

DARK HERESY™

SHATTERED HOPE



FREE DEMO ADVENTURE

WARHAMMER
40,000
ROLEPLAY

SHATTERED HOPE

"Fear not death; the God-Emperor watches you".

In February 2008, the DARK HERESY roleplaying game will be born in a hail of bolter fire and the cleansing pyres of the unclean. For the first time, the worlds of the tumultuous 41st Millennium will be made available for pen and paper roleplaying, where you can take up your force sword, strap on your bolter, and root out heretics, burn mutants with the liquid death of your flamer, and battle xenos as they seek to contaminate the worlds of mankind with their foul views and fouler natures. With so much in need of killing in this dark and grim future, there's no reason to wait, and with this special preview, you have a taste of the darkness arrayed against you and a chance to do your part to keep the sprawling Imperium safe against its many and varied enemies. So take up your laspistol, make ready your chainsword, and say a quick prayer to the God-Emperor, for in the 41st Millennium, there is only war....

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IT IS THE 41ST MILLENNIUM...

For more than a hundred centuries the Emperor has sat immobile on the Golden Throne of Earth. He is the master of mankind by the will of the gods, and master of a million worlds by the might of his inexhaustible armies. He is a rotting carcass writhing invisibly with power from the Dark Age of Technology. He is the Carrion Lord of the Imperium for whom a thousand souls are sacrificed every day, so that he may never truly die.

YET EVEN in his deathless state, the Emperor continues his eternal vigilance. Mighty battlefleets cross the daemon-infested miasma of the warp, the only route between distant stars, their way lit by the Astronomican, the psychic manifestation of the Emperor's will. Vast armies give battle in his name on uncounted worlds. Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors. Their comrades in arms are legion: the Imperial Guard and countless planetary defence forces, the ever-vigilant Inquisition and the tech-priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus to name only a few. But for all their multitudes, they are barely enough to hold off the ever-present threat from aliens, heretics, mutants – and worse.

TO BE A man in such times is to be one amongst untold billions. It is to live in the cruellest and most bloody regime imaginable. These are the tales of those times. Forget the power of technology and science, for so much has been forgotten, never to be re-learned. Forget the promise of progress and understanding, for in the grim dark future there is only war. There is no peace amongst the stars, only an eternity of carnage and slaughter, and the laughter of thirsting gods.



GETTING STARTED

DARK HERESY is a roleplaying game, where the action and adventure takes place in the imaginations of those who participate. To play this game, one person should take the role of the Game Master (GM), while the rest of the group, preferably four people, are the players. If you're selected to be the GM, read on, for you have the best job. If you're a Player Character (PC), you should stop reading when you get to the Adventure Background lest you ruin your fun as you play through the scenario. To use *Shattered Hope*, you'll need to make copies of the Character sheets and the Skills and Talents reference sheet (permission is given to photocopy these sheets for the players) found at the end of this booklet; at least two ten-sided dice, each of a different colour; pens; and scrap paper.

THE BASICS

Before we get started with the adventure proper, it's worth going over the core game concepts so you have an idea how certain things are handled in the game. Do note that the rules provided in this preview are simplified versions of those that appear in the full game, streamlined to whet your appetite for adventuring in the many worlds of DARK HERESY.

THE DICE

Like most other games, DARK HERESY uses dice. You roll dice whenever you would determine if something you want your character to accomplish succeeds or fails. If your character climbs a sheer wall, leaps across a chasm, fires a bolter at an Ork, you roll dice to see if he or she is successful or not. Most times, you don't need to roll the dice, especially when time is not a factor and when failure doesn't have disastrous consequences, but for those dramatic moments, when success counts the most, are when you pull out the dice and kiss your corpse hair charm for luck.

This game exclusively uses 10-sided dice. Each player should have at least two dice, but

three are better. The individual dice need to be of different colours if possible since many times you'll need to know which is which. If you don't have enough dice or don't have different coloured dice, when it's important, just roll the ten-sider one at a time.

The most common dice roll is called a test. A test is a special roll that produces a result from 1 to 100. To get this result, pick one ten-sider to serve as the "tens place" and another to serve as the "ones place". Then, roll them together. The tens die gives you 00, 10, 20, 30, and so on, while the ones die gives you 0, 1, 2, 3, etc. Put the two dice together and you have your result. If you rolled "00" then you rolled a 100, which is not good at all. When rolling for a test, you want to roll low.

EXAMPLE

The GM calls for Owen to make a test. He has a blue die and a red die. He decides the blue die is for the tens, whilst the red is for the ones. He rolls the dice, and the blue die comes up as a 3 and the red die comes up as a 9. He puts the dice together and sees that he has rolled a 39.

DARK HERESY uses another dice convention for such things like weapon damage or in some specific situations where a successful test has a variable result. When called to do so, you roll one ten-sided die and add any "modifiers" to the roll to arrive at the total. Unlike tests, here, you want to roll high. This sort of die roll is often abbreviated as 1d10, where the first number (1 in this case) signifies how many dice you roll, d stands for die or dice, and the last number (10) the type of die rolled. Variations on this can include 1d5, where you roll a ten-sider, halve the result (round up), or 1d100, which operates just like a test. Finally, if the abbreviation includes a number after it, such as 1d10+2, it means roll a ten-sided die and add two to the die roll. So in this case, if the die came up as a 4, you'd add 2 for a total of 6. Easy!

CHARACTERISTICS

All characters have nine Characteristics. They are: Weapon Skill (WS), Ballistic Skill (BS), Strength (S), Toughness (T), Agility (Ag), Intelligence (Int), Perception (Per), Will Power (WP), and Fellowship (Fel). Characteristics tell you something about the character, giving you an idea about his or her capabilities, personality, smarts, and even what they might look like—in a broad and general sense of course. Now we've mentioned that when it comes to tests, you want to roll low, right? The reason is pretty simple. Whenever you need to take a test in the game, you compare the dice roll to the Characteristic most likely to be involved in the test. Say you're trying to shoot a Mutant, you'd roll against Ballistic Skill. Likewise, if you're trying to avoid a falling column, you'd roll against Agility. Make sense? Since you want to roll under the number associated with the Characteristics, the higher the Characteristic the better.

EXAMPLE

Kate tries to break down a door. Strength is the most likely Characteristic to test in this case, so she rolls the dice and compares them to her Strength Characteristic. If her roll comes up equal to or lower than her Characteristic, she succeeds. If she rolls over her Characteristic, she fails.

CHARACTERISTIC BONUSES

Except for Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill, all Characteristics have an associated bonus. This bonus is represented by the "tens" digit of the Characteristic. When looking at a Characteristic Stat Block, the "tens" are denoted by a shaded area for easier reference.

SKILLS

Skills are a lot like Characteristics, but offer special things you can do during play. Every skill is associated with a Characteristic so when you want to use a skill, just test the Characteristic that's tied to the skill. For example, take Awareness. This skill is keyed to Perception, so

whenever you would use Awareness, you make a Perception Test.

OPPOSED SKILL TESTS

Sometimes you have to test your skill against that of an opponent which is known as an Opposed Skill Test. This works by both parties making Skill Tests as normal, whoever succeeds wins. If both participants succeed, then the one with the higher Characteristic bonus wins out. If both parties fail, then new Tests are again attempted to find a clear winner.

EXAMPLE

John attempts to quietly sneak behind a sentry. He rolls the dice to make his Silent Move Skill Test, compares them to his Agility Characteristic and succeeds. The GM makes a test against the guard's Perception Characteristic and also succeeds. Comparing Characteristic bonuses, John has a 3, whilst the guard has only a 2. With a higher Characteristic bonus, John manages to silently slip past the guard, without attracting his attention.

TALENTS

Talents offer slight advantages, reflecting special training and expanding on your options in the game for using skills and so on. Talents can also grant access to different parts of the game, such as psychic powers, Tech-Priest augmentations, and so on. Most talents featured in this scenario include descriptions about how they can be used.



ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

If you're planning on playing through this scenario, **stop reading** and skip over to the characters found on page 28. **Reading the rest of this booklet may ruin the fun of the adventure!**

Years ago, the Inquisition uncovered and eradicated a sinister Chaos cult on Sepheris Secundus—a frozen mining world in the Calixis Sector. Largely consisting of disenfranchised serfs—those wretched workers who toil in the poisonous atmosphere of this world's extensive mines—the cult offered escape from the oppressive labour and promised to free those nearly enslaved to the impossible demands of the God-Emperor's Tithe. Escape they found, for when word of this insidious group reached the ears of the Inquisition, the response was swift, brutal, and final. To a man, the cultists were exposed, shot or burned, and their blasphemous text consigned to purifying fires. In the eyes of the Inquisition, it was a job done, subversives stamped out, and as a result, these protectors of the Imperium shifted their ponderous attention towards other whispers of fell deeds.

Unsurprisingly, not all of the tomes and writings were destroyed. In the aftermath of the cleansing, a few curious serfs explored the flame-ravaged tunnels finding—as they searched for anything of value—one massive tome that described many of the rites and rituals associated with the extinct cult. The words that crawled and writhed on the pages disturbed them, and they nearly rid themselves of the blasphemous catalogue. However, they were a desperate people, having long endured the brutal environment and hopeless existence that entails being a miner on this world. A few deluded souls seized upon the idea that the best way to escape their fate was to bring down the wrath of the Imperium, to purge the world of all life, and to put an end to their miserable fates. As expected, their opponents thought

them mad, for if they were so unhappy, they could end their own lives, but the core of this misled group thought not of themselves, but of their brothers and sisters, of their children, and their children's children. So it was that they embarked on their insane mission, founded the Brotherhood of Malice, and set out to cause enough trouble that the powers in the Imperium would come and purge this planet.



What the saboteurs and rabble-rousers didn't expect was Sepheris Secundus's importance to the Calixis Sector. It was far too important a world to destroy, with the Imperium more likely to eliminate the "cult" than it would the entire planet. So, when the Brotherhood of Malice destroyed a processing plant near the Shatters—a particularly dangerous stretch of tunnels—the Imperium responded as it sometimes does when confronted with an unruly population: it sent a detachment of the Imperial Guard to clean out what the planet governors deemed as rebels. As expected, the Guard made short work of the miners and serfs, and once the surface area was cleansed, a few companies descended into the tunnels. After two days of pitched fighting, the uprising was erased.

The Guardsmen made great strides against the cultists, but they were unprepared for what they found in the depths of the mines. Lurking in these cyclopean tunnels were all manner of twisted and horrific creatures, queer sigils painted on the walls, and signs of Chaos everywhere. Not even the Brotherhood of Malice knew, and as they fled the hail of lasfire, they ran into the waiting tentacles of unspeakable horrors. The Mutants and Chaos Horrors stirred from their depths and made their way up through the tunnels to destroy the humans in the upper corridors. Sensing approaching doom, the Commissar withdrew his troops and sealed off access to the Shatters, locking behind the metal vault his own men, the surviving cultists, and all sorts of terrifying creatures. It was decided that the Inquisition had not quite finished its task with this world. Until the Inquisition could come to the world, it was decided that the Gorgonid Mine—those tunnels that connect to the Shatters—would be sealed, closed off, and all operations halted.

This is a terrible development indeed, for not only does this revelation reveal that Chaos has gained a foothold on this vital world, but also that the economy of the Calixis sector has become imperilled—Sepheris Secundus is the principle exporter of vital ores, fuel, and other key chemicals. As a result, pressure to attend this matter builds and the Inquisition scrambles to assemble an experienced team of veterans to wipe out the infestation, but until their principal agents can be gathered, they must do something. Enter the PCs.



ADVENTURE SYNOPSIS

Shattered Hope is a straightforward scenario divided into three parts, each showcasing one of the key elements found in DARK HERESY.

- **Part One:** The Acolytes arrive at the Imperial Guard encampment, where they have buckled down after fighting the Brotherhood of Malice. The characters have several opportunities to learn a bit about the Brotherhood, recent events, and what they can expect to find. This section culminates in a meeting with the Commissar, whose authority they need to enter into the Gorgonid Mines and from whom they acquire the map to the Shatters.
- **Part Two:** Armed with the information they were able to ferret out of the Guardsmen, the PCs are ready to enter the mines. They will have to overcome a number of different obstacles, including climbing, leaping, avoiding hazards, and a quick firefight.
- **Part Three:** The final stage of the adventure sees the Acolytes entering the Shatters. Here, they will have to fight their way through a tide of corruption to find out the true source of the danger and perhaps prove their worth to their Inquisitor by destroying the source of corruption.

PART ONE: GORGONID MINE

The adventure begins with the PCs dropping through the atmosphere to land on the surface of Sepheris Secundus, a thriving world that exports raw ores and minerals from its rich mines. The lighter takes the PCs to the site of a battlefield near the entrance to the Gorgonid Mine, where they are to learn what they can of the rumours swirling about this place and search out any evidence of corruption in the area. This section is rather straightforward and serves to introduce the characters to the mission, the locals, and reveal a bit of the history of the place. This scene focuses on interaction with the non-player characters and lets the PCs use their skills and abilities to ferret out the area's dark secrets.

ARRIVAL

Enter the PCs. Read aloud or paraphrase the following text:

It was clear from the tone of your master that you all were not the ideal candidates for this mission. Indeed, he seemed to hesitate as he gave you the rundown of the situation on Sepheris Secundus. There was a recent uprising that necessitated force to put down and so a platoon of Imperial Guard set down in the heart of the rebellion and silenced the mobs. Once the worst of the fighting had passed, they secured the area, which included an exploration of the Gorgonid Mine, where the fighting was the heaviest. The reports are murky, since a number of squads went missing in the dark, but suffice to say, the Commissar sealed shut the mine and quarantined the entire region. Under ordinary circumstances, the Inquisition would have looked into this matter at its own pace, but the damage to the world's economy and by

extension the entire sector's economy could prove too severe if the problem was left unattended. Hence they sent you and your companions. This is a bit unsettling since you are all raw recruits, bound for training at Scintilla, but you were the closest Acolytes and it was a small matter to divert your vessel to this harsh and frozen world.

At this time, let the characters introduce themselves. It's assumed that the PCs have spent a few weeks together already, so they should know each other's quirks, names, and any other pertinent details the players wish to share. Once they are done, read aloud or paraphrase this text:

Having disembarked from the lighter, you watch as its engines roar, carrying it upwards towards the cruiser that floats in orbit around this wretched world. As it shrinks away and vanishes, you take in your surroundings. All around you is an Imperial Guard encampment, filled with scores of grimfaced men and women, some bloodied and bandaged, all wearing the grey uniforms of the 97th Battalion. The camp is mostly a sea of tents positioned around smoking craters, steam vents that belch violet clouds of stinking gas into the air, and the wreckage from the recent conflict. A walker screeches as it patrols the perimeter, its pilot deftly manoeuvring the vehicle through the wreckage of old buildings, smoking cars, and unburied bodies. At the camp's centre there stands a rust-red hab-block bearing the eagle symbol of the Imperium on its exterior. Beyond it is a range of low mountains covered in ice and the sprawl of industry. Flames belching forth from smokestacks, storage containers, great bubbling vats issuing toxic steam, and more combine to make the structures look like some vast metal insect straddling the peaks of this rugged range.

Once you have read the introductory text, ask the players what they'd like to do. They have several options as outlined in the following sections. This part of the adventure is designed to let the players feel out their characters and roleplay their personalities and outlooks. They should have the chance to talk to the Guardsmen, discover the prison compound where a few cultists are held awaiting execution, and eventually make their way to the Commissar.

EXPLORING THE ENCAMPMENT

After the characters have had a chance to take in their surroundings, they should notice that most of the Guardsmen are looking at them. This would be a good time to have all the players make Scrutiny Tests to get a sense of the mood. Each player should roll the dice comparing the result to their Perception Characteristic. Since only Cimbria has the Scrutiny skill, all other characters compare their result to half their Perception scores. However, this should be a fairly simple test, so go ahead and give everyone a +20 bonus to their Characteristics for this test.

EXAMPLE

For example, Cimbria has a 30 Perception and with the bonus, she needs to roll a 50 or less. Mir, on the other hand, has a 28 Perception. He doesn't have the Scrutiny skill, so he ordinarily would have to roll a 14 or less, which is half his Perception. Since this is an easy task, he gets a +20 bonus, so he now needs a 34 or lower on the roll ($14 + 20 = 34$).

From here, the players can gather a bit of information. They can go about this in one of two ways. One, they can make **Inquiry Tests** to pick up general rumours or they can talk to a specific Guardsman. Details for either approach follows.

THE GUARDSMEN

The first character the Acolytes meet is the young Guardsman Edwin Jurtz. When he saw the lighter land, he just knew that it brought people to help, so he rushed from his post at the seal and headed for the encampment to meet what he sees as saviours. The PCs see him running toward them and when he arrives, he comes to an abrupt stop, stoops over, hands on his knees, struggling to catch his breath. After a moment, he looks up and smiles. He's a young man, just turned eighteen. He has bright red hair that pokes out from under his helmet, pale freckled skin, and youthful features. He says, "Sirs... Ladies... huh... welcome to the Gorgonid Mines! Yer here to help... I just knew it..." He pauses to take another breath. "I tole'd 'em all ye'd be coming—So, which one of you is the Inquisitor? Want to see the Commissar...?"

At this point, and before the PCs have a chance to respond, a gruff voice sounds out: "Jurtz! You leave your post again?" The owner of the voice is a compact, square-jawed ugly man, his head shaved and with a dark blue tattoo right on his scalp. He's wearing the grey fatigues of all the Guards, but the stripes on his sleeve indicate he's a person of rank. Where his right arm used to be is now a stump on which a large metal rod with a disturbing array of attachments at the end emerges. Jurtz stammers, turns red all the way up to his ears and looks at his feet, mumbling, "No, Sergeant Raynard. I'm just heading back now, sir".

Sergeant Raynard fixes the junior Guardsman with a stare and then turns toward the Acolytes. One of his eyes is ice blue, cold and staring. The other is a crude false eye, made of wood and wandering off to the left. "See that you do. Double time. Now, you. You're a sorry bunch, aren't you? Who're you supposed to be? Not the Inquisitor I'll warrant. Well? Speak up? I won't have a commotion in my camp."

At this point let the players answer in whatever way this wish. Raynard has a good idea who they are, and is secretly worried that they are all the help he's going to get. He listens, stony, and waits for them to finish. Let the players talk as long as they wish. Once they stop, trail off, or look confused, stare at

them a bit longer, a few seconds, and then say, "Right. So, the Inquisitor isn't coming." This isn't a question. "I suppose I'd better let the Commissar know you're here... sirs." With that, he makes ready to leave, but as he turns, his crude cybernetic arm starts to shake and the attachments start spinning, swooshing, snapping, and make a terrible racket. Raynard curses, runs his hand down the length of the metal rod, whispers a prayer and pushes a button. Immediately, the device settles down. He starts heading off toward the hab-block. As he marches, the Acolytes hear tittering laughter coming from out of a nearby tent.

The Acolytes have a couple of options. An **Awareness Test** (the players roll under their Perception or half their Perception if they don't have the skill) reveals Recruit Jurtz watches them, his eyes wide, a few metres away. So the PCs might follow the sergeant, talk to Jurtz, or find out who's laughing and why.



RECRUIT JURTZ

Recruit Jurtz is a bit sullen after learning that none of the PCs are the Inquisitor and his hopes that they will destroy the infestation have been dashed a bit. He's just decided to go back to his post so if the characters want to talk with him, they will have to move quickly. He's not so much interested in chatting either, so to get him talking, the characters need to succeed on a **Charm Test** (or at one-half their Fellowship if they lack this skill). A success makes him friendly again and he'll answer any of the likely following questions with the answers provided.

What happened here?

Well, there was this uprising in the mines. So we was called in to crush the rebels. The Commissar ordered us to flush out the mines to see if there were any more rebels. That's when those things nabbed my mate Hastus. The things grabbed him and dragged him off screaming. That's when the sergeant ordered our withdrawal, and we've been stuck here ever since. Hey, if you're going down there, see if you can find Hastus, would ya? He has a girl on Scintilla and I know she'd like 'im back, yeah?

What things?

I don't know what they were f'sure. All I saw was shapes, strange shapes, weird things, tentacles, eyes, and worse. Probably just xeno. Some of the men think there's something else down there. I dunno.

What's the problem with Sergeant Raynard?

He's a tough man, but he means well. He just wants to get his boys off this rock.

What can you tell us about the Commissar?

Not much, I s'pose. He's a distant man. Not very friendly. Cool as ice.

After these or similar questions, he looks at his chrono and says "I gotta go. Look, if yer heading down there, good luck."

SERGEANT RAYNARD

Sergeant Raynard has seen a lot of action. He lost his left arm and left eye from an engagement with some genestealers at the edge of the system a dozen years ago. The prosthetic limb bothers him a great deal, largely because the medic was slain and a tech-priest was sloppy. He refuses to have it replaced because it reminds him of his hatred for the followers of the Omnimesiah and the Tyranids alike.

After meeting the PCs, he's marching off to let the Commissar know. He's not happy about the situation for he thought the Inquisition would send more than a couple of green recruits to attend this matter. Raynard wants another shot at the Mutants, but the Commissar won't let him, so he's not happy about being here and it shows.

Characters that want to talk with Raynard are in for a tough go. To get the sergeant to talk, a PC needs to succeed on an **Intimidate Test** to prove they're tougher than him. No pushover himself, any attempts to pull this off are at a -10 penalty to the Characteristic. Since none of the characters have Intimidate, they need to roll one-half their Strength Characteristic minus 10. If they succeed, however, Raynard stops and agrees to talk:

What's really going on? It's real simple: the planetary governor can't control her population. We're the big guns. We came in and stamped out the uprising. Job done, right? Wrong. The Commissar wanted me to lead a few squads into the mines. He believed the cult had a base inside. We went in, descended the elevator and explored the place. Then, those Mutants fell on us. They came from all sides. I lost a dozen good men, better men than you I'd wager. . . . Look, there's a wrongness down there. You're a bit wet behind the ears for this sort of work. You should call that fancy ship of yours and get as far away from here as you can.

With that, Raynard stomps off toward the headquarters. If the acolytes follow after him, proceed with **The Commissar**.

THE MAN WHO'S SEEN TOO MUCH

The sounds of laughter the PCs heard emanates from Corporal Schmendt, a shell-shocked Guardsman who saw more than he should. After the encounter in the mines, he went crazy and screamed the whole way out. Once on the surface, the medics treated him with sedative poultices and stuck him in his tent. Any character that pokes his head inside sees a wild-eyed young man with greasy brown hair, wild eyes, and wearing a straightjacket that's tethered to a post hammered into the ground. A character that succeeds on a **Perception Test** (with a +20 bonus to the Characteristic) sees the man's name on a crumpled jacket lying on the ground.

Talking to Corporal Schmendt is a chore. He giggles constantly, pausing only to mutter things like "tentacles", "the eyes!", "my mind's eye opens and all I see is blood", and so on. He's raving mad. Play this up as much as you can until the players just give up and go about their business.

FURTHER INQUIRIES

After the characters have had a chance to talk with a few of the locals, they may want to push on to dig up additional information. To make general inquiries, one or more characters need to take an **Inquiry Test**. Only Cimbria has this skill, so to use Inquiry successfully, she has to roll under her Fellowship, which in her case is a 33 or less. The other characters need to roll equal to or under one-half of their Fellowship. Those who succeed get a bit of information about what's going on. In addition, for every 10 points they get below their Characteristic, they acquire a bit more information. See **Table 1-1: Inquiries at the Encampment** for the sorts of information the characters are likely to pick up.



TABLE 1-1: INQUIRIES AT THE ENCAMPMENT

TEST	RESULT INFORMATION
Failed	Sorry lad (or lass), you ought to check with the Commissar. He'll tell you everything you need to know.
Success	Aye, we wuz in a tough spot a few days back. There are sorts of nasty things in them mines. Go see the Commissar. He'll set ya straight.
Success by 10	It was horrible, mate! The things I saw! I don't think I'll ever sleep again. They got Horgen... tore his face right off they did. Thank the Emperor you're here to put things aright.
Success by 20	It was bad, I agree, but no worse than any other Mutant-infested hole. If'n yer going in there, yeh better keep those laspistols handy.
Success by 30	A lot of the men, they'll tell you that those... creatures... were cultists... but they weren't... they couldn't be. The horrors butchered them just like us. I dunno what they are, but they need to be stopped.

PRISONERS

At some point while the characters are in the encampment, they pass by a large area hemmed in by a chain-linked fence. The fence stands some 3 metres tall and has barbed wires running around the top. Bits of cloth flutter in the breeze hanging from the barbs, while blood covers the ground. Inside the fence are a dozen forlorn looking men and women. All wear light grey garb stained black from dust and filth. Dirty faces stare at the Acolytes as they pass by. A few guards dressed in black flak armour and wearing helmets with photo-visors patrol the perimeter. They carry heavy automatic rifles.

If any of the PCs approach the fence, one of the prisoners comes forward. His eyes widen as he speaks in a whisper, his face jerking toward the guards. "Please... help me... I... I... did nothing!" Just then one of the guards barks out a warning for the prisoner to back away from the fence, and the wretch does so, eyes imploring the character for mercy.

The guards are not chatty at all and if asked about the prisoners, they say, "Rebels. They are awaiting processing before execution." Arguing with the guards achieves nothing. They're just following orders.

THE COMMISSAR

Soon after the characters arrive, they meet the Commissar. If they followed the sergeant to the headquarters, the Acolytes meet the man there. Otherwise, the Commissar's secretary finds them. Should the secretary meet them, the Acolytes are confronted with a short, stubby man, with a thick moustache, shaved head, aquila tattoo on his neck and dressed in a flak vest and armed with a laspistol in a holster at his side. He pulls a chewed cigar from his mouth and "invites" the characters to attend the Commissar at once.

Regardless of how they get there, the scene plays out in the same way. The headquarters is a hab-block, a prefabricated structure deposited on the planet's surface. Constructed of metal alloys and painted with a utilitarian red colour, it features the Battalion's number, as well as the eagle of the Imperium. A single access hatch in the face of the structure allows access to the interior. Once inside, the place is sparsely decorated, with a desk for the secretary and a second desk for the Commissar.

Nihilus, the Commissar, is in his late thirties, with coal black hair, matching eyes, and a craggy face. He wears a black uniform decorated with his rank and a few badges of honour. His Commissar hat rests on a hook behind his desk as does his long black leather

coat. He invites the characters to take a seat and then sits himself, steeping his fingers as he assesses them. Finally, he speaks. Read or paraphrase the following text:

"Well, I presume you are from the Inquisition? I was told help was on the way, but I must say I am always surprised by the agents I meet. I'm sure you are eminently qualified for the task at hand, so let's get down to business and get this over with shall we?"

"As you may or may not know, this world is vital to the commercial interests of this sector and anything that threatens this world ultimately threatens the larger community. Thus when renegade activities on this planet destroyed valuable and, in some people's estimations, irreplaceable equipment, it was deemed necessary to create a show of force and eradicate all insurgents in and around the lucrative Gorgonid Mine". He gestures expansively around him.

"Now, attending to a few rebels is easy work and as expected, the scum lacked grit, leadership, and dedication to their cause, and so in a matter of hours we had contained the site, rounded up a few captives and were ready to ship out. But as I toured the grounds, something caught my eye. One of the rebels was carrying a sheaf of papers. I examined them quickly and it appeared they were queer texts of some kind, copies surely, but describing unspeakable acts. It was clear that these rebels were foot soldiers for something worse.

"I know my duty, and so I sent a dozen squads into the mines themselves. Many of our enemy fled the certain death of our superior firepower for the cover of the mines. It was as I feared. The Guardsmen descended and after three-quarters of an hour, they returned, much diminished and suffering terrible casualties. Reports of twisted mutants, daemons, and worse came in and so I decided that until I received proper support, the mine would be closed.

"Clearly, the Inquisitor does not share my concern... no offence, of course. I just expected a... larger group to attend to this matter. Well, who am I to question the

ways of the Ordo, right? Right. Here is a map. Follow the directions and they will take you through the upper levels of the Gorgonid Mines. My men didn't encounter much of anything there, but when they entered the tunnels known as the Shatters", he points at the map, "that was where things went wrong".

"I should warn you, it takes a great deal of effort to lift the seal and it's not quick. We'll let you out of course, but there's nothing fast about it so try not to be in a hurry. I presume you're armed? Not many things on your persons I see. That's a shame. See our Quartermaster and he'll properly outfit you. Meet me at the seal—you can see it from the door—in say an hour. It takes a good 30 minutes to walk it, so don't dawdle".

The Commissar entertains any questions the characters might have, though he's given them a thorough assessment of the situation. If one of the characters asks why he doesn't just send his own forces into the pit, the Commissar fixes the character with a stern look and says, "Cults are your trouble, not ours. We do our job, now you go do yours." Answers to any other questions will be terse, quick and restricted to the information in the Adventure Background. The Commissar does reveal, if one of the Acolytes succeeds on a Charm Test, that he believes the rebels were part of a larger organisation called the Brotherhood of Malice. He doesn't volunteer this information since he's rather angry about his situation and has no love for the Inquisition, but if pressed, he reveals that he believes the Brotherhood may be affiliated with other, older cult activities as described in the Adventure Background.

QUARTERMASTER

Finding the Quartermaster takes 2d10 minutes unless the characters succeed on an **Inquiry Test** with a +10 bonus to their Characteristic, in which case the time is cut in half. The Quartermaster oversees the dispensation of supplies to the Guardsmen. In addition to clothing, foodstuffs, and other general gear, he is also responsible

for arms, armour, and ammunition. Unfortunately, the Quartermaster is low on martial supplies and he's not authorised to dispense these goods without the approval of the Commissar—who is making his way to the seal. Still, the Quartermaster, a middle-aged veteran who's missing most of his nose, gives the characters 15 metres of tough rope, four electric torches, three days of CS Rations and canteens of water for each character. He also slips Xanthia four frag grenades (see sidebar).

FRAG GRENADES

When a frag grenade explodes, it sends flaming chunks of shrapnel out to 3 metres from the point of explosion. All creatures in the area of the explosion take $1d10+3$ damage. The maximum range of a thrown frag grenade is a number of metres equal to $3 \times$ the character's Strength Bonus. You make a **Ballistic Skill Test** when you throw a grenade.

Once the characters are properly outfitted, they are free to head on to the Seal or may do a bit more snooping about. If the characters want to do a bit more investigation, just go back and fill in with details they missed. Remember, they are to meet the Commissar an hour after their meeting, so they need to move quickly.

THE SEAL

The trip across the encampment to the foot of the mountains where the great seal cuts off the Gorgonid Mines from the surface takes exactly 30 minutes. As the Acolytes travel, they see more signs of the fighting, more torn earth, shattered buildings, and the wreckage of unrecognisable equipment. The planet is quite cold, and the wind is razor sharp as it cuts across their path. When they near the end of their walk, the characters spot pockets of miners sitting around small fires made from dung, salvaged wood, and even plastic, causing poisonous fumes to fill the air. The miners are all forlorn, sporting an appalling number of defects and deformities, as well as plenty of injuries.



Unlike the prisoners within the Guard encampment, these folks are bystanders, unfortunates who have gotten in the way. They are utterly terrified of the PCs and attempts to approach these poor souls results in them fleeing, fainting, or defecating in terror. Even if the character gets them to talk, they ramble on, agreeing with whatever the Acolyte says, even if they are asked a direct question, "Aye, that's a good question sirrah!"

The seal itself measures 30 metres in diameter and is held in place with thick clamps that grasp the stone on all sides. Embossed on the centre is the great double-headed eagle of the Imperium that seems to stare down at the Acolytes as if judging them. Scaffolding to the right of the seal leads up to a small post where an attendant can lock or unlock the clamps with a throw of a switch. This, however, is not enough to open the seal; it merely unlocks it. Opening this vault requires the efforts of twenty great hairy monsters indigenous to this world. Their handlers affix the tethers to the seal and goad them forward, and through the combined strength of these beasts, the seal slowly, ever so slowly, pulls away. The process of opening and closing the seal takes about an hour, less if the beasts of burden are already in their harnesses.

Once the PCs arrive, read or paraphrase the following text:

Standing before the seal, dressed in his large black hat and matching trench coat is the Commissar, who, in spite of the disparity between him and the seal, is in no way diminished by its massive size. You see young Jurtz manning the platform next to the seal. Four more grizzled Guardsmen armed with lasguns stand at the ready, as massive beasts covered in heavy brown fur and equipped with four long trunks are herded into position, harnesses attached to their great bulk. Once the harnesses are in place, the Commissar gives the signal to his men, who turn towards the seal and take aim. The Commissar then gestures to Jurtz who throws the switch. With a tremendous noise, the clamps release from the stone, signalling the beast handlers to coax their creatures forward. As the seal pulls away from the wall, moving one centimetre by one gruelling centimetre, a foul yellow gas spills out around the seal, pouring out from the interior and reeking of spoiled meat. Moments after the spew begins, it stops. The Commissar stands ready, a grim smile spread across his lips, his hand hovering near the bolter at his side. After nearly thirty minutes of straining, the beasts open the seal wide enough to let the you through. The Commissar turns to you and gestures for you to enter, offering one last piece of advice: "May the God-Emperor watch over you".

PART TWO: INTO THE DARKNESS

In this section, the Acolytes enter the Gorgonid Mines and follow the map provided to them by the Commissar so they can travel down into the bowels of the earth to reach the dangerous zone known as the Shatters. The Gorgonid Mines are quite extensive and without a map or extensive familiarity with the layout, a person could become forever lost in the depths. Rather than providing a physical map, this scenario assumes the Acolytes employ the map properly. However, their journey is not without peril and the characters will have to use their wits and their physical talents to overcome a number of potentially deadly obstacles.

OBSTACLES

Although the PCs merely need to follow the map to reach the Shatters, the map fails to reveal a few recent problems that have developed as a result of geothermal activity. In the days since the tunnels were sealed up, tremors caused by the growing power of the Antithesis Stone (see P25) have led to extensive damage in the mines closest to the Shatters. To reach their destination, the Acolytes will need to overcome several physical challenges.



A STEEP CLIMB

At some point in their travels, the passageway comes to an abrupt end as the floor drops away into the yawning darkness. A character using an electric torch can shine the light down into the darkness and see that 3 metres down, the passage continues. A tremor caused a section of the tunnels to fall into an air pocket several kilometres down. Reaching the passageway will require a character to climb down the wall. The walls have plenty of handholds—if they didn't the characters would have to make **Climb Tests**, skills they don't have—so they will each need to roll under or equal to their Strength Characteristic to get to the connecting passage. To give them a fighting chance, give the characters a +20 bonus to their Characteristics. A successful test is enough for the characters to reach the other passage. If any characters fail the test, they make no progress for the round. If they fail by 30 or more, they slip and fall, dropping away into the darkness, forever lost

(see Avoiding Death on page 16). Of course, if the players remembered their ropes, they can tie off to each other so that if someone slips and falls, the rest can catch the character. However, if this happens, all characters attached to the falling character must test Strength to maintain their grip. If they fail this test, they slip free too.

HELPING HANDS

Stronger characters can help weaker characters make the descent. The stronger character can make a separate **Strength Test** and if he succeeds, he grants an extra +10 bonus to his ally. He may then make another **Strength Test** to continue on down.

A DREADFUL GAP

Shortly after the harrowing descent, the characters come across a large gap in the passageway. A severe tremor caused a wide crack to appear in the floor,

DRESSING UP THE TUNNELS

There's no reason to spend excessive time describing every step the PCs take on their way to the shatters, but there's also no reason not to inject a little atmosphere as the characters make their way through the gloom of the mines. What follows are a few sample locations you can use to offer a few unusual sights as the Acolytes make their way. Use some, none, or all of them, but be sure to describe them in ominous ways to create a bit of tension.

NEXUS

The Acolytes enter a vast chamber, the ceiling of which extends nearly 30 metres overhead. Great columns, three metres in diameter and spaced five metres apart extend from the floor and up into the darkness, supporting the roof of this room. Criss-crossing the floor are numerous tracks that seem to travel in utterly random ways, and following them can lead back on themselves or to nowhere at all.

SUB-SECTION FIVE

This tunnel widens a bit and painted overtop a steel door is "Sub-Section Five". There is a glass window set at eye level, and staining the inside of it and obscuring what lays beyond is a bloody handprint. The door is firmly locked and resists attempts at opening it. Should the PCs use a grenade to blow up the door, it falls off its hinges and reveals a charnel house inside. A dozen corpses litter the floor. They are all the bodies of miners, but each sports a strange mutation—an extra eye, a vestigial hand growing from the abdomen, and so on.

BROKEN RAILS

Another tunnel intersects with the main passage. Rails run along its length, but where they would pass through the passage, they are bent and twisted, as if some monstrous thing tore them up and twisted them into knots.

FLOODED TUNNEL

The passage enters a sharp decline until it descends into a pool of brackish water with glistening oil on the surface. The characters can wade through it with no trouble, but as they do, something brushes past their legs. After a few metres, the passage leads up until it levels off, free of the toxic soup.

tearing open the ground and creating a gap too wide to simply step across. To get on the other side of the gap, the characters will have to leap across.

The best way to achieve this is to get a running start. The characters should back up about 4 metres and start running. Once they come to the gap, they must make a **Strength Test**. If they succeed, they get across the gap. If the characters fail, they fall into the gap. The bottom is 6 metres down, but the walls are sheer, making climbing out very difficult—requiring characters to make **Strength Tests** at half their characteristic to climb 3 metres with every success. A character can climb a dropped rope though as described under **A Steep Climb**. A character that falls takes 1d10+5 damage. The player that fell should record this damage on his sheet or on a piece of scrap paper. If the damage exceeds the character's Wounds by 4 or less, he falls unconscious and cannot be revived for 1 day. If the damage exceeds the character's Wounds by 5 or more, the character broke his neck and is dead.

AVOIDING DEATH

There are all sorts of opportunities for characters to die in DARK HERESY. One way to avoid nearly certain death is through the expenditure of Fate Points. Normally, a player can spend a Fate Point to gain a re-roll and at the end of the day, all spent Fate Points return to their normal total. However, in dire circumstances—such as a botched fall in **A Dreadful Gap**—a character can permanently spend a Fate Point to avoid death. Fate, in this case, intervenes, and spares the character. In the case of the fall, the character may have caught himself halfway down, or landed just right to survive the experience with a few cuts and scrapes. Part of your job as GM is to decide how the character escaped his doom in an apt and exciting way.



PART THREE: THE SHATTERS

Finally, the characters reach the Shatters. Refer to the Shatters Map for details. The characters can go anywhere they wish, exploring the various rooms and corridors in whichever order they like. Each number on the map corresponds to a description in the following pages. Since these tunnels are infested with horrible Mutants, this is the chance the players have been waiting for to shoot up some heretics. Since the characters may face these encounters in an order depending on which way they decide to go, basic combat rules are summarised here. If the characters find themselves embroiled in a fight, simply refer back to the Combat Summary that follows.

COMBAT SUMMARY

The thrill of fighting, the screaming torrent of bolter fire, the pyrotechnic displays of lasgun shots, and the bloody business of hand-to-hand combat are all central to DARK HERESY. While much of the game is often spent investigating conspiracies and exploring terrifying environments, most game sessions feature one or more brutal conflicts that can test the mettle of any Player Character. To make sure that this is one of the most exciting parts of the game, combat is fun, fast paced, and almost always bloody. Since there is not room enough to cover all the combat rules—automatic fire, pinning, bracing, critical damage, and so on—this section just covers the most basic rules to give you a taste of how combat works.

Combat breaks down into rounds. During a round, each combatant gets a turn to act, which could be anything from running away, blasting a Mutant, or hacking apart a hateful xeno with a sword. Once everyone has acted, a new round begins.

WHO GOES FIRST

At the beginning of the combat, all participants roll 1d10 and add their Agility Bonus to the die roll. The combatant with the highest result goes first and play proceeds to the next highest character and so on until everyone has acted. This is called rolling for initiative.

THE TURN

As mentioned, each character gets a turn to act in the round. During a turn a character can do two things: attack and move. Other actions are very much possible, but they either count as an attack, a move, or both!

A NEW ROUND

Once everyone has acted, the character who started the previous round gets to take another turn. This continues until all the combat ends—usually when one side is slain by the other.

REACTIONS

In addition to the attacks and moves a character can take during their turn, all characters can react to threats even when it's not their turn. Each character gets one reaction per round. For the purposes of this scenario, a reaction should be spent to get out of the way of an attack, such as by making a **Dodge Test** (if the character has the skill; otherwise it's an **Agility Test** at half the Characteristic). We'll talk more about this later.

ATTACKS

Whenever a character wants to attack his opponent, he can use a melee attack (such as with a sword, knife, or axe) or a ranged attack (laspistol, crossbow, bolter, etc.). To make a melee attack, the character has to be adjacent to his opponent and if so, he makes a **Weapon Skill Test**. To make a ranged attack, the character needs to be in range of his target (listed under the weapon's entry) and have a clear shot—the target's not blocked by another character or not standing behind a door for example. The character then tests Ballistic Skill. As with any other test, a roll that results in a number equal to or lower than the Characteristic hits. A roll that results in a number greater than the Characteristic misses.

MOVEMENT

Movement is broken down into four types; half, full, charge and run. Half equals a short

move, allowing you to also fight in the round. Full is a character's normal movement distance. Charge is when somebody rushes an opponent, gaining +10% bonus to your **Weapon Skill Test** made at the end of the charge. Run is running at full speed, which makes you harder to hit with missile weapons (-20% **Ballistics Skill Tests** made against you), but easier to hit in melee (opponents gain +20% bonus to **Weapon Skill Tests**).

The values of each movement type can be found on most character or creature profiles and each value is separated by a slash. The numbers given for each of these types is equivalent to the distance in metres or squares if you are using miniatures on a combat grid.



EXAMPLE

Xanthia's movement is described on her character sheet as 4/8/12/24 – Xanthia can move 4 metres per round at half movement and attempt to hit her opponent, or fearing she is outgunned, Xanthia can choose to run a total of 24 metres - making her harder to hit (-20% ballistics skill test) and getting her well away from her enemies.



MOVEMENT IN COMBAT

A character can move a number of metres equal to his Agility Bonus. He can give up his attack to move twice this amount.

AVOIDING ATTACKS

Once per round, whenever a target is successfully hit, he may make a **Dodge Test** (or an **Agility Test** at one-half his Characteristic) to negate the attack. If he succeeds, he ducks out of the way. If he fails, the attack hits squarely.

OTHER ACTIONS

If a player wants to do something not covered by the actions described here, make a judgment about how long something might take and what type of action it would be. Generally, most actions should be resolved with some sort of test. Keep in mind that a round is only a few seconds long, which is a very limited amount of time to accomplish a task.

INFLECTING DAMAGE

Whenever you hit an opponent with a weapon, and your opponent fails to get out of the way, you inflict damage. Each weapon includes a Damage value, usually 1d10 plus a number. Roll the die and add the modifier. This is the damage total. Then, you subtract the target's Toughness Bonus (again, this is the 'tens' number that's shaded next to the Toughness score) from the damage total. If you're wearing armour, also subtract the armour points. Whatever is left is damage that's applied to the target. Record this number somewhere, since damage is cumulative. So long as the accumulated damage is less than the character's Wounds, the character is fine. But if the damage exceeds the target's Wounds by 4 or less, the target falls unconscious and doesn't awaken until the end of the combat. If the damage exceeds the target's Wounds by 5 or more, the character dies.

RIGHTEOUS FURY

Normally, when a character hits with an attack, the resulting Damage Total equals 1d10 plus the weapon's damage. However, when you roll a 10 on the die, it may indicate the eye of the Emperor is upon the character. This calls for a second test—Weapon Skill or Ballistic Skill—as if the character were making another attack. If this second test is successful, the spirit of the Emperor is with him, aiding his attack and guiding his aim. The player can roll for damage again and add the result to the Damage Total.



EXAMPLE

It's Cimbria's turn. She has a laspistol in hand so she decides to blast the shrieking Mutant. Her target's in range and she has a clear shot, so she makes a Ballistic Skill Test. Her Ballistic Skill is 39, so she needs to roll a 39 or less on the dice. She rolls and gets a 24. She hits! A laspistol deals 1d10+2 damage, so she rolls a 9, adds 2, for a total of 11. Now the Mutant has a 3 Toughness Bonus, but no armour. The GM subtracts 3 from 11 for a total of 8 damage. The Mutant has 6 Wounds, so the attack is powerful enough to knock the Mutant unconscious. If Cimbria wants to finish the job, she can shoot it again on the next round (an automatic hit since it's unconscious) and put it out of its misery.



Should the result of this die also be a 10, the Emperor has indeed smiled upon the character. The player may immediately roll a third 1d10 and add that to the Damage Total as well. This process continues until the player rolls a number other than 10.

EXPLORING THE SHATTERS

The map describing the Shatters is just one tiny corner of this sprawling maze of spent veins, poisonous atmosphere, and corrupted miners. The player characters could spend decades exploring the endless tunnels and perhaps might not ever see everything. For the purposes of this scenario, this very small section of this deadly territory is the extent of the characters' explorations, since the Mutants have successfully excavated a section of tunnel to find the Antithesis Stone (see Area 11 on page 25).

GENERAL FEATURES

Through much of these tunnels, the walls were excavated using sonic drills to break up the stone, but the work is sloppy and the walls are anything but smooth. Filthy grease oozes out from the cracks, and bright orange centipedes scuttle in and out of the gaps. The corridors and rooms are all approximately 2 metres tall and drip the same slippery slime onto the floor where it gathers in gruesome, awful-smelling puddles. Thick steel beams support the ceiling in places and all of these bear permi-lamps, though only a few are working, shedding a peculiar green light all around them.

All doors, those few that stand in this place, are metal hatches with wheels that lock or open them. Unlocking a door is hard work and requires a character to succeed on a **Strength Test**.

The air here is noxious and every 10 minutes the characters explore this section of tunnels, they must all succeed on **Toughness Tests**. Those who fail take a -5 penalty to all tests for as long as they remain down here. Multiple failed tests are cumulative. A character who retreats to Area 1 and closes the door removes all penalties after 10 minutes of "clean" air.



INTERLUM DATA SCALE Model 75 RCT-1.1 K

The Shatters

(+Sector 2, 79°N, 166°W+)

Gorgonid Mines

Sepheris Secundus

Carta Sector: M3106.01

+ Orb. Dia: 31.88 AU

+ 1 TAG Temp: 9°C

+ Mining World

+ Time-Grade: Epoch: Epsilon

+ Population: 4273

+ Population: 12,000,000



++ The rewards of tolerance
are treachery and betrayal ++



SHATTERED HOPE

KEY LOCATIONS

The following entries describe the most important locations in this portion of the Shatters. If a location lacks a number, there's nothing of interest that relates to the player characters, though you should feel free to inject colourful and strange descriptions to enhance the otherworldliness of this place. For example, entering an empty area might cause the characters to hear a distant hissing laughter, or they may spot a human ear left on the ground. Ribbons of strange colours growing in the walls, clots of hair, a pile of yellow sludge that smells of rotten cabbage and more can all enhance the players' experience as they brave the depths of the Shatters.

1. THE FRONT DOOR

When you're ready to start this section, read aloud or paraphrase the following text:

You have been following the map for hours, navigating your way through what seems like endless tunnels, and still, you've seen no sign of the creatures the Guardsmen claimed they encountered. Certainly, there have been plenty of unusual, and possibly suggestive, bits along the way: suspicious pools of blood, disturbing claw marks, and more, all confirming that you might be headed in the right direction.

Finally, the access passage through which you've travelled comes to an end at an old rusted door, labelled XII, but covered with red graffiti proclaiming this the Shatters. Truly, you can see shattered rock all around the portal and oozing from the gaps is a runny grey slime that drips and collects on the floor near the base of the walls. The door itself is filthy, equipped with a crude wheel to open it.

Allow the characters to consider their options before proceeding. If any of the players wants to examine this entrance, have them all make **Awareness Tests**. Those characters that succeed notice scratches on the floor and bright rust spots on the hinges suggesting the door was recently opened. A character who succeeds by 10 or more notices fresh blood dripping through the portal.

When the players are ready to proceed and pull the door open, they find the source of the blood. Go to Area 2.

2. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Read aloud or paraphrase the following text:

Beyond the portal you see a macabre scene. A two-metre wide corridor extends for some distance ahead of you. Flickering light generated by green lamps set inside support pillars cast everything in a sickly glow. The floor is covered in blood suggesting a great slaughter took place here. The chunks of flesh and glistening organs confirm your suspicions. Scattered here and there are sodden uniforms of Guardsmen, some still clothing a piece of their owner's flesh. A door stands on the west wall a few metres ahead and open passages branch off to the right and left all along this shaft's length.

At this point, you should probably sketch what the Acolytes can see from the door. Let the characters go where they like, they'll find trouble soon enough.

3. HORROR IN THE SHADOWS

As the characters draw near this area, have them all make **Awareness Tests**. Those that succeed hear a wet slobbering noise as if something is eating and is being quite savage about it. Regardless of the success or failure, when the players come to the edge of this area, read aloud or paraphrase the following text:

Something stirs in the darkness, something big, something awful and stinking of all the charnel houses in the Imperium. It lurches to its feet, swivelling its massive head to fix you with eight glowing red eyes positioned randomly about its vaguely man-like head. It chuffs as it waddles toward you revealing that it still wears the tatters of its Guardsman's uniform!

Upon seeing the Mutant, all of the characters must attempt **Will Power Tests**. Those that

succeed may act normally, but those that fail are overwhelmed with horror and can't take any actions until the start of the next round.

This is a horrific Mutant, a former Guardsman that was brought before the Antithesis Stone by its changed servants. The aura of the stone changed it, wreaking havoc in its flesh and mind until nothing of its humanity remained and now it hungers and seeks to fill that hunger with the flesh of these Acolytes!

This freak is a straightforward combatant, lashing out with its slab-like arms to turn the characters to pulp. It has no ranged weapons, so has to engage the Acolytes in melee combat. The Guardsman fights to the death.

MUTANT GUARDSMAN



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
27	22	51	46	22	22	30	25	15

Movement: 2/4/6/12; **Wounds:** 17

Skills: Awareness (Per), Ciphers (Occult) (Int), Climb (S), Common Lore (Underworld) (Int), Concealment (Ag), Silent Move (Ag), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int), Survival (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (Primitive), Heightened Senses (Sight), Natural Weapons (Fists), Pistol Training (SP).

Traits: Fear (characters must take a Will Power Test or stand still in fear for 1 round), Mutations: Brutal Charge (+3 damage on a charge), Natural Weapons (unarmed attacks deal 1d10+SB).

Weapons: Fists (1d10+5; Primitive weapon).

Gear: Tattered uniform, Bits of Skin in his teeth.

4. CHARNEL PIT

The Mutant is a choosy eater and whilst he enjoys dining on human flesh, he can't abide looking at his victims in the eyes. Before setting in for a juicy meal, he tears off his victims' heads and tosses them here in this blood pit. A quick survey of the pit reveals there are six severed heads inside.



DEVELOPMENT

The Mutant wears dog tags and if the PCs think to snatch them, they find they belong to Hastus.

If the Acolytes used their laspistols or other firearms, the rest of the complex is alert and ready for the characters.

5. LOST MINER

This metal door is shut tight. It requires a **Strength Test** (at a -10 penalty to the Characteristic) to open it. If the Acolytes succeed, read aloud or paraphrase the following text:

Beyond the portal is a good sized room with 'crete walls, floor, and ceiling. A table lies tipped over on its side in the centre of the room and broken furniture litters the floor. Cupboards and cabinets line the walls, but the doors are missing or opened, revealing cobwebs and dust on the shelves.

Hiding behind the table is Rat, a poor miner who found himself in the wrong place at the wrong time. The Guardsmen were not too choosy about their targets and even though Rat had nothing to do with the Brotherhood of Malice, the Guardsmen fired at him anyway. He fled with the rest of the miners, hiding in the Shatters for he knew no one would follow him. What he didn't anticipate was the Antithesis Stone and its servants. Afraid to leave, but knowing he could last longer here, he's hidden in this room waiting until he finds the courage to make his way out.

Rat is a non-combatant, so his statistics aren't necessary. One shot to poor Rat is enough to end his career. However, if the PCs find him and think to talk to him first, they can learn a few valuable things about this wretched man and what's going on. It's clear by looking at his stained brown clothing that he's a miner.

Possible questions and their answers follow.

Who are you?

I did nothin' wrong. Doan hur'me... please!

Again, who are you?

I good man, loyal man, miner man! I Rat.

What are you doing down here?

I get lost! I end up here! Get away from guns!

Do you know where here is?

Ya, this be the Shatters. I didn wan to go too far, but I jes hide.

Do you know what's going on?

Horrible things out there. I no go. They eat me!

To any other questions, Rat just gibbers in fear.

If the characters choose to take Rat along, he's more of a liability than a help. He passes out at the sight of anything gruesome, soiling himself in fear. He screams and jumps at shadows and in a fight, he runs around in circles, screaming for help. The best bet, if they don't just shoot him, is to leave him here and escort him to the surface when the PCs are done.

6. MORE BODIES

This area is a large intersection. The light shining in this area clearly reveals the carnage, and pools of semi-congealed blood cover the floor. Any character that looks down the hall should make an **Awareness Test**. On a success, the character sees a faint flickering glow in a pinkish hue shining at the end.



7. MUTANTS!

This room holds 4 Mutants, former miners who lost their way in the Shatters and were corrupted by the light of the Antithesis Stone. They are hungry, savage, and well-armed. If they were alerted to the presence of the PCs, such as by gunfire in Area 3, they hide behind the column of stone, emerging to surprise (see sidebar) the characters when they enter this chamber. Otherwise, the Mutants are gathering centipedes for food and are thus surprised when the characters enter. In either case, the Mutants fight to the bloody end.

SURPRISE

Surprise is a special combat development that occurs when one side is aware of the threat and the other is not. What happens when there is surprise is that the characters who are surprised lose their first turn and can take no actions until the start of the next round. After the surprise round, combat proceeds as normal.

MUTANTS

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
22	22	36	36	22	22	30	25	20

Movement: 2/4/6/12 **Wounds:** 10

Skills: Climb (S), Common Lore (Local) (Int), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int), Survival (Int).

Talents: Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (SP).

Traits: Mutation (Cosmetic - extra eyes, fingers, brightly patterned skin, and so on).

Weapons: Crowbars (Primitive Weapon; 1d10+3), Stub Revolver (Pistol [SP]; Range-30m; Rate of Fire-Single shot per round; Damage-1d10+3; Penalty-0; Shots per Clip-6 shots; Reload-2 Full actions).

Gear: Tattered clothing, combi-tool.



DEVELOPMENT

An examination of the corpses turns up little of interest, except that one of the Mutants has one letter from the word *Malice* tattooed on each of the six fingers of his left hand.

8. INTO THE DEPTHS

While there's nothing of interest in this room, the corridor that leads out descends deeper into the Shatters. If you'd like to expand this scenario, you can by simply adding more tunnels and more chambers and populating them with creatures similar to the ones presented in this scenario.

9. BLOOD BATH

Once the PCs open the door to this room, read aloud or paraphrase the following text:

This room is ghastly. Inside is a heap of chewed up remains of dead Guardsmen and cultists alike. Something has torn them to pieces and strewn about the viscera in all directions.

So horrific is this scene that all of the characters have to make **Will Power Tests** at a -10 penalty to the Characteristic. Those who fail are overcome with shock! Roll 1d100 and for every 10 points by which the character failed the test, add 10 to this roll. If the result is 50 or less, the character gibbers for a few seconds and then composes himself. If the result is 51 to 75, the character vomits in disgust. On a result of 76 or higher, the character flees as fast as he can run for 1d5 rounds.



10. PROMETHEUM TANKS

This chamber holds nine tanks of extremely flammable (and explosive) prometheum. Have all the characters make **Intelligence Tests** as they draw close to identify the smell. Those that succeed know that a stray shot could cause the entire room and hundreds of metres in all directions to be incinerated in a blast of fire. Read aloud or paraphrase the following text:

This large 'crete room reeks of chemicals, likely from the glowing pink fluid that spilled from a ruptured tank. There are nine in all and the fluid covers the floor in the far end of the room. As you look, something dark and giggling emerges from behind one of the tanks. It is vaguely man-shaped, but its arms are impossibly long and end in jagged claws. Tufts of matted fur emerge at weird places all over its body, particularly around its lamprey mouth. It peers at you with human-like arms and then flings itself at you, laughing with bloodlust.

This creature is a Mutant Abomination, a once-human that has been so changed that it unrecognisable as being a mortal.

MUTANT ABOMINATION



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
27	22	41	36	42	22	30	25	15

Corruption Points: 8

Insanity Points: 12

Movement: 4/8/12/24

Wounds: 17

Skills: Awareness (Per), Ciphers (Occult) (Int), Climb (S), Common Lore (Underworld) (Int), Concealment (Ag), Silent Move (Ag), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int), Survival (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (SP).

Traits: Mutation (Claws and Fangs).

Weapons: Natural weapons (Primitive; Claws and Fangs; Damage-1d10+4).

The trick with this encounter is, the prometheum tanks. Should the characters miss with one of their ranged attacks, they have a 50% chance of setting off an uncontrollable explosion that will spell the end of them, but also everyone and everything else in this corrupted place. If the characters want to live however, they're going to have to fight this thing with melee weapons.



11. THE ANTITHESIS STONE

When the characters enter this chamber, read aloud or paraphrase the following text:

A pink glow suffuses this place, shining forth from a great lavender stone that rises from a crack in the floor and extends nearly all the way to the ceiling. At your approach, the light flickers, pulsing as if in anger.

At this point, have the players all make **Toughness Tests** with a +20 bonus to the Characteristic. The Antithesis hopes to change the PCs, alter them and transform them into Mutants. Any character that passes the test is fine and is immune to the stone's malevolent glow. A character that fails the test is sickened as his body rebels and takes a -10 penalty to all tests for 1 hour. A character that fails by 30 or more undergoes a terrifying transformation, roll 1d5 and consult the following table to see what happens:

MUTATIONS

Roll Result

- 1 **Skin Change:** The character's hair and flesh turn a bright shade of pink with grey marbling just below the surface of the flesh.
- 2 **Brute:** The character grows muscled and brutish, but his head shrinks. The character increases his Strength by 10 but reduces his Intelligence by 10.
- 3 **Tentacles:** A sloppy mess of purple and warty tentacles sprout from the character's middle and flail about madly.
- 4 **Huge Eyes:** The unfortunate character's eyes grow huge, about the size of saucers. The Acolyte gains the Heightened Senses (Sight) Talent, which grants him a +10 bonus on Perception Tests involving sight, but takes a -10 penalty to all tests when in the presence of bright light.
- 5 **Huge Head:** The character's head swells to three times its normal size, filled with strange fluid that aids in thinking. The character increases his Intelligence by 10, but reduces his Fellowship and Perception both by 10.

After the PCs succeed or fail on the test, the Antithesis Stone shudders and belches forth a terrifying creature of the Warp: A plaguebearer! This daemon hasn't fully been released since the Stone lacks the power to fully manifest such a creature, so it is much weaker than a plaguebearer normally would be (its Toughness is lower than normal, it has half its Wounds, and its Fearful presence is weaker).



DEVELOPMENT

The daemon is confused for a round and can't take action, giving the PCs a free round of attacks or to do something else. Cowardly characters might flee, but clever ones might think to use a frag grenade to deal with this horrid rock. If the PCs toss the grenade, it instantly destroys the Stone and casts the daemon back into the Immaterium. Otherwise, the characters are in for a brutal fight. Otherwise, the PCs can shoot at the stone. Three successful hits are enough to cause it to shatter and break, dismissing the daemon and ending its foul presence in this part of the Shatters.



PLAGUEBEARER

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	25	35	30	30	30	45	40	10

Bloated and malformed, clutching rusted butcher blades and glaring out with a single milky-white eye, these foulest of daemons are walking incubators of the most terrible diseases and excrescence, serving as they do Nurgle, Chaos power of decay and contagion.

Movement: 3/6/9/18

Wounds: 10

Skills: Awareness (Per), Psyniscience (WP), Speak Language (any one) (Int).

Traits: Daemonic (TB 6), Dark-Sight, Daemonic Presence, Fear, From Beyond, Infected Wounds, Natural Weapons (Teeth or Claws), Warp Instability.

Daemonic Presence: All creatures within 20 metres see phantasmal flies with human faces swarm about them, landing on and biting their flesh. As a result, they take a –10 penalty to Will Power Tests.

Infected Wounds: Any injuries inflicted by a plaguebearer automatically become infected.

Weapons: Claws and Teeth (1d10+3; Primitive).

PLAGUEBEARER TRAITS

The plaguebearer has the following traits.

Daemonic: The plaguebearer's Toughness Bonus is double against all attacks except for holy, psychic, and force weapons.

Dark-Sight: The plaguebearer can see perfectly in darkness.

Fear: All creatures that behold this daemon must take a **Will Power** test or flee in fear.

From Beyond: Daemons are immune to fear, pinning, insanity points, and psychic powers used to cloud, control, or delude their minds.

Warp Instability: If the plaguebearer takes damage and does not deal damage to another creatures by the end of its next turn, it must make a **Will Power Test**. The creature takes 1 damage for failure, plus 1 damage for every 10 points by which it failed. If this would deal damage equal to or in excess of its Wounds, it is cast back into the Warp.

CONCLUSION & FINAL NOTES

Once the Acolytes destroy the stone, they have removed the most immediate threat to the Gorgonid Mines and proved themselves more than capable for the task their Inquisitor set before them. The PCs have little trouble making their way out of the mines and eventually, by following the map, make their way to the surface once more. The Guardsmen are impressed, particularly the Commissar, who interrogates them about what they saw and encountered. While shaken that his men were all lost, he is

grateful the threat has passed and promises to speak well of them to his superiors.

If any characters gained a mutation as a result of the encounter with the stone, it's probably the end for them. While Mutants are sometimes tolerated, they are generally not accepted within the Inquisition. The player who deals with this unfortunate PC receives a special recognition from their Inquisitor for their vigilance and commitment to the Imperium.

NOTES

APPENDIX: THE ACOLYTES

MIR

MALE FERAL WORLD CONSCRIPT

"Men must die so that Man endures".

You hail from the deadly world of Fedrid, whose forests are so dense and so full of dangerous predators, the Imperium strictly forbids offworlders from descending on the planet without a licence. Indeed, it's a wonder that your people have survived, so hostile is Fedrid to human life. Somehow, your tribes managed and established small colonies formed out of a need for mutual defence. Unfortunately, your efforts are often for naught, for the Imperium culls the best and brightest warriors from your tribes to fill the ranks of the Imperial Guard, which was how you found yourself removed from everything you knew and battling for your life against horrid xenos and the shrieking tide of Chaos.

You found the work of a Guardsman especially suited to you; your fighting skills honed by fighting sabre cats, blood wolves and worse on Fedrid, and it wasn't long before you attracted the attention of Lord Inquisitor Anton Zerbe of the Ordo Hereticus. Impressed by your zeal, natural toughness, and ability to take orders, he lifted you from the faceless throng of Guardsmen and gave you a place in his retinue. Having only served your master for a few weeks, you are not yet comfortable with your duties and wonder where fate will take you.



Included here are four sample characters, enough for each player in this scenario. You have permission to photocopy each sheet, so do so and distribute them to your players. Finally, at the end of this section is a handy reference sheet (copy this too) that explains what everything means.

You are a rangy young man with fair skin, long brown hair and flinty grey eyes. Whorls and geometric symbols cover your flesh, tribal tattoos you gained as a right of passage to adulthood. You still wear the uniform of your battalion, a camouflaged suite of fatigues and thick jungle boots, but you've worked in a number of disturbing trophies taken from your enemies—fingers, locks of hair, and scraps of clothing. You believe that by taking a trophy from a vanquished foe, you gain ownership over his soul.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
40	36	47	50	31	30	28	23	24

Movement: 3/6/9/18

Wounds: 14

Fate Points: 1

Skills: Awareness (Per), Speak Language (Low Gothic, Tribal Dialect) (Int), Swim (S).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (Las), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (Las), Sound Constitution.

Armour (Flak): Guard Flak Armour (Armour Points 4).

Weapons:

Axe (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d10+5; Primitive, Unbalanced [−10 parry]).

Las pistol with 2 Charge Packs (Pistol [Las]; 30m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+2; Clip 30; Reload: Full Action).

Long Las with 2 Charge Packs (Basic [Las]; 150m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+3; Clip 40; Reload: Full Action).

Gear: Uniform, 1 Week of CS Rations, Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer.

ISHMAEL

MALE HIVE WORLD DREG

"Even a man who has nothing can still offer his life."

For nearly fifty years, you spent your life in the manufacturum of Malfi, one of the pre-eminent hive worlds in the Calixis Sector. Like your parents before you, you toiled long hours, giving your



blood, sweat, and nearly all your time for the good of the hive. It was a thankless existence and one you were happy to perform since you knew that your efforts added, even in a small way, to the prosperity of your world.

Popular with connections throughout your block, many of the other dregs looked to you for leadership, to represent their interests to the Administratum authorities that oversaw your collective labours. You proudly championed your people, instilling them with pride for the mind-numbing tasks and encouraged them to push harder. Many believed that you would go far, rising above the rest to perhaps become a foreman. You might have, but something inexplicable happened. One day, you enjoyed the friendship and respect of your peers, the favours of your masters, and the next, everything changed. The only explanation was a mistake, a mishap in the higher offices that confused you for someone else. You were accused of murder, theft, acts so foul that to recall them causes you to shudder. Everywhere you turned, there were arbitrators and bounty hunters looking for you. You knew it was your duty to turn yourself in, to present your case, but deep down you understood that such a move would be hopeless and fatal. So you hid, losing yourself amidst the machinery that dominates the bowels of your world until you could find some way to escape.

The only way you could live was to get off the planet and doing so was all but impossible in the depths. So you drifted upwards, creeping about, stealing food to survive, until you came to one

of Malfi's many spaceports. There you stowed away on a ship, the first ship you came upon, and hid in the cargo hold. The lighter escaped the atmosphere and it seemed as if you had slipped free. At least until you learned you were on the personal craft of Lord Inquisitor Anton Zerbe. You were found, clapped in irons, and dragged before the frightening Inquisitor. Being tossed out of the airlock was your fate, but somehow, the man saw something in you, perhaps your natural talents at leadership or maybe your familiarity with the dregs. He had you released in exchange for your loyal service. You agreed. Your slate was cleaned, and you've been a loyal servant ever since.

You are pushing fifty years old and a life spent in the manufacturum has left its mark. You have thinning brown hair and haunted brown eyes. Your dark skin is bleached white in places from exposure to chemicals and reagents and your bear the scars of toiling in the often dangerous environment. You have next to no possessions except for the stained and torn coveralls you wore on Malfi.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
29	40	33	24	43	32	29	30	42

Movement: 4/8/12/24

Wounds: 11

Fate Points: 3

Skills: Awareness (Per), Charm (Fel), Common Lore (Imperium) (Int), Deceive (Fel), Dodge (Ag), Navigation (Surface) (Int), Speak Language (Hive Dialect, Low Gothic) (Int)

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (SP), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (SP), Unremarkable

Armour (Primitive): Quilted Vest (Body Armour Points 2)

Weapons:

Hand Cannon with 2 Clips (Pistol [SP]; 35m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+4; Clip 5; Reload: 2 Full Actions),

Brass Knuckles (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+2)

Knife (Melee or Thrown [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+3)

Gear: Stained Coveralls

XANTHIA

FEMALE IMPERIAL WORLD KILLER

"Violence solves everything."

Zillman's Domain is a brutal world, trapped in a feudal monarchy, where might makes right. If you're not one of the king's supporters, you are a peasant and live and die at the pleasure of your betters. For much of your life, you lived in ignorance of the larger world, content to serve and be used by the "nobles" of your world. Your life took a sudden and drastic change though when your pretty sister was abducted by a filthy and lascivious lord for who knows what purpose. You had heard stories of the lord's appetites, but it was his right. However, with the loss of your sister, you felt, for the first time, enraged, appalled at the unfairness of your life, and so you decided to take matters into your own hands. Against all reason and good sense, you crept into the lord's castle, found his bedchambers and brutally murdered him.

That should have been the end of your story, since after you were caught, you were frog-marched to the gallows to hang. But it wasn't the end. Just as they slipped the noose over your neck, a dark man of sinister mien interceded on your behalf. He appraised you with his sparkling black eyes and you felt his presence in your mind. He demanded that you serve him and if you did, you would be rewarded. Death by hanging was not the fate you had in mind for yourself, and so faced with no other option, you agreed. You were cut down, given proper clothing and was then spirited away from Zillman's Domain for the rest of your days.

Having only been in the Inquisitor's retinue for a few short weeks, you have



found the arrangement to your liking. You resent his command, but the promise of honing your talents is attractive. You're content, for now, to see where your service will take you, but are ready to make a run for it at any time.

Although you spent many years on a Medieval World, you have embraced the wonders of civilisation, even going so far as to get an electoo on your arm and purple lenses to give your eyes an exotic look. You have long blonde hair, but you've dyed the ends black. You wear tight-fitting leathers that both enhance your physical assets and warn people to keep their distance.

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: 10

Fate Points: 3

Skills: Awareness (Per), Dodge (Ag), Silent Move (Ag), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int).

Talents: Ambidextrous, Heightened Senses (Sight), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (Las).

Weapons:

Laspistol with 2 Charge Packs (Pistol [Las]; 30m; RoF: S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+2; Clip 30; Reload: Full Action).

Compact Laspistol with 1 Charge Pack (Pistol [Las]; 15m; RoF: S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+1; Clip 15; Reload: Full Action).

Sword (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d10+2; Balanced [+10 to parry]).

Knife (Melee or Thrown [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+2).

Gear: Corpse Hair Charm, Stealth Gear (Common Clothing).

CIMBRIA

FEMALE VOID BORN TROOPER

"There are no civilians in the battle for survival."

Drifting through the gulf of space, you were born and spent much of your life on a ragged mass of flotsam and jetsam—the barely spaceworthy remains of a space hulk. Isolated and adrift, your people



were largely insane and many held heretical views, a fact that concerned you being well-versed in the Imperium and the responsibilities of its citizens. You took it upon yourself to root out heresy and corruption and to retain the right-thinking of good Imperium citizens. You were a bit too aggressive, which made you unpopular, but those who followed your example saw in you a pious commitment to the God-Emperor.

Having escaped nearly a dozen assassination attempts and personally killed almost as many mutants and suspected mutants, you came to see your home as being stifling, and that you could do greater deeds by serving the Imperium more directly. The chance you had waited for came when the Lord Inquisitor paid a visit to your hulk. He walked the corridors, inspecting the people, searching for any sign of heretical behaviour. You, of course, made yourself available to him, sticking close to his side to cater to his every whim. He found little evidence of anything amiss until he interviewed your parents. From his scrutiny, he deemed them cultists of Chaos and ordered their deaths. Your parents denied the claims, but the Inquisitor could do no wrong. You offered to execute the heretics yourself and the Inquisitor allowed it. When the deed was done, he plucked you from the space hulk and invited you to join his retinue.

Though the deaths of your parents, as well as your hand in the act, has been hard to

endure, you have few regrets. Through your new master, you have the chance to do great things and purge the heretics from the great Imperium. Each day, you strive to prove your worth in the hopes that you will one day become an inquisitor yourself.

People find you disturbing. You are an albino, with wispy thin blonde hair that's nearly white and blood-red eyes. Your milky skin, nearly translucent, clings to your skeletal frame. You wear long black robes trimmed in silver beneath a heavy black flak vest that's seen its share of action.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
28	39	23	38	32	33	30	38	33

Movement: 3/6/9/18

Wounds: 11

Fate Points: 3

Skills: Awareness (Per), Common Lore (Adeptes Arbites, Imperium) (Int), Inquiry (Fel), Literacy (Int), Scrutiny (Per), Speak Language (Low Gothic, Ship Dialect) (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (SP), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (Las), Rapid Reload.

Armour (Flak): Flak Vest (Armour Points 3).

Weapons:

Las pistol with 2 Charge Packs (Pistol [Las]; 30m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+2; Clip 30; Reload: Full Action).

Hunting Rifle with 3 Clips (Basic [SP]; 150m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+3; Clip 5; Reload: Full Action).

Club (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d10+2).

Brass Knuckles (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+1).

Knife (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+2).

Gear: Good Uniform, Arbitrator ID, Chrono, Pack of Lho Sticks.

SKILLS & TALENTS REFERENCE SHEET

Skill Name

Characteristic Description

Basic

☐ Awareness	Perception	Use to detect items, small details and hidden dangers.
☐ Climb	Strength	Use to ascend or descend sheer surfaces.
☐ Concealment	Agility	Use to hide in your surroundings, requires an opposed check against an 'viewers' Awareness to hide successfully.
☐ Silent Move	Agility	Use to move around silently, requires an opposed check against a 'listeners' Awareness.

Advanced

☐ Ciphers	Intelligence	Use to decipher complicated communications or obscure marks and signs.
☐ Common Lore	Intelligence	Use to recall the habits, institutions, traditions and superstitions of a particular world, culture or race.
☐ Psyniscience	Perception	Use to detect disturbances from the Warp from psychic phenomena or the presence of daemons.
☐ Speak Language	Intelligence	Use to communicate with others with a common language.
☐ Survival	Intelligence	Use to subsist in foreign environments by hunting, foraging, finding a refuge and constructing shelter..

Talent Name

Prerequisite

Benefit

☐ Ambidextrous	Ag 30	Use either hand equally well.
☐ Basic Weapon Training	—	Use weapon group without penalty.
☐ Heightened Senses—	—	Gain +10 bonus to particular sense.
☐ Melee Weapon Training	—	Gain proficiency with a group of melee weapons.
☐ Pistol Training	—	Gain proficiency with a group of pistol weapons.
☐ Rapid Reload	—	Reduce reload time.
☐ Sound Constitution—	—	Gain an additional Wound.
☐ Unremarkable	—	You are easily forgettable.



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