanks and seek out "soft" targets such as enemy infantry and Battle Tanks against which their lighter Titan-grade weapons can cause immense damage.

Warhounds are also consummate ambush predators. Where most Titan combat might take place at ranges of five kilometers or greater, Warhounds can lay in wait for their prey to come closer and engage at point-blank range. This potentially allows them to defeat larger foes on their own; a Reaver Battle Titan might tonne for tonne outclass a single Warhound, but if caught by surprise the smaller engine is more than capable of killing its larger foe. The Warhound's ability to go from idle, with main drive and systems shut down and the powerplant almost asphyxiated, to full sprint in less than twenty seconds and crash through stone walls three times its height helps in this regard.

With their emphasis on speed and agility over strength Warhounds are considered lightly armed and armoured for Titans, protected by just two Void Shield generators and limited in their selection of weaponry. The result is that enemy infantry and tanks can actually pose a serious threat to these war engines without proper support. However they are still very dangerous and deadly engines. Warhounds can unleash more firepower than over a dozen

squads of Imperial Guard could hope to muster. Their void shields are capable of sustained bombardment from weapons which would destroy normal battle tanks in a single hit. Sustained bombardment from a battery of Basilisks will eventually topple one over. Warhounds have even been known to survive a direct hit from a Volcano Cannon, though the force of the blow will knock them sideways and their shields will be heavily damaged. In other cases such firepower will result in the Titan's catastrophic destruction, leaving behind nothing but a pair of legs. In general enough firepower to level a city block will pulverize a Warhound.

**The Titan can be outfitted with two of the following weapons
(one per arm hardpoint):**

Turbo-Laser Destructor

Turbo-lasers are known to be very destructive to the surrounding environment, capable of penetrating through the ground down to the bedrock and leaving behind long gouges of fused earth. In urban environments their scorching emissions have shivered tiles off roofs and shattered windows at their passing, and an entire block-row of buildings can be leveled in one sweep of these weapons. Against lesser foes turbo-lasers have been known to cause infantry to ignite and evaporate almost instantly. Even passing just a few meters overhead will sear the meat off the bone of exposed troopers. Turbo-lasers will also punch right through the armour of Battle Tanks, tearing them in two and disintegrating them with a single shot. Imperial super-heavy tanks will also be destroyed by a single blast, though it may take scant seconds to melt through their frontal armour. However the Void Shields of even a Warhound Scout Titan allow it to survive multiple hits from a turbo-laser.

Inferno Gun

The Inferno Gun is a massive Flame weapon designed to be mounted on Imperial Titans and other Super-Heavy Vehicles. It is composed of several linked barrels firing highly flammable chemicals in massive waves of flame. It typically uses Promethium for this task, which is stored in multiple parts and pumped independently into a mixing chamber just behind the barrel to create a chemical "jelly." This jelly is then compressed and released as a jet of flaming mass which sticks to any surface. This massive gout of sun-fire can melt stone and concrete, causing buildings to collapse in on themselves, and even liquidate Power Armoured infantry. It can also effectively clear minefields as the sudden heat detonates their fuses on contact.

Plasma Blastgun

The Plasma Blastgun uses the same technology as its smaller cousins, the Plasma Pistol, Gun, and Cannon, but on a massive scale. Unlike its smaller brethren the Blastgun does not suffer from the same overheating problems due to the fact that the massive engines carrying it can install more efficient cooling systems. Still, the sheer amount of waste heat and thermal shockwave generated by the Plasma Blastgun can be dangerous to anyone standing too near, requiring some caution when operating around friendly units. The firepower unleashed by a Plasma Blastgun is stupendous, able to defeat Titan-grade Void Shields in a few shots and reduce armour to slag. For this reason the weapon is a suitable replacement for the Volcano Cannon in cases where a field refit must be carried out, although the Plasma Blastgun cannot

match it in terms of range and requires the firer to get closer their target. The Blastgun also benefits from the fact it taps directly into the plasma reactor of the Titan carrying it, allowing for an unlimited number of shots. Smaller vehicles which cannot carry reactors must make due with massive photonic fuel cells which provide fewer shots, however even with this in mind the Blastgun is simpler to maintain and supply than other comparable weapons like Turbo-laser Destructors, making it the ideal choice for extended operations. Like many other plasma weapons the Blastgun has multiple firing modes, able to unleash either a single full-powered blast or a series of weaker rapid-fire shots, increasing its utility against many different types of opponents.

Vulcan Mega-Bolter

The Vulcan Mega-bolter is a large weapon usually found mounted on Imperial Titans and other Super-Heavy Vehicles. The weapon consists of twin-linked, heavy caliber, multi-barrel rotating Bolt gun barrels capable of firing shells at 300 rounds per second, making it a highly effective anti-personnel weapon. The roar of the Vulcan while firing has earned it the nickname "laughter of the devil" amongst Titan crews.

The Vulcan is larger and more powerful than even Space Marine Heavy Bolters, each shell able to blast a meter-wide crater in stone and steel. Thus the Vulcan can be used to destroy buildings and light vehicles, although it lacks the penetrative power to defeat bunkers and other heavily-armoured targets. Still, the sheer force of continuous impacts from a Vulcan can even knock a Land Raider sideways. Imperial Titans have also been known to use the Vulcans on each other when being assaulted by infantry: boarders are torn to pieces in a storm of bolt rounds while the friendly Titans suffer minor damage. If the Vulcan has one deficiency it is that it's highly inaccurate, although precision is not needed for a weapon which can fill several hundred square meters with exploding death.

Farseer Carwyn

To be Eldar is to be as certain of everything as possible, to know what has happened, what is happening, and with the smallest amount of effort, what will happen. That goes some way to explaining why for the first few hours aboard The Light Carwyns attitude to you is something like the attitude of a person towards a family pet that will not stop climbing onto the furniture. The animal can't understand it's doing something wrong, and it can't be trained, so you just have to try and ignore its behaviour as best you can.

This lasts until the first time the Warlock looks into your mind and comes psyche to psyche with your centuries of experiences in entirely different realities, decade after decade of adventure. For someone with an almost pathological need to be right about everything having to suddenly re-evaluate his or possibly her opinion of you isn't something the Eldar relishes.

After a little meditation Carwyn has mostly come to terms with the revelation, and you think there might be just a tiny, almost imperceptible bit of respect towards you from the Eldar now.

Unfortunately it just makes her (him?) all the more arrogant and annoying in an attempt to conceal it.

Later, as the Warlock casts runes in a long and involved ritual to determine the possible paths of the future, you absently begin cataloguing the various TV shows, animes and video games where the two leads hate each other and end up in a relationship in your head, only for the sound of the Warlock almost choking on their own tongue in shock to snap you back to reality.

Seems like you just found a way to keep Carwyn out of your head.

Regardless, your own skills and experience, combined with the Eldars precognitive abilities mean that taking control of The Light isn't so harrowing after all, even if the Warlock does occasionally lapse into staring at you, then blushing then telling you how clumsy/ugly/stupid or muleish you are you idiot Mon-Keigh.

Weird moments of tension aside the two of you do work well, and eventually working with or manipulating the tribes you manage to get the Light of Terra into the repair dock. The Warlock all but disappears the moment you make planetfall.

You see no sign of your erstwhile foe for close to three years when he (or she) simply reappears outside your settlement, a large group of fellow Eldar in tow and leading a massive three meter tall dinosaurian creature by the harness. Judging from the fact the Eldar is now wearing the armour of a Farseer Carwyn has gone up in station more than a little. Nodding in greeting your newly returned companion seems content to act as if the three year absence never occurred, handing the reins of the Exodite Dragon to you and commenting "For you. Not.. not because I like you or anything."

Farseer Carwyn has been assigned one warparty, which you may choose from the following:

Howling Banshees

Howling Banshees are one of the types of Eldar Aspect Warrior who represent a facet of the war god Kaela Mensha Khaine. These lightly-equipped warrior-women are fearsome close combat specialists who draw their inspiration from the unearthly creature with which they share a name. What they may lack in brute strength they more than make up for in precision and efficiency, and their piercing warcry has signaled the doom of countless foes.

Unique to the Howling Banshees is the fact that they are almost always female, for the banshee of legend is itself a female spirit. Fast and athletic, Howling Banshee training emphasizes swiftness of foot and mobility in hand-to-hand combat. Their Aspect Armour is coloured

bone-white contrasted with a flaming shock of orange hair, while their principle armament of Shuriken Pistol and Power Weapon is a devastating combination in close combat. Their most notable weapon though is the Banshee Mask, a powerful sonic weapon which uses a psychosonic amplifier to turn their battle cry into a howling shriek of psychic rage which attacks their enemies' central nervous system. An entire squad of Howling Banshees activating their masks all at once can cripple an entire enemy unit before a single blow is landed, leaving them paralyzed and helpless before their onslaught.

Fire Dragons

The Fire Dragons are one of the forms of Eldar Aspect Warriors, who represent a different aspect of the Eldar war god Kaela Mensha Khaine. Embodying the writhing, sinewy dragon of Eldar myth, Fire Dragons are aggressive and warlike close combat fighters who utilized heat weapons to destroy enemy vehicles and strongpoints.

The founder of the Fire Dragons was Fuegan, the first of the Phoenix Lords who learned the ways of war from Asurmen and established his own Shrines on many Craftworlds to school new pupils in the art of fire and flame. When the Fallen Phoenix Arhra betrayed his fellows and attacked the Shrine of Asur, Fuegan refused to leave and was thought lost when the shrine was destroyed until he reappeared centuries later. Tradition has it that Fuegan will call together the Phoenix Lords for the Rhana Dandra, the Final Battle, and be the last one to fall in this epic confrontation.

Fire Dragons take savage delight in the destruction they cause, and nothing short of the complete annihilation of the enemy will suffice for these creatures of wanton destruction. They specialise in destroying enemy war machines and fixed fortifications, as well as rooting out heavily-armoured infantry and weapon emplacements. In this role each Fire Dragon wields a mighty Fusion Gun, capable of reducing an enemy to a cloud of superheated vapour in a second, or a battle tank into a pile of molten slag. Against targets too tough for even these weapons the Fire Dragons carry Melta Bombs, disc-shaped bombs which can be attached to any surface and detonated on command. However, the short range of their weaponry limits the Fire Dragons' effectiveness, especially when speed and tactical flexibility are needed. It is also the reason Fire Dragon Aspect Armour is thicker compared to a Dire Avenger's, including many spiny protrusions which make it stiffer and more resilient, so that the wearer can properly close with the enemy and deliver death and destruction upon them.

Dark Reapers

The Dark Reapers are one of the types of Eldar Aspect Warrior. The most sinister of the Aspect Warriors, Dark Reapers emulate Khaine in his aspect as "the Destroyer," and specialize in the use of destructive, long-range weaponry.

The Dark Reapers are descended from Manguan Ra, the Harvester of Souls, a mighty Phoenix Lord and the founder of their Shrines. It was from him that the Dark Reapers learned that even the mightiest of weapons can be wielded with the precision of a scalpel, and so they take pride in the accuracy with which they use their signature weapon, the Reaper Launcher. Spitting forth

a hail of armour-piercing missiles capable of taking down even the best-protected foes, these weapons allow the Dark Reapers to exert total control over the battlefield and destroy targets at will.

Their unerring accuracy is assisted by their Aspect Armour, a skull-masked costume the colour of midnight. These symbols of destruction include a complex set of interlocking plates which provides better protection compared to other Aspect Armour sets. To absorb the recoil of firing the Launcher and maintain a steady firing position, the powered limb supports include lower leg armour and boots fitted with stabilisers and clamps to secure the Dark Reaper to the ground. Their helmet incorporates specialised rangefinding equipment, part of which extends out of the helmet in the form of sensor vanes, which allows them to achieve target lock on even fast-moving vehicles. This also creates a mind-link with the Dark Reaper's weapon, allowing them to "see" out of the muzzle of the launcher. The resulting increase in their already deadly accuracy means it is almost impossible for a Dark Reaper to miss his target.

The downside to all of this extra equipment, along with the weight of their weapon, is that Dark Reapers are slower and less mobile compared to other Aspect Warriors; given their tactical role of long-range fire support though, this is seen as less of an issue.

Shining Spears

The Shining Spears are a rare type of Eldar Aspect Warrior, embodying the spear of Kaela Mensha Khaine which struck like lightning and kill an enemy with a single blow. The Shining Spears carry the fight directly to the enemy, pouncing upon them without warning to deliver a killing blow.

The Shining Spears Phoenix Lord Drastanta has been missing for many years since the battle against N'Kari that saw Asurmen slain by his own error. The Shining Spears have only a tiny presence on a few Craftworlds, including the major ones such as Ulthwé, but are regarded as an elite force, glittering exemplars of the warrior way. While Shining Spear squads are relatively small, just three to five warriors, a number which sometimes includes an Exarch to lead them, their mastery of the Eldar Jetbike is so complete that each one can execute complex high-speed maneuvers with but a single gesture. In this way even a small unit of Shining Spears can turn the tide of battle, delivering a devastating charge against the enemy before wheeling around for another attack, much like Exodite Dragon Knights. Apart from the twin-linked Shuriken Catapults incorporated into their jetbikes, the ritual weapon of the Shining Spears is the Laser Lance, an elegant weapon used to deliver short-ranged energy blasts sufficient to pierce even the thickest armour. Their Aspect Armour is traditionally painted white.

Force Commander Vanyl Isse.

Learning anything about Vanyll is next to impossible. The man never speaks, and beyond that he is a Space Marine. The thought processes of most of the Adeptus Astartes Chapters aren't exactly the same as regular people, so it's almost impossible to tell what he is thinking at any time.

Being turned into an unceasing engine of woe and destruction against Mankind's countless foes will do that to a person.

You never do work out why a lone Blood Raven is aboard a ship that has been lost for thousands of years, but you do start to form a theory, a theory you start to consider more and more likely as weapons and armour seem to just appear around the crimson clad figure from time to time. In the end it just becomes easier to mentally file it all away as 'tribute' than deal with the fact your companion is a kleptomaniac of an almost legendary degree.

Retaking the Light of Terra isn't hard with Vanyll slaughtering his way through anyone or anything that gets in the way with shocking ease, and it takes considerably less time than you had anticipated to get the ship into a condition where it can make one last jump to safety.

Finally, after uncounted days aboard the virtual ruin of what was once a proud and noble Battleship you are able to leave the mighty ship to the servo cranes of the Hephaestus station and take a shuttle down to join your followers on the world below.

When you land, it quickly becomes apparent your arrival was anticipated by someone, somewhere. A squad of blue armoured marines are waiting for you, and if the colour and the many-headed serpents twisted into a stylised U shape decorating their armour are anything to go by, they must be Ultramarines.

Regardless, their Captain places themselves under your command as though it was the most normal thing in the world.

You may choose one of the following to accompany you:

Devastator Squads

Devastator Squads are specialised Space Marine squads tasked with long-range fire support, entrusted with the Chapter's rarest heavy weaponry. Most Devastator Squads are composed of Space Marines who have recently been promoted from Scout Squads. Though veterans of dozens, even hundreds, of campaigns, service in a Devastator Squad will be their first experience in power armour as part of the main Space Marine army. Those newly-appointed to a Squad, armed only with basic gear, are given the primary duty of providing close support and calling out targets for their more experienced battle-brothers. These Space Marines are armed with the squad's four heavy weapons, an honour earned only after the Marine has proven himself steady and dependable in the heat of battle.

Equipped for almost anything these four squads of three marines each bring to bear Heavy Bolters, Heavy flamers, massive Anti-Armour Missile Launchers and extremely powerful Plasma Cannons.

Assault Squad

Marines are commonly assigned to Assault Squads after exemplary service in a Devastator Squad, where they have garnered experience in holding their ground against any foe. As an Assault Marine, they must not only prove themselves in close combat, but learn other vital skills, such as the operation and maintenance of Space Marine Bikes and Land Speeders. Assault Squads are used for a variety of roles; reconnaissance-in-force, decapitation strikes, and counter-assault missions are common assignments for Assault Squads.

The Assault Squad is made up of nine Assault Marines, led by a Space Marine Sergeant. Because they often operate far ahead of the main force, the Sergeant has a direct uplink to the myriad datastreams and tactical overlays used to coordinate the Space Marine army, allowing for complete situational awareness.

Besides their power armour, Assault Marines are commonly armed with a bolt pistol, chainsword, frag and krak grenades, and equipped with jump packs. These jump packs not only allow them to quickly traverse dangerous terrain with ease, but also for controlled low-altitude descents from Thunderhawk Gunships.

Six Centurions

Centurions are a type of Space Marine heavy infantry equipped with Centurion Armour. Essentially walking tanks, Centurion units are commonly divided into two types of squads.

A Centurion Warsuit allows a Space Marine to stride into battle with the firepower of a battle tank and the protection of thick ablative plates of ceramite, making him immune to all but the most powerful of weapons. Named for the Space Marine leaders of old, the Centurion STC design was unearthed in the aftermath of the Age of Apostasy and after sanction by the Adeptus Mechanicus, they found their way into the armories of almost every Space Marine Chapter.

Centurions are brutal specialist weapons tactically deployed as line breakers and besiegers - where haste is less important than durability. The suits themselves do not interfere with the Black Carapace of a Space Marine, and they do not need to be surgically implanted within the warsuit as is the case with a Dreadnought. Battle-Brothers learn to pilot Centurions as part of their vehicle training, and pilots are not chosen from the 1st Company. Instead, they are chosen from the Chapter's Assault and Devastator units. The most frequent explanation of this is that a Centurion's role requires a Space Marine to be fully immersed in a particular style of war, while the bulky exosuits lack the degree of tactical flexibility that the Chapter's Veterans require.

Space Marines are trained extensively to pilot Centurion troops, in particular to deal with a Devastator Centurion's enormous weapons recoil and the complexities of using a siege drill

under fire while operating an Assault Centurion. Only after a Space Marine has mastered operating tanks and aircraft will they be permitted to pilot a Centurion suit.

Two Dreadnoughts

Siege Dreadnoughts are a variant of Space Marine Dreadnought equipped for breaking through fortified enemy positions. They are armed with an assault drill with a built-in heavy flamer on one arm and an Inferno Cannon on the other. The assault drill is designed to grind through defensive walls and bunkers. Once the wall is penetrated, the incorporated heavy flamer unleashes a torrent of flame that can engulf an entire bunker and incinerate anything within. The Inferno cannon uses huge amounts of fuel and is uncontrollable in its consumption so the likelihood of running out of fuel mid-battle is greater than on normal flame weapons.

The Ironclad Dreadnought is a variation of the Space Marine Dreadnought designed for close combat. It is the most heavily armored type of Dreadnought in the Space Marine arsenal, trading long-range weaponry for thicker ceramite plating. They often spearhead assaults against heavily defended positions, their superior armor able to withstand the firepower of a garrisoned fortress. Akin to gigantic battering rams, Ironclad Dreadnoughts drive a wedge through enemy lines and their deployment often means a quick end to any siege.

If the Deadlight was destroyed, read this instead of your original companion text.

The storm that was building when you arrived has kept growing, the sky filled with angry red and purple clouds that swirl ominously, the faint light shining through barely enough to let you see more than a few feet away, barely enough to do anything but give your surroundings a sickly, almost obscene cast.

When you deign to pay attention to your followers it becomes apparent that even they know something is wrong, tension wrought on their faces as they stare up to the heavens in mute incomprehension.

Something is going to happen, even they can sense that.

Within seconds the air is so thick with tension it's almost palpable. After what feels like hours of stillness the tension breaks abruptly as screams fill the air. In the few seconds it takes you to reach their source, your companion is dead. The person you allowed to follow along while you dealt with the problems aboard The Light of Terra is dead.

Dead instantly, if the sheer amount of splatter is anything to go by. Even the ceiling of your former companions room is wet. Worse, it's fairly obvious to you after studying the bizarre patterns of gore that they weren't simply killed, they were used as the focus of a warp gate.

Something came through here. Or someone.

Less than a second later you discover who, as you are pounced on, arms and legs wrapping around you, the smell of bacon suddenly thick in the room, overpowering even the smell of blood. Shuffling around a little to get a better grip your passenger cheerfully announces "Hwe have cap-toored hyu fhor Kay-oss! Hyu mhyust sub-hmit to whor wheel!

You don't even hesitate. Bringing the smallest fraction of your awesome powers to bear the idiot, whoever she is, is scoured from existence. There are more screams rising outside, so whatever happened here is happening elsewhere. You dismiss the Cultist from your mind and step outside, only for the exact same cultist you just eradicated to slam into you and bounce off with a 'whoooooof!'

CULTIST-CHAN

Cultist-chan is tunnel-visioned in her devotion to the dark gods and considers her position to be her name. She sees herself as one of many, hence often saying "we" instead of "I". Any name she ever had has been lost over a century ago. Appearing as a relatively young female member of the Chaos Undivided cult she talks with easily the most annoying a speech impediment known to man. Standing at just shy of 5'4". She appears undernourished and clad in rags, embossed with the eight pointed star of chaos made using masking tape and whatever else she had available at the time. She smells strange, but not actually bad, but that's probably based purely on the how pious whoever can smell her is; to those pure of faith, she smells of filth and decay, to those devoted to chaos, she smells good, to those unsure of where they stand, she smells mostly of bacon, which may be for better or worse depending on how you feel about bacon. She has an excess of teeth, a majority of which are sharp and irregular in length but otherwise in good condition, as cultist dislikes sweet food.

Cultist-chan has two piercings on her shoulder blades that she hooks a large chaos wheel to, both as a sign of devotion and (speculatively) as a weapon, she has been seen wielding it as such but is probably too weak to throw it any distance.

Positives:

- You think this has its good points? There's a six letter word for that. Starts with H and ends in esy.

Negatives:

- Utterly worthless in combat, ranged or melee. Could maybe kill a small, sickly kitten, if the kitten was asleep and she was very lucky.
- Barely coherent at the best of times, her teeth leave her whistling when she talks. Or breathes. She's always making at least some form of irritating noise.
- When she is talking it's almost impossible to understand her anyway.
- Will constantly try to convince you to pledge allegiance to Chaos. And try to trick you into pledging allegiance to Chaos. And try to tempt you into pledging allegiance to

Chaos. And dressing up as a naughty Commisar and ordering you to ... you get the idea.

- Dirty. feels vaguely sticky to the touch and leaves greasy smears everywhere.
- Will attract like minded individuals who will quickly drive off any competent or sane followers you may have. Very quickly you will find yourself in command of an utterly worthless mass of deranged cultists, scum, mutants and scrunts, good for nothing but mass suicide charges.
- Smells like bacon. To the point where you can't smell anything else. It's a disturbingly good smell.
- DTF. This is double-heresy. You can if you really want to, but the shame will never, ever go away. Also, Nurgle worshipper, so consider yourself warned.
- Cannot be killed, disabled, imprisoned or escaped by any means, the four Ruinous Powers find her failure to ever do anything right deeply amusing and will restore her instantly.
- Will never be more than six feet away.
- Will watch you sleep. And probably eat at least one of your shoes while she does.

The World

Finally you have made landfall, and obtained a world to call your own. There is a cache of Pre-Heresy terraforming equipment aboard the Hepheastus Orbital Repair Platform, technology not seen for close to ten thousand years. This may very well be the last of its kind in existence, and you get to use it to customise the world you will call your own.

Each option gives or removes a small amount of Terraforming Points (TP).
You must end this section with zero or above.

Atmosphere:

Gaia Class

- 3 TP

An unforeseen result indeed. The terraforming machines seem to have collided with an unknown Eldar artifact of some kind. Both were destroyed, and now the air itself seems thick with some form of essence, while overhead psychic energy corruscates through belts of powdered Wraithbone that float high in the sky. Your people will find themselves growing healthier, graceful and more in tune with the world, their lifespans massively extended. The world itself will become akin to paradise, the trees and plants thick with food, the water sweet like nectar.

Standard

- 2 TP

Your basic, everyday Earth type atmosphere. No life support required.

Terraformable

- 1 TP

Poor atmosphere, but it is breathable. It's something like being on top of Mount Everest, sans the freezing cold. It will be possible to use simple terraforming tricks to render the atmosphere thicker and more comfortable, such as introducing hardy plants and mosses, but this will take time.

Toxic

+ 2 TP

Extremely poisonous, expose will leave you coughing up bloody froth from the remains of your lungs after less than a minute. Health issues will be rife amongst those who follow you, but on the other hand, extracting valuable resources is simple as building an atmospherer filter.

Hellworld

+ 3 TP

Not just dangerous to life but actively hostile, the planets atmosphere is a chemical soup that reduces visibility to a few inches and strips unprotected flesh from bone in less than a fraction of a second. Worse yet, some unforeseen mutation has left the atmosphere itself thick with airborne strains of bacteria that adapt with horrifying speed to consume protective gear. Life here will be incredibly difficult, and one lapse in vigilance may spell disaster. As a plus, invasions will be incredibly difficult to even attempt.

terrain:

Perfect

- 3 TP

With almost unimaginable skill the cogitator of the terraforming equipment carves its art onto

the world below, a masterpiece it has planned and contemplated for close to a thousand lifetimes. Over and over again you see miles of flat grassland with deep, fertile soil ringed by rivers plotted with care so they will never flood, and these ringed by mountains that serve almost as titanic castle walls as well. Thriving here will be simple, as will holding what you have built.

Mountainous

- 1 TP

Broken terrain where land flat enough to drop a ball and not see it roll downhill is a rarity at best, the difficulties here are obvious - all travel will either require intensive tunneling, months of hiking or flight. On the plus side, the incredible mineral wealth of the planet is in easy reach now. Wealth is yours, incredible wealth, and your factories will never need stop. Defence will be simplicity itself, even against air power.

Swampy

No Cost.

A thick, clogging layer of muck seems to encircle the world, and dry land is at a premium. Between the heat, the rot and the insects, life here will be difficult at first, but the swamp will look after its own, for it holds a great wealth in plants and animals considered rare or even legendary elsewhere. Defence will be much simpler as well, should you find yourself invaded, the world sapping morale and strength of hostiles.

Jungle

No Cost.

A hot, sultry tangle of plantlife, the world itself seems alive now, one massive, green super organism. For reasons unknown the Terraformer seems to have seeded the planet with a variety of massive dinosaurs, and in the early years they will not know what to make of man, and so will be easy to tame as cattle, transport and beasts of war.

Iceball

No Cost.

A frozen ball of rock hard ice and freezing snow, this planet at first seems utterly inimical to life, but below the surface there are titanic caves, and in the pale blue light filtering through the ice above life thrives here in the surprisingly temperate caverns. The main advantage to this world is that as the ice was formed it went through a chemical process that left layers sometimes a mile thick impregnated with chemicals that can be refined and used to supercharge weapons and vehicles.

Barren

+ 3 TP

Stark and bleak, this looks much like the moon of today does. Mile after mile of featureless sand, broken only by the occasional outcrop of dead, lifeless rock.

Flora and Fauna

Garden of Eden

- 3 TP

The terraformer outdid itself here, the plants that thrive on this world seen nowhere else. Crops are harvested five times a year, and such weeds as grow here are simply a different type of crop, offering diversity in food while helping keep the soil fertile. The animals are mostly decorative, easily tamed and domesticated into a variety of delightful pets, though they all produce something of value, milk or hide or easily worked and beautiful horn.

Terran

- 1 TP

With the diversity seen on the home of Mankind, this world seems oddly familiar. Deserts, great planes, jungles, wide seas, forests, marshes, they all teem with the animals of the world you left so long ago.

Land of The Giants

+ 2 TP

Not a complete system failure, but a failure of a sort. The flora of this world are tiny, trees barely taller than a blade of grass, while the animals themselves are utterly titanic, massive towering creatures that utterly dwarf you. While the plants grow insanely fast, fast enough to keep these titanic herbivores fed, the beasts sheer size and the fact there are carnivores amongst them will cause you problems should any take notice of you.

Bad Batch File

+ 2 TP

Cannot take with Swampy, Jungle or Iceball.

Unfortunately, ten thousand years with no maintenance sometimes causes problems, as is evident here. What few animals and plants were created were created very badly indeed, collapsing and liquifying almost immediately, leaving the world empty aside from titanic mats of slime algae that fills the seas, and a carpet of moss and tiny arthropods that covers the land. While the moss can easily be farmed and will speciate without great difficulty, it will make for an extremely monotonous diet.

Unpleasant

+ 2 TP

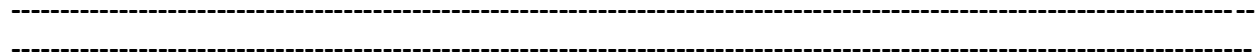
Not all ecosystems must be pretty to look at, as this one proves. Apparently based around foul looking and stinking fungus, giant mushrooms carpet vast swathes of the world, spewing poison spores into the atmosphere as a variety of hideous worms and annelids writhe about their roots. While the spores can be avoided with a simple mask, the sheer unwholesomeness of the place saps morale at an alarming rate.

Deathworld

+ 3 TP

When a Hive Fleet is destroyed, there are inevitably survivors, feral Tyranids who are often deemed not worth hunting down and are simply left to die, the victors assuming the creatures will be incapable of surviving without access to the hive mind. In many cases this is true, but in a handful those few scattered Tyranid survivors have gone on to thrive, co-opt and eventually transform entire ecosystems into some of the most feared deathworlds in the galaxy.

Everything here will try to kill you, and in time any offspring the lifeforms here have will have evolved and adapted to become better at it. This is a world where you give flowers to someone you want to have an 'accident', rather than after they have one.



Special Resources

Mars Pattern Command

- 3 TP

not lost archeotech or one of the fabled STC constructs, this automated factory isn't far off. A circular building around fifty meters across is the only visible part of the structure, the rest safely below ground. Material packages can be airlifted into the hopper on top of the structure, to be processed and build into Might Leman Russ Battletanks, and with time and effort you can equip an entire armoured company with these fearsome machines.

Geocore

-2 TP

Originally a deep core borehole mine this massive well almost to the center of the planet has been repurposed as a titanic geothermal powerplant. While near limitless electrical power is useful, its main draw is the ancient and utterly glorious fixed plasma artillery connected to it. Built in the glory years of the Emperors reign the weapon was christened 'The Hammer of he who Rules on High Terra' and can ensure that any ship attempting to move into your hemisphere will cease to exist in short order.

Archeotech Hoarde

- 2 TP

An ancient cache of pre heresy technology, this long forgotten shipping warehouse contains enough plasma weaponry to equip two hundred troopers.

Graveyard of the Lost

- 1 TP

Proof that this planet was hotly contested is everywhere, vast stretches of the world coated in the ruins of ancient war machines. While time has rendered the bulk of what you see here

worth only its weight in scrap metal, it can all be refined and recast as something new, and there will doubtless be plenty of components still salvagable. There may even be a few still useable units buried there somewhere.

Corpsegrinder

- 1 TP

While it isn't so much a name as a description, the ancient recycling system can be fed things that didn't used to be people as well, and will quickly and efficiently convert any organic material into food bars. Being a model from the ancient and almost legendary Dark Age of Technology this version will produce food bars that people actually want to eat.

Laughter of Cegorach

- 2 TP

A truly bizzare sight, this appears to be some tiny, planet scale version of the Eldars Webway. The gates only truly come to exist when you or your followers approach of their own accord, and they allow almost instantaneous travel from gate to gate across the entire planet. Oddly, whenever anyone uses one the laugh of an Eldar echoes for several minutes.

Aceria Forest

- 1 TP

Once an area tainted by chaos and forbidden on pain of death by the Inquisition either the fell powers that blighted this place have allowed their influence to fade or have turned their attention elsewhere because now this place, strange as it is, is untouched by the Ruinous Powers. Chief amongst the oddities here are Steelstalk Bushes, plants with metallic leaves that drain metals from the ground and exude them as readily smeltable rods. Mining has never been so easy.

The Vandean Coast

- 2 CP

Oddly named due to being many hundreds of kilometers from any standing water, this ancient Imperial manufacturing complex has fallen silent over the millenia, but sufficient power will awaken the complex and its mighty manufactories will stir, ready once again to churn out instruments of war.

NATIVE LIFE (OPTIONAL SECTION)

Friendly Natives (Zoats)

- 3 TP

Once the most common of the Tyranids' many specially engineered slave races, Zoats were unlike most of the Tyranids' assimilated worker-creatures, having independent thinking, and

were therefore often used by Tyranids as a type of ambassador. Hence it was Zoats that were the first members of the Tyranid race to make contact with the Imperium of Man.

Retrospective accounts talk of a race, assumed to be Zoats, having first made contact with the Imperium as early as M38 as their fleet of semi-organic spacecraft attempted to enter Imperial Space, claiming they were escaping slavish oppression. It is clear that via their initial contact the Zoats did not declare their true intentions, nor the true intentions of their masters.

Alternatively, it is possible that as the Hive Fleets evolved more, the Zoats became a less useful tool, their free thoughts an undesired quality. Many of the Zoats, sensing that they were soon to reach the end of their helpfulness to their brutal masters, staged a rebellion. It quickly was crushed, and the rebel Zoats were soon purged from the Hive Mind's forces. Those who survived fled ahead of the main Hive Fleets, and made up that first fleet, and were soon trapped between their former masters and their new aggressors who saw them as an invading force. Being warlike by nature, they typically reacted in kind, and so ultimately fell against both sides.

On your world you discover the last hidden city of the Zoats, and rather than conflict they have come to an agreement with you, choosing to join as allies in the hope that you can ensure their kind does not become extinct.

Hostile Natives (Tarellians)

+ 3 TP

Tarellians are a minor reptilian species of alien found throughout much of the galaxy. They are commonly known as Tarellian Dog-soldiers, because of their snouted faces and their habit of working as mercenaries. During the Great Crusade the Imperium virus bombed most of their home worlds, almost wiping the species out. For this reason they have a great grudge against the Imperium. The Tarellians have not been conquered by the Tau but are often found fighting as mercenaries in their armies, particularly when the war is against humans.

Physically, Tarellians are narrow-waisted, broad shouldered aliens that are slightly shorter than most humans, with long, snouted faces.

Full of hatred for humans the scattered population of this world will stage a series of raids and skirmish with you as often as possible, ensuring that combat becomes a way of life.

'Not Entirely Sure What The Hell' Natives (Thyrrus)

No Cost.

The Thyrrus are a squid-like alien species who see war as a performance, thus making tactical decisions based on spectacle, flash and aiming to inflict the heaviest casualties on both sides - rather than what is tactically sensible to non-Thyrrus.

Perfectly adapted to survival in atmospheric, gravitational, and geographical extremes, They have quadruple forearms each triple-jointed with simple fingers suggesting limited dexterity.

Their lower tentacles, however, show massive strength and dexterity and may provide their means of acute manipulation. They have four eyes, suggesting 230-degree peripheral vision. The forward pair see in high wavelengths such as infrared, whilst the rear pair indicate extreme photosensitivity. They lack an endo- or exo-skeleton, and are instead supported by a cartilaginous central column. Nourishment is absorbed through a form of osmosis by altering the absorbency of their mouthparts with a fibrous "sieve," and can be absorbed from almost anything. Respiratory regulation appears to be by the same means, providing a type of built-in organic gasmask.

The Thyrrus can change colour and surface texture at will, often displaying gaudy patterns and clashing hues instead of purposeful camouflage, and unfortunately and quite bizarrely seem to have no concept of victory or defeat, with everything in their lives, wars and day-to-day business directed towards some vast, civilisation spanning performance. Any logic, guiding purpose, or audience for this performance is unknown.

Skills and Abilities

While you aren't able to just magically buy new skills and abilities and have them simply inserted into your mind, you do still manage to pick up a few new ones the old fashioned way - through hours and even days at a time of solid graft. You gain 1000 CP to represent your development as a leader of this world.

Cultural Monopolization

200 CP

By now there's a very good chance that those who follow you will be comprised of several wildly different groups, and quite possibly different species as well. Without even realising it you've managed to assemble them all into a single culture that somehow works. Where there should be conflict there is unity, where there should be disharmony there is order. Best of all, those values you hold dear will quickly come to be the dominant ones amongst all who follow you.

Catastrophe Recovery

200 CP

Early on a disaster is only barely averted, and you find yourself loosing more than one nights

sleep worrying about what could have happened. You quickly resolve to organise your followers, and you pen an absolutely inspired set of disaster reaction protocols that see emergency supply caches placed, civilian shelters constructed and crisis relief teams trained. Any sort of emergency can be dealt with quickly and much more easily than otherwise, and this includes hostile actions such as artillery or airstrikes.

Unwavering Belief

100 CP

You stand as a beacon of faith and a figure to emulate. Whatever belief you hold dear will rapidly come to represent the dominant belief of your followers, be it veneration of the Emperor of Mankind, Gork and Mork, The Greater Good, other darker powers or even faiths you brought to this reality yourself from elsewhere.

Civilian Infrastructure

100 CP

As it turns out, there are a lot of things a growing city needs, and most people don't even realise they exist. Census offices, law courts, even sewer maintenance. At first it seems daunting, but you rapidly come to take pleasure in seeing everything working perfectly.

Transport Networks

100 CP

It's amazing how much easier things become with a dedicated transport network - roads, canals, even air travel. You also surprise yourself with just how quickly you map out and arrange for the construction of a major local network.

Healthcare

200 CP

To tribal societies where healthcare consists mostly of 'kill the weak to keep them from draining resources from the strong' the idea of dedicated medical care is almost too good to be true. Regardless, you have decided that it will be implemented, and so it shall be. Centralised hospitals are established, and local walk in clinics are set up, with an established medical training regimen designed. Your followers begin to benefit almost immediately, with overall health levels rising dramatically and rates of illnesses decreasing just as spectacularly.

Literacy Program

300 CP

The passing on of information is vital for civilisation, and literacy is the most effective method to facilitate this. With a determined effort that sees you actually penning a new alphabet to unite the groups following you and instituting mandatory classes you massively boost literacy rates. At first this just means that your followers can simply record knowledge and legends, but as the information available increases it soon becomes possible to form a dedicated research and development group to develop what technology you have available and perhaps to take the first few hesitant steps down the long road of rediscovery of the technology lost during the Dark Age of Technology.

draft**200 CP**

While it is possible to get by with a dedicated volunteer military, in such a hostile universe, it may not be wise. A carefully performed census allows everyone to be organised to serve in the militia, receiving compulsory military training, drastically increasing the available manpower you have available. It also makes it possible to develop civilian infrastructure like roads and dams as the extra manpower means more projects can be undertaken.

Pollution Standards**200 CP**

Perhaps an odd choice to focus on, but you have decided to work to ensure the industry that takes place on your new homeworld is as green as possible. Waste not want not though, because it isn't impossible to engineer your fabrication plants to utilise the run off that would normally be dumped, refining slag and distilling chemical waste. In the end, you make a small loss in productivity in return for a not insubstantial cut in the amount of raw materials required each day.

Military Modernization**300 CP**

With the bulk of your forces being humans who have devolved back to the stone age, their military prowess is questionable at best. Not content to send your followers to a pointless death should hostiles arrive you begin a determined process of modernization, ensuring they are all equipped to the standards of the Imperial Guard.

Defensive Tactics**300 CP**

Constantly running wargames with your forces you come to a new appreciation for defensive fighting, allowing opponents to blunt their strength on fortified positions before counterattacking while they are weakened. Your tactical abilities are dramatically improved on the defensive, and your skill at designing and leading the construction of fortifications and defensive emplacements becomes near legendary.

Agressive Actions**300 CP**

Coming to favour a good solid offensive action over sitting back and waiting you quickly become a master of the cut and thrust of warfare, developing an almost supernatural skill at directing your forces to break apart and then destroy opponents. Your skills at siegecraft also develop, till heavily fortified positions become minor speedbumps at best.

COMPLICATIONS

Your time here will not be easy, indeed, it seems that the universe itself conspires against you. While The first few years are peaceful, aside from the expected problems developing a civilisation eventually some other power will turn its attention towards your home, seeking to take it from you or simply for the joy of conquest. After eight years you must face one of the following unless you chose to destroy the Deadlight artefact in part 1. If so, proceed to the end of this section.

Dark Eldar + 600 CP

The first your people will know of these enemies are the screams that follow them, howls of anticipation intermingled with the tortured sound of air being rent asunder by the jetbikes and skimmers of the raiders. Moving almost too fast to be seen the enemy will be upon them, nightmarish weapons flashing as they carve people to shrieking ruin. The lucky ones will die immediately.

Dark Eldar are similar in many ways to the rest of the Eldar race - tall, lithe, humanoids with tapered ears and sharp eyes. However, generations of physical conflict combined with living inside the Dark City has led to a number of distinct variations. The skin of a Dark Eldar is almost translucent, an effect of the lack of sunlight within their dark city of Commorragh. A Dark Eldar's strength and reflexes are actually superior to that of normal Eldar - pict-captures of the Evolus Massacre had to be slowed to one-fourth speed in order to follow the movements of individual Kabalites as they slaughtered Imperial civilians. Stories of Dark Eldar dodging shots from lasguns and kicking frag grenades back into the enemy's ranks are common, and within the gladiatorial arenas a single Wych is more than a match for any ten human warriors. Dark Eldar senses are also sharper, allowing them to see their enemies perfectly well even during pitch darkness.

However, Dark Eldar psykers are virtually unheard-of. The innate psychic abilities common to the Eldar race have atrophied within the Dark Eldar, partly due to their focus on physical athleticism. Furthermore, to use any psychic powers would draw the attention of Slaanesh, and is one of the few things expressly forbidden within Commorragh.

The Dark Eldar have the advantages of speed and technology, though they are often lacking in resilience and numbers. The Dark Eldar revel in piracy, enslavement and torture, and are sadistic in the extreme. Dark Eldar raiding parties make use of advanced anti-gravity skimmers to launch high speed raids on their enemy while still transporting a large number of their

warriors. Due to their use of the galaxy-spanning inter-dimensional labyrinth known as the Webway, they are extremely mobile, striking from seemingly nowhere, with little or no warning, and vanishing with their captives before significant military reaction can be mobilised.

Ork Warparty

+ 600 CP

The WAAAGH! is the name given by the Orks themselves to the massive military campaigns they periodically unleash on the galaxy as part of their eternal desire to seek out combat and war. The term also applies to the key concept of Ork "kultur" around which the entire Greenskin society, if it can be called that, revolves. Barbaric and savage, the Greenskins spread across the galaxy like a viridian stain. They plague the battlefields of the 41st Millennium in great numbers, overrunning any who stand before them in a torrent of bloodshed and usually mindless violence. An Ork WAAAGH! is war on an apocalyptic scale. Orks beyond counting swarm from one world to the next. Whole civilisations are exterminated and defenders' armies laid to waste as the Orks plough ever onward in an unstoppable tide. Orks need battle just as humans need food and drink. Due to their warlike nature, they constantly fight amongst themselves, or launch piratical raids upon nearby enemies. Such conflicts tend to be small-scale or localised. They never really develop beyond random outbursts of violence and looting. However, Ork populations can reach a critical mass that leads to a full-scale planetary migration. This is known as a WAAAGH!, a crusade of pure aggression that crashes through star systems in an orgy of violence.

Ork behaviour is dominated by the WAAAGH!, which is also the name given to the gestalt psychic field the Greenskins generate that affects the Ork psyche, which allows Orks to instinctively recognize who is "bigga", and therefore who is in charge, since might makes right in Ork society. All Orks generate this field, and it grows stronger as the Orks enjoy themselves, generally while fighting, and as more of them congregate together in one geographical area. The WAAAGH! helps give momentum to the Orks' planetary assault campaigns, which are also known as WAAAGHs! (the Orks like to call a lot of things WAAAGH!s). Such a WAAAGH! is a cross between a holy crusade and a pub crawl, with a bit of genocide thrown in for good measure. Thousands of Orks will gather together, drawn to the power of a single dominant Ork called a Warboss or Warlord if the WAAAGH! is particularly massive, who is bigger and more intelligent than the Orks around him. Then the Orks will set off to find an enemy to fight and defeat. Ork WAAAGHs! will sweep whole planetary systems away and destroy armies and fleets in tides of bloodlust and carnage, and only once the Orks have killed every available enemy will they start to fight amongst themselves again.

This is not a true Waaagh! you face, not yet. If the fighting drags on, it may yet become one, but for now you simply face the greenskinned hordes in their thousands, and not their millions.

Imperial Guard

+ 600 CP

The warp is capricious, to say the least. While stories of ships entering the Warp only to leave days, weeks or years before they arrived are rare, they are not unknown by any means. Ships may also leave long, long after they attempt war travel, the people onboard aware of hours passing while in realspace centuries can pass. Such is the case here, a regiment dispatched to take your world some four hundred years ago has only just arrived, and they are not willing to negotiate. This world will be the Emperors or they will be martyrs.

The regiment is the primary unit of the Imperial Guard. Recruited from a single planet at a single raising, it is founded as a complete entity, complete with its own officer, supply, and support cadres. It should be noted however, that like most everything else in the Guard, the precise details of even these essential elements can vary widely from world to world. Whilst the majority of the regiment, even the non-combatant personnel, will come from their founding world, the Commissars assigned to it are always off-worlders.

After being raised, the regiment is shipped to its posting; they receive their training during the voyage. Their posting can be directly into the heart of a warzone, or it may be to garrison or outpost duty.

An Imperial Guard regiment is essentially a temporary unit, unlike the Space Marine chapters. After being formed they normally receive no further reinforcements. It is rarely practical for regiments to receive new recruits from their homeworlds to replace casualties, mainly due to the immense distances between a regiment's homeworld and its posting. The costs, risks, and time-lag difficulties involved in transporting relatively few soldiers to reinforce their brethren rarely justify themselves, especially when alternate and more efficient means of reinforcement tend to exist. If on garrison or outpost duty, an Imperial Guard regiment may be able to recruit from the local population. If on active combat duty, two or more under-strength regiments may be merged together in order to create a new regiment at full strength. This can result in regiments being bolstered by troopers from their own homeworld, such as in the case of the Valhallan 597th Ice Warriors, or can result in a true mongrel unit, with the Guardsmen included coming from several different worlds (such as the Tanith First and Only).

If any regiment survives for long enough, it can eventually receive reinforcement from children born to the Guardsmen who have been raised inside the regiment and can normally be expected to join it upon reaching the required age. These new recruits, officially designated as "probiters", but more commonly called Whiteshields, are formed into their own platoons where they receive their latter combat training by taking part in actual combat, until they are ready to join the regiment as Guardsmen proper.

Tyranid Splinter Fleet

+ 800 CP

An entire Hive Fleet is directed by the single coordinating will which is its Hive Mind, formed from untold billions of individual consciousnesses, each of which is a living creature in the fleet. Mankind still searches vainly for the higher beings they suppose control the Hive Fleets, and though such mighty creatures exist, they no more control the Hive Mind than single brain cells control a man's body. It is the sum of the Hive Mind which motivates it, not its constituent parts.

Three major Hive Fleets have invaded the galaxy, each coming into conflict with the Imperium. Of the three major Hive Fleet invasions, two entered the galaxy through the Eastern Fringe, but one is moving up from below the galactic plane. The Hive Fleets encountered thus far are just a splinter of the main Tyranid invasion force that is traveling through the void between galaxies.

The bio-ships contain everything required to sustain the fleet; some ships being purely for crushing resistance, the larger ships contain birthing pools to create the huge land armies of the Tyranids and even more ships when the need arises. The nutrients used as food and raw material are replenished by scouring conquered planets of every cell of biological matter, including all the Tyranids it seeded onto the planet. Because the Tyranid forces are recycled in this way, the "design" of the Tyranid warriors can be altered by genetic engineering, allowing the Tyranid forces to rapidly adapt to overcome any enemy. Further, the Tyranids absorb the DNA of defeated enemies, allowing for further genetic diversity. It is believed the Genestealer and Broodlord are derived from Human DNA, the Zoanthrope from Eldar and the Biovore from Ork DNA.

By the adaptive nature of the Hive Fleets, fierce resistance on a planet will only make the fleet stronger in the end; for this reason only a few tactics have been found to work. The first is to draw the Tyranids into a large ground battle, forcing the fleet to deploy as large a ground force as possible. Once this is achieved, the planet is evacuated, following with Exterminatus as the Tyranids strip the life of the planet. This tactic is effective as Hive Fleets are dependent on the impetus gained from absorbing each conquered planet; the Hive Fleet will also have lost the biological "energy" expended to conquer it, including all of the bio-material of the ground forces and by the nature of Exterminatus will not be able to recover any from the planet. This tactic is extreme and also damaging to the Imperium, as it destroys a valuable and habitable planet every time. It has been projected that there may not even be enough habitable planets in the galaxy to stop the Tyranid threat, especially if more Tyranid fleets arrive from outside the galaxy.

Now, the skies darken with monstrous forms and the air thickens with spores as a splinter fleet, a handful of bioships separated from the mighty Hive Fleet Kraken moves to consume your world. While this fleet is small, not yet powerful enough to reconnect to the Hive Mind it is still deadly in a way few other opponents can be, for soon a tide of killing machines will begin to consume everything, ravenously devouring all biomass, stripping away all minerals, even siphoning off the oceans and stripping away the atmosphere itself, leaving the world you stand on a dead, empty husk!

Deadlight Destroyed Complication

The world is lost, but how quickly will it fall?

**The Lords of Misrule.
You receive 0 (zero) CP.**

Things are not going well, to put it mildly. After the first incursion that saw your previous companion slain and an attack by what were clearly Chaos Daemons things have gotten steadily worse. Already the air begins to taste wrong. Sometimes the sickly sweet tang of decay chokes you, sometimes you are almost overcome with the copper tang of blood, sometimes with scents so sweet you could almost weep with despair when they fade, and occasionally filled with whispers, voices just on the edge of hearing, taunting, pleading, offering unasked for advice and commentary.

Your surroundings begin to warp and change. At first barely noticeably, to the point where you aren't quite sure if you are imagining things but soon all is change. Plants sprout leaves of indescribably beautiful crystal and sob with misery when you walk by and do not pick them, grotesque, bloated flies flitting from diamond glass flower to diamond glass flower, each touch staining the delicate petals with foulness and rot. Within a day what followers you have left have covered or painted over every reflective surface, lest their reflections begin to whisper secrets to them. Terrible, unspeakable secrets.

A few days after that you begin the first of what will become weekly purges to hunt down the mutations that have developed within the rabble you have left, your new and ever present Cultist friend by your side.

You think she's protesting the culls, upset with you destroying those who are gifted by the dark gods, but you aren't sure.

It is almost a relief when the first of the armies of Chaos arrives, three stolen transport ships almost crashing down before disgorging some five thousand insane, shrieking cultists and traitor guardsmen, their ranks bolstered by grotesque, spiderlike daemon warengines called defilers and plague infested Ogryns. Behind these come Thunderhawk Gunships bearing the Eight pointed Star of Chaos, a warband of traitor marines quickly making landfall.

Two hundred strong, their ranks filled with possessed marines and hulking living metal Obliterators, The Grim Fuckmakers have arrived.

Behind these Chaos Marines comes an utterly massive ship, a huge, lumbering thing that can barely slow its own descent, the massive lander actually shuddering in the air as if its cargo was struggling to be free. It lands, and you quickly discover that the reason for the size of the transport was because it was being used to deploy a corrupted Emperor Titan. Once one of the greatest war machines built by mankind, now a daemonically possessed thing, insane with the need to kill.

The fabric of reality finally gives way as the Titans first thunderous footstep falls onto the surface of the world, Daemons boiling out of great rifts and finally your true opponents here make themselves known.

Four Greater Daemons, the chosen of the Ruinous Powers.

Tamurkhan the Maggot King, servant of Nurgle.

Tamurkhan bears the form of a vast and terrible Tyranid Hive Tyrant, a five meter tall, four armed, rotted, pus spewing thing of chitin and filth, so rotten it is almost impervious to damage, the decaying tissues of its body simply absorbing blows, foul pus sticking rent flesh together like glue. If Tamurkhan's current body is slain, the true beast inside – a rotting maggot-like parasite will immediately attempt to attack and possess a new host, gnawing its way beneath their flesh and consuming their brain and organs from within. Be careful in victory, lest the Maggot King take your form for his own.

Skarbrand The Exiled One

Skarbrand was one of the greatest champions of the Blood God. He has slain untold millions, left entire worlds ravaged in his wake, and even ravaged the realms of the other Chaos Gods. However, it is also this unswayable dedication to destruction that proved to be Skarbrand's undoing.

Tzeentch, having taken note of the prowess of Khorne's favoured slaughterer, fuelled Skarbrand's rage even more with his whispers. With constant taunting, Tzeentch goaded Skarbrand into ever greater acts of destruction, until his rage grew so great that Skarbrand took up his axe against Khorne himself when his attention was elsewhere. Although powerful enough to fell an army, Skarbrand had only succeeded in opening up a chink in the armour of

the Blood God. Enraged, Khorne snatched up Skarbrand in his clawed grip, and choked him until all vestiges of personality and thought had left the Bloodthirster, leaving only his rage behind. Khorne dragged Skarbrand to the pinnacle of the Brass Citadel and held him aloft for all to see.

Then Khorne hurled Skarbrand across the Warp, where he flew for eight days and nights, leaving a blazing trail of destruction across the realms of the Gods. Skarbrand's landing carved out a massive canyon, and tore his wings to shreds.

Ironically, however, Skarbrand served Khorne in tortured banishment better than he ever could. He had become an incarnation of mindless wrath, unbound by any loyalty or logic, indiscriminately spilling oceans of blood in the name of Khorne.

The Blood God hates magic, and if Skarbrand can feel any emotion but rage, it is hate against the Lord of Magic who fed his insanity and brought him low. As a result the Greater Daemon is not only immune to magic and psychic powers, he projects a null field that emanates almost two kilometers from him. Skarbrand may also in his rage call forth the Bloodtide, a Warp-spawned tidal wave of blood that drives those who touch it insane with bloodlust.

The Masque

The Masque of Slaanesh is a Daemonette and was once Slaanesh's favoured dancer and chief handmaiden until she was cast out by her master. Now she is forced to dance through the mortal and immortal worlds for eternity.

During the eternal conflict that is the Great Game, Tzeentch tricked Slaanesh into battling with Khorne, a war that it could not possibly hope to win, and Slaanesh was defeated and humiliated. Seeing the dark mood of her master, the Masque took it upon herself to please it with her most energetic and scintillating dance ever. However, instead of his usual laughter and joy at such a sight, Slaanesh saw mockery and attacks on his wounded pride in each perfect combination of moves that the Masque executed. It condemned her as a traitor, and cursed her, proclaiming that if she wanted to dance, she must dance forever more.

And so the Masque was forced to dance for all eternity, across space and time, for both mortal and immortal audiences. As she re-enacts Slaanesh's greatest conquest and victories, her mask changes to match the roles of the characters she play. So powerful is the lure of the Masque's display, those who see it are inevitably compelled to join in the performance. Even Daemons are not exempt from the Masque's enchantments. As the dance goes on, the tempo rises, while the Masque's unwitting chorus struggles desperately to keep up, and eventually dance themselves to death, using up their last ounce of strength and dying breath to keep pace with her twirls and somersaults.

The Fateweaver

Although Tzeentch could see all of the past and present, he was unable to grasp all of the uncountable threads of the future. The need to overcome this one weakness took Tzeentch to the mystic Well of Eternity at the very centre of reality, where space and time originate and

end. However, even Tzeentch was afraid to enter the roiling currents of the well; so instead he sent his Lords of Change, but none of them ever returned. Finally, Tzeentch grabbed his vizir Kairos and cast him into the well. This time, Kairos survived, just. But when he resurfaced, Kairos was unnaturally aged, hunched and wizened. His mighty pinions were reduced to feeble vestigial remains, and he now had two heads. Henceforth, Kairos held both the knowledge of the future and the resulting insanity, and sits at Tzeentch's right side as his Oracle. He is constantly mumbling madly, and suddenly bursting into rambling tirades about events still to happen. Eighty-one Lords of Change are tasked with recording every word of the Oracle. A few mighty individuals, mortal and Daemon alike, are granted an audience with the Oracle for the completion of the most challenging of tasks for Tzeentch. The Oracle knows the answer to all questions; but only one head will always answer the truth, while the other simultaneously delivers a contradictory answer, which is false but equally believable. The resulting riddle invariably leaves the petitioner baffled.

On the rare occasion that Tzeentch sends Kairos to the mortal battlefield, he is known as Fateweaver. He and his daemonic bodyguards are truly unstoppable, for he is able to use his great magical power and incredible prescience to influence the course of the battle. However, if any unexpected harm comes to him, Kairos often retreats back to the Warp, afraid that his treacherous master might have intentionally hid that future from him.

You hold. Regardless if the world was lost or not you held the line, and you managed, by almost superhuman effort, to keep the steady flow of materials moving up to the Light of Terra above, the Automated Repair Station in its own way almost as ravenous as the Tyranid hordes, the massive orbital consuming thousands of tons of material a week and incorporating them into your ship, the scars of age and fate vanishing from her hull as she is restored, once again becoming one of the most majestic, awe inspiring Battleships ever to sail the depths of space.

Taking the helm of your new flagship you cannot but help feel a sense of apprehension.

Something is coming.

An end is fast approaching.

**To be concluded in Light of Terra Part three,
The Laughter of Dark Gods.**