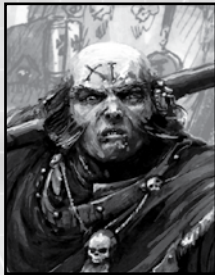


IORGO

MALE IMPERIAL WORLD CLERIC

"Even the darkest souls shall wither before the light of the Emperor."

All your life you have known service to the God-Emperor of Mankind. Born an orphan and raised upon the holy shrine world of Drusus, a planet named after the very saint who brought the Calixis Sector into the light of the Imperium. Each and every day you have followed the holy devotions to nurture your soul, seeking guidance so that you may in turn provide guidance to the thousands of pilgrims who make the journey to this most holy of worlds.



You have come a long way from the days of your youth. Your masters were pleased with your zeal, piety and utter dedication to your work, sending you forth to minister to those in the teeming hive-cities of Scintilla. Believing you would be positioned to attend to the souls of the nobility within the magnificent upper spires of Hive Sibellus, you were somewhat taken-a-back to find yourself tasked with bringing the light of the Emperor to those who dwelt in the lower hive hab-blocks; where the endless drudgery of existence hung heavy on the millions who lived there. The Emperor works in mysterious ways and who were you to question the work you had been set, so for the last ten years you have brought the righteous word of the Ecclesiarchy to those most in need of it.

Recently your path crossed with a strange man who had rushed into chambers unannounced. Fearing that some underhive scum had gained access; you reached for your gun and shot wildly at the dark figure approaching your bed. Before you knew it the robed stranger had unarmed you and held you in an iron grip. Your legs gave way

as he whispered in your ear that his name was Zerbe, an Inquisitor in the service of the Holy Ordos and that he had come for you. As you muttered your final rites you were shocked in to silence when he began laughing, saying that it was not your death that he required but your service within his retinue of acolytes!

Your holy faith keeps you pure of mind and deed. You are wise to the world of men and have an uncanny aptitude of providing the right ministrations to those you encounter – whether it be kind words of holy scripture to the poor munitions worker or a hail of bullets to hasten the cleansing of the impure of mind and body.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
38	37	26	36	42	28	35	31	34

Movement: 4/8/12/24

Wounds: 12

Fate Points: 2

Skills: Common Lore (Ecclesiarchy) (Int), Common Lore (Imperial Creed) (Int), Literacy (Int), Performer (Singer) (Fel), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int), Trade (Cook) (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapons Training (Primitive), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (SP), Resistance (Heat) (+10 bonus to resist Heat/Flames).

Weapons:

Stub Revolver with 2 clips (Pistol [SP]; 30m; RoF S/-/-; Damage: 1d10+2 I; Clip 6; Reload 2 Full Actions).

Crossbow with 6 bolts (Basic {Primitive}; 30m; RoF S/-/-; Damage: 1d10 R; Clip 1; Reload 2 Full Actions).

Hammer (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d10 I; Unbalanced [-10 Parry]).

Gear: Chain Coat (AP 3: Arms, Body Legs), Aquila Necklace, Ecclesiarchy Robes (Good Quality Clothing), 4 Candles, Charm (Skull), Backpack.

JERICUS

MALE IMPERIAL WORLD ADEPT

"Knowledge guides, it shows us the path in the darkness."

You don't remember if there was ever peace on your homeworld as all you ever knew was war. Born, raised and survived – that's how you think about it. You were one of the lucky few, charmed some might say, to have survived an upbringing in a warzone. Found as a youngster amid the twisted wreckage of your family's home, the only survivor, you were taken by the guardsmen to the refugee camp where your quick wits and sharp memory made you stand out from the crowd. Soon you were apprenticed to scribes, the Imperial Adepts, who catalogue and ceaselessly record the workings of the Imperium.

After ten years of toil, your fingers seemingly forever stained by the endless mountains of ink your work had consumed, you were seconded to the Officio Determinus Libratum deep within the bowels of the faceless black-stoned Administratum offices. Here you were required to catalogue, sort and fetch the thousands of tomes of ancient lore for your masters. Despite restrictions on what you could or could not read, you could never resist taking a peek inside the covers of the books. Whilst most seemed nothing more than row upon rows of numbers or names, some displayed weird characters and talked of ancient things best left well alone. It was whilst secretly reading one of these strange black leather bound volumes, that you were seized by a dark robed figure of sinister mien, a man whose deep black eyes peered into yours as if looking into your very soul. How long he started into you, you cannot say, only that it seemed a lifetime. Then he was gone, as silently and swiftly as he had appeared.



Soon after, you were called to your superiors and you were taken aback to find the same dark eyed stranger talking with your master. Since then the dark eyed man has become your new master, a man you know as Lord Inquisitor Zerbe.

You have dark brown hair and wear brown robes. You have a deep scar stretching across your face that you received in your youth.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
27	32	32	34	36	38	40	38	34

Movement: 4/8/12/24

Wounds: 10

Fate Points: 2

Skills: Ciphers (Acolyte) (Int). Common Lore (Administratum)(Int), Common Lore (Imperium) (Int+10), Literacy (Int), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int), Scholastic Lore (Legend)(Int+10), Trade (Copyist) (Int).

Talents: Light Sleeper, Pistol Training (SP), Sprint.

Weapons:

Stub Revolver with 2 clips (Pistol [SP]; 30m; RoF S/-/-; Damage: 1d10+2 I; Clip 6; Reload 2 Full Actions).

Staff (Melee [Primitive]; Damage 1d10 I; Primitive, Balanced [+10 Parry]).

Knife (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5 R; Primitive).

Gear: Administratum Robes (Common Quality Clothing), Auto-Quill, Chrono, Dataslate, Backpack.