

AGE OF THE IMPERIUM





Bring fire and bring shell and heap all upon the pyre. With flame and gun we shall make an end to the withered husk that is human life. And in the blazing furnace of battle we shall forge anew the iron will of a yet stronger race.

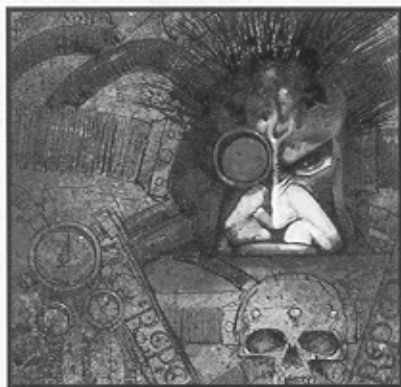
As wriggling maggots upon a rotted corpse they glut themselves upon the rank flesh that is the Earth. Such is mankind, blind and bound to a dying world, nought but the writhing worm that mires itself in the corruption of its own progenitors. They who feast today do so in ignorance of their mortality. For tomorrow they must die or change, and, if changing, then forever open their eyes to the dark hunger of eternal life.

Let the Flames of Battle Consume Us!



THE IMPERIUM OF MAN

A MILLION WORLDS, UNNUMBERED SOULS



For 10,000 years, the galaxy-spanning Imperium of Mankind has been the bastion of the human race. With over a million worlds and a population running into countless thousands of billions, it is the largest empire in the galaxy of the 41st millennium. For a hundred long centuries the Imperium has endured, surviving disasters, heresies and invasions from alien races intent on the extinction of humanity. It has resisted all of this through its greatest strengths – the immortal Beneficent Emperor of Mankind and his vast armies and fleets.

Though the Emperor is a shattered, withered creature, he still watches over and guides humankind from the restorative essences, elixirs and billowing alchemical gases of the Golden Throne of Terra. Through his vast psychic powers, the Emperor directs the Imperium's warships through the nightmare realm of warp space. He foresees the possible

"Mankind stands upon the brink; on the one hand lies a realm of unimaginable power, on the other awaits darkness, death and utter damnation. Only those that follow the guiding light of the Emperor may save their souls."

Inquisitor Damarn, Ordo Malleus

futures of the human race, and steers humanity so that it may overcome the many trials and challenges ahead.

Without the Emperor, the Imperium would be unable to move its armies and fleets to combat its enemies and enforce its rule. The Imperium would degenerate into a hundred small empires clamouring for power while aliens and other monstrous creatures devoured and destroyed Mankind.

The tide of the Emperor's enemies is only held back by the vigilance of the Imperial fleets and the weapons of humanity's armies. Millions of soldiers fight over a thousand worlds against every conceivable type of foe: from the all-consuming Hive Fleets of the Tyranids and the rampaging invasions of the warmongering Orks to rebellion and insurrection from within.

Alongside the vast might of the Imperial Guard, the superhuman Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes bring terror and death to the Emperor's foes. The elite Space Marines are the deadliest fighting force humanity can send to battle – just a few squads of these genetically engineered warriors can crush an army of foes many times their number. In the cold depths of space gigantic battleships, accompanied by armadas of other vessels, bring battle to raiding Eldar pirates and Ork hulks.

Internecine wars are commonplace and often mankind faces its greatest threat from within. Rebel governors, corrupt commanders, alien-possessed officials and even the Primarchs of the Space Marines have all turned against their peers and spilt human blood in the Imperium's long, war-torn history.

The Imperium itself is inconceivably vast, spanning many thousands of light years that require months, even years, of travel to traverse it. A million worlds with a million different cultures make up humanity, and the discovery



of new star systems and new planets are forever expanding the Emperor's domains, fuelling mankind's eternal hunger for more resources, more space.

Even to systems close to Earth, the Emperor and the Imperium he embodies are but names for distant, almost supernatural forces, that are revered and praised from afar. Many citizens labour their entire lives, overcoming strife and toiling hard to survive the adversity of life in the

41st millennium, without even being aware of the Imperium except as a children's story. For others the Imperium is very real, the iron fist of control tight around their lives, instilling the law and order mankind must have to prevail.

Harsh discipline and little mercy are essential for survival in these turbulent times. It is an age of great upheaval for humanity. With every passing year more and more people display powerful psychic talents. If these rogue psykers are not controlled or purged, the erratic and awesome forces they can unwittingly unleash may destroy whole settlements, even worlds. Those with the necessary mental strength and fortitude can be trained by the forces of the Imperium to use their strange powers to benefit mankind.

Those who lack this power of will must be cleansed. Citizens with psychic talents who are left free to roam will often become unwitting pawns of malevolent warp entities, who use the increased mental

powers of untrained psykers to bridge the gap between their realm in warp space and the galaxy of mankind. From here they spread their dominance, creating slaves of whole planetary populations and destroying the fabric of the Imperium from the inside.

Other mutations are becoming rife. A malignant epidemic of mis-shapen and evil creatures threatens to turn humanity into a race of degenerated beasts, unable to defend themselves from the forces that oppose them. The pogroms against mental and physical deviants cannot falter, lest mankind be engulfed and consumed by the powerful evolutionary processes at work. These abhorrent elements must be crushed or somehow tamed if mankind is to survive the transformation into a new era of spiritual and physical supremacy.

As powerful as it is, the Imperium does not rule the entire galaxy. Mankind's worlds are spread thin across the 200,000,000,000 stars



that make up the galaxy. Within the Imperium's vague borders are rebellious enclaves of human worlds, domains ruled over by alien war leaders, colonies of creatures too aloof or basic to disturb mankind or draw the attention of the war fleets. The Imperium is engulfed in a constant state of war, sometimes simply continuing its wars of expansion, other times fighting against foes who threaten the survival of the entire human race.

WARP SPACE

The greatest human colonisation of the galaxy began tens of thousands of years before the Age of the Imperium, when it was discovered that the universe is a mixture of different dimensions interacting with each other. The material world as we know it is one of these dimensions and warp space (or the warp) is another, also known as Chaos, the Ether, the Empyrean and the Immaterium.

The warp does not conform to the laws of physics and nature as we know them, but is filled with swirling energy. Warp technology concerns itself with the study and exploitation of the warp, and its most important achievement has been the development of warp travel.

Space craft can navigate vast distances across the galaxy by dropping into the alternate world of warp space, where time has no meaning and distance is constantly fluid and deceptive. A journey that may take centuries in real space can be traversed in a matter of weeks in

the warp. The warp is a realm of eddies, currents and tides. Just as a river or ocean may have swirling eddies and raging maelstroms, or deeper, slower portions, so too does the warp.

Ships in warp space do not navigate as such, but merely move from one stream of energy to another, cruising the flow of the immaterium to their jump point into real space. Short jumps, although by no means safe, can be made with a fair degree of reliability and precision. Longer jumps are unpredictable and dangerous.

The tides of warp space move in complex and inconsistent patterns: ships attempting longer journeys often end up wildly off course. Were this limitation to apply to all warp travel then humanity would not have spread throughout the galaxy as it has. It is possible to make prolonged jumps of many light years by steering a ship within the warp itself: directing the craft towards a point in the material universe by sensing and responding to its current movements. Only the strange human mutants known as Navigators can pilot a craft through the warp in this way.

"For the warp is a strange and terrible place. You might as well throw a traveller into a sea of sharks and tell him to swim home as send him through the warp unprotected. Better it is not to let common man travel through the stars. Better still, let him not know such a thing is feasible."

Fra Safranc, 5th aide to Navigator Da'el. Comment made prior to the departure of the second mission to search for the missing freighter 'Pride of Angelus'.

THE ASTRONOMICAN

For humans, warp travel is made possible by the presence of the Astronomican. Projected from earth by a ten thousand-strong choir of specially trained psykers, this beacon acts as a focus for ships in the warp. The prodigious amounts of mental energy needed to contribute to the Astronomican drains a psyker of his life essence in a few short months and hundreds die every day, their shrivelled corpses replaced by legions of fresh recruits.

The psychic beam stretches across 70,000 light years of space, a focus for the millions of commercial craft and warships that navigate through the tumultuous waves of the warp. The Navigators who guide human ships need the Astronomican, and without it the Imperium would fragment as warp travel became utterly hazardous and Imperial authority would be impossible to enforce. It is for these reasons that the beacon is often referred to as the Light of the Emperor, the Golden Path or the Ray of Hope by those who travel the warp frequently.



"The Revered Houses of the Navis Nobilite are one of the bastions upon which the Imperium is founded and the institution claims it can trace its ancestry back to the birth of our Great Empire.

The Great Families of the Navis Nobilite are uniquely composed of a particular form of human called a Navigator. Tech-adepts have speculated widely over the development and nature of the Navigators' unusual talents and many cast hints at shadowy genetic transmutation and interbreeding during the founding of the Navis Nobilite. Whatever their origins, the Navigators today are a glorious and esteemed organisation, loyal to the Imperium and stalwart in their faith. The peculiar powers of the Navigators can only be preserved by intermarriage; breeding with mundane humans eliminates the special abilities. This factor has led to the development of the closely-related Navigator families and the Navis Nobilite as a whole."

Preface - *Historia Et Structura*
Res Navis Nobilite

HAZARDS OF THE WARP

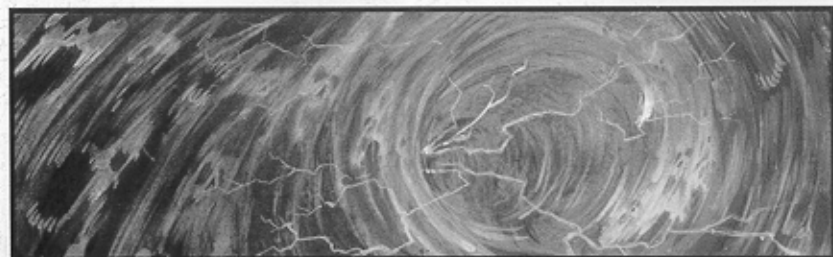
Warp space can be likened to an ocean, and, like the ocean, has its currents and its still spots, its whirlpools and its tempests. Storms sweep through this immaterial realm, spinning craft out of control for light years around, destroying all those embroiled in its merciless energies. In addition to the physical and spiritual peril of those caught in a warp storm, these maelstroms of energy obscure the signal of the Astronomican, making navigation in the vicinity difficult if not impossible. It is whispered, but not proven, that some do survive, and there are tales

of ships being thrown thousands of light years off course, or hurled backwards or forwards through time, destined to wander the stars for eternity with no chance of ever returning home.

Worlds can be cut off from the rest of the Imperium by warp storms that last for months, years or even centuries. These tempests can appear from nowhere, engulfing stars and planets for an unknown length of time. Some are permanent, while other warp storms may sometimes 'blink' for a few months, making travel possible,

though still highly dangerous. During these brief moments of peace the ships of the Imperium arrive, demanding the Emperor's tithes and recruiting new warriors for its fleets and armies. Many worlds are only barely aware of the Imperium's existence, a dimly remembered name or legend that tells of a powerful Emperor and his mighty armies who stand in readiness for the day of judgement.

Warp storms are not the only dangers within the warp. Like real space, the warp is inhabited. Sentient energies and other immaterial lifeforms dwell within it: creatures formed from and sustained by the shifting energies of the warp. Few are friendly; most are predatory and hostile. These entities thrive on the thoughts and emotions of those who dwell in the material universe, through possession of the weak nurturing their foul ambitions of power and conquest.





With the light of the Astronomicon on the wane, the Navigators had a difficult time directing the fleet. Admiral Adroa ordered the fleet to proceed slowly, breaking from the Emyrean every handful of light years. In this manner we

crawled through the shadow realm of the Halo Zone, paving the way for the most esteemed Lord Commander.

We investigated many stars and worlds, almost all dead for a million generations. On occasion we found evidence of ancient and depraved human societies, on others traces of foul alien races thankfully long extinct. However, in our search we did encounter worlds that still harboured life, both human and alien.

These human colonies had survived from the Dark Age of Technology, although not without change. Both physically and culturally, they had mutated or degenerated in some way. Our first unpleasant encounter was a world run by a huge machine, whose occupants were bound into the great edifice, and their young assimilated into the great engine by soulless beasts of metal. For a thousand thousand generations these vile creatures had endured, with no purpose other than to fuel and serve the oppressive ideals of their distant ancestors. Lord Macharius saw no other option than to order the world destroyed from orbit, such affronts to the Emperor cannot be allowed to exist.

In the beetle-infested jungle of the world "Palus Olidus" we fought and cleansed a race of multi-limbed aberrations who swung through their arboreal homes like vile spiders. Others too were deemed too horrific to survive, such as the bird-like monstrosities we came across just before Ultima Macharia, whose unholy evolution could only be traced by their human visages. Then there were the sea-dwellers of Altanist VI who lived their entire lives on massive ocean-going vessels of ancient design. They never set foot on land, fearing it to be toxic. We left behind Tech-Adepts and Missionaries to disarm them of their wayward beliefs and bring them into the Emperor's Forgiveness.

Not only sub-human civilisations await the explorer. In our years of travel we encountered a single planet that harboured life that owed nothing to the expansion of mankind. Our first envoy to the planet came back reporting a noble civilisation worthy of contact. While this heretic was chastised for his blasphemies, we dispatched Confessor Golav who was horrified by the tentacled beasts who greeted him in a most savage fashion. I ordered the planet fusion bombed, but as our weapons were brought to bear, the despicable heathen scum unleashed their planetary defences, totally vapourising the Sword of Retribution and the capital ships Emperor's Mercy and Emperor's Judgement. We were forced to retreat from this baseless attack and sowed quarantine markers before dropping into the Immaterium.

Extract from General Sejanus' 'Breaching the Darkness'

Occasionally the link between warp space and the material realm is weakened and energy from the warp will burst through and create a vortex of power, destroying stars and planets. There are several such warp/real space interfaces throughout the galaxy, the largest of them being the Eye of Terror and the Maelstrom. These regions cannot be traversed except by the most experienced Navigators, and such are the hazardous conditions that virtually no expeditions into these areas return. Those that do speak of a nightmare region where nature and physics are forgotten, and madness and confusion reign. They speak of worlds whose skies burn with fire, of planets seething with seas and rivers of blood, disc-shaped worlds, heavenly bodies with screaming faces and other tormented features shaped by the merest whim of the powerful deities that are formed from Chaos. As for the inhabitants of

these grim realms, some things are best left unspoken.

Warp travel between some areas is vastly improved by the presence of ancient warp gates. Although their creators remain a mystery of the dim prehistory of Earth, warp gates can be found across the galaxy. These portals into the immaterium link to another warp gate through a stabilised tunnel, enabling ships to travel through them with only negligible risk. However, the stability of the tunnels often means these journeys are slower than those through ordinary warp space, and most warp tunnels are no more than a few light years from gate to gate. Many experienced captains, especially those with perishable cargoes, prefer to risk open warp space rather than using a warp gate, in the hope of catching a fast-moving tide of power to their destination.



IMPERTIUS DOMINATUS

4DF23RT7689

SEGMENTUM
OBSCURUS

OCULARIS
TERRIBUS

Magnitude: 20

Magnitude: 7.9
Sector: 26.1/02

Magnitude: 7.0
Sector: 149/04

7YU23RP7211

2-5 WEEKS

1-3 W

1-2 MONTHS

4-7 WEEKS

3-7 WEEKS

ROUTE PROJECTION

SEGMENTUM
SOLAR

2-3 MONTHS

1-7 MONTHS

3-6 MONTHS

3-5 MONTHS

6UY45MI9967

DELTA: 1 Rega Gamma Echo

SEGMENTUM
PACIFICUS

ANCIENT TERRA

Blessed in his authority, here
dwells the most beneficent Emperor

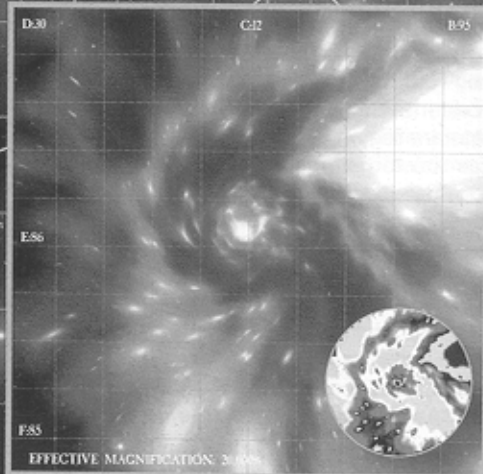
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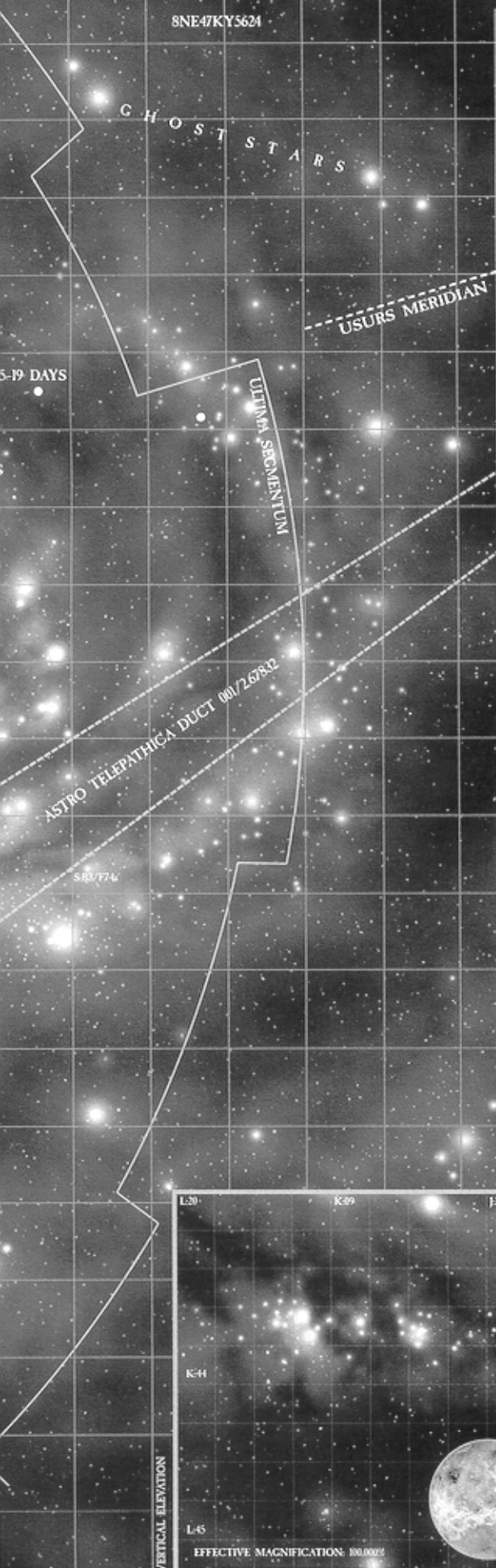
Imperial Promise Palace

Imperial Promise Palace

SEGMENTUM
TEMPESTUS

IMPERIAL ASTRO STATION: DC/74/96





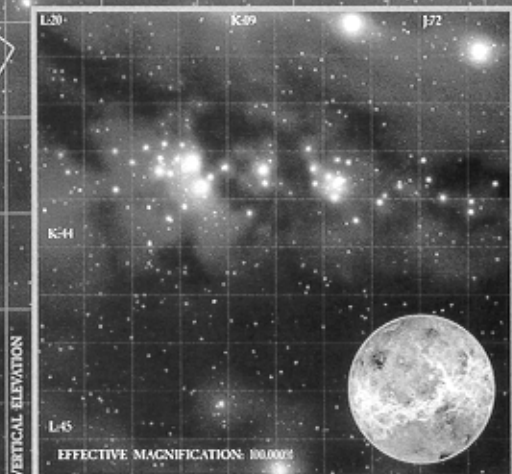
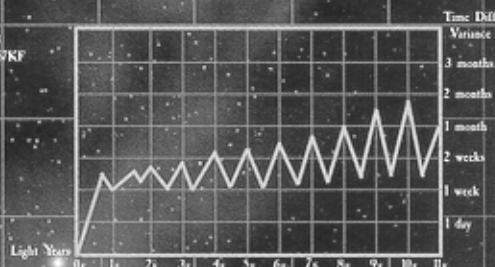
and henceforth be it known that the Imperium shall be divided into five fleet zones to be known as the Segmentae Majoris. These shall each have a Segment Fortress, from whence the orders of his glorious magnificence, the Emperor, [REDACTED] Command Decoriat [REDACTED] and with just duty be issued over the [REDACTED] within their boundaries. For the Segmentum Solar, this shall be Mars, World of the Adeptus Mechanicus and this Segment shall extend about Mars Beneficent Emperor's Imperium. In the north of our most majestic domains shall be the Segmentum Obscurus, being in fieldom to the world of Cypra Mundi. To the South it shall make Segmentum Tempestus, with overlordship residing with the planetary estates of the hereditary Bakka.

To the West shall be the Segmentum Pacificus, under the auspices of the Lords of Hydraphur. The most turbulent East, a region of much strife and dissension, and of many lost

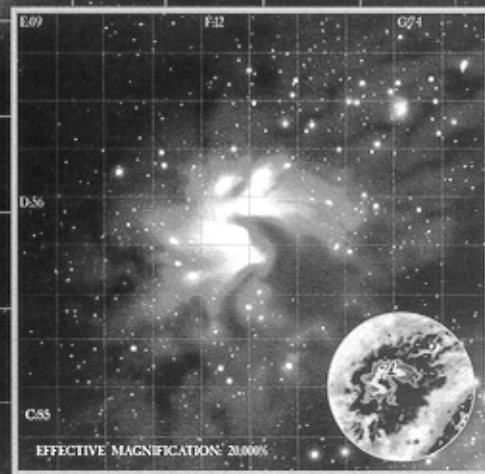
Ultima Segmentum, and its guarantor of safety shall be on the planetary Governor Kar Duniash. The Segment Fortress [REDACTED] Imperial official of the Administratum known as the Master of the Segmentum Solar.

Region of the Segmentum Pacificus, and the Master of the Ultima Segmentum. In [REDACTED] Emperor. Thus shall the Emperor's charges be authority over such domains and shall reside with those who have the faith and temperament to dictate to the will of those others and

PLANET SYSTEM DEL-3
ASTARTES REGION, 5645KF
QUAD: 637/7456



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THE IMPERIUM



The vast size of the Imperium makes a mockery of any true form of governance above that of the

Imperial Commanders. These individuals are appointed by the Adeptus Terra to rule over a world or worlds in the Emperor's name. They are bound to co-operate with other servants of the Emperor and to control mutations and heresy in their domains, but on the whole they are free to implement Imperial Law in any way they see fit or necessary.

Above and beyond these planetary governors, vast organisations attempt to hold back the seething anarchy that constantly threatens to engulf the Imperium. The innumerable clerks, scribes, logisters and archivists of the Administratum attempt to instil some form of order to this haphazard empire, recording, requesting and analysing a torrent of

information from the furthest corners of the galaxy.

Imperial Guard regiments, each numbering tens of thousands of soldiers and tanks, are raised and transported to distant war zones every day, their efforts supported by the millions of quartermasters and logisticians of the *Departamento Munitorum*. The Space Marines of the *Adeptus Astartes* send forth their elite warriors to do battle with alien monstrosities and treacherous humans, pursuing their wars and expanding their dominions in the name of the Emperor. The ancient *Adeptus Mechanicus* sends forth its *Explorator* fleets to investigate and explore, uncovering ancient technologies for their masters on Mars to study and decipher.

The Tech-Priests continue the search the began long before the Emperor ascended to power and began the Great Crusade of Reconquest. The religious leaders of the *Ministorum* of Earth, or *Ecclesiarchy* as it is more widely known, preach the Imperial Creed of fervent faith to the Emperor and unswerving sacrifice to humanity and the Imperium. Their Missionaries and Battle Sisters bring the light of the Emperor to worlds unheard of by mankind for countless millennia, while the zealous Confessors stir up devout citizens to cast out the heretic and unbeliever, leading witch hunts through overcrowded hive cities and across barren wastelands.

This seemingly haphazard morass of wars and politics, faith and retribution is bound together by loyalty to the Emperor and the common goal of racial survival. Complex agreements of trade and protection bring these organisations to common ground, ancient loyalties and debts are exchanged for favours and goods. While the competition for power is strong, no one world or organisation within the Imperium can truly stand on its own against the horrors that threaten humanity. Despite the intrigue and double-dealing, the clamouring for resources and the endless wars and battles to be fought, mankind struggles on through history on some predestined course towards destruction or greatness.

No reliable records concerning the rise of the Emperor to power and the Imperium's creation have survived the ten long millennia since the Great Crusade. However, by scouring the sources at our disposal and gleaning information from myths and legends we can begin to hypothesise what happened in those momentous times.

The ascent of the Emperor marked the end of inter-human warfare and galactic decline – the remote time we now call the Age of Strife. Before the Age of Strife, humanity's physical power waxed, but at the cost of man's spiritual strength. During this period, the even more distant Dark Age of Technology, the human race sold its souls to the glory of technology, forgetting their own magnificence in favour of the accomplishments of so-called science. Through the mechanical, biological and alchemical madness of the Dark Age of Technology, which brought about the decline during the Age of Strife, mankind has come to the present age: a glorious age of conquest, when men's hearts will rule the stars, not their machines. What secrets the Tech-Priests of Mars uncover from the distant past will no longer rule our lives. We will harness the technology we find, and not become slaves to it as we once were. Through human endeavour, and honest blood, sweat and toil, mankind will rule the galaxy with the grace of the Emperor and finally attain our rightful place as Lords of the Stars. We are in the great times of the Age of the Imperium, the realm of the Beneficent Emperor.

The Emperor is an eternal part of the universe, at one with and ruler of the stars themselves. The Emperor and the Imperium are one and the same, and no mortal man can now recall a time without either.

The Emperor Magnificent is the greatest and only god – it is his awesome mind that broadcasts the Astronomican, that guides spacecraft through the warp and to their distant destinations. Without the Emperor there would be no Astronomican, no long range space travel, no galaxy-spanning Imperium – No Humanity. Without the Emperor we are nothing.

In his divine wisdom, the Emperor has ascended to a higher plane and no longer moves or talks, even his ability to communicate psychically is limited, such is his power and our own mental inadequacies. The holy task of interpreting the Emperor's judgement and dictates for humanity is the sacred duty of the Most Favoured Men – the High Lords of Terra, the *Senatorum Imperialis*. From them, the multitudinous devout Servants of the Emperor can be given rightful guidance.

Introduction from *Liber Doctrinae Historicus*

THE EMPEROR



"The strength of the Emperor is Humanity, and the strength of Humanity is the Emperor. If one turns from the other we shall all become the Lost and the Damned."

The Sermons of Sebastian Thor,
Vol. XXVII, Ch. LXII

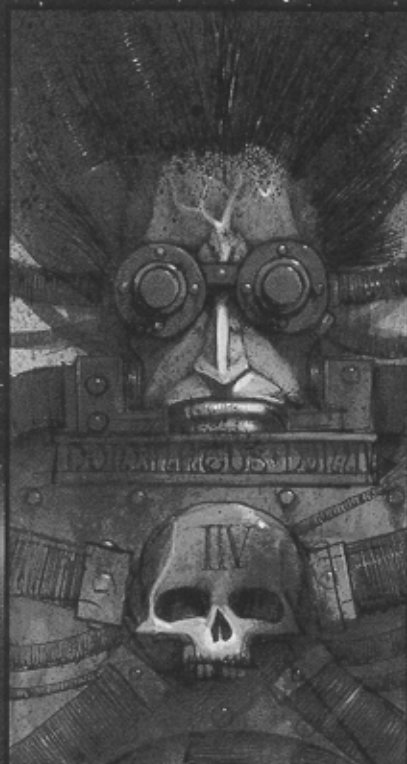
Mankind's protection by the Emperor is not without sacrifice, he does not survive on praise alone. At the very founding of the Imperium, as the Emperor and his Space Marine legions brought order to the anarchy left after the Age of Strife, a treachery of the most loathsome kind was perpetrated. The Emperor's most trusted commander, Horus, turned his back on the teachings of the Emperor and embraced the power offered by the dark gods that strive to enslave mankind.

Terror and death reigned, as the Imperium was torn apart by internecine war. Worlds were ravaged, whole armies slaughtered, and the forces of Horus advanced upon Terra until the Imperium was on the verge of defeat. At the very last, the Emperor destroyed the traitorous Warmaster in single combat, but was himself left mortally injured.

To sustain the Emperor's shattered body a great device called the Golden Throne was devised and

built. Using arcane techniques and machines whose function have long passed from true understanding, the Golden Throne fulfils its grim purpose. The Golden Throne is unique in the way it fuels the Emperor's needs, for the Emperor cannot eat as a man eats, or drink fluids or breathe air. His life has passed the point where such mortal things can sustain him.

For the Emperor the only viable sustenance is human life force – souls – and he has a great and insatiable appetite. Nor will just any human suffice for this purpose, for the soul-donor must be a very special person in their own right, someone with psychic powers. Sacrificed into the bizarre and archaic machinery of the Golden Throne, their life essence is slowly, agonisingly, leached from their body to feed the Master of Mankind. Every day, hundreds must be consecrated to the Emperor in this dire manner if he, and therefore the Imperium and humanity, are to survive.



"Listen not to the alien, look not upon the alien, speak not unto the alien!"

THE IMPERIUM OF MAN



THE HIGH LORDS OF TERRA

May the Emperor be one with their hearts



The **HIGH LORDS OF TERRA** form the supreme council of twelve of the most powerful men of the great galaxy of mankind. It is they who rule the Imperium in the name of the beneficent Emperor of humanity.

THE ADEPTUS TERRA

The great priesthood of Earth

The Adeptus Terra consists of many millions of dedicated servants whose duty is to interpret and enforce the Imperial will. The Priesthood is divided into many departments and sub-departments, some of which operate so secretly that their existence is unknown outside of their own membership.

THE MINISTORUM

For the spiritual instruction of mankind

To countless billions the Emperor is nothing less than a god. Over the aeons this faith has spawned a vast and powerful organisation devoted to his worship - the Ministorum or Ecclesiarchy.

THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS

The lords of Mars and tech-priests of the machine god

The Tech-Priests of Mars are the guardians of ancient knowledge. Their vast orbital workshops turn out the majority of the weapons, spacecraft and other technologically sophisticated machinery used in the Imperium. The realm of the tech-priests extends to forge worlds throughout the galaxy.

THE ASTROPATHS

Their minds pierce the darkness

Astropaths or Astrotelepaths are capable of sending a telepathic message over interstellar distances. The vast distance between the stars means that technological forms of communication are useless. Only Astropaths have the power to send and receive psychic messages over interstellar distances.

THE ASTRONOMICAN

The guiding light of the Emperor

The Astronomican is the psychic homing beacon which enables Navigators to steer their ships through the warp. The raw psychic power behind the Astronomican is provided by a choir of ten thousand psykers who give their lives to their task.

THE FLEET

Our bastion amongst the stars

Without the fleet human worlds would be isolated from each other and from the protection of the Imperium. It is the fleet which welds the Imperium together and transports its warriors to battlefields across the galaxy.

THE ADMINISTRATUM

The sound of a thousand pens scratching

The Administratum is responsible for assessing and levying tithes, distributing Imperial resources, and countless other administrative functions. It is the largest of all the departments of the Adeptus Terra. Its members are for the most part scribes and petty officials, the hereditary slaves of a galaxy-spanning bureaucracy.

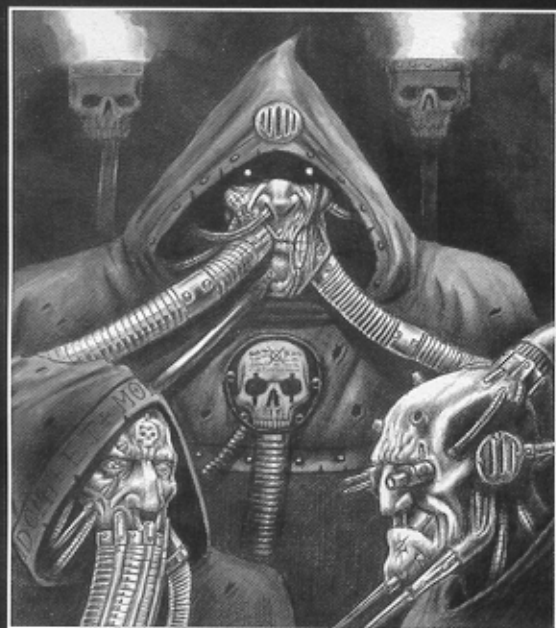
IMPERIAL COMMANDERS

Lords of the worlds of man

Imperial commanders are the great feudal lords of the Imperium. Their domains are entire worlds. They must maintain order carry out Imperial decrees and pay the tithes levied upon them. Most importantly they must provide troops for service in the Imperial Guard the mighty army of the Imperium.

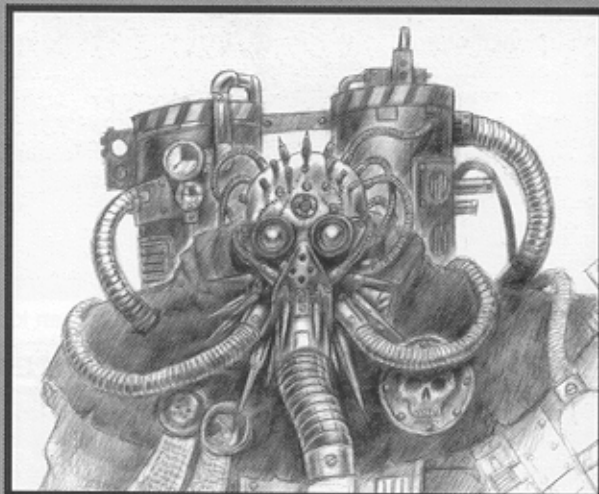


As we of the Priesthood of Earth, the Adeptus Terra, are the right hand of the Lord so are the Inquisitors his left hand. As our numbers are billions stretched over the Earth so they are few amongst the darkness of the void. As we are seen in our robed multitudes so they move unsuspected upon dark purposes. We have our masters and they have theirs but each serves the Imperium of man as he may. Do not hinder them - for to hinder them is death deserved. Do not seek them out - for they do not welcome strangers. Do not envy them their freedom - for such freedom comes with constraints such as you cannot conceive. Fear them for they are terrible! Each has his burden of death, of the extinction of worlds, and the destruction of the weak. A billion souls cleave to his conscience and haunt his sleep, crying "Why us... Why did we have to die... We innocents, we hundreds of thousands of millions of billions of dead." They are permitted no pity because pity would destroy them. I say to you, "Pity those who are the left hand of the Emperor for they cannot pity, as we weep tears for the Emperor who has no tears to shed for his own eternal agony."



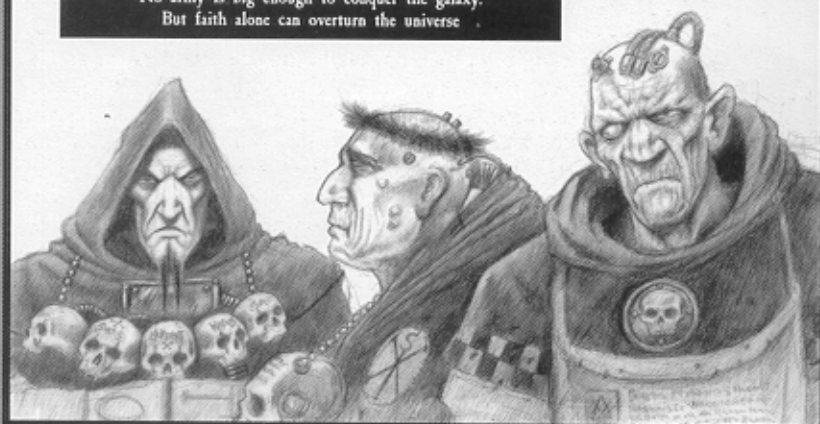
Every servant has his place, no matter lowly or modest. To know it is his greatest comfort, to excel within his greatest solace, and his master's contentment is his greatest reward.

Codex Administratum



The rewards of tolerance are treachery and betrayal.

No army is big enough to conquer the galaxy.
But faith alone can overturn the universe.



A man may die yet still endure if his work enters the greater work, for time is carried upon a current of forgotten deeds, and events of great moment are but the culmination of a single carefully placed thought. As all men must thank progenitors obscured by the past, so must we endure the present so that those who follow may continue the endeavour.

The Chime of Eons
Garbo Mojaro

Technomagos of the Adeptus Mechanicus

ASTROPATHS



Astropaths are extremely important within human society because they afford the only means of communicating over interstellar distances. Astropaths are capable of sending telepathic messages across space and they can receive messages sent by other Astropaths if their minds are correctly attuned.

Telepathic messages travel through the warp and so travel faster than light, although they are not instantaneous.

The need for Astropaths is enormous. They are a common sight in the Imperium and are easily distinguished by their flowing, hooded robes. They do not mingle with ordinary men except when duty dictates, and the privacy of their sanctums on worlds and aboard ships are sacrosanct areas made inviolable by Imperial law. Astropaths serve in the Fleet as ship-board and planetary communicators. They also serve in the Imperial Guard, the Inquisition, the Adeptus Ministorum, the Space Marines and throughout the Adeptus Administratum.

Confidentiality can still be assured, as an Astropath need not understand a message to transmit it. In this way, with various secret languages, codes and ciphers, covert orders and other sensitive information can be passed across the galaxy without anyone other than the intended recipient understanding its contents.

The Imperial Commanders of distant worlds must have Astropaths if they are to communicate with the rest of the Imperium. Similarly, Astropaths are an essential part of civilian life, working for commercial shippers and anywhere where interstellar communication is needed. The vast body of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica makes up a network covering almost the entire Imperium, facilitating the transfer of information from one end of the galaxy to the other. Although the range of a single Astropath is not vast, only several light years, by means of re-broadcasting a message via a relay of other Astropaths, a communication can theoretically be sent from one corner of the Imperium to the farthest flung reaches.

However, as with everything associated with the warp, astrotelepathy is an erratic process. Like the Astronomican, an astropathic message is affected by the currents and storms of the warp. Messages may take days or weeks to traverse the distance or even wander off course and be picked up by the wrong receiving Astropath. It has been known for messages to be delayed by many years, even decades, so that a plea for help or a report of a war may only come to light long after any aid would be useful or a campaign has been lost.

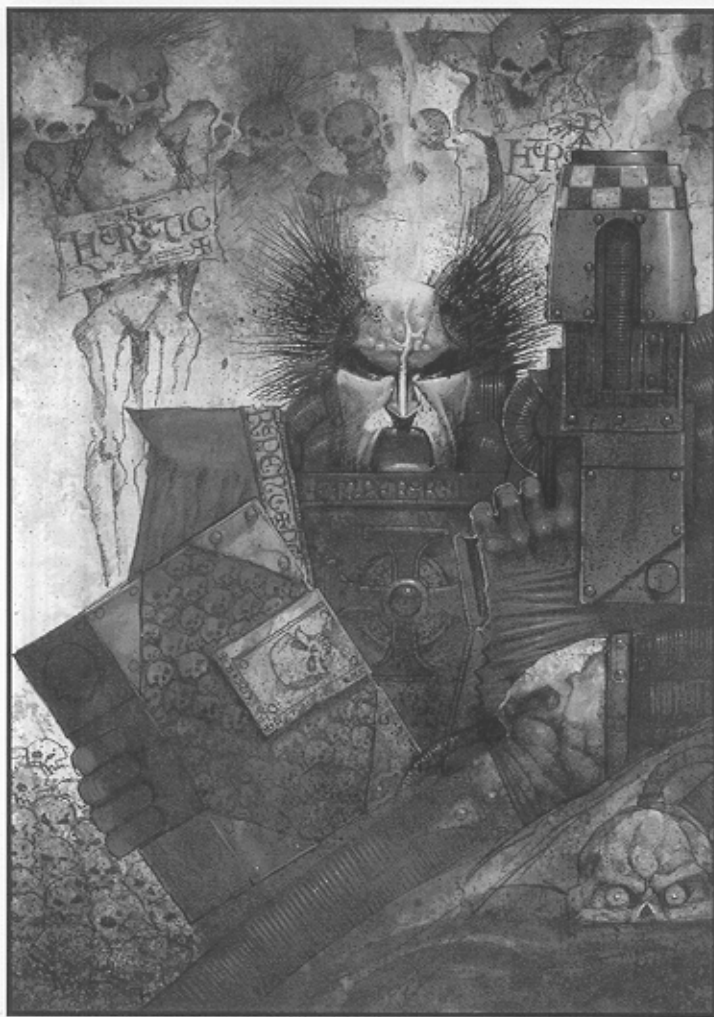


THE SOUL BINDING

No ordinary psyker could transmit a message through the warp, nor could he receive a telepathic message over such vast distances. Astropaths only gain this ability as a result of their many years training, culminating in a special ritual which combines some of the Emperor's own power with their own. This ritual, known as Soul Binding, brings the mind of the psyker close to the psychic greatness of the Emperor. In the process, some of the Emperor's vast energy is transferred to the Astropath.

The transference of energy is traumatic for the psyker - not all survive despite years of preparation, and not all those that survive retain their sanity. Even the survivors suffer damage to the sensitive nerves of the eyes, so that almost all Astropaths are blind. In fact their increased psychic skills tend to make up for this loss of sight, so that they would not appear blind were it not for their distorted, sunken and empty eye sockets.

THE INQUISITION



The Inquisition is one of the most widely known organisations of the Imperium. Its mandate is to investigate and stop any threat to the Imperium and mankind, and it will use whatever means it must to ensure this goal is met. Individual Inquisitors are free-roaming trouble-shooters bound by no laws or authority. There are no bounds to the Inquisitor's field of operation – alien plots, administrative inefficiency, corruption, mutations, crime, secret cults, heresy, unauthorised psychic activities all come under his jurisdiction.

Inquisitors can act alone but more often than not they are accompanied by an entourage of retainers and warriors who have been requisitioned to help them with the task at hand. Any of the Imperium's many fighting forces may be pressed into the service of an Inquisitor, the greater the perceived threat to humanity the greater are the forces gathered to fight it.

No world, no organisation, no individual, is immune to the Inquisition's gaze: planetary governors, even the High Lords themselves, are subject to investigation and no treachery or betrayal of the Emperor is too petty to be left unpunished. However, it is the psyker that commands the majority of an Inquisitor's time. Untrained or deviant psykers represent a terrible threat to humanity and it is the pursuit of these that has earned the Inquisitor the name of witch-hunter across the galaxy.

The ends always justify the means.

On occasion it may be that the Inquisitor comes across a situation that is so prevalent and widespread that there is no possibility of solution or redemption. Such situations could include planet-wide collusion and support for a heretical individual or organisation, where the removal of the individual or organisation would only strengthen the subversive cause they preach. Intervention by aliens may grow to such an extent that it brings a large segment of a population beyond salvation.

Worship of dark and proscribed powers can also spread in this alarming manner, either overtly or covertly, holding sway

over the populace of a world or worlds. Also, it is a proven theory that an aggressive response to certain threats can serve as a powerful example to those in contact with a subversive world, discouraging others of a heretical leaning from contemplating their treacherous designs.

In these situations there can be only one recourse – Exterminatus – the eradication of all life on a planet. Although Exterminatus should only be used in the most extreme of cases and should never be undertaken lightly, you must harden your soul to the possibility that the innocent may fall alongside the guilty. It is better that a thousand innocents suffer

death than a single guilty man be free to spread his heresy, and strength of will must be practiced in all that you do. A moment of personal weakness could be the first step leading to the downfall of the Imperium and the ultimate survival of mankind which we strive for.

Although billions of lives may be lost during Exterminatus, such is the threat posed that countless billions more are saved in the long term. There is no place for the weak-willed or hesitant, only by firm action and resolute faith will mankind survive. No sacrifice is too great, no treachery too small."

Extract – Liber Doctrina Ordo Hereticus, Chap XXVIII 'Exterminatus'

THE SPACE MARINES



"There is less than one Space Marine for each world of the Imperium. Nevertheless they are number enough for the task in hand."

Created by the Emperor himself at the dawn of the Age of the Imperium, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes helped forge the Imperium from the scattered remains of humanity left after the Age of Strife. A Space Marine is the most powerful and most dreaded of all the Imperium's warriors. In almost every respect they are not really human at all, but super human – superior in almost every way to an ordinary man.

Space Marines can live for hundreds of years. Their senses are sharper and their muscles stronger than those of a normal man. Their bodies contain organs unique to Space Marines which enable them to survive poisons, heal wounds in a matter of moments, and to see through the dark as if it were day. A Space Marine's powered armour is connected by special interfaces so that it acts as a thick armoured skin – moving as they move, reacting as a living component.

As well as this physical transformation, the Space

"The Adeptus Astartes is not a subtle instrument to be delicately wielded like a surgeon's knife. Rather it is likened to a mighty hammer which smashes asunder that which stands in its way."

Marines are highly trained in matters martial and religious from an early age and subjected to intense hypnotherapy. All this preparation is turned towards making every Space Marine into an awesome, disciplined servant of the Imperium.

Space Marines are entrusted with all sorts of specialist and highly dangerous missions, such as lightning raids behind enemy lines, infiltration attacks to capture vital positions and tunnel fights in enemy-held cities. The human fighters of the Imperial Guard would be hard-pressed to survive against the likes of Orks, Tyranids and Eldar in these battles, but Space Marines are renowned for their ability to take on potentially suicidal odds and survive. They also undertake long voyages of planetary exploration and conquest, pushing back the borders of the Emperor's realm.

An hour before dawn the night patrol ended and the Chapter knelt to prayer. There had been no shot or shell from the Ork lines since dusk. The silence was broken only by the hiss of the open comm-line in each warrior's helmet. Chaplain Lei'land led the prayer, his rolling voice reverberating just as it did in the Chapter's Sanctorum a hundred light years distant.

"Lord we offer our lives." "Our courage and our faith," the warriors replied as one. "By our gods and the Emperor." "So be it this day!" thundered the echoing response.

It was a short prayer. A prayer for battle. The warriors rose to their feet, armoured suits humming and hydraulic lines pulsing as they took up arms. As they did so a piercing scream came from beyond the mounds of green-skinned corpses that covered the killing ground. Then a hundred more joined it and the scream became a howl, and for each new voice another hundred took up the call until the whole sky keened with the call to battle.

They came in a single mass that filled the battlefield from edge to edge. The Space Marines had borne such attacks for three days. Each day their numbers grew fewer and

fewer whilst the Ork horde seemed undiminished. Onwards ran the green tide, screaming and shooting weapons that were still far out of range. The Space Marines gripped their weapons and took careful aim. Ammunition was too scarce to waste.

The Orks reached the first mounds where their unburied dead lay ten deep where they had fallen. Their pace slowed as they stumbled on the soft decaying corpses. The Space Marines waited. The Orks scaled the piles of the slain until the red glow of their eyes stood out like burning coals in the Space Marines' vis-links.

With a crack like thunder the whole line gave fire to the Orks. More green bodies fell to the floor or exploded into a shower of dark blood and shattered bone. The line faltered. The Space Marines poured their ceaseless fire into the horde. Now a few stray shots started to strike the Space Marines, rattling off ceramite armour and striking the rocks around them. Here and there a warrior fell to the floor. Here and there an Ork reached the Space Marine lines and was cut down. But the Orks could not maintain their momentum. They fell back leaving their dead.

THE SPACE MARINE CHAPTERS

Blood Angels, Ultramarines, Silver Skulls, Dark Angels, Black Templars, Crimson Fists, Iron Hands, Space Wolves – the list of honour stretches on. There are reputed to be a thousand regiments or Chapters of Space Marines active in the Imperium, each with its own proud history, heraldry and heroes. None can be sure of the exact number of Chapters as new ones are founded over time and as old Chapters die or amalgamate. Many are extraordinarily ancient and can trace their Founding to the very dawn of the Imperium, ten thousand years in the past. The histories and legends of these great institutions are bound tightly with that of the Emperor and the Imperium and in the eyes of many are inseparable.

A Chapter of Space Marines is a complete army in its own right. Numbering a thousand men-at-arms a Chapter is quite small in comparison to the immense legions of the Imperial Guard. However, each one is a powerhouse of elite warriors able to crush an enemy force many times larger than itself. It is this fighting prowess and the indomitable will of the Space Marines that has earned them their place at the forefront of humanity's defence against the horrors that assail it.

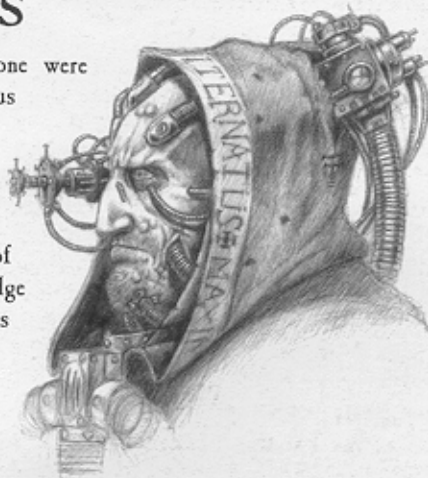
Adept is the title of a member of the Adeptus Terra the great Priesthood of Earth. It is used as a common form of address and acknowledgement of respect – hence its adoption by the Adeptus Astartes (Space Marines) and Adeptus Mechanicus (the Tech Priests of Mars).



THE PRIESTHOOD OF MARS



The arcane technologies of the Golden Throne were built and are maintained by the Adeptus Mechanicus. Known by some as the Priesthood of Mars, the Adeptus Mechanicus design and construct many of the weapons of war used by the Imperium's armies. The research and development of technoarcana, and the uncovering and protection of ancient knowledge from the Dark Age of Technology, are the goals of the Magi of Mars and their untold billions of servants spread across the galaxy on the forge worlds. Through their mystic rites and ceremonies, intricately-phrased chants, painstakingly-prepared oils and unguents, the Tech-Priests sanctify mankind's weapons and machines of war with the blessings of the Machine God.



THE GOD-EMPEROR

"The Emperor is our guiding light, a beacon of hope for humanity in a galaxy of darkness. As we serve him, he is our greatest servant. As we pray to him, his thoughts are only for us. And in the dark when the shadows threaten, the Emperor is with us, in spirit and in fact."



To the innumerable billions of humanity, the Emperor is a god – the subject of mass praise and veneration. Yet it was not always so – not until the Emperor's death and incarceration in the Golden Throne did mankind turn as one to their god-incarnate. In this way, the Adeptus Ministorum grew, from superstition and saints, from disciples and prophets, into the galactic temple of the Emperor Deified – the Ministorum of Terra.

There are shrines to the Emperor on almost every Imperial world, dedicated to worship and praise of the sacrifices He makes for mankind. With countless prayers, innumerable ceremonies of adoration and homage, the Ministorum guides the mass of humanity in their devotion to the Beneficent Emperor. The history

of the Ministorum, known by most as the Ecclesiarchy, is illuminated by thousands of saints and martyrs who have dedicated their lives to spreading the Light of the Emperor to the darkness – missionaries to distant worlds, mendicants whose pious acts have served as examples to their peers, great religious leaders who have fought heresy and blasphemy and turned humanity towards the True Path of Wisdom.

Ranks of scribes and illuminators spend their entire lives copying out the sacred scripts of the Litanies of Faith, the doctrines of the Ministorum and the Rolls of Honoured Saints. Preachers and Cardinals lead their followers in fervent prayer to the Protector of Mankind, while Confessors move among the masses, persecuting unbelievers.

BY THE EMPEROR

Thou shalt attend to thy work
at the appointed hour

Thou shalt seek no reward but
the satisfaction of thy Master

Thou shalt know thy Duties

Thou shalt Obey thy Master
in all matters

Thou shalt rejoice in thy
Service

Thou shalt be grateful of thy
Master's Favour

Thou shalt not make improper
use of thy Master's comm-
links, nor his las-lines, nor his
opticon either

Thou shalt be glad of thy
Master's Punishment, for it is
deserved and it improves thee

Thou shalt not speak but
Praise of thy Master

Thou shalt not look upon the
works of the Heretic nor
speak of them

Ecclesiarchal Proscriptions
MCXVIIIV



The Mother Superior took up a pen and carefully began to take notes. To my astonishment the silver pen appeared to be studded with short pins or nails which vexed the flesh of her fingers as she wrote. Her fingers were quite raw where the skin had been worn away by the sharp points, yet she made no outward sign of discomfort as if this were the most natural thing in the world. Doubtlessly seeing my expression of horror, she stopped writing and carefully put the pen on the tabletop.

"Our belief," she said slowly, "is that there are two reasons only for a thing to be made. The first is that its manufacture inflicts suffering upon its maker which is reason enough to make it. The second is that the thing, once made, causes suffering to those who use it. It is our creed that the purpose of life is to suffer, for in this way we become one with the Emperor's eternal suffering. Have you not heard that those who suffer are blessed?"

"I have heard this and other things too," I mumbled, embarrassed by what must have appeared a morbid fascination.

"Of course. Hair-shirts! Naked vigils on cold stone floors! The scourge of prayer and endless mortifications of the flesh! She smiled as if amused by my timidity. I had heard of these things of course but could not answer her. "This pen," she said matter of factly, "was made by Sister Chastity to remind us that words have their price for there is no value in suffering for its own sake, is there?"

THE DOMINION OF MAN



The human galaxy is a complex society of countless billions of people and more than a million worlds. Although these many worlds are part of the Imperium it would be foolish to imagine that organisations such as the Adeptus Terra or the Ministorum

are able to exercise much control over their distant domains. In almost all respects worlds are self-governing, or rather they are ruled by their own governments and their own masters. The most important are known as Imperial Commanders.

Each Imperial Commander rules his planet in the Emperor's name and his world is ever at the disposal of the Imperium. Amongst the most important of his duties is that of providing regiments for the Imperial Guard. Imperial Commanders often inherit their role from noble forefathers who have ruled their worlds for generations.

Imperial Commanders are amongst the most powerful men in the galaxy. With the entire resources of a world at their disposal they can do great good for humanity... or great evil.

Despite the development of warp travel many worlds lie years or decades from their neighbours. It can take years to mobilise troops and even longer to travel to localised war-zones. Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that some Imperial Commanders come to see themselves as above the rule of the Imperium.

Thus it is that the worlds of the Imperium are ever vulnerable to the greatest of human enemies – humanity itself. Some, lacking courage, turn to other powers, to the dark side of human destiny and the Powers of Chaos. Their folly can only lead to their eradication.

Others, their minds poisoned by greed or petty ambition, turn against their neighbours and wage war upon them. They too shall know justice.



"And the time came when a third part of the host of mankind rose up against him and waged war upon him and sought to destroy him. Then there was war in the heavens and the skies were lit with the fires of battle. There was war on Earth and the Earth trembled before the Warlord of Darkness.

And from that time there has been war between mankind and chaos – between the Imperium of Man and the Daemons of the Outerdark. It is war fought across the galaxy and upon a thousand battlefields. It is war fought in men's hearts and minds – for the corruption and subjugation of man. For the damnation of his soul and the pollution of his physical body.

And what of the damned themselves – they who forsook us centuries ago? The torment that their service has won them is unimaginable, eternal, and enduring. Vile they are, abhorrent of form, filled with foul ichors that ooze from lascivious orifices upon scaly mutant flesh, cursed with betentacled and many jointed limbs that writhe and thrash and fondle, and a thousand further such abominations of form that offend the pure and noble eye of man.

Such are the rewards of conceit and inquiry. Such is the curse that awaits ye that love not the Master of Mankind or, perhaps, love too much thine own life. Chaos waits for the faithless and the curious, those that doubt my words and those that sneer, those who know not pride nor fear not the shame of charity. Chaos waits for your soul."



WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM

Cross ref. The Galaxy: Imperium Files 302-553
034.567.47 ref. 245.3, cross Xeno-Folders, ex.880

The worlds of the galaxy, and most notably of the Imperium, can be categorised into several broad classifications. The following list is for cursory details only, and a greater depth of detail can be found by reference to the relevant Appendices (from XVIII through XXXII inclusive) and each classification below contains examples of such designated planets which can be used for a strategic analysis of specific political, economic and cultural phenomena and trends of that category which can be extrapolated to cover most instances of that planetary type.

IMPERIAL RECORD 0034.567.87 ref. 20188

ADMINISTRATUM TUTORIAL:
Cartographer-Xenologist Seth Bartomelos,
Station 9244, Altair VII.



γ -class [Civilised Worlds]

Population: $\leq 10,000,000,000$
 $\geq 15,000,000$

Tithe Grade: Solutio Extremis
- Exactis Tertius

Aggregate: 3,500:

Aestimare: A50-F1000

Comments: This is the widest category comprising any world, generally self-sufficient, with a contemporary technology-base that does not comply with other specification. Includes major sub-categories Cardinal Worlds [cc], Garden Worlds [cg], Mining Worlds [cm].

Cross-reference: Desedna, Espandor, Korsk II, Luxor, Rhanda, Tallarn.



α -class [Agri Worlds]

Population: $\leq 1,000,000$ $\geq 15,000$

Tithe Grade: Exactis Prima -
Exactis Particular

Aggregate: 2,000:

Aestimare: C500-B50

Comments: No less than 850 parts per 1,000 given over to the cultivation of crop, hydroponics, animal fodder or animal husbandry. Few conurbations, population spread widely across planet surface.

Cross-reference: Bellis XIV, Chiros, Kabaal II, Silvanos II, Verdian III.



η -class [Hive Worlds]

Population: $\leq 500,000,000,000$ \geq
100,000,000,000

Tithe Grade: Decuma Particular-
Exactis Extremis

Aggregate: 1,400:

Aestimare: B50-E400

Comments: Surface generally inhospitable, even deadly, to human life after centuries of processing. Urban

conglomerations called Hives, many miles in height, are principle population centres. Factory, mining and atmosphere processing are main industries. High import/export ratio, particularly foodstuffs and fresh water incoming.

Cross-reference: Armageddon, Avellorn, Ichar IV, Kado, Lastrati, Mordia, Necromunda, Vanaheim.



$\phi\lambda$ -class [Feral Worlds]

Population: $\leq 5,000,000$ \geq
100,000

Tithe Grade: Solutio Tertius

Aggregate: 800:

Aestimare: F400-G800

Comments: Technical base considerably pre-black powder, even pre-ferrous or lithic state in most regressed cases. Sometimes good source of army and Adeptus Astartes recruits if culture shock survived. Low tithe due to unfocussed production processes. Imperial Commanders often distant, in orbit usually, with infrequent surface forays to establish purges of psychic talent and mutation.

Cross-reference: Belami, Davin, Fenris, Forman C2, Kimmeria, Oran.



δ -class [Dead Worlds]

Population: ≤ 1
[exc. Imperial facilities]

Tithe Grade: Aptus Non

Aggregate: 200:

Aestimare: G500-G1000

Comments: These worlds have minimal, even non-existent, life traces. This results from ecological catastrophe, devastating interecine war, Imperial or alien intervention or no attributable cause.

Cross-reference: Istvaan III, Naogeddon, Prandium, Truan IX, Zhoros.



$\delta\tau$ -class [Death Worlds]

Population:
 $\leq 15,000,000 \geq 1,000$

Tithe Grade: Solutio Tertius -
Solutio Prima

Aggregate: 600:

Aestimare: D500-G50

Comments: Planets which are too dangerous to support widespread human settlement. Types vary from world-wide jungles that harbour carnivorous plants and animals to barren rockscapes strewn with volcanoes and wracked by ion storms. These worlds are near-impossible to colonise but must be properly explored which necessitates the provision of outposts and other facilities. Some harbour rich mineral, vegetable, animal or gaseous resources.

Cross-reference: Canak, Catachan, Lost Hope, Miral, Piscina V.



ρ -class [Research stations]

Population: $\leq 500,000 \geq 100$

Tithe Grade: Aptus Non

Aggregate: 100:

Aestimare: A760-D45

Comments: Includes wide variety of locations, such as orbital stations, asteroidal emplacements and other major facilities of dead worlds, death worlds or on other planets. Responsible for wide variety of research, from animal breeding and domestication to weapons testing and geneengineering. Also listening and watch posts for planetary and system defence of major planets [Aest. B200 or greater].

Cross-reference: A1709, Arx, Fornoth, Lucan, Purgatory, Sentinel V, Ymgarl."



Warp travel is only possible thanks to the existence of mutant navigators able to see and guide ships through the psychic medium of the warp. Whilst craft travel through a sea of daemonic power they are constantly assailed by nightmarish forms given reality by the minds of the crew. Ships are protected from intrusive daemons by a psychic bubble or Geller Field which bends space around the ship enclosing it in a shield of sub-reality.

μ -class [Feudal Worlds]

Population: $\leq 500,000,000 \geq 10,000,000$

Tithe Grade: Solutio Prima-
Solutio Extremis

Aggregate: 400:

Aestimare: C750-F1000

Comments: Technical base just prior or just post-black powder state. Establishment of wide surface cultural and political organisations. Some useful recruiting for Imperial Guard and Adeptus Astartes. Slightly higher tithes than feral worlds, compensating for wider farming and animal husbandry.

Cross-ref: Atilla, Boras Minor, Chbal, Molov, Solstice, Yamnan.



ϕ -class [Forge Worlds]

Population: $\leq 15,000,000,000 \geq 1,000,000$

Tithe Grade: Aptus Non. See
files Ref: Trade Pacts, AdMech
1/0027-16/5244

Aggregate: 1,000:

Aestimare: A1-C500

Comments: Sovereign Domains of the Adeptus Mechanicus, these are planet-wide factories. A forge world often also serves as a base of operations for one of the Titan Legions. Forge worlds are essential for the supply of arms and armour to the Imperium's combat forces.

Cross-reference: Esteban VII, Gryphon IV, Lucius, Mars, Ryza, Triplex Phall.



The whole population of Earth belongs to the unimaginably vast and complex bureaucracy of the Adeptus Terra or Priesthood of Earth. The divisions and departments of the Priesthood number hundreds of thousands of independent, quasi-independent, federal, and subsidiary offices. Entire lives are spent in ceaseless shuffling of paper and checking of rosters, the assessment of planets for tithes and counting of holo-clips. Together these billions of petty and largely aimless activities turn the wheel of the tireless engine of government. All intelligent self-awareness vanished from the process millennia ago. Whole departments exist to serve worlds or agencies that have long since disappeared. Applications and petitions arrive daily from citizens and are duly processed and acted upon, though the process takes several lifetimes to complete so the citizens in question are inevitably dead by the time their reply arrives.

Such is the nature of government in the Imperium - as devoid of malice as it is without compassion.

A Galaxy of Damnation

Yes it is true what you may have heard whispered amongst the catacombs betwixt the night and nether-night! Why not say it out loud for all to hear. Let the fools doubt and sneer, it matters not. Be proud of your humanity and keep it unsullied and blessed.

This is as my Master told it to me and now I tell it thee.

There are a billion names of damnation! A billion kinds of things that slither and slime and defile the land and sea and wind. Each thing is a kind of sin spawned by man's evil. And that man is very sinful there are many of these damned things and their power is great.

As the purpose of all things in nature is to increase so it is with the damned. They would we joined them and so they seek to overcome us. In alien forms they assault us. In sleep they come to us to spread doubt and fear amongst us. They would corrupt our hearts and see us damned too. Trust them not nor suffer them to live.

For each alien destroyed is a soul freed from eternal bondage. Each mortal alien life extinguished is a human soul raised to glory. Thus our eternal destiny is written in the blood of the alien.

With sword and spear destroy the alien. With cannon shot and gun blast smash the alien. With lasers and seering plasma scatter the alien to the stars. With tooth and fist and hammer blows, with axe and shell and poison-bombs, with virus-charge and thermal mines...

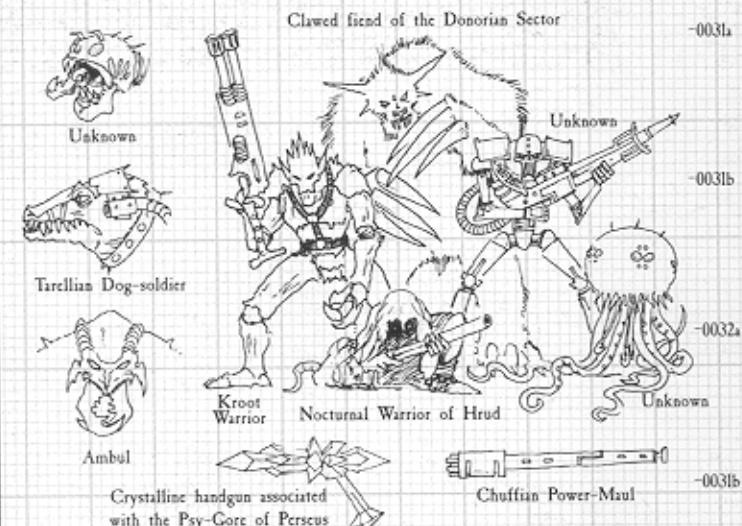
Kill them... Kill them... Kill them all!

As my Master told it me now I tell it thee that thou shalt tell others in thy turn.

Other Dangerous Aliens

"It cannot have escaped any of the Council's notice but we are still plagued by alien aggressors in the Donorian Sector (Segmentum Tempestus). These are believed to be of the same xeno-type as the invaders of Prospero Colony three decades ago! [I've included the only known holo-file of these aliens: it's the big furry thing with the claws] Why can these fell creatures not be dealt with? Why must the blood of innocent colonists continue to be spilt while we do nothing? How can we let the magnificent Palace of Caleb on Assumptus V serve as a barrack house to the festering soldiers of the K'Nib?"

Erasmus Phramtle, Prefect of Soliden, City of Pyres, Danub, 334,445.M41



Xeno-Holofile 908.332

See sub-file 9, ref. Necros

The Eldar

Of the major alien races of the galaxy, the enigmatic Eldar are perhaps the most similar to humans in physical terms. Standing taller than the average human, the Eldar are possessed of a slim, minimal physique and delicate features. They have pallid skin, with pointed ears, flowing hair and bright, shifty eyes, and move with extreme grace, suppleness and languid decadence. Some simple-minded fools have even considered them beautiful, though the wise know not to consider an alien on their appearance alone. Inside, an Eldar's soul and motives are as alien to humanity as to any other race.

The majority of Eldar live on immense spaceships, much larger than anything any other race could construct. These artificial worlds float through space their movement erratic and contradictory at times. It is speculated that these immense vessels are capable of entering the warp and achieving faster-than-light speeds, there is no definite evidence of this. These ships pass through Imperial territories on occasion,

The Orks

As you are all no doubt aware, for generations the most consistent threat to our humble corner of the Imperium is the Orks. Spread as they are across the entire sector, in numbers rivalling that of humanity, these savage creatures know only war. From sporadic, localised raids and battles to sweeping invasions that have razed planets and killed or enslaved millions of humans, the Orks have been fighting against us on hundreds of worlds and throughout the depths of open space, especially around the Denebian asteroid belt. I have included a short quote from Hardra's Xenoptium to remind you all just what we face here.

"Orks are naturally built for bloodshed. Although usually stooped, an Ork stretched to its full height towers over a man, and Ork leaders, older and subjected to years of violence, are massive creatures able to crush a man's head with a clawed fist. Orks have a thick, leathery skin, varying from sickening green to almost black in colour, which is extremely

Tyrannids

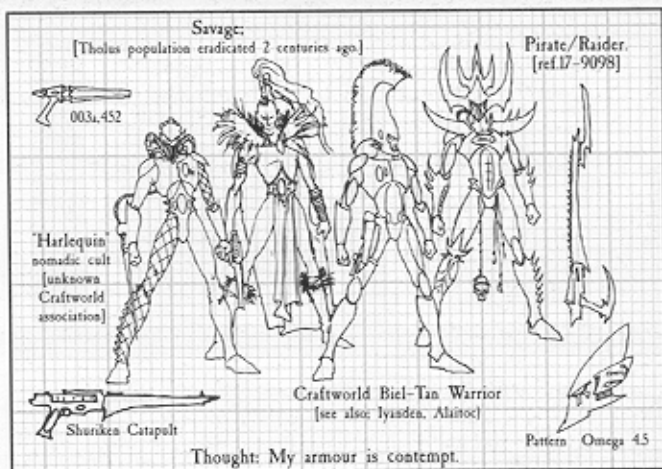
The Tyrannids have come from a distant galaxy to consume and assimilate everything in ours. Their hive fleets are slowly invading the Imperium from the Eastern Fringe, wiping out all life in their wake. The hive fleets advance implacably across the stars, leaving nothing but extinction behind them. Though individual ships and even invasion forces can be stopped and destroyed, there are thousands of hive ships floating through the cold depths between the stars, waiting to launch their cargo of highly-evolved killing machines onto helpless worlds.

Tyrannids vary considerably in size and shape. The warriors stand about twice the height of a man, while smaller Hormagaunts, Termagants and Gargoyles spill forward around them. Hulking monsters such as the Hive Tyrants and Carnifexes rival the mighty Space Marine Dreadnoughts in size and power. All are armed with wicked barbs and claws, and a variety of symbiotic weaponry that uses biological manipulation to fire clawing, biting beetles, acidic

sometimes peacefully, sometimes their presence requiring a military response to deter them from their threatening course.

Eldar planets have also been discovered. Many of these planets are young in geological terms, in a primaeval state with lustrous jungles and chains of active volcanoes. It is possible that the Eldar themselves have created these planets, somehow transforming them from lifeless rocks. The Eldar who live in these backwaters are feral and savage in comparison to those of a space-faring nature. They evince little of the sophisticated Eldar technology, but are fierce fighters when defending their homes against the rightful colonists of the Imperium.

Then there are Eldar pirates, who appear from nowhere and attack without warning or mercy. Some hint that the Eldar's grasp of sophisticated warp technology allows them to live within the medium of warp space itself. On occasion these warrior-bands have hired themselves out as mercenaries and sell-swords, but they are treacherous and whimsical allies. They will more often attack a ship or world, enslaving hundreds, even thousands, of victims, slaughtering whole communities in a despicable display of wanton bloodshed and battle-lust.



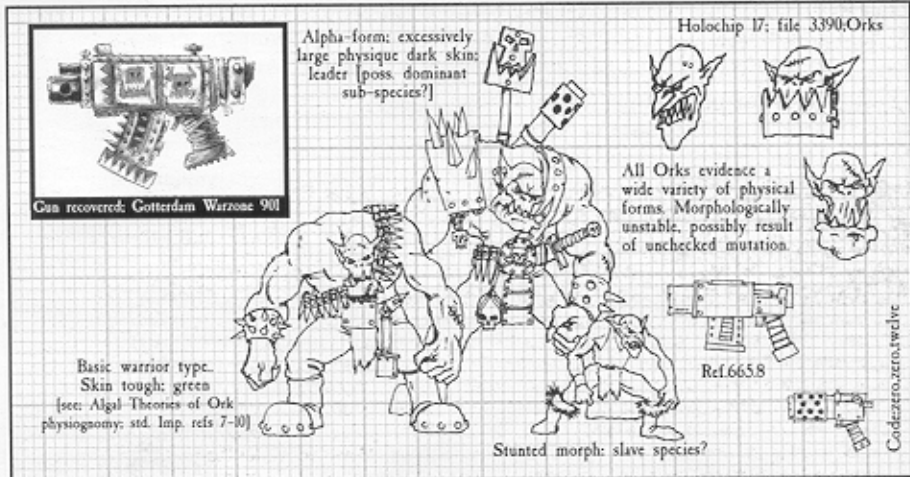
Xenobiologist Fremant, Palladium Colony

No date of entry.

Presumed to predate Prassac Razing M40.

resilient to damage. In fact, their whole physiology makes them very difficult to injure and quick to heal. Rows of fangs, up to a finger's-length, jut from their bucket jaw, and slab-like muscles move under their rough, warty skin. Their red eyes and permanent snarls give them an angry, bestial look that is altogether appropriate for their temperament. In combat they are vicious and pitiless, with a total disregard for life - theirs or their enemy's. They show little tactical or strategic sophistication, but their bloodthirsty nature, mixed with a degree of savage instinct and low cunning, make them fearsome adversaries."

My recommendation is that we dispose of these vermin as quickly as we can. If allowed to increase their numbers unchecked they will cause us untold trouble in the Sector.

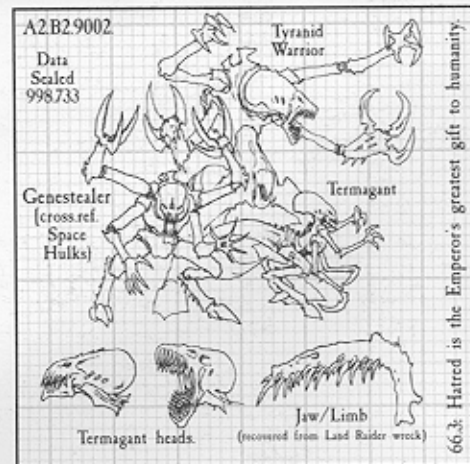
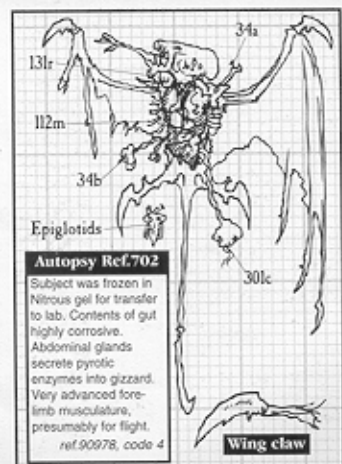


Ref. Ultima Segmentum Census 402,987

Bio./Chem./Physic.Analysis 606.445d 39177337891.M40

venom, strangling seed pods or other horrendous living ammunition (Autopsy records attached).

A vast controlling force, a kind of all-seeing overmind, pervades the Tyranid hive fleets. We call this 'the Shadow in the Warp, this 'Hive Mind' blankets all psychic powers and even nullifies the Astronomican. It is impossible to say quite how this omnipresent sense was created or is sustained, but it is surmised that it is comprised from all the consciousness of the Tyranids - a mind greater than the sum of its parts. Somehow, the hive mind can instill the needs of the Tyranids into the creatures that create it, through various 'Synapse' creatures such as Hive Tyrants and Tyranid Warriors. When these nodes of control are destroyed, the Tyranid swarms and broods degenerate into their natural instincts.



To withdraw in disgust is not cowardice.

THE ENEMY WITHIN



Despite the constant assaults by aliens and the incessant civil wars which rack the Imperium, one of the greatest threats to the long-term survival of the human race is the growing instability of the human gene-pool.

The outward expression of this is the increasing incidence of mutation amongst human populations, as if a galaxy-wide plague were sweeping across the Imperium. Many, if not most, of these mutations result in foul physical deformities or deviancies. By far the most dangerous mutants are those with psychic powers such

as premonition, telepathy and like. If not properly trained, a psyker mutant can become the unwitting pawn of the malevolent creatures of the warp. These creatures can enter real space by using the psyker as a gateway or conduit, in the process consuming the psyker body and soul!

Worse still are the psykers who actively court the attentions of warp entities and seek to establish secret cults in a misguided attempt to achieve personal power. These inevitably end in grisly failure. The Imperium has to be ever vigilant to discover and destroy these cults

before the hellish denizens of the warp can gain egress to, and overrun real space.



There is no foe more rank or malific than the traitor. We rightly abhor the traitor that leads the enemy to our gate. We revile him for the annihilation of worlds and the murder of innocents. We each loathe him for the harm that he does to us. The scars that we bear remind us to keep our hatred bitter.

What hatred have we for the traitor within? No - I mean not the traitor that hides amongst us. For it is our very flesh that is the greatest of traitors, the betrayer who corrupts and weakens us more than any other foe. It is the enemy within that we harbour unknowingly. His name is mutant, witch and deviant. He is the foe that will destroy us as no other can. He leads us before a hellish throne to dance enfeebled and imbecilic for the lewd pleasures of dark gods.

Burn the mutant and the heretic that shelters him! Burn the witch and those that worship him! Burn the deviant and those tainted by him! Let their deaths purify us so that in dying their bodies serve mankind as in life they never could.