



Thought for the day:
He who hesitates is damned.

Priority Inquisitorial Communique

Dest. Scintilla
Adeptus Astra Telepathica

Instruments of my Inquisitorial will,

It pleases me that the heretic Bulagor Thrungg should be brought to justice. His apostasy is assured, his agents have purchased a planted "artefact" that I had inserted into the Scintillan black market. He is certainly the man behind the so called Museum of Apostasy. It is without a doubt hidden somewhere within his ancestral home.

To this end I have requisitioned the use of a Valkyrie and forces from the Army of the Scintillan Protectorate. They will strike the mansion building while you, my Acolytes, will deploy into the mansion's apostate chapel, there to hold the location until the main building can be captured. Intelligence suggests the chapel will be poorly defended and deploying there will protect you from both troops on the ground and aircraft bane weapons rumoured to be present among the estate's tombs.

Your purpose is to acquire evidence of Thrungg's possession of forbidden items, and to assist in his capture if necessary. I expect to soon take solace in news of your success.

In the name of the Emperor, let none survive who turn their faces from Him.





indeed I dare say she was quite mad after the experience. If one were to attempt to put into words the majesty of what the three of us saw within the hand they would surely fail. I have dined with poets, Navigators and Astropaths and none have described in words what the soul knows when it bears witness to it. Through the hand we three touched the mind of a god, horrific to comprehend and impossible to ignore.

Day 72

My compatriots have been dealt with. Poor Skrivus was so shaken by the truth of things, by the unbridled knowledge thrust into us, that he fell to petty worship again. He certainly would have confessed his sins had he been given time. My pets made quick work of any evidence, perhaps I should be concerned that they are developing a taste for more refined meals.

Day 76

The confluence of signs, invisible to the unaware, is almost nigh. My communion with the hand will see the true birthright of the Thrungg dynasty thrust into the stars. The meek will bow, I will be recognised the seer of seers. The stars above Gunmetal City wink and twinkle in an almost unperceptable pattern. They speak to me, a voice from beyond the percieveable. They call in a language so ancient that none can pronounce it, but all is understood. Taste upon me thy words, touch within me thy message.

Day 78

Without traversing the body from the museum, the mind has crossed the ocean of the warp to my tutors realm. I now know the glorious destiny set forth for me, carved by chance. Teeth like blades, scales like the sky, a single spine that hooks behind. Perfect in its creation, surely a child of my tutor.

I have seen the great conflict. The thousand-fold truth battles against the knight. A standstill, they hold each other, a grapple so implacable that even time stands still in its grip. The Dei-Phage rots in the fist, but the fist cannot move, it must not move.

What have we become? Skrivus was right. It matters not unto... it doesn't. No, Skrivus was a coward. We have traveled too far down this road to turn back. Devotion remains ahead.

Day 80

I have borne witness to the fortress of the eater of gods. The temple of gold with a heart of coal. It stands alone against the darkness, shining for all to see. It is but a marker on the path, but a path to the Dei-Phage is a home to all who have the will to understand. A path to he who will swallow the unworthy god and supplant him. I will be at his side when Hekate's champion rises from the brine!

Day 83

We are one! Glorious to my flesh. Certainly my ascendance is near, for I have touched the hand of the Dei-Phage and it has blessed me as it has no other. I alone have the mastery of this gift, I alone survive its gentle caress.

Day 85

He tells me that doom is coming. That the wings of the warrior angel bear into the flesh the righteous indignation of false gods. Even in my enlightened state there is no deciphering such cryptic promises. Doom for who? Is this the doom I will strike across the stars? Is this my own doom, a warning from my friend so that it can be avoided? I will not risk my destiny on such a chance. The house guard have been resupplied. Watches at all times and no fewer than fifty men on duty. A small pittance to pay for the certainty of





Thought for the day:

In His service one is never
sacrificing, nor shall one ever
sacrifice enough.

Priority Inquisitorial Communique

Dest. Barsapine
Adeptus Astra Telepathica

Instruments of my Inquisitorial will,

Our investigations into the crimes of House Thrungg are now complete. While you have been in transit to the Gilded Cathedral on Barsapine, the holdings and titles of Bulagor Thrungg as well as those of his extended family have been revoked. Service in His name is never complete and it falls to you now to continue the investigations into the source of the most dangerous artefact among those deemed heretical.

The faemonic hand that you reclaimed from the corpse of Thrungg has its roots somewhere on Barsapine. It is my concern that the noble houses there as well may be harboring corruptive influences. Abbot Jurutas has been informed of your arrival and will provide you all the succour and assistance you require while investigating the Gilded Cathedral for clues to point you to the corruptive influence.

Find the source of this object and bring to it the righteous light of He Who Is On Earth. Leave no stone unturned and no thread unravelled in your search.

Awaiting you when you make landfall will be a transport for your use on Barsapine, as well as several devices you may find useful. The Medispex servitor is an old device that should be treated with care, I expect it to be returned in proper order when your mission concludes. Additionally, the armaments you had available in the assault on Thrungg Manor are available here as well. Should you require anything supplementary I leave you to your own devices.

One last note, please be subtle in your efforts. Abbot Jurutas knows your purpose but the others within his parish do not. The Gilded Cathedral is the most holy location on all of Barsapine and I do not wish to disrupt its day to day operations without reason.

In the name of the Emperor, let none survive who turn their faces from Him.



Ecclesiarchal Holding #117. The Chamber of Uplifted Voices located within Kephistron Altis. Clergy in Residence Abbot Vernstehn. His holy hymn ceases not. Assigned supplemental clergy upon the feast of St. Drusus, expected pilgrimage requires no fewer than fifty clergy prepared to administer penance.

Ecclesiarchal Holding #118. The Gilded Cathedral located within Kephistron Inferior. Clergy in Residence Abbot Clandis. The Light of the God-Emperor shines upon us all and gives day where there is night. Request Adeptus Mechanicus assistance determining function of Black Sepulchre.

Ecclesiarchal Holding #119. The Chapel of St. Drusus located within Kephistron Altis. Clergy in Residence Cleric Adalmento. The Saint's truth shared with the honest soldiers of the Brontian Longknives 407th infantry battalion. Re-assign Cleric Adalmento after re-deployment of 407th.

Ecclesiarchal Holding #120. Haematite Cathedral, located upon the Twilight Ridge along eastern coastline. Clergy in Residence None. Assigning clergy to this accursed place. Request Ordo Hereticus investigation into activities of Koronath Hekate, Gustavus Hekate and Mikaea Hekate.

Ecclesiarchal Holding #121. Outpost 408 located Along Western Coastline, Daylight Ridge. Clergy in Residence Missionary Steel. Shining the light of the God-Emperor upon the nomads of the desert wastes.

Ecclesiarchal Holding #122. Bulwark of Sevastian located within Desacryne. Clergy in Residence Drill Abbot Von Marker. Preparing the faithful pupils for purging of possible greenskin infestation.

Ecclesiarchal Holding #123. Outpost 410 located along Twilight Ridge on western coastline. Clergy in Residence Cleric Stednesh. Observing the sea for greenskin threats. Cleric Stednesh has been in solitude for fifteen years, summon to Desacryne for

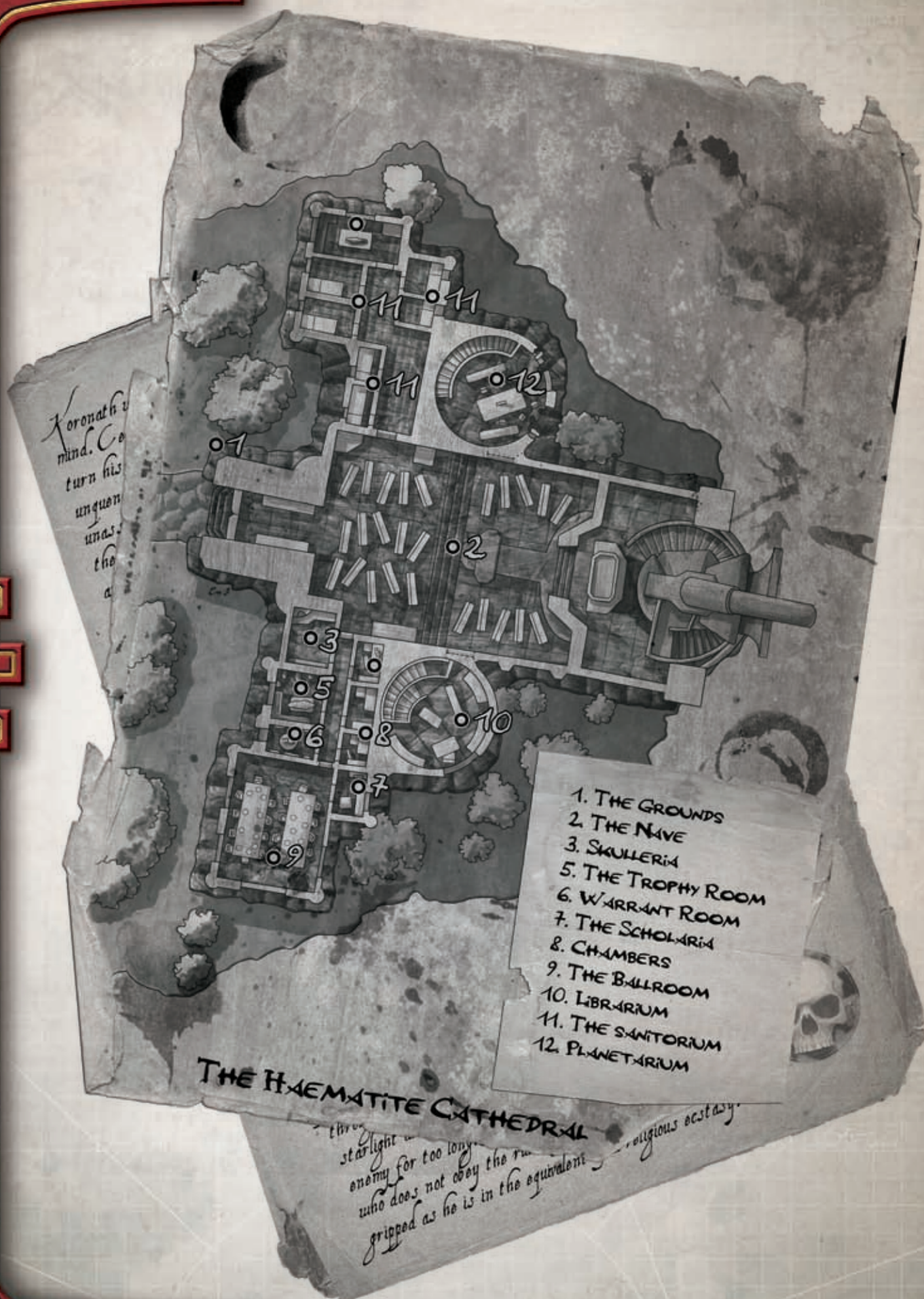
The march of the Titan Legions is a sight like no other. These towering God-Machines stride into battle with unstoppable force, their honour banners inspiring thousands of warriors who mill about their churning feet like tiny insects. The rippling corona of void shields surround the Titans with tinctures of actinic fire, a blazing borealis that shrugs off enemy fire as a mere annoyance. Each thunderous step of a Titan shakes the ground with powerful impacts, and the psychological impact of a Titan's presence is simply impossible to ignore. I have seen vast armies of lesser foes turn tail and flee at the sight of a rampaging Titan of Mars.

What must it be like, to command such a machine? To walk amongst the mightiest army like a god, dispensing death and mercy with but a thought? I am but a humble scribe, but my dearest wish is that I could have joined those men and women, the princeps and moderati who serve upon a Titan's bridge and direct the God-Machine's actions on the battlefield.

The Tech-Priests who venerate these massive war machines accord them all obeisance; to the Machine Cult, Titans are pure expressions of the Omnissiah's wrath, and the Mechanicus will go to any length to recover even the smallest portion of a Titan's sanctified body. I have witnessed the massive open bays where Titans rest upon the mass conveyors as they are transported between the stars; swarms of Tech-adepts bestowing the Omnissiah's blessing upon every cog and switch, chanting litanies of maintenance upon every circuit and relay.

The greatest of these Titans are mountainous in size, able to stride across cities. Among these Titans are the Imperator-class, majestic and colossal. Armed with lasers, cannons, and more esoteric weapons of immense size and power, Imperator-class Titans are one of the ultimate war machines fielded by the Adeptus Mechanicus. There is a legend that one such Imperator-class Titan, the Pax Macharius, fought alone against an entire greenskin Waaagh! during the Angevin Crusade. At the conclusion of the battle, only the Titan remained, surrounded by a burning waste, the air choked with tons of ash made from the flesh of its foes.

P.M. West 478 North 222 Reverse



I fear these are the last words I shall write. Gustavus is rampaging about the house looking for me. I have never been so certain that he has done terrible things, and now he knows my suspicions, surely my death shall soon be among his crimes. I hide here in my chamber, knowing that I cannot ever truly hide from him. This room, I fear, shall become my tomb.

Perhaps these pages will reach someone beyond the Cathedral. I cast them now into the air, knowing the descent from my window to the grounds is too perilous. Would that these words make that journey, and cast upon the winds of Barsapine find sympathetic eyes to read them. If you are such a friend, find my body, punish Gustavus, and uncover that which lurks in this damned place.

Of Gustavus, I become more suspicious by the day. For not but two days ago a clergyman came to visit. Though I witnessed Gustavus leading the gentleman about the Solarium and other places in the house, I did not see him leave, nor did I hear them talking in the evening when I might have expected them to be discussing matters of religion and politics. The next day, while Gustavus and Vorkas were out hunting in the dunes, I risked much to travel to Ephistrom Altis in disguise without his knowing. There I found, from enquiries at the chapels and house of this clergyman, that he has not been seen there since he came to the Cathedral. I greatly fear that some grave fate has befallen him at the hands of the mad Gustavus.

I have resolved to investigate the efforts Gustavus puts forth in his secret study. He believes his room hidden perfectly beneath the skullaria but I have divined that he performs some dark act beneath the great furnace. I must be careful in this not to involve Bellica, for Bellica is both simple of mind and devoted to Gustavus, and he will surely react to any suspicion of hers with the anger of the betrayed. No, it must be my burden alone to discover what he has been doing that has caused so many to go missing after attending this house.

I shall be careful. Gustavus has little love for me and will no doubt move against my every action, perhaps even with violence, should he suspect I am on the brink of turning against him. Might I also disappear? I shall not be missed, I fear, and then surely no one will look for me for none have come to seek any at the Cathedral save perhaps a few that Gustavus has dealt with in turn. I must be vigilant. My old friend shall not have cause to turn on me. He must not.

-Hadria Hekate,
3rd sun of Drusus' Month.

In conclusion, it is this specific alignment, a simultaneous eclipse of the seventh and ninth planets in the Barsapine system, that will create a meta-galactic prophetic space. It is nigh impossible to describe such an event in mundane geoshape concepts.

Indeed the last such confluence happened during the Angevin Crusade, when the great war-machine of the Imperium wrested this planet from the Greenskins. The turmoil of warfare no doubt caused scholars of the day to miss the importance of such an event. Surely if one had taken advantage of the meta-galactic prophetic space then a record would exist someplace within the Imperial archives. I have spent considerable resources looking for such documents and have found none.

Such an event would form the crux upon which future history shall tip and thusly deliver unto us a thousand truths from which shall flow the power that lies beyond the Veil. Surely this must herald an event of no less importance than the coming of St. Drusus, for which the first confluence served as harbinger.

Alas, the next such alignment is not due to take place for another five thousand years. Would that I knew just one of those secrets, that of greatly extended lifespan, so that I might be alive to see such a prophecy enacted in the sky above me! Alas my oculars must serve as the key to my own secrets. So too shall an eclipse of the seventh and ninth planet be the key.

So a legacy must be left behind. If I cannot be there to witness the sacred alignment, I must ensure that my work is continued by the society of Barsapine, though afflicted by cultural poverty it be. To this end my work in curing the mental afflictions of my relatives has been expanded to controlling them in the hope that with the techniques thus perfected I can manipulate the society of this small-minded world to continue on my work when I am gone.

As long as one soul on this planet understands the significance of the double eclipse, then hope for the enlightenment of the human race shall not die.

Koronath Hekate

DEVAYNE'S EVIDENCE

The interior of an ornate chapel, dimly lit by candles flutters into view all around you upon the black stone walls of the sepulchre.

Two dozen or so robed figures gather in the centre of the chapel. One draws back his hood to reveal a man with a thin face, narrow eyes, and an air of authority. He holds up a skull into which are set several rubies, emeralds, and diamonds.

"Brethren," he says. "By this gathering is the Maledictor's Hand founded. Let there be no mistaking our purpose. We are all of the same mind, that the Calixis Sector is a pit of sin and depravity, and that it must be cleansed. Our task is to bring about a religious cataclysm, the fires of which shall burn this sector's corrupt and stagnant worlds, to be replaced with a fresh crop of believers under the rulership of the clergy we place in power."

The thin-faced man holds up the skull and pours a trickle of something viscous and red from its eye sockets, which drips onto his lips. He hands the skull to the robed figure beside him, who drinks from it in the same way before passing it on.

"What is our next step, my lord?" asks one of the robed figures closest to the commander.

"Now we go on our separate ways," replies the leader. "Seek out positions of influence in the Ecclesiarchy. I shall set my sights on the Deaconship of the Cathedral of Illumination. My ascension to the position of cardinal is already all but assured. We shall not meet in this way again, but by certain signs and code words I have distributed among you, members of the Maledictor's Hand shall know one another should our paths cross. To be specific, several of us shall ensure that our members are..."

"My brothers!" cries one of the robed figures. "We are discovered, we are no longer secure!"

"Stop him!" cries another. "Seize him! The spy must be silenced, activate the arco-flagellants, do not let him escape!"

"Kill him! Tear out his eyes!" The leader screams his debased commandment and for the briefest moment his face is painfully clear. Though younger and in better health, it is unmistakable. The man at the head of the Maledictor's Hand is Arch-Cardinal Ignato, the unquestionable authority over the Ecclesiarchy within the Calixis Sector.

Several of the figures turn in the direction of the vidcap recording the pict-file. The image shakes as if someone holding the vidcap moves suddenly. The viewpoint swings as the device is picked up and the person carrying it flees. The image is filled with static, then the images turn black and the file ends.

The Black Sepulchre groans under the weight of ages and an acrid black smoke fills the air. It is clear that whatever stored this data is now lost and the Black Sepulchre ruined in the process. There can be no more witnesses to this atrocity and no proof of what transpired.

