



Warhammer 40,000 BOLTGUN Gauntlet
By Darwin Candidate

Welcome to the Forge World of Graia, Battle Brother.

This mighty outpost of the Mechanicus has suffered multiple invasions in recent years, the worst at the hands of the Chaos Sorcerer Nemeroth. The traitor sought an experimental power source, dragged from the Immaterium by one Inquisitor Drogan.

The courage and indomitable will of Captain Titus of the Ultramarines thwarted Nemeroth's schemes, yet the power source remained. It is believed to have fallen into the hands of a cabal of Archmagos who, like Drogan, believe that the potential of the device outweighs the risks...

And they're just as wrong. Inquisitor Seibel of the Ordo Malleus believes that a fresh warband of heretics have arrived on Graia, and has requested Astartes support. Unfortunately, the Ultramarines are pressed on so many fronts that only a single squad of veterans could be spared to assist in the power source's recovery. Your squad.

Ten First Company Veterans are plummeting towards the probable location of the power source in a drop pod. Together, you and your nine brothers must- Hm? What's that alarm? Navigation Compromised? What does that mean?

Oh... that crash looked nasty. Apparently Chaos decided to ruin your day before you even got to the surface, and now all your brothers are dead and you're dozens of kilometers away from your intended destination. Well, if you're going to do this alone, you'd better take these.

+0 CP

Oops... Looks like those were lost in the crash too. And somehow, the interference of the Ruinous Powers have stripped you to your Body Mod. Hope you weren't banking on using Perks and Items from previous Jumps to handle this.

Oh, well. You're a Space Marine, one of the Emperor's Finest. You'll be *fiiiine*. Probably.

Okay fine, if you fail and die horribly you won't end your Chain, and will instead just get tossed back into your Warehouse or equivalent without any of your purchases from here, *and* you'll have the option to try again if you please. Happy?

ORIGIN

Adeptus Astartes Veteran

You are one of the Emperor's Angels, a being of holy wrath made manifest. More, you are a veteran of the First Company, who has walked the battlefields of a hundred worlds and faced practically every major foe of the Imperium of Man. You're kind of a big deal.

You are a sprightly 200 + 5D10 years old, and by default are physically male.

What's that? Female Space Marine? ...Well, it's not like there's any non-heretics around to comment on it, and you're unlikely to remove your helmet even if there were. Just don't say anything about it to the Inquisitor, and you can get away with it.

DRAWBACKS

Take Pride In Your Colors (+0 CP)

Don't want to be an Ultramarine? That's fine. Choose any Chapter (other than the Grey Knights, you cheater) that remains loyal to the Imperium, from the Angels Encarmine to the White Scars. In this iteration of the universe, this was the Chapter that Inquisitor Seibel called on for aid, and the one you hail from.

Something, Something, Something Mariney (+100 CP)

Oh, this is going to get old really fast... You can hear [a constant repetitive chanting](#) that never ever stops. It's never loud enough to compromise your awareness of the battlefield, and the song isn't *inherently* irritating, but again, *it never stops*. But you're just going to have to deal with it.

Twisted Geometries (+100 CP)

Or maybe you just have a terrible sense of direction. You have difficulty finding the correct path forward, as Imperial architecture and Chaos reality-warping conspire to leave you staring at a maze of twisty corridors, all alike. This will mostly just cost you time as you get lost and double back repeatedly, but sometimes that's the greatest cost of all.

Key Hunter (+100 CP)

So many locked doors... they didn't do a thing to stop the heretics from getting in, but now they're getting in *your* way! There are now roughly twice as many sealed gates and blast doors barring your access to... just about anywhere you intend to go, and they all require their own keys. They're never *too* far away from where they're needed, but having to hunt for them constantly is going to be a headache and a half.

The Lost and the Damned (+100 CP)

Heretics are really coming out of the woodwork. Maybe the Sorcerer responsible for this fresh invasion brought along a larger warband, or maybe he stepped up his recruitment efforts among the menials of the manufactorums, but either way the result is that there are far more cultists and renegade Guardsmen among the ranks of the enemy. They may be mere mortals, but the Imperial Guard regularly proves that “everything counts in large amounts” is a fully viable battlefield tactic. Expect to see twice as many human foes.

Daemonic Mildew (+100 CP)

Nurglings are among the weakest Daemons in existence, manifesting as little balls of mischievous filth that rarely manage to be more than a foot tall. They’re so fragile that they can be killed by a single shot of... just about any decent gun, and they also tend to be dumber than a lobotomized grox. But all that said, they are still Daemons, spawn of the Plague God, and they need to be taken seriously and wiped out as efficiently as possible. And you’re going to get a *lot* of practice at it, because for some reason they won’t stop spawning around you!

For the duration of your mission, you’ll never get more than a minute or two’s peace before a few of these adorably disgusting critters come crawling out of vents and squeezing under doors. It’s never all that many (unless you let them build up for a while), but constantly having these things hassling you will wear on even a Space Marine’s stamina and patience eventually.

Hostile Architecture (+100 CP)

A forge world can be a dangerous place at the best of times, and these are far from the best of times. It feels like exposed hazards are everywhere, from live currents to open vats of chemicals to long drops with no railings. Worse, the Heretics have taken to laying down crude traps wherever they expect to encounter resistance, so you’ll need to keep a keen eye out for tripwires attached to grenades and other dangers.

Ammo, Ammo Everywhere... (+200 CP)

...And not a bolt to shoot. You’re on a Forge World that makes vast amounts of materiel for both the Imperial Guard and the Astartes Chapters, so ammunition for a wide variety of weapons is available around every corner. Unfortunately, there are so many different patterns of weapons on their production lines that finding ammo that fits *your* guns can be an exercise in frustration. Bolt rounds tend to be the wrong calibre, plasma cells don’t match your gun’s receiver, you keep finding anti-plant missiles and grenades instead of frag and krak... you can still find enough munitions to complete your mission, but firefights will require a lot more caution and it will involve a lot more time and effort to keep topped up.

Abbadon’s Interest (+200 CP)

The Despoiler has chosen to directly back Tumulus Samael, the Sorcerer Lord responsible for this invasion. The result is that there are far more renegade Astartes in the enemy warband, and their arsenals are a lot more varied. Not only are there marines carrying heavy and specialist

weapons in the mix, but Raptors and Obliterators and more besides. In general firefights are going to have a lot more power-armored traitors gunning for you, roughly double the baseline.

- **Legionaries (+100 CP)**- Berserkers, Plague Marines, Rubrics led by lesser sorcerers, and Noise Marines have joined the invasion, and they have enough discipline to focus on the servants of the Imperium before they allow their rivalries to get in the way. Have fun with that.

Patient Zero (+200 CP)

You've been "blessed" by the Plaguefather. Despite the constitution of your Astartes body, you're infected with one of Nurgle's newest diseases. Though for now it's only giving you mild headaches and a lingering feeling of *the yuck*, the symptoms will gradually worsen as time passes, sapping your strength and diminishing your focus. You'd better hurry, or else you may grow too weak and slow to complete your mission, and eventually collapse into a delirious heap.

It's also possible that the Great Unclean Ones you encounter might attempt to ask you for details about your symptoms before engaging you in battle. After all, this plague is very new and Grandfather Nurgle desires feedback as much as any other creator.

Lies and Damned Lies (+200 CP)

The Changer of the Ways is having a bit of fun at your expense, and illusory enemies flood the battlefields of Graia. They can't hurt you, but they certainly can distract you from real foes or waste your ammunition if you don't look closely enough to spot the flaws in their projected forms.

Thrones For The Throne Skull! ...Wait. (+200 CP)

The Blood God cares not from where the blood flows, only that it never stops. He finds your capacity for slaughter acceptable, but is growing impatient for *more*. As such, you feel a dark fury driving you onward, pushing you to get stuck in and massacre your foes at all costs. It will take focus and self-discipline to restrain yourself from making banzai charges every time an enemy presents itself, even in the face of overwhelming numbers.

A Beautiful Death (+200 CP)

The Prince of Pleasure has inflamed your hubris, and you are left utterly confident of your victory. So confident, in fact, that you almost can't help toying with your pitiful enemies whenever the opportunity arises. The effect is insidious, and you'll often find yourself holding back on finishing a foe for critical seconds while you attempt to line up a more *dramatic* or otherwise impressive end. This, of course, is likely to leave you exposed to the very enemies you're so dismissive of, so you'd better mind your pride carefully to avoid a hilariously tragic end of your own.

Warp Gate (+300 CP)

Either the ritualists among the enemy warband have been putting in overtime, or maybe the Power Source is just catnip for warp entities. Either way, you can expect to face way more

Daemons in general, and both Khornate and Slaaneshi daemons have joined the party. Expect roughly twice as many warpspawn to manifest any time you fight them.

- **Tetrad of Darkness (+200 CP)**- Oh boy... now the big boys have come to play. You were already going to be confronted by Lords of Change and Great Unclean Ones, now Bloodthirsters and Keepers of Secrets are tagging along as well. At least you won't need to face more than one Greater Daemon at a time. Probably.

But muh lore! (+600)

Do you really need the CP this badly? Well, on your head be it... Your enemies are now lore-accurate to the rest of the Warhammer 40,000 multiverse. While this means little for the mortals, Chaos Marines are now *far* more dangerous and cunning, and Daemons are capable of doing far more than merely shooting weird-colored fire or hocking toxic loogies at you. The plagues of Nurgle can infect you if you aren't careful, mutation due to Chaos exposure is a constant threat, and the sorceries of Tzeentch can make reality go runny around the edges... Things are a lot more dangerous, is what I'm saying.

Taking the Gloves Off (+1000 CP)

This is no longer a Gauntlet, it's now a standard Jump. On the one hand, you will have to live through ten years in this universe, and dying without some way to mitigate it or come back will now result in Chain Failure. On the other hand, you aren't reduced to your Body Mod and you have access to all your stuff.

Perks

As there is only one Origin, there are no Origin-based discounts. Instead, you receive five discount tokens, to be applied to whichever Perks and Items you prefer. As always, discounted 100 CP purchases are free.

Astartes Physiology (Free and Mandatory)

You have the body of a gene-sculpted demigod!... Because that's basically what you are. You stand between seven and nine feet tall, and have [nineteen additional organs](#) that grant you both nigh-supernatural strength and resilience and a variety of additional tricks like corrosive spit or direct neural links to power armor. In later Jumps, this Emperor-forged body will serve as an Alt-Form.

Astartes Training (Free)

Space Marines spend most of their time on campaign, and practically all of their remaining time training for the next war. You are a veteran of the Astartes, and therefore you have received a *lot* of training. As such, you are an adequate (by Astartes standards) marksman and swordsman, you can competently pilot all but the most specialized vehicles of the Space Marine arsenal, you know how to wield any weapon common to the Astartes from the smallest Bolt Pistol to the heaviest Grav Cannon, you can use a Jump Pack with ease, you have an excellent grasp of small-unit tactics, you can perform basic maintenance on your weapons and armor, and you have received hypno-conditioning to reinforce your dedication to your cause (*Your*

cause, not the Imperium's. Functionally it's a boost to your willpower and ability to ignore temptation) and remove fear's ability to control you.

Armor of Contempt (100 CP)

"Let Faith be your shield, Hatred your sword, and your armor be the Armor of Contempt." The scorn you feel for your enemies is a potent force, able to protect you from their pitiful attacks. Whenever an enemy falls by your hand, you gain a slight charge to this protection, which essentially functions like an invisible shield against harm. The protection gained scales with the threat of the enemy you felled. Your disdain for a single mortal Cultist might deflect a single autogun bullet, a single Heretic Astartes could empower you enough to shrug off a bolt round, and the death of a Chaos Terminator could let you survive a Plasma Gun's blast unscathed.

As this is essentially a spiritual power, spiritual entities such as ghosts and daemons tend to grant a greater charge of Contempt than equivalent flesh and blood threats.

The protection granted by your Contempt will rise and fall throughout battle, as you gain a charge from every crushed foe and expend it to protect yourself from their counterattacks. Superlative skill and rapid kills will allow you to amass vast reserves of hate, but your stockpile can't exceed your own body's ability to survive harm. In essence, a heart full of Contempt will make you require twice as much killing to finally bring down.

Swift as the Wind (100 CP)

Astartes are already far faster and more agile than their mass would suggest, but you take it to all new extremes. Your nimbleness and speed is the stuff of legends. So long as you remain vigilant, you have the reflexes and economy of motion to sidestep bullets. You've also mastered the art of parkour even in power armor, and you can flit across rough terrain and scale up and down multi-level structures almost without slowing.

Bolter Drill (100 CP)

Aim, *then* fire. It's amazing how often people get that wrong. You have trained extensively within your Chapter's firing ranges and training chapels, and you are an artisan of death with any ranged weapon you care to name. Whether you're precisely picking off priority targets or laying down short controlled bursts to thin an approaching horde, you're an expert at making sure not a shot is wasted. You've also got a knack for counting bullets, effortlessly keeping track of how many shots you've fired and how many are left before you need to reload.

Chapter Champion (100 CP)

For the more *intimate* killer. You're a master duelist, trained and skilled with a variety of close combat weapons, and at your best you could go toe to toe with an Aeldari Autarch and have a better than even chance at coming out on top.

Grenadier (100 CP)

After the pin is pulled, Mr. Grenade is no longer our friend. Thankfully, you're an expert at making him your enemy's problem. You have excellent aim with thrown weapons, whether it's a

frag grenade, a knife, or even a rock. Furthermore you have an instinctive knowledge of the hazard zone of explosives, you can almost see a glowing circle encompassing the blast zone of any grenades or other bombs you can see.

Walking Armatorium (200 CP)

Space Marines are capable of lifting immense loads, but the number of weapons and ammunition loadouts you'll need to purge Graia and recover the Power Source are beyond strength. Thankfully, you can manage them anyway. You have a pocket space that you can fit an entire arsenal into and withdraw things from at will. It will only accept personal-scale weapons and ammunition, and it will only contain one of each kind of weapon (unless it's a paired set, like twinned pistols or a set of daggers), but you can swap your weapons in seconds without fumbling any of them.

Resilience of Titus (200 CP)

On multiple occasions Brother-Captain Titus demonstrated a remarkable ability to weather the effects of Chaos sorceries, pushing through when his brethren were stymied and helpless. Not even an ancient Sorcerer Lord fresh off his apotheosis into a Daemon Prince could stop him for long.

You share in this incredible resistance. You aren't outright immune, but willpower will give you the edge you need to resist attempts to bind, restrain, or control you through sorcery or psychic powers, and your resistance to corruptive effects such as the touch of the Warp is astonishing.

Not-So-Heavy Gunner (200 CP)

Dost thou hoist, Battle Brother? Even by Astartes standards you're shockingly strong, able to wield the sort of weapons that are typically mounted on tripods or vehicles with the same ease that your brothers use a Bolter. Firing heavy weapons while running and jumping around the battlefield is trivial for you, and you can easily manage such weapons' recoil even without properly bracing yourself.

Doctor, Heal Thyself (200 CP)

You aren't *just* a Chapter Veteran, you're trained as an Apothecary, the combat medics of the Astartes. You possess the knowledge and skills to provide combat medicine for a vast variety of wounds and physical traumas, to the point that with the right tools you could perform life-saving surgery right on the battlefield. Just be careful if you apply these skills on a mortal human, alright? They're fragile little things.

Additionally, you have been taught the greatest secrets of the Apothecarion: how to forge a worthy subject into a Space Marine (if you have the necessary materials), and how to harvest the Progenoid glands of a fallen Battle-Brother (which are the necessary materials).

This Perk comes with a complimentary Narthecium, a diagnostic device and medical multitool built into one of your armor's bracers.

Toolbox Training (400 CP)

You aren't *just* a Chapter Veteran, you're trained as a Techmarine, the engineers and mechanics of the Astartes. When your aptitude with machines was noticed you were sent on a pilgrimage to Mars, the seat of the Adeptus Mechanicus. There you were inducted into the mysteries of the Omnissiah... which is to say you know how to build and fix machines for your Chapter. Your education was for obvious reasons specialized on war machines, weapons, armor, cybernetics, and fortifications, but you have a greater grasp on how the technology of the Imperium works than anyone outside the Cult Mechanicus would ever be permitted. Such knowledge will doubtless prove invaluable while traversing the foundries and manufactorums of a Forge World.

This Perk comes with a complimentary Servo-Arm, a clamp mounted on an articulated arm attached to your armor's backpack. It's linked to your nervous system through your Black Carapace, so you can control it with precision whether you're using it to crush an Ork skull or *not* crush an egg.

Back In Black (400 CP)

You aren't *just* a Chapter Veteran, you're trained as a Chaplain, the spiritual guides of the Astartes. You are a master of rhetoric and inspiring the masses, especially when it comes to stoking fury against your enemies. So long as you maintain purity of purpose and faith in your cause (whatever that cause may be), your denunciations and curses will not only drive your allies to greater heights, the unclean and unholy will recoil from your righteous hatred. Spiritual entities like Daemons might even be weakened and left vulnerable to your mundane attacks.

This Perk comes with a complimentary Rosarius, a personal Conversion Field generator on a strand of adamantine beads. Attacks that trigger the field are harmlessly turned into a flash of light, though there is at best a 50/50 chance that any given attack will activate the protection.

Nerd and Proud (600 CP)

You aren't *just* a Chapter Veteran, you're a member of the Librarium, the archivists and battle-psykers of the Astartes. You are one of the relatively rare humans blessed and cursed with a connection to the Immaterium, the source of reality-warping power and also daemons. Drawing too deeply on the former can result in the latter taking notice and using a reckless psyker's frontal lobe as a portal into realspace, but you've received extensive training on how to draw on your power *without* that happening.

For obvious reasons, Astartes psykers tend to focus on battlefield applications of their power, but that still presents a plethora of options. Hurling lightning, generating flame, telekinetic assaults, boiling the blood in your foe's veins... Some Librarians learn to strengthen their bodies to monstrous degrees, or shroud themselves from their enemy's senses, or even to open a short-range portal to let a squad teleport through the Warp. You know a handful of combat-applicable powers, and dedicated practice will expand your repertoire over time.

You also take excellent notes, especially in the form of After Action Reports. Archivists, remember?

This Perk comes with a complimentary Psychic Hood, an arcane device of crystal filaments that assist a Librarian in resisting hostile psychic powers. It's built into your armor, arching up over the back of your head.

Items

Post-gauntlet, all purchased weapons will receive a weekly crate of ammunition delivered to the Cosmic Warehouse or a suitable property. In the Gauntlet, purchased variant ammo types become more common to find while scrounging, while post-gauntlet a few magazines worth of each are added to the weekly ammo crate.

Mk. VIII Power Armor (Free)

This venerable suit of ceramite plates and synthetic muscle is a walking fortress, capable of protecting its wearer from extreme environments and enemy fire alike. Powered by a reactor in the backpack, Astartes armor connects directly to the Black Carapace, the last of the implanted organs granted by ascension into a Space Marine. The result is that the armor reacts to its wearer like a second skin and allows the Marine to control its myriad autosenses, magboots, and all the other tools and functions built in with but a thought.

Your suit's colors and markings are indicative of your Chapter and your rank, although First Company Veterans such as yourself do have greater authority to customize their wargear. It may also incorporate additional tools if you took one or more specialist training Perks.

Mk IV Corvus-pattern "Beakie" helmet optional.

Relic Boltgun (Free, 50 CP per additional ammo type or 200 CP for all)

Ah, the Holy Bolter. Finest of weapons, the might of the Imperium made manifest. The workhorse of the Astartes. The thing this Gauntlet is named after. This beast of a gun fires massively oversized gyrojet rounds, each of which features a rocket boosted propulsion system, an armor-piercing tip, and a mass-reactive explosive payload... and that's just the basic round.

- **Kraken Penetrator Rounds-** This variant ammunition replaces the explosive warhead with a solid adamantium core and more propellant, resulting in a round that trades some tissue damage for improved range and armor penetration.
- **Vengeance Rounds-** A rare ammunition intended for hunting Traitor Astartes, these shells contain a tiny flux core capable of melting through ceramite and enhanced flesh alike. The trade-off is that the rounds lose a great deal of accuracy over long range, requiring a high-risk high-reward approach to combat.
- **Dragonfire Rounds-** This variant replaces the explosive core with compressed superheated gas, just the thing for dealing with enemies too well-fortified to reliably hit directly. Even the best cover won't protect them from a volley of miniature fuel-air explosions.
- **Stalker Silenced Rounds-** Because sometimes even Astartes need to be sneaky. The rocket propellant is replaced by compressed gas and the explosive core is removed, allowing these subsonic rounds to remove sentries without drawing undue attention.

- **Hellfire Rounds-** Developed for fighting Tyranids, this round has a much smaller explosive core... but that core is surrounded by a bundle of needles loaded with mutagenic acid. Even the most resilient foe will suffer horrendous damage from these rounds.
- **Metal Storm Rounds-** The crowd control option. These rounds are etched with a grid reminiscent of a frag grenade, and the mass-reactive tip is swapped out for a proximity detector. The result is a bolt that detonates just before striking the target and sprays them with shrapnel over a wide area, useless for foes with even moderate armor but very efficient for clearing away the chaff.

Astartes Shotgun (100 CP)

Typically wielded by Scout-Novices, the humble shotgun remains a devastating weapon in the hands of a Veteran. Especially considering that each shell is roughly the size of a soda can. Still, other than the massive scale of the weapon, an automatic shotgun is an automatic shotgun. You know what to do with it.

Vengeance Launcher (100 CP)

A relatively new addition to the Space Marine arsenal, this grenade launcher fires remote-detonated adhesive explosives. Because even in the forty-first millennium, one can still be a Black Scottish Cyclops.

Flamer (100 CP)

For the connoisseur of cremation who loves the smell of Promethium in the morning. What more needs to be said? This model of flamethrower eschews the bulky backpack fuel tanks often used by the Imperial Guard, instead using a smaller flask of jellied Promethium. It may not get as many shots before needing to be refueled, but it's more maneuverable and doesn't require strapping a massive firebomb to your back.

Plasma Gun (200 CP)

Here comes the sun, do do do dooo... This marvel of the Mechanicus compresses and heats a wisp of gas until it becomes the fourth state of matter, and a shaped magnetic tunnel launches it at speed toward whatever needs a glowing hole melted through it. The resulting miniature star detonates on impact, searing through even the toughest of armor and scorching anyone standing too close.

While this weapon has a fearsome reputation for occasionally malfunctioning and venting superheated coolant into the face of its wielder, this master-quality work of art is ^{mostly} guaranteed to never betray you in such a fashion... though maybe don't fire it on full auto for too long.

Heavy Bolter (200 CP)

Because somebody looked at a burst-firing armor-piercing RPG launcher and said "Needs more gun." This is the squad support weapon version of the Boltgun, firing rounds as thick as a human's wrist at a blistering rate. Fantastic for clearing away hordes of lesser foes, or if you can

handle the recoil you can put dozens of HE-AP rounds into a single high-value target in seconds.

Melta Gun (200 CP)

Because sometimes, a single man on foot needs to kill a tank. The Melta is a thermal weapon that projects a short-range blast capable of punching through almost any armor in a single shot, and reducing flesh to charred scraps and drifting ash. The rate of fire and ammo capacity are both quite low, but when you need a single shot to kill every mother's son in the room, accept no substitutes.

Missile Launcher (200 CP)

This almost seems anticlimactic compared to all of the high-tech options available, but the humble missile launcher remains a staple of the Imperium's militaries for excellent reason. Coming with a payload of both Frag and Krak warheads, this shoulder-mounted delight will sweep away swarms of light infantry, mobs of heavy infantry, and armored vehicles with equal ease.

Multi Melta (300 CP)

The Melta's big brother. Longer range, better rate of fire, and even more powerful, this double-barreled incinerator takes everything you love about the standard Melta and dials it up until the knob breaks off... the only catch being that it's bulky and heavy enough that it's more often mounted on a vehicle. Lift with your knees, Battle Brother!

Grav Cannon (300 CP)

Now this is some Dark Age of Technology nonsense. This heavy weapon fires a brilliant green beam with a bizarre effect: it creates a localised gravity field centered on its target, with a small area of effect but incredible strength. The result is that the enemy's own mass becomes their downfall as they collapse inwards upon themselves. Not only is armor of no help, but heavier suits of armor make the situation *worse*. There's nothing quite like watching a Traitor Marine Terminator be reduced to a ball of ceramite and blood smaller than his own head.

It's worth noting that on lower power settings Grav weapons can be used non-lethally, slowing and pinning targets that need to be taken alive. But that's unlikely to be useful to an Astartes, *especially* one facing the forces of the Great Enemy.

Volkite Caliver (300 CP)

All of the devastating thermal power of a Melta, compressed into a narrow long-range beam. This ancient and insanely rare weapon was what the God Emperor intended to be the primary weapon of the Astartes Legions during the Great Crusade, but the difficulty and slow rate of their manufacture meant that it was eventually replaced by the far simpler Boltgun. When you look at a distant enemy and think "I wish I could set him on fire from here", this gun is the answer.

Devastator Bundle (1200 CP)

What's that? There's so many fantastic choices of armament you don't know where to begin? Why choose? Here you may acquire all of the above guns in one convenient package! This personal arsenal includes one of everything, from the Shotgun to the Caliver, loaded and ready!

Variant Bolt Rounds not included.

Chainsword (Free)

For those up close and personal encounters. This masterfully crafted weapon is exactly what it sounds like, a chainsaw balanced like a sword. Each tooth on the chain is mono-edged, and the motor is capable of driving it through even ceramite and alien chitin without jamming. It really says something about the foes that the Imperium faces that this is considered a basic sidearm.

Power Weapon (100 CP)

At first glance, this resembles a mundane sword, mace, axe, or other simple melee weapon. And then you notice the compact generator attached to the business end, and see the crackling energy that envelops it when it's turned on. Power weapons are premier tools for cutting down heavily armored foes, as the field that envelops the striking surface extends just beyond the edge of the blade to create a cutting surface one atom wide... or just enhances the concussive impact by an order of magnitude. Either way, whatever you hit with it is going to have a bad day.

If you took **Back in Black**, you may use this to acquire a Crozius Arcanum, the combination Power Mace and badge of office of a Chaplain. If you took **Toolbox Training**, you may use this to acquire one of the signature cogwheel power axes used by the Mechanicus. If you took **Nerd and Proud**, you may use this to acquire a Force Weapon, a power weapon that can channel destructive psychic power directly into the foe.

Thunder Hammer (200 CP)

Move over Mjolnir, and let the real Thunder Bringer do its job. This massive maul, bearing a head large enough that a mortal man couldn't lift it without a winch, is one of the most potent close-quarters weapons available in the Space Marine arsenal. Every impact is accompanied by a massive shockwave that pulverizes whatever it hits with a sound like rolling thunder, and even slamming it against the ground can release a blast that shakes the room.

Grenades (200 CP)

Astartes frag grenades are exactly what you'd expect, a throwable explosive designed to spread shrapnel over a wide area. Being made for Space Marine use just means they're bigger, and consequently dangerous over a wider area than mortal-scale versions. Krak grenades are anti-armor weapons, with a much smaller area of far greater damage. While crates full of both varieties are all over Graia just waiting to be collected and used, this purchase will grant you a regenerating stockpile. One grenade will appear on your belt or other appropriate location every ten minutes, until you reach a full loadout of three each. Post-Gauntlet this can be toggled off at will, if you don't want grenades constantly appearing for some reason.

Vortex Grenade (600 CP)

Vortex weaponry is rightfully among the most feared and dangerous weapons in the Imperial arsenal, rare and ancient beyond all others. Rather than merely explode, such weapons open a miniscule hole in reality that leads straight to the Immaterium, the hell-realm that daemons call home. Anything within its area of effect is dragged screaming into the Warp, never to be seen again. Worse, the breach lingers for a short time and has an alarming and unpredictable tendency to drift about at random, making it an ongoing threat for anything nearby.

Because it is very nearly as dangerous to the wielder as to the target, such weapons tend to be mounted on long-range missiles... but because this is the Imperium we're talking about, of *course* they also make hand-thrown versions.

You receive one of these rare and precious relics, and receive one more every ten years or every completed Jump, whichever comes first. *Please* be very careful with them.

Scenario Reward

Congratulations, Battle Brother! You have completed your mission and purged the taint of heresy from Graia, and to the victor go the spoils! The Archmagos of Graia is grateful beyond the capacity for Low Gothic, High Gothic, or Binary to express, and offers you a precious gift for your service:

Limited STC

A copy of the Standard Template Construct files for all of the equipment you purchased here. This easy-to-follow set of blueprints contains all of the necessary information to create your own arsenal to share out as you see fit, as well as instructions on how to create the specialized materials the Imperium uses such as Ceramite, Promethium, Adamantium, even something called 'Auramite'.

It even includes armor and weapon patterns scaled down to fit unaugmented humans, and a selection of basic gear intended for the Imperial Guard, such as the humble lasgun.

Now what could you do with all this, I wonder...?

End Choice

Now that your time here, short or long as it was, has finished, it's time to make your choice.

From Whence Ye Came

You've had enough of the Omniverse. You retire to your world of origin, your Chain complete, with nothing but your memories... and also all the stuff and skill and Perks and Companions you've collected along the way.

To The Fortress-Monastery

Really? You want to stay in this Universe? Well, to each their own... your Chain ends, and here you remain.

Through the Warp and Far Away...

... The Emperor points, and we obey. Time to move on to the next universe, and the next war.

Notes

Changelog

- Version 1.0
 - Document exists
- Version 1.1
 - Drawbacks balanced