

Light of Terra Optional DLC -

A Grand Day Out.

This jump is optional and can be taken at any point during part two of The Light of Terra -

Land of the Sky Father.

DEADLIGHT INTACT

Even before you open your eyes, you know something is going on.

Mostly because you can see things without opening them. An obscene, impossible light is shining down on you, something that defies description, a colour that could not possibly exist within the galaxy.

Clapping your hands over your still tightly shut eyes does nothing, you still perceive the nightmarish colour. You can feel it, pressing down on you, eroding you, scouring away who and what you are, the sheer pressure of all that unrestrained possibility pressing down on you, overwhelming your psyche.

Something is draped across your face, and the pressure retreats. With a shaking hand you reach up.

A blindfold.

Just a simple blindfold.

Somehow though, it is enough to shield you from the almost overwhelming effects of wherever you are.

"Perhaps rather than shielding you from the more overwhelming effects of my home, it simply conceals the distractions and allows you

to see things as they truly are?"

Okay.

Whoever that is, there's a good chance he can read your mind. That and he sounds both absolutely massive and incredibly terrifying.

Experimentally you look around, eyes still shut tight behind the blindfold. What is hidden, and what lies behind that is revealed. The first thing you come to realise is that this place, wherever it is, is so thick with enchantment you can actually pick out the shapes of buildings, the flows of arcane power worked into the stones themselves.

Above the city of magic instead of a sky there is...

ah...

that would explain the entire sanity unravelling thing.

That's the warp.

Not the 'someone had a stranglewank and summoned a daemonette' warp, this is the place causality goes to die.

Actually, it's a fairly dissapointing greeny purple.

It says something about the man behind you that staring into the warp itself is less intimidating than turning around.

He starts to move, and you can feel the impact of every footstep as he walks into your field of view.

Close to twenty feet tall with skin a deep crimson and a mass of burnished copper hair more akin to a mane than anything, the figure is clad in a suit of power armour so ornate and obviously well made it would leave a techpriest sobbing with joy for having seen it.

You don't see any of that, you can't. The sheer power, the mystical energy twisting around him is blinding, to the point where you almost tear away the blindfold shielding you from the sight of the warp.

"Hmm. I had expected you to be taller. No matter. Welcome to my realm, mortal. Should you have yet failed to identify me, I am Magnus, Primarch of the Thousand Sons, and you... yes... you will be of some use to me."

The conversation is short and mostly to the point, ignoring several lengthy diatribes about wretched, yiffing, wolf scum. Cyclopean Magnus, Primarch of one of the Traitor Legions is, to put not too fine a point on it, trapped within the warp. As a Daemon Prince he cannot simply leave and must be summoned.

Under most circumstances.

You, it turns out, represent a unique opportunity. Put simply, you do not belong here. Not the warp, not realspace, not this reality. For most people, this means nothing. For the most powerful Sorcerer ever to exist, it represents an opportunity.

A simple ritual to twist the skeins of fate around the two of you into one, and while Magnus will loose a not insignificant amount of power, he will be free of any and all restrictions, at least till the universe notices, at least temporarily.

He already has plans...

Cyclopean Magnus, Primarch of the Thousand Sons and Daemon Prince of Tzeench will accompany you on this adventure, and for this adventure ONLY.

His fate tied to yours to allow him to freely leave the warp, he is much reduced in power, now merely one of the most deadly entities in the physical half of the galaxy.

Do not mention his eye, and if the subject of Wolves comes up in conversation, it's best to have as negative an opinion as possible...

DEADLIGHT BROKEN

Things aren't going badly today. No major crisis has occurred yet, and what few problems have cropped up haven't been serious enough to require you to intervene.

Usually it feels like establishing a settlement here is the equivalent to building a major theme park on top of a major zoo, in the dark, while an earthquake is going on. Also the clowns seem to randomly explode.

You aren't quite sure where you are going with that metaphor, but as you look out the window

you can't help but not care.

For once, things are nice and quiet.

Seconds later the roar of a Thunderhawk Gunship shatters the air.

One bearing the eight pointed star of Chaos.

You probably should shoot it down, but just one Gunship isn't much of an invasion. It's probably a trap of some sort, and since you know it's a trap the easiest way to deal with it will be to let them try whatever they have planned and then just end them right in the middle of their 'I am your DOOM!' speech.

As it turns out, it isn't a trap, or even a wandering Chaos champion come to challenge you. It's a single Chaos Cultist and he has been sent as both a courier and a messenger, the Thunderhawk laden with a surprising amount of mundane wealth and something else quite interesting, a bribe to try and ensure your co-operation.

A weapon of Chaos

A bound Daemon given form, the weapon will exist as a swirling mass of possibility till you take hold of it, only gaining a real form when it reacts to the touch of its master, shaping itself into the form best suited for you to wield.

Sword, axe, spear or something more esoteric, it will be the type of weapon you favour most.

The Daemon inhabiting the weapon will be totally subservient - steps have been taken to make certain of that. It will happily chat, even offering advice without actively trying to corrupt you.

Roll a d6 to determine the type of Daemon:

1. Nyk the Severe.

"Do you ALWAYS have to be so worthless? put on your special hat so everyone can see."

A Keeper of Secrets and a servant of Slaanesh, Nyk's voice conjures images of coldly beautiful women in severely authoritarian business suits. All business all the time, and that business is yelling at you for being inferior and making you like it. Breast count is currently at eight, though as a weapon she manifests with a dark black mirror finish.

2. Coffin Henry.

*"*Cough* Nnnnever get into a fighhht with anyonnnne nammmed Vimes. *Cough Cough* Wwwwwords of wwwwisdom."*

A Great Unclean One and a servant of Nurgle, Henry is a big fan of ancient, pre heresy literature, taking the name he uses from his favourite character. Quite the talkative fellow, though the fact he sounds like someone dredging a particularly feotid swamp doesn't make understanding him all that easy. As a weapon Henry does have a tendency to ooze bile and pus and appears rusted and filthy.

3. Maybe Sh'yhkh.

"Well, it could happen. obviously, it isn't impossible, so my prediction is....maybe."

A Lord of Change and a servant of Tzeench, no one will every get a straight answer from Maybe. He knows a great deal, but pinning him down to a single topic is next to impossible, and getting so much as a yes or no answer may actually be impossible. As a weapon Maybe can't ever seem to settle on one decorative theme - he wont change while you are watching, but he will randomly alter what he looks like.

4. B'rian the Blessed One.

"Let it be known that honorable combat should be met with glory on both sides! Unless he's a mage, in which case? KILL THE BASTARD!!!"

A Bloodthirster and servant of Khorne, B'rian is LOUD. Surprisingly well spoken, he doesn't appear even capable of understanding conversations can take place at anything quieter than a ear splitting bellow. As a weapon B'rian manifests twice as big as a normal weapon, made of bronze and with a brutal looking skull theme.

5. Schizophrenia of some sort.

"We've been over this. I'm not real. Find a doctor."

An unusual Daemon, to say the least. A Guardian of Contradictions, a Greater Daemon of Necoho the Doubter, God of Atheism, this entity refuses to admit it exists and insists you are merely suffering some sort of breakdown. The more religeous a person is, the more terrifying this weapon will appear.

6. Free Pick.

Lucky you, you get to choose.

Having determined who the weapon is, roll 1d3 to determine how many unique powers the weapon has, then make a 2d6 roll on the following table for each.

2. Sharp as Sin.

Literally sharper than is physically possible, this weapon can slice through any physical barrier.

3.Hungering.

The weapon manifests a nightmarish drive to kill - the smallest scratches somehow become massive, gaping wounds.

4. Void Chill.

The weapon strikes with the icy cold of the void, draining will and life and hope with each

touch.

5. Screaming.

As battle is joined the weapon begins to howl and scream out vile, unspeakable threats and promises that are terrible enough to threaten the sanity of opponents.

6. Bane of the Machines.

Such weapons are held up as the most terrible artifacts of the great enemy by the Adeptus Mechanicus, for they cause mechanical parts to break, the lightest touch driving machine spirits insane and leaving parts twisted and rusted to immobility.

7. Aetheric Rending.

While no better than can be expected at shattering armour, the weapon excels at destroying immaterial barriers such as sorcerous wards or psychic shields.

8. Life Bane.

The weapon seethes with a toxin so virulent that almost no living thing can survive it - indeed, even looking at it can leave the weak wracked with crippling agony.

9. Hell Spite.

The weapon fills the wielder with the rage of the warp for everything real and ordered, leaving them massively increased in strength.

10. Dark Fire.

The weapon burns with the dark fires of the warp, a flame that clings to the living and does not stop burning.

11. Vampire.

The weapon drains the health and vitality from those its wielder strikes, transferring it to its master.

12. Soul Thirst.

A rare and terrible power, the weapon strikes at the soul of those it is wielded against. Wounds of this sort are almost impossible to survive, and can never heal.

Well now....

All that just to listen to an offer.

With the tides of Chaos rising rapidly across the world anyway it isn't as if this will make things worse, and the weapon is rather spectacular, to say the least.

What's the worst that can happen?

When you finally decide to meet with the mysterious Chaos Champion, things move quickly. It takes only a few hours for the Thunderhawk to travel back to its point of origin, a concealed fortress of jet black stone.

The fact your potential contact has the resources to maintain a deep space fortress indicates it is someone with a serious powerbase, but the fact that they can move a craft primarily used for in atmosphere flight across the bulk of the galaxy though? That level of warpcraft means it can only be one of a very, very small handful of people.

You find yourself being led through the halls of the massive structure, and it becomes clear that the entire fortress has been crafted from a single titanic chunk of Obsidian, not built brick by brick but crafted in a single act of sorcery so powerful it still resonates now, the echoes of your footsteps distorting oddly, your reflection in the mirror sheen of the walls reacting ever so differently from you, moving just a little too late or a little too soon. At first you think it might be your eyes playing tricks on you, till your reflection turns and grins at you, a grin with far, far too many teeth.

It takes almost an hour to make the trip from the landing pad to the throne room that is your apparent destination, which is odd because the trip also takes only a few minutes.

Evidently even time here isn't quite as linear as elsewhere, or as well organised.

The room you find yourself in without actually walking into is a a bizzare mix of a laboratory, a throne room and a library. A titanic astrolabe fills one corner of a room big enough to be a cathedral, and it doesn't take a genius to work out that the course of the stars it charts are best left unseen by those who value things like sanity.

The rooms sole visible occupant is clad in an ancient suit of Pre-Heresy Thousand Sons power armour, a massive, ornate staff hovering by his side. His features, his face... his...

the more you try to concentrate on what the figure looks like, the harder it becomes to make out any details, save his eyes, twin points of burning blue warpfire more intense than anything you have ever seen.

Even unable to focus on the figures features you get the sense of a definite smirk as he takes a nearby helmet, a massive, ornate thing crowned by six titanic horns. It settles into place with a hiss of air being forced through internal filters.

Finally he speaks.

"Welcome to my Sanctum Jumper, I am Ahzek Ahriman, and I have a proposition for you."

The Righteous Path.

The story, as it turns out, begins over two and a half thousand years ago, during the time of the man who would become Saint Drusus, and the great Angevin Crusade. The Stalwart forces of the Imperium were sweeping across the region of space that would one day be called the Calixis Sector, pushing the enemies of the God-Emperor before them and bringing light to worlds lost for centuries to darkness.

Amongst their number was Lorcanus Ryn, a great warlord and free captain, filled with bloodlust and greed but also an unwavering faith in Drusus and the God-Emperor. At the helm of his Grand Cruiser the Righteous Path, he was the scourge of a hundred worlds, carving out a bloody path before him as the crusade conquered world after world.

One such world was Krystallian, recorded as the seventy third world brought to the light of the God-Emperor by the crusade. It was, so the story goes, an ancient colony of man which had long ago fallen to the heretical worship of false gods and the teachings of trecherous prophets known as the Talisar.

Covered in glittering cloud temples, raised by the Talisar to the glory of The Myriad of Faces, it was a world of immense wealth and blasphemous grandeur. It was, however, no match for the might of the armies of the Imperium led by Captain Lorcanus Ryn. The warlord descended on Krystallian, filled with the righteous wrath of the Emperor, sweeping away thousands of years of civilisation in three days of fire and blood.

Whe the killing was done and the corpse counters began gathering up the detritus of war, Lorcanus Ryn marvelled at the riches he had won. Never before had he seen such naked wealth, temples packed high with artifacts of rare and wonderous make, statues gilt with gems and glittering with gold, and shadowed vaults filled to the roof with ancient and forbidden archeotech.

Here the story varies from teller to teller. Some say the wealth of Krystallian was more than mere rare metals and precious stones, but that its people were also a prize, bred from a stock of pure genetic material and spared millenia of warp-taint, they were sealed in stasis coffins and taken away to be trained as elite warriors or highborn servants. Others whispered that Krystallian was settled during the Dark Age of Technology and still harboured devices from that time within its cities and temples, secrets from that long forgotten time worth more than the

mineral wealth or population of a hundred worlds.

Whatever the form of Krystallians wealth, Lorcanus Ryn was not content to merely sample it, nor did he trust his fellow cruaders to carry it away. He set about filling the Righteous Path from stem to stern. He tore out gun decks and launch bays, marooned tens of thousands of his crew and filled the ship till she was almost bursting with plunder. The warlord then simply vanished, both into the warp and from the pages of history.

Now though?

Now that will change. It seems your new employer wishes to obtain something, and that something is, he believes, still within one of the holds of the Righteous Path. More than that, he believes his divinations have located a place where you may begin to track down the fabled treasure ship...

A sky full of stars.

While your new employer can direct you to the start of the path to the Righteous Fury, you must walk it yourself. For each world you visit, you will eventually uncover ancient cogitators that hold partially ruined sets of co-ordinates that will lead you to the Righteous Path, but you will also spend time you can ill afford to lose. For each world you visit, you will find an additional nemesis has tracked you down...

You gain + 400 CP per world you visit, but for each world you must face an additional opponent.

Burnscour

"Death dripping down in the rain, blood and the scream of beasts: that is all I recall of that place."

—Mesenicus Var, mercenary captain of the entourage of Rogue Trader Hiram Sult

Burnscour is a Death World of roaring storms, jungles, and strange beasts. It is no place for men, as the steaming rain alone eats at metal and breeds strange fungus on exposed flesh, and the sap dripping from plants is lethal or viciously toxic. Yet the beast trade has found a foothold upon Burnscour, carried there at exorbitant rates by Rogue Trader vessels and illegal, unsanctioned merchant craft. They come to Burnscour to stock the ever-hungry fighting pits of

the distant Calixis Sector with saurian leapers, gargantipedes, and other horrors of fang and maw. Hunter retinues clad in bulky suits of vulcanised rubber stalk the jungles in search of exotic xeno predators for the fighting pits, ever watchful for creatures that will make the most lethal attractions on far-off Hive Worlds of the Imperium.

There are no permanent structures on the surface of Burnscour -- only the slowly dissolving metal carcasses of landing craft brought down by the planet's storms, the few melted ruins of structures built by fools, and the swaying jungles ever growing beneath the caustic rain. From the uppermost leaves of its canopy to the ground, the jungles of Burnscour are a choking mass of countless plants: trees with dark waxen leaves and trunks covered in barbs that weep thick sap the colour of bile, blooms of fungus as pale as milk, thick creepers from the branches of trees, delicate flowers the colour of livid bruises on pale flesh, which open at the touch to expose waving fronds that fill the air with a heady scent that dulls the mind -- all these and thousands more species swarm and choke the surface of Burnscour.

Beasts stalk through the nightmare jungles of Burnscour. Things of every sizes, all perfectly adapted to the hellish environment, live here in vast numbers, from beetle-like creatures who gnaw through flesh or bark to feed on blood or sap, to the strange six-legged stalkers the size of three grown men but scuttle silent and invisible through the branches of the middle canopy. Almost all are capable of killing any human that steps onto the surface of Burnscour. The lethal nature of Burnscour's native creatures is both the planet's curse on any who might wish to establish surface habitation on there, but are also the prize that draws many to it.

When men come to Burnscour, they come for the beasts. So little does the jungle and rain tolerate the presence of man that beast-hunting parties are usually dropped onto the surface of the planet and remain for as little time as possible before hailing their waiting drop craft with a homing beacon. These hunters and their ferocious harvest are often hauled off the surface into hovering dropships that never touch the surface. Others defoliate the jungle with anti-plant bombs and Heavy Flamers to create brief landing clearings—which are swallowed again by the jungle within days. Dangerous it might be, but the price commanded by hunters for living beasts of Burnscour is enough to blot out the tales of hunting parties vanishing, never to be seen again, or the whispers of the things that stalk unseen beneath the dark leaves and hissing rain.

While the beasts here are certainly terrible and deadly beyond almost anything you have encountered before, the atmosphere is the greatest threat, toxic, corrosive and insidious, a soup of chemicals that will corrode any protective gear you may wear within hours, at best. Speed is of the essence here, and the fact that the cogitator core holding part of the map to the Righteous Path is entombed within a gigantic, labyrinthian hive only complicates matters.

Murdered World of Jerazol

"There is no crime too terrible, nor act so monstrous that man will not commit given a sufficiency of conviction and self interest."

—ancient Terran proverb

Jerazol is a desolate world of ash and charred bone. It is a world, tales say, murdered for greed and spite. Discovered by a pious Rogue Trader whose name does not survive in Imperial records, Jerazol was verdant, fertile, and supported a population of humans whose culture had regressed to the level of a primitive tribalism. The unnamed Rogue Trader was determined to bring the population back into the light and dominion of the God-Emperor. He began the process of tutoring and civilising the population, while purging it of any trace of deviancy or corruption. Not long after Jerazol was discovered, it was also found by other explorers, who believed that the primitive humans were hiding wonders of lost technology in warrens beneath the earth, built by their forgotten ancestors who first came to the world from across the stars. These machines, they said, were worth any price in blood and death, and when the nameless Rogue Trader stood against them, they destroyed his vessels, letting their wrecks fall to the surface of Jerazol like the burning tears of a god. Then, it is said the murderers bombarded the world, burning its surface to ash and choking its atmosphere with smoke. The tales do not agree as to whether the despoilers found the technological treasures they sought. Some say they unearthed such wonders that they rose to the highest tiers of power within the Imperium, others say that they only found ash, bone, and mud and that they cursed the dreams that had brought them through void and madness to murder a world for naught. No matter the truth of the tales, the burned and Dead World of Jerazol exists as testimony to the price that can be paid in search for riches.

There is nothing here save ruins and dust, and a single bunker, buried kilometers underground, a cogitator holding part of the map to the Righteous Path and a transmitter sending out a centuries too late distress call.

Grace

"Hunger unwound what little hope was left and moved us to what humanity would not once have contemplated."

—Comdeus Canto, survivor of the expedition from the Inferno's Child

The storm-ridden world of Grace is circled and shrouded by swirling clouds and hurricanes. Continual gales carry the spores of its simple fungal life far and wide amidst lightning and frozen hail. Beneath the storms, the peaks and valleys of Grace's jagged surface form a stark, beautiful landscape that was once dotted with the proud structures of a colony founded under the authority of Rogue Trader Aspyce Chorda. From behind Void Shields and armoured crystal viewports the colonists, drawn from the wealthiest exiles of Imperial nobility and the most successful of criminals (a distinction between the two being not always easy to draw) gazed out on the beauty of the world that was their sanctuary from blood wars, vengeful rivals, and the iron fist of Imperial justice. The world of Grace is still just as beautiful, but the colony palaces lie in ruin and its pale-eyed people scuttle in the shadows, harbouring a terrible secret.

Grace was an Imperial colony world founded not for the expansion of the domain of the God-Emperor, but to serve the greed and arrogance of Rogue Trader Aspyce Chorda. The colonial palaces built on Grace were palatial fortresses for Imperial exiles of wealth and means

-- those worthies secretively brought to the edge of the Imperium by the Cold Guild, stored in frozen vaults for their journey and returned to life in the depths of Port Wander. Rogue Trader Aspyce Chorda swelled her coffers accepting fugitives into the world she had claimed and giving them leave to build their armoured palaces on Grace. At further ruinous cost, she provided the exiles with illegal slaves from Footfall, provided them with the finest foods using the lesser voidships of her fleet, and allowed their spies and agents to pass to and from Imperial space in the holds of her ships. It was, for a time, a paradise of the wicked, but it did not last.

It is said by the pious that in time no sin goes unknown or unpunished in the God-Emperor's sight, and the punishment for Grace was terrible indeed. Vessels of Aspyce Chorda carrying supplies to Grace were destroyed by a Warp Storm that rose up, swallowing them whole and sealing passage to Grace. The world itself was a pleasurable and beautiful refuge and had no capacity to produce its own food. For a time the exiles and criminals contented themselves with the false hope that supplies would come, and then when they did not, they turned on one another, sending their vassals to loot and burn other palaces and strip them of supplies and food. In time only a few of the many colony palaces were left, and these had become ugly fortresses against the predatory raids of the few others that persisted. When even raiding could not feed those who remained, they turned to eating their dead -- first those who had been slain, and then those who still lived. So it is that the few debased colony palaces harbour those who eat human flesh, and they are always hungry. Some have beacons that broadcast distress calls out into the void, seeking sustenance from unwary travellers.

Crumbling palaces filled with treasures the degenerate inhabitants no longer care about, or brutal fortresses filled with cannibal raiders, the danger here is not what one would expect.

Degenerate they may be, but the surviving cannibal bands are battle hardened to an unimaginable degree, and each of them holds weapons and armour scavenged from dozens of noble estates, and those estates were filled with heirloom weapons, armour and equipment forged by the greatest and most skilled techpriests of the Imperium, rendering each of the flesh hungry madmen an army of one, and finding the cogitator core that holds the partial location of the Righteous Path will not be quick or easy amidst the countless false distress signals...

Undred-Undred Teef

"There are beasts among the stars, beasts that would crush our lives, make ash of our worlds and break all that we hold sacred. The beasts wait in the dark and shunned reaches like the things glimpsed in the forests of old, things that looked out with red, shining eyes and hearts filled with the joy of ruin."

—from Remarks on the Nature on the Unknown by Estivan Mauritin, advisor to Rogue Trader Hiram Sult

The Undred-Undred Teef is a tract of star systems at the heart of the Accursed Demesne region that is a nest and breeding ground for Orks. Only a few of the boldest -- or most foolhardy -- of explorers have ventured into this place, but those who have speak of worlds held in an embrace of filth and wreckage, ringed with clouds of debris and wreckage from which Ork voidships arise

like flies, their brutal prowess bristling with weapons and decked in grinning-skull war paint. Beneath their mantles of scrap and crude defences are worlds poisoned by the spoils of Ork industry and on which the Orks constantly slaughter one another over looted debris, competing to construct weapons, slab-sided forts, and massive machine-effigies. From these worlds the Orks have, in the past, sallied in search of booty and raw materials for their growing armies.

The warring Orks of the Undred-Undred Teef are split into gangs, warbands, and clans that are lead by ever more powerful individual Ork Warbosses. Orks constantly strive to overcome and dominate their fellows, with the most successful and powerful bosses growing in size to mirror their status.

Undred Undred Teef is unusual amongst Ork-held systems -- it is home to many more numbers of rich, arrogant Orks known as Flash Gitz than normal. Some suggest this may be the Orks' evolutionary response to the opportunities of the Koronus Expanse, though no one knows for sure. Flash Gitz are infamous for their love of treasure and are always interested in opportunities to raid and pillage. Flash Gitz are not above treachery, murder, or other shifty strategies to accumulate wealth and more powerful wargear. Some Flash Gitz will even hire out to other xenos races. Many of these Orks take up the life of a Freebooter to get their hands on even more ill-gotten gains. Thus, Undred Undred Teef is home to hordes of Freebooterz, and these piratical Orks dominate the Greenskin hordes of this region.

Hulking Kaptins emerge from time to time, cunning beasts who lead their followers forth from Undred-Undred Teef across the Koronus Expanse in search of new loot for the clans. Mercifully these few powerful individuals have only been able to command a fraction of the Orks of Undred-Undred Teef, but at the heart of this domain something is growing in power.

At the centre of Undred-Undred Teef is a world where Orks have bred in the greatest numbers and where the battle between them is fiercer than on any other. Powerful Warbosses and Freebooter Kaptins gather here to test their mettle in the greatest fight in the Expanse. With every passing cycle of conflict, the number of bosses grows fewer, and those who remain are more powerful and grow to ever greater size. In the brutal tongue of the Ork this place is called Tusk and it is the true heart of Undred-Undred Teef.

Above Tusk's surface a huge Space Hulk orbits, and millions of Orks and their smaller breeds work under the direction of so-called Meks, fitting engines and weapons looted from the ships of other races or built in workshops scattered across Undred-Undred Teef. No individual Ork knows what compels them to gather here, but in every cell of their flesh they know WAAAGH! is gathering, and all that it waits for is an undisputed boss to emerge from the crucible of inter-Ork warfare.

A world on the brim of seeing the birth of a full scale WAAAGH, only the most brutal and deadly Orks can survive the inter clan skirmishes on Tusk, the biggest and the strongest, and the skies above the world are thick with Freebootaz, spacehulks and Ork craft. Pinpointing the location of the Cogitator will be tricky, surviving to obtain the information it holds almost impossible.

Zayth

"Of what wars waged beyond the Emperor's light we will never truly know and can only look at the wreck of the overgrown battlefield and wonder at what has passed."

—remark dictated by Rogue Trader Hiram Sult

Zayth is a War World scarred deeply by constant conflict. Enormous vehicles the size of cities churn the surface of Zayth's single macrocontinent. Each is a fortress and weapon platform armed with fearsome devices of war and destruction. Within them dwell Zayth's human population, protected from the radiation and toxins unleashed by long centuries of warfare. Zayth's surface has been barren for millennia, ploughed and poisoned by shellfire, rapacious, urgent strip-mining, and the passage of hive-vehicles. Despite their weaponry and extraordinary vehicle cities the humans of Zayth have fallen far from the knowledge of their ancestors in all but war, and the knowledge of producing their hivevehicles is long vanished. Great generators and engine vaults are permanently sealed by copper doors or guarded by hereditary Engine Orders who guard the traditions and culture of each clan fortress.

Discovering the location of the Cogitator core on Zayth will be difficult, simply due to the eternal war that rages, mobile cities the size of archologies fighting a battle that has gone on so long none remember why it began. The Cogitator you seek was obliterated centuries ago in an alpha strike that wiped a mountain range from the map, but its data survives, albeit in fragmented form. Each of the twenty one surviving hive-vehicles has a fraction of it worked into decorations in the machine shrine at the core of the vast, mobile nation-warmachine. That these colossal engines are capable of swatting down even battleships in orbit like irksome flies may go some way to telling you how tricky this will be.

Fiends, Foes, Traitors and Madmen.

For each world you visit in your search for the co-ordinates of the long ago lost Righteous Path, another will discover you are moving towards claiming such an incredible prize. Opponents will begin to appear, both to stop you and to take the prize for themselves.

Ferran Ghast

Ferran Ghast is a heretic and renegade from the Inquisition. Acolyte, Explicator, and personal pupil of Cassilda Cognos, he was one of the finest servants of the Ordos Calixis, and his history of service had been both valourous and renowned. A breath away from ascension to full

Inquisitorial rank and becoming a leading force in the Conclave, he was sent into the Adrantis Nebula following intelligence indicating the presence of the renegade Coriolanus Vestra. Ghast, and a team of acolytes sent with him, disappeared without a trace. In later years, many would wonder whether Vestra was responsible for corrupting Ghast or whether his soul had begun to rot long before his disappearance. Seven years later, Ghast resurfaced on Solomon under a near-perfect false identity, only being detected and recognised by chance. An Ordos-backed Arbitrator execution team was sent after him and were killed with ruthless efficiency for their trouble. Following this atrocity, Ghast once more disappeared, and the Inquisition declared him Excommunicate Traitoris. Since then, he has been reportedly involved in numerous heresies, assassinations, and even the loss of an Imperial Spite class cruiser through sabotage in dry-dock. The Inquisition has confirmed that Ghast uses highly capable and dangerous vassals to support his considerable abilities. He is also suspected of forming a highly dangerous organisation of infiltrators and assassins that answers personally to him. Every Acolyte and Ordos vassal has a standing order to pursue Ferran Ghast to his death should any lead or clue to his whereabouts be discovered. Ghast's goals, beyond mayhem and murder, remain unclear. Current opinion is divided. The majority believe Ghast to be a genius madman who serves only his own petty spite, whilst a minority suspect that there is some other hidden agenda or other grand design at work.

Ghast's forces are small but incredibly well trained and equipped, soldiers, operatives and assassins poached from dozens of Imperial organisations, all fanatically loyal to their master. They are all infiltration specialists, so more than likely the first you know of them will be when they spring an ambush.

Myrchella Sinderfell

Lady Myrchella Sinderfell is one of the most elusive and destructive heretics active in the Calixis Sector. Intelligent, resourceful, and cruel, over the centuries Myrchella Sinderfell has sampled blasphemous pleasures, dallied with diverse heresies, and committed atrocities of the most vile nature for no other reason than her own gratification. Born into the high Sinderfell family of Scintilla, Myrchella Sinderfell was raised as part of a lineage whose wealth and holdings spanned the Calixis Sector. It is said that in her younger years she showed exceptional promises in all areas of education, with no sign of the madness to come in the first decades of her life. When she came of age, Myrchella used the Sinderfell wealth to assemble a vile court of sorcerers, xenophiles, flesh crafters, and corrupt savants in the seclusion of the Sinderfell manse on Quaddis, collecting them and their knowledge like a true dilettante of the vile. The corruption of Lady Sinderfell was finally betrayed to the Inquisition by one of her mistreated servants. The Holy Ordos razed the Sinderfell manse in a single night—it is said that the fury of the assault could be seen from the balconies of far Xacarph. Lady Sinderfell escaped the wrath of the Imperium to recreate her blood-soaked court of blasphemy over and over again. On Malfi she suborned the leadership of a sanguinary cult and bathed in blood every day for a year. On Kalf she and her entourage burned town after town, hunted the survivors through the night, and unleashed unclean spirits to plague any who remained. Myrchella Sinderfell is known to draw around her a court comprised of heretics. These heretics have included rogue psykers,

warp dabblers, xenophiles, hereteks, dissolute nobles, corrupt Navigators, scholars of the proscribed, and dealers with daemons. These courts are rarely enduring and are often discarded in flight or destroyed for diversion by Lady Sinderfell herself.

Sinderfell prefers to assume the identity of others and corrupt families, cults, and organisations to her own ends (usually including murder and wanton infliction of pain). She is known to favour numerous devices of forbidden technology, some of xenos design, to further her proclivities. Though reported as killed on board the *Phoenix's Ransom* by Judge Uzzriah, and again in the Castigation of the Red Vaults of Luggnum, Lady Myrchella Sinderfell is still believed at large in the Calixis Sector. Myrchella Sinderfell's avarice, spite, narcissism and sadism are obvious and reflected in every part of the heresies that have made her notorious. She has wallowed in gore, inflicted pain, and darkened her fractured soul not for an ideal but simply because it makes her "happy."

Myrchella's forces are the most diverse, chaos cultists, rogues, pirates, hereteks, xenos, warp things, psykers, Dark Eldar torturers, no one member of the force is the same as another, and the skills, abilities and armour they bring to bear are terrifyingly diverse.

Magos Vathek

The facts of Magos Vathek's career, before he was cast out from the Adeptus Mechanicus and became a hunted renegade are entirely unknown, and the tech-priest authorities have been singularly unforthcoming in this regard. It is thought that he was attached to the Explorator fleets of Archmagos Thule before some incident or event drove him mad, turning him into a renegade hunted equally by the Inquisition and the forces of the Machine Cult. Vathek is obsessed with acquiring and perfecting dark technological lore. In particular, he desires the technological means to restore full life to dead tissue, although he is also known to have created forbidden weaponry, crafted flesh gholams, and experimented with a variety of prohibited alchemical and energy systems. His forbidden experiments are already reckoned to have cost upwards of 3,000 lives, most notably in a mass casualty event known as the "Morningside Incident" on Solomon, and on a smaller scale during the "dockside ripper" murders on Dreah. At the end of the latter, Vathek slew a Mechanicus force sent to destroy him and escaped offworld. He is also known to have attacked a previously unknown resurrectionist cult on the cemetery world of Pilgrim's Pause and left great slaughter in his wake, plundering the cult's own dark secrets. Vathek's current whereabouts and activities remain unknown. In appearance, Vathek looks to be a heavily augmented tech-priest, habitually robed in tattered black, surrounded by a multitude of black-iron and brass mechadendrites fitted with surgical tools, callipers, and energy coils. He is known to have incorporated the forbidden technology of a Sarkossan wave generator into his own carapace, and his face is covered by a silver skull mask grafted onto necrotic muscle and bone. He is believed to be no longer "alive" in any meaningful sense, but propelled by the power of his own dark technology. He has proven extremely difficult to slow or destroy with conventional weapons fire, and extreme measures are to be advised when confronting him. Aside from his drive for dark scientific lore, Vathek appears to have no known goals or plans. He also does not cooperate with or serve others, fashioning only unliving

servitors as his needs arise. Some theorise that Vathak's true obsession is somehow discovering a means to restore biological life to his own decaying flesh.

The entirety of Vathek's force is dead. Dead and still moving. The arch Heretek has formed an army of flesh Gholams, monstrous composites of dead flesh and cybernetic upgrades. These abominations are soulless terrors that can laugh off damage that would shatter a Leman Russ Tank, and they can be restored to combat readiness with horrifying ease. They will not stop, they will not slow, they are relentless.

The Burning Princess

The life and true nature of this appallingly powerful rogue psyker, known by rumour and dark reputation over the last few years (since her first recorded appearance during an uprising on Pellucida IX) as the "Burning Princess," remains a mystery to the Holy Ordos. It is a mystery made all the more poignant and galling by the clear presence of a witch hunter's brand on her cheek. The Burning Princess is an alpha-plus level rogue psyker and by some estimates the most powerful currently at large in the Calixis Sector. She still appears to be a young woman in her late teens, and if this is true, it may be possible that her powers will only increase with maturity should she survive. Already a pyrokinetic of extraordinary ability, she can transform herself seemingly without effort or risk into a walking holocaust of flames, able to focus her abilities with pinpoint accuracy to char a hole through warship armour. A wanderer, she has been encountered working alongside several renegade and mutant groups, and even for a time upon a pirate raider vessel operating out of the Hazeroth Abyss. Such is her threat that a specially equipped taskforce under the noted Witch Hunter Fhendahl was founded to trace and apprehend her. It successfully tracked her to an abandoned settlement on the ill-reputed world of Dusk, where she prevailed and everyone in Fhendahl's mission burned. She is still at liberty, and her current whereabouts remain unknown. This witch's motivations remain as mysterious as her identity and true origins. After-action reports by traumatised survivors have claimed her both to be a dead-eyed marionette, seemingly uninterested in the horrors she inflicts, while others paint her as a laughing devil, filled with malice and sadistic glee. The truth remains unproven.

Coriolanus Vestra

Brother Missionary Coriolanus Vestra was a loyal, even revered, Imperial Missionary who fought to bring the light of the Emperor to those who knew it not. His zeal was marked by his superiors—Cardinal Fortis noted on several occasions how Vestra undertook missions in totally uncharted regions of space, always returning to bring news of thousands of new followers of the Imperial Creed. The final mission undertaken by Coriolanus Vestra records that he ventured into the Halo Stars in search of human communities lost for millennia. He did not return and was presumed to have

perished. What exactly occurred to Vestra on his journey into the Halo Stars is not known, but it can be easily inferred that something occurred that caused him to break his faith and turn him against the Imperium that he had so devoutly served. The fact that Vestra uses the phrase “bathed in the light of the black sun” in some of his blasphemous addresses, has been the focus of much analysis and may pertain to some dark revelation that turned Vestra into the arch-heretic he is today. Fifty years after his disappearance, Coriolanus Vestra secretly returned to Imperial space. He slipped onto the world of Lassiv in distant Hecuba, a dishevelled shadow among many. Two years of meticulous and brutal endeavour saw Vestra dedicating Lassiv and the souls of its people to the ruination of the Emperor’s realm from beneath a banner topped with

the planetary governor’s severed head. It was not, however, until after ten more years, three befouled worlds, and countless acts of heresy that the true identity of this arch-corruptor was uncovered. The anger and shame of the Ecclesiarchy has not abated in the eight decades that have passed since that revelation. Coriolanus Vestra’s chief treachery is his association with a great number of cults and heretical organisations, including the Serrated Query, the Brotherhood of the Horned Darkness, the Pale Throng, and the Masqued of Malfi amongst many more. He is, however, only ever a peripheral figure and an intermediary who prefers to work alone as a freelance agent of sorts for the duration of a particular task or objective. He often incites rebellion through demagoguery and acts as a gobetween and facilitator for different heretical and malefic cults in order to create a larger force of disorder. Coriolanus Vestra’s spite and zeal in persecuting his personal war against the Imperium cannot be doubted. It is unknown

if Vestra, beyond a desire to simply bring anarchy and destruction, has any discernable grand scheme.

The revered brothers forces are not the most well trained or equipped. Indeed, the vast bulk of them are civilian fanatics equipped with crude clubs. The danger lies in sheer numbers, for quantity has a quality all of its own. Fanatics, they are all not just ready but willing and even eager to die, martyred for the cause.

Tobias Belasco

Tobias Belasco was born the third son to an impoverished wing of the powerful House Belasco on Malfi and is another example of the ability of certain noble lines to breed unpardonable monsters. Reportedly a sly and deceitful glutton from an early age, Tobias railed against the gentle poverty in which he was raised and the fallen status of his line. As he grew, he put his remarkable intellect and cunning to work and quickly displaced or murdered his way to control of his family’s line, restoring its fortunes in the process. He was quickly taken into the service of the Belasco Great House, where he acted as a dealer in rare antiquities and brokered many profitable deals for his clan. This elevation appears not to have been enough for him. Soon he took to seeking thrills by dalliances with petty cult groups, fellow epicures, and jaded wantons, living far beyond even his prodigious means. Rather than risk embezzling funds from his notorious clan, he took to blackmail, murder, and the Cold Trade to fund his notorious life of excesses, eventually leading him to dealing in slavery. However, as the years passed, not even this was enough to alleviate his boredom. By what means he finally descended into complete

criminal insanity is unknown, although a lifetime of immorality and substance abuse no doubt played some part in it. Not satisfied with killing his enemies, he instead took to abducting them in secret and eating them slowly, one piece at a time. When these shocking crimes finally came to light, it proved too much for his infamous noble house to stand. Tobias fled Malfi via his Cold Trade connections with a portion of his wealth and his family's assassin cadre at his heels. For more than 50 years he has been on the run, turning up on dozens of worlds and using many aliases to stay one step ahead of his former clan. He is also a fugitive of the Ordo Xenos, whose ire he provoked when he killed and ate several of Inquisitor Van Vuygens' acolytes who were investigating a xenos-slavery ring that he had instigated on Snowden's World. Torn between his desire to remain hidden and a desire to continue his opulent lifestyle through black marketeering, deception, and murder, Tobias has managed to remain one step ahead of his many hunters over the years thanks to his quick wits, formidable intelligence, and a thoroughly nasty imagination. Now in his late nineties, his past is catching up with him—his obscenely fat bulk must be held up by a suspensor chair and he is rapidly reaching the limits of how long his wrecked constitution can be kept alive through black market implants and chem treatments. Despite his debased and corpulent exterior, Tobias Belasco is a genius-level intellect who has a talent for deception, commerce, and murder that borders on the supernatural. He is marked for death not only by the Inquisition but also by his former family, and attempts to maintain a veil of secrecy at all times. Tobias Belasco's only motivation is to continue his life of wickedness and feed his dread addictions. Rumours have reached the Inquisition that Tobias is searching for a more radical solution to his problems in the shape of a forbidden Halo Device.

The former scion of Imperial Nobility has fewer resources than he once did, but they are still not something that can be dismissed. A cadre of specially trained warrior slaves stand at his beck and call, trained from birth and surgically implanted with explosives to ensure loyalty from the corpulent deviants bodyguard, and they are supported by packs of terrifying, feral xenos warbeasts dragged in chains from some of the most deadly worlds in the galaxy, crudely lobotomised and sent out to kill.

The Unknown Heretic

Lord Inquisitor Caidin has taken the unusual step of releasing and confirming a capture/termination warrant against a party whose true name, nature, and activities remain unconfirmed. The existence of this "unknown heretic" has never been definitively proven, except perhaps by a telling absence of perpetrator, evidence, or motive in certain cases of great concern to the Inquisition. Like a dark void hiding amid the blackness of night, his existence can be inferred from instances of mystery and apparent coincidence linking together a telling string of mysterious deaths and disappearances over the last decade and a half. These deaths have uniformly occurred among the contacts or affiliates of Inquisitors, and, as a result, operations have been repeatedly compromised or crippled through the termination of vital agents, data-sabotage, theft, and entire covert operation cells simply vanishing. Forensic examinations reveal nothing. Alone, each incident could be dismissed as coincidence, but together they form a web that darkly hints that there is a traitor in the Inquisition's midst. This unknown individual appears

able to move and kill at will within the Imperium, leaving no trace behind. Recently, the deaths of Inquisitors Chalan and Severon are believed to be the work of the faceless traitor—both died when pursuing operations based on intelligence thought to have originated from within the ranks of the Ordos Calixis. In both cases, the method of killing took the form of ambushes that appeared to mimic the methods of well known heretical or blasphemous organisations. This alone indicates that the unknown heretic has access to the highest quality information and materiel. For example, the psychic wracking of Inquisitor Severon was carefully hallmarked to replicate the horrors perpetrated by the Pilgrims of Hayte, a subterfuge that could only be orchestrated by one who is intimate with the details of the Pilgrims of Hayte's modus operandi. Worryingly, Inquisitor Chalan was notoriously circumspect, to the degree that he could only have been drawn-out by someone that he trusted. Recently at Lord Caidan's express arrangement, a more esoteric investigation has been undertaken. Auguries and divinations by the most potent seers have revealed an empty and impenetrable void around events surrounding the suspected activities of the unknown heretic—as if the whole incident has been simply ripped from history, leaving a rent in the fabric of things in its place. This void has consequently added an even darker dimension to the investigation. The heretic's motivations and goals are unknown, but it seems the foundations of the Holy Ordos are the direct target.

The Rewards of Heresy

There are a great many things you can obtain here. Your immortal, eternal soul is a small price to pay for such things, is it not?

Psykana Obscura

"The light that burns brightest burns briefest of all..."

There are one or two little psyker tricks you can learn, if you have the will...

Psychic Awakening

100 CP

Omicron level, The weakest ranking the Inquisition has, and something your companion can awaken you to this easily with little risk to your soul. At this level the best you can do is sense when warpcraft and other psychic abilities are being used around you, as well as gaining a tiny boost to your ability to resist such things.

Time Slip

200 CP

You remove yourself briefly from the normal flow of space and time, flickering briefly out of existence like a failing holo-lantern slide. You immediately disappear...and return to exactly the same spot several hours later.

Open Wounds

200 CP

You can cause a previously injured victim's wounds to burst open and gush with blood, rapidly exsanguinating them in an extremely messy fashion. The more scarred an opponent is, the more spectacular will be the result, though this also works extremely well on those who have had major surgery.

Veteran of the Psychic Wars

300 CP, requires Psychic Awakening

The point where the carefully crafted rating system of the inquisition starts to come unravelled, this is where the abilities of Psychers start to diversify wildly.

With this, select one of the following:

Telepathy

The art of mental communication, this power is possessed by all Imperial Astropaths to some degree and is the cornerstone of what they are.

Telekinesis

The art of turning thought into physical force, this discipline allows a psycher to wield his mind as both a tool and a weapon.

Divination

The art of reading the past, present and future. Named by some as the most common of the psychic arts, but also the most capricious and difficult to interpret.

Biomancy

The art of sculpting flesh to conform to one's own will.

Pyromancy

The art of controlling heat and flame.

Psychic Spite

300 CP

Few emotions echo louder in the warp than unrestrained malice and hatred, particularly when driven by the madness and bitterness that consumes many rogue psykers and witches. Some powerful psykers learn the art of channelling their own pain and spite into their powers, rending and blasting their enemies with the force of their hatred.

Space Slip

300 CP

You push yourself through the edge of the warp, slipping out of reality for a brief instant and reappearing in a different nearby location. A powerful trick, but dangerous and unpredictable in its effect.

Psychic Vampirism

400 CP

Some of the most black-hearted witches and rogues develop a taste for killing with their powers that goes beyond mere sadism or megalomania, becoming a terrible addiction. In time and if they have the power, some eventually learn to feed upon the release of psychic potential that occurs when a sentient creature's life is extinguished, stealing the merest fraction of their victim's life energy to feed their own. Every time the psyker kills an intelligent, self-willed creature not of the Warp (this power does not work on daemons, servitors, animals, and machines, for example) directly with psychic energy, they can gorge, restoring both a portion of their psychic energy and their own fatigue, as well as partially healing injuries they have taken.

Flesh Like Iron

400 CP

You draw on the power of the warp to make your flesh as hard as metal. At will you can render yourself as hard as iron with a single thought.

Molten Warrior

500 CP

At will you become a thing of pure heat and flame, a raging warpfire inferno with a humanoid form. Utterly terrifying, this manifestation of the unspeakable powers of the warp has the potential to drive others insane with terror before you even begin to cast flames that burn with the seething hatred of the immaterium.

Psychic Supremacy

500 CP, requires Psychic Awakening and Veteran of the Psychic Wars

The levels of godlike power attained by the greatest psykers are enough to set themselves apart from their inferiors. This preeminence is not simply in terms of the raw force they wield, but the ease and subtlety that they are able to apply when they focus their minds to manifest their abilities not as a sledgehammer, but as a scalpel.

The barrier between reality and the immaterium grows almost non-existent, your powers awakened to the ranking of Alpha, the rarest and most terrible of psykers and your master of

the discipline chosen is second to almost none. There are few aspects of your power outside your grasp.

Items and Equipment

There are quite a few items you may come across, and a few that probably wont end up with your soul on fire are available here.

Crimson Bestiaries

100 CP

Xenos bestiaries, books purporting to detail and catalogue a variety of alien creatures, are commonplace in the libraries of the wealthy. Most contain little more than lurid illustrations and superficial descriptions of the more notable enemies of mankind and whatever local fauna is deemed appropriate. They range from the opinionated and often widely inaccurate works illuminated by Ecclesiarchy scribes to rarer works more grounded in reality and culled from scholastic learning, perhaps even from first-hand accounts. Of this latter kind, the Crimson Bestiaries (so called for their distinctive serpent skin bindings) produced by the Great Library of Fenksworld are highly regarded. The volumes skirt dangerously close to the edge of knowledge that Ordo Xenos will allow in the public domain.

Nightweave Silk

100 CP

This silk is an opulent fabric woven from a crystalline material that shimmers with a spectrum of soft inner light when worn in twilight or darkness, producing almost hypnotic fascination in onlookers. Nightweave silk is valued for its effect, great beauty, and rarity by the high lords and ladies of the sector, and is sold only by traders who operate on the Halo Stars' margins (who remain tight-lipped about its origins). Despite its favour in numerous courts, it is considered ill-omened by many void born, and some psykers claim to detect the faintest echo of suffering and something inhuman in the silk, likewise shunning it.

Cerebral Annihilator

100 CP

Used to conduct covert murder and dispose of test subjects, this easily concealed palm unit uses a focused electromagnetic field designed specifically to destroy the delicate neural synapses in a living brain. The unit must be held within a few centimetres of the skull for at least one full minute to function and is too precise and delicate to use as a weapon, though as a tool of assassination it is unsurpassed, for it leaves no evidence that it was ever used.

Grav-Flux Harness

200 CP

These highly advanced suspensor systems are no larger or encumbering than a webbing belt.

They allow their operators to move with blinding speed and defy gravity, leaping, climbing, and bounding with unnatural ease and facility. The materials and technological lore used to construct such harnesses are extremely rare, and their use is restricted to the finest assassins of the Ashen Tear and other senior killers employed by the Imperial Death cult.

Fra'al Glass Knife

200 CP

The glass knife is a vicious hand weapon of xenos origin that has long been a staple of black market trade on the Halo Stars frontier. Glass knives are jagged, dagger-like blades, seemingly crafted from a single piece of smoky crystal. Renowned for their strength, they are sharp enough to split ceremite. Glass knives maintain their sharpness by continually fracturing tiny shards from their cutting edges, and these splinters are infamous for working their way into wounds, causing agonising injuries. Smugglers' lore among those that operate on the border of the Halo Stars attribute the blades to the legendary Fra'al, although many insist this is merely speculation. Accurate knowledge of the nomadic Fra'al is strictly prohibited by the Ordo Xenos, and aside from a few scattered stories, mankind remains blissfully ignorant of this merciless, highly psychic race.

Berserker Thorn

200 CP

A very unusual device, this arcane-looking heavy-pronged dart is laced with circuitry and power coils and contains a strange and baleful technology little understood even by the Logicians of the Adeptus Mechanicus. When breaching a servitor or similar mechanism's control system, the penetrating barbs release a cascading pulse of electromagnetic force and poisonous machine sprits that can overload and burn out the imprinted command functions and drive such a machine into an uncontrolled murderous rage.

Hrud Fusil

300 CP

Little is known of the reclusive and dangerous race known as the Hrud other than that they dwell only in darkness and possess strange, warp-based technology which, it is said, allows them to walk between worlds and even corrupt the flow of time with their baleful presence. The fusil is one of a scant few Hrud artefacts that occasionally come up for sale and is always in high demand. It is a form of "plasma musket" that uses an unfathomable mechanism to phase a plasma bolt between realspace and the warp, bypassing its target's defences. Though somewhat unpredictable, the weapon's unique qualities make it useful for assassins and Inquisitorial agents alike. Fusils traded on the black market have been crudely modified to accept Imperial plasma cells.

The Books of Empty Promises

300 CP

Created in mockery of the great books of the Imperial Creed, these blasphemous texts are written by the False Prophets to espouse their malign beliefs and may take many forms, from

folios of flayed and inked skin to works deliberately made to be mistaken for Imperial prayer books to trap the unwary. In any form these works are dangerous.

A Book of Empty Promises is a perilous but useful tool that contains many secret rituals for the summoning and binding of daemons hidden in the illustrations and texts, both of which threaten the sanity of the weak willed who would steal their secrets.

Ship Upgrades

The Righteous Path was gutted by its captain, and a great many of its abandoned systems found their way to the various worlds you will visit, and even if they do have owners now, anyone who isn't you can't really be said to own things, can they?

Runecaster

100 CP

An example of treasure looted from a long forgotten genocide against the Eldar, the Runecaster is housed in a large, specially prepared chamber. In the center of this chamber large clusters of rune stones float above a crystal lens. Repurposed from their original task, these crystals, seemingly almost prescient, allows one to plot a course that will somehow evade almost all problems and encounters with hostiles.

Laboratorium

100 CP

Ancient cogitators, arrays of auspex systems, and volume upon volume of documentation supply an Adept with the tools and information necessary to capably analyse a recovered technological artefact.

Auto temple

100 CP

The Auto Temple is a fully staffed temple of the Imperial Creed mounted within the vessel. In addition to tending to the needs of the crew, the Auto Temple may be dropped to a planet's surface from orbit. This enables the staunch missionaries to directly tend to the needs of the unwashed heathens with the full resources of an Imperial Church. When a vessel needs to leave orbit, the Auto Temple may be disassembled and returned to the craft by a work crew and lifters. This process takes two to three days

Pharmacia

100 CP

If provided with raw organic materials, this Component can synthesize any drug for which it has a known pattern. Drugs manufactured in this plant may be intended for medicinal or recreational purposes. The Component is capable of synthesizing enough of any substance to provide an adequate dosage for the vessel's crew each day.

graviton Flare

200 CP

Popular amongst some of the better equipped tramp trader vessels in Winterscale's Realm, this Component collects ambient gravitons, which may be later launched into the void around the vessel. When so ejected, the resulting gravimetric field disturbance plays havoc with all augur arrays in the region. These fluctuations can be used to grant a vessel the advantage of a surprise attack or a stealthy escape.

Chameleon hull

200 CP

When returning to a system where a vessel is known, it may be advantageous—or essential—for the vessel to be harder to identify. This Component, one of a host of dubious modifications that can be purchased from disreputable stations such as Footfall, the Breaking Yards, and 41 Pry, can aid with that issue. It's said this technology may have originated from the looting of an Eldar vessel wrecked while attempting to capture slaves over the Koronus colony world of Harvestlost.

Gravity Sails

200 CP

Not 'sails' in the traditional sense, these devices are long, blade like fins that protrude from the prow of a vessel. Some speculate they are a relic of the Yu'vath, or some other long extinct alien race. Imperial Vessels are too bulky to rely on them for propulsion, but they can be used to aid in manoeuvring, making a ship massively more agile as the fins somehow 'tap into' local gravitational fields and pull ships across them.

grapple Cannon

200 CP

Said to have originally been used by the infamous pirate Vorak the Bloody (but quickly adopted by any number of Rogues plying the voidlanes in the Calixis Sector and Koronus Expanse)

Grapple Cannons are highly-modified macrocannons that fire magnetised harpoons and hooks attached to foot-thick chain-cables to drag the vessel closer in order to effect a boarding action.

The strains placed upon the chain-cables are so great that only the smallest vessels can effectively use these devices, but nevertheless the sight of hundreds of void-armoured pirates rappelling down a chaincable in order to cut their way into the hull of a helpless, tethered transport is enough to chill the blood of even the hardest spacefarer. These weapons are rare, but as they allow attackers to effect a boarding action in relative safety, they are occasionally used by large pirate squadrons, who can afford to forgo the firepower of one of their ships in order to rapidly subdue a crew and gain a precious starship and its cargo.

Auto-Stabilised Logis Targeter

200 CP

More than a simple targetting array, this ancient device utilises near-heretical cogitator circuitry from the Dark Age of Technology to ensure incredibly accurate weapons fire.

Superior Damage Control

200 CP

This vessel has been redesigned to deal with the inherent dangers of void combat. The hull has coated with a sacred unguent that can seal gashes that might otherwise lead to depressurization. Whenever possible, the vessel's interiors were constructed of flame retardant materials. The crew are equipped with a far more extensive supply of replacement parts and tools than the standard requirements for Imperial vessels.

Micro Laser Defence Grid

300 CP

A vastly larger version of the digital laser weapons used by nobility and other worthies of the Imperium, the grid is an interlinked network of hundreds of miniature laser turrets arrayed across a vessels hull. These lasers, while not powerful individually, can easily act in consort to bring down missiles and attack craft.

grav repulsors

300 CP

While many of the Adeptus Mechanicus still argue over which xenos species created these uniformly black octahedral structures, many a crew has harvested them from rogue worlds far from any star in the Koronus Expanse and made them an essential part of their ship's defences. Once attached to a hull and supplied with power, they generate repelling gravity waves strong enough to stave off collisions with asteroids or other objects in space.

Dark Cannon

400 CP

These weapons fire off a mass of highly energized particles that create a dense fog in the void around the target vessel. It is unclear from where these particles are obtained—the weapon requires no ammunition, just a source of power— or what long term effects they might have.

These clouds of fog disperse quickly as the target moves through the void. Although some Inquisitors have made a life's work out of finding what alien race created these weapons, their creators or how their technology works remains unknown. The immediate effect is obvious though, for the target ship finds itself blinded by a cloud of impenetrable darkness, much like the prey of a squid or octopus is blinded by a burst of ink.

One Final Reward

The final resting place of The Righteous Path is as the greatest jewel in the Glittering Crown, a massive, shining ring stretching across billions of kilometers, a colossal field of barren, icy meteors that circles the Magoros system like a jewelled belt.

Quite ironic really. One of the most popular tourist destinations in the sector, the massive ice belt drawing hundreds of ships to sightsee, and there, right in the middle of it, the largest meteor is revealed to be one of the most sought ghost ships of the past five thousand years, entombed in ice that has gathered around its hull as it drifted lifeless in space.

You and your companion part ways as soon as you reach the ship, him to seek the prize that brought him here, you to plunder the wealth of the ancient wreck. The sheer amount of treasure left within the frozen hulk is staggering, and even loading your transport to the point where its engine is redlining simply holding position you barely put a dent into it.

Returning home you can't help but feel somewhat smug. Unimaginable wealth has that effect on people.

You feel even smugger when you reach your newly adopted homeworld and discover your employer has already delivered your payment.

YOU MAY CHOOSE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING TO BE INSTALLED ABOARD THE LIGHT OF TERRA:

Baphomet Cannon

What was once a Macro cannon is now, after a great deal of sorcerous work, a unique and deadly weapon. While it now lacks the sheer damage potential of regular Macro cannons, it more than makes up for that with its own unique ammunition. Generating bolts of sorcerous energy the gun does not require reloading, indeed, it fires at an insane rate and above and beyond that, the bolts are almost impossible to stop, simply glitching through shields as though they simply were not there.

Pentalich Lance

An unusual weapon, to say the least. Rather than the thermal energy other lances project, this sorcerous marvel can be attuned to a specific element - fire, thunder, wind, water or earth.

While they may sound less than amazing, unleashing pillars of flame capable of consuming hullmetal as though it was paper, thunderbolts that reduce sensitive electronics to so much useless, melted ruin, releasing blasts of concussive force that cannot be evaded, being able to literally wash away damage from allied vessels or even shroud the ship in a cloud of diamond hard micrometeorites, they all have their uses.

Facemelter

An utterly titanic sonic weapon, the Facemelter is tricky to maintain and to use, but with a truly skilled operator it represents one of the most powerful weapons available. Fueled entirely by a combination of Blue Meth, Bath Salts, Jenkem and Progesterex the weapon is a psycho-sonic cannon, one that amplifies any sounds made by the operator as he or she manipulates the instrument ensconced in the heart of the device.

Capable of projecting the unstoppable waves of screaming discordant energy through the vacuum of space, Facemelter can either release a massive pulse of sound centered on the vessel itself and obliterating anything nearby in a burst of sonic fury or it can focus a throbbing bass note into an explosive sonic crescendo that can utterly annihilate enemy ships, the sounds trapped within their hulls, bouncing and resonating till the vessel is throbbing like a drum, the crew literally liquified.

Unfortunately, when installed, it will make your ship look like a giant cock and balls.

Elsewhere Coil

A powerful if utterly unpredictable artifact, the elsewhere coil appears as a grey pole about a meter high. What it does is to force the ship out of reality entirely. Were the artifact sufficiently powerful it would enable the owner to travel from reality to reality at will, though sadly when it was first born it turned out to be the runt of the litter and has never been able to manifest sufficient energy to do so.

While it can force any vessel it is mounted on out of a reality, it can not force it into another, and so the vessel will snap back into place a second or so later. While this may sound useless, it is worth pointing out that randomly for a second or so your ship will effectively not exist, ruining enemy targeting solutions and simply not being there when missiles and projectiles should be hammering into the hull, allowing them to pass on by harmlessly...

Thousand Sons

The Sorcerer Lord Ahriman saw that the Thousand Sons were slowly succumbing to Chaos, and so worked the Rubric of Ahriman to erase mutation from the legion. While a few of the legion found themselves freed from any mutations, their sorcerous powers massively enhanced, the bulk of the Thousand Sons were sealed inside their armour, their souls trapped for eternity, flesh and bone reduced to windswept dust.

Reduced to automatons, the Thousand Sons Rubric Marines are slow, ponderous and almost unstoppable, even by Adeptus Astartes standards, Rubric Marines are easily capable of shrugging off attacks that would destroy a dreadnought, and with Bolters loaded with Inferno Bolts they can obliterate most boarders, and this is why they are here, a mobile defence force that will ensure boarding attempts are obliterated utterly, with style if not speed. Of course, you can also send them off to board other vessels, something they will have little difficulty doing, but as slow as they are, the opposing crew will have ample time to scuttle the ship.

Warpfire Thrower

Something that appears as a cross between a massive avian thing forge of brass and gold and a colossal flamethrower, the Warpfire Thrower is a semi-sentient thing with a one way portal to the churning maelstrom of the Warp itself within its mechanical innards, one that allows the Warpfire Thrower to vomit a pillar of warpfire. While it is a short range weapon with a range of less than five hundred kilometers, it is nightmarishly destructive - few, if any defences can stand up to the unholy fires of the warp.

Steel Clock

The Oldest, barely remembered legends tell of the Steel clock and its origins, now perhaps only a handful of half mad, half insane lorekeepers recall more than scraps of these tales. No mere timepiece, this artifact is said to not tell time but change it, pulling seconds back and forth, trapping moments like insects sealed in amber, and some say the clocks pendulum is the living heart of something old and terrible, stolen away and bound in a prison of time.

When the Clock is wound up, it will distort time aboard ship. The more tension the artifacts internals are placed under, the more pronounced the affect. Used sparingly you can expect an extra minute or two every hour that opponents will not get, and if the internals are wound fully, something not recommended, you can expect as much as an extra ten minutes per hour.

Be warned though, the thing in the clock is NOT happy to be there, and if the clock is damaged or destroyed, you will be top of the list of people to explain just how unhappy it is...

hexagrammatic wards

Aa series of thaumaturgic rituals are performed on the ship, runes of power carved into her armoured flanks by power blade wielding sorceror lords of the Thousand Sons.

The wards can be attuned to do a number of things, but to ensure they can maintain themselves without requiring sorcerous maintenance hourly they must be configured to deal with one thing - they can increase the strength of the ships armour, project a field that makes the ship harder to hit, or render the ship greatly resistant to hostile magics.

Forge of Nightmares

The Forge of Nightmares is a huge biomechanical construct comprised of an oily black lattice of supports, struts and braces. The outer shell can only barely restrain the bulging, reddish, fleshy masses that expand and contract at a regular rate, akin to a monstrous, pulsing heart.

The forge consists of four greater and four lesser furnaces radiating equidistantly out from a central vent; each furnace ending in an opening that resembles a distended mouth. The furnaces are two to three meters in height, while the central stack is well over ten meters tall.

Even when supposedly quiescent, the furnaces draw in air with foul vapours being expelled from the central vent. Those who have viewed a forge in this state find it uncomfortably close

to respiration.

Supposedly these monstrosities are shaped to hold a great and terrible daemon of unimaginable power, although some swear the forge is actually the daemon itself assuming physical form in the real world. In either case, even the merest hint of a Forge of Nightmare's existence will bring the full force of the Inquisition to bear, as an unchecked forge brought to full operation can render an entire world over to the forces of chaos. Once lost to the Imperium of Man in such a manner, the only recourse to save the doomed world is Exterminatus.

Once activated by gorging on souls, the air above the forge begins to shudder and twist as impossible colours begin to shine through from elsewhere, accompanied by shrieks and howls of things drawn from humanities most terrible nightmares. Clouds of foul sorcerous energy will enshroud the ship the forge is built into, lightning will strike opponents not in bolts but in sheets, terrible spirits will seethe and pour through into reality in their hundreds, swarming unshielded hostile vessels, technological devices will suffer from a myriad of problems before failing outright and weak men will be driven hopelessly insane.

It occurs to you that you never did discover just what they were looking for...