



INQUISITORIAL DOCUMENT
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CLASSIFICATION:



Report from Inquisitor Benedict Saussure

*Additions to the Book of
Indoctrinations*

*Details of battles upon the soil of the
Throneworld itself!*

Anatomy of a mutant

*After-action report from clash at
Agrisinaa*

*Intercepted communications to Lord
Saussure*



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The Grand Inquisitor speaks...

Welcome, one and all, to the first issue of Dark Magenta, the new web-based magazine supporting Games Workshop's Inquisitor narrative battle game!

Ever since Inquisitor was released upon the gaming public, it has had a loyal fan-base, eagerly anticipating each and every release from the Specialist Games studio. However, while Fanatic Online supports the game with new rules every few months, we felt that there was more to be done to keep Inquisitor healthy and thriving. Given that players of Inquisitor are positively encouraged to create their own rules, typically have a deep-seated love of the Warhammer 40,000 mythos, and are in plentiful supply across various internet discussion forums, it seemed (hopefully!) obvious that there would be both a receptive audience and a wide pool of writers for an independent, fan-based publication that would augment the output of the Fanatic Studio. The first results of this endeavour are before you now!

As many of you may know, this is not the first version of Issue 1! We released the content presented here a few months ago in a stripped-down format. This was forced upon us thanks to a combination of technical difficulties and time commitments from our (volunteer) staff, but we're delighted to report that the "sparse" presentation of that issue didn't detract from some very kind comments and feedback regarding the quality and content of the articles we presented. Now, all of these articles are presented to you again, in their full glory. We're keen to hear what you think of the "proper" issue 1 – do you prefer it to the stripped-down version, or did you prefer the less designed look in the first place? Sends your comments to the Editor at the address below.

So, what do we have for you in this first issue? Well, we have rules, background and campaign ideas to let you take your games right to the heart of the Imperium itself, as Robey Jenkins allows you to set foot upon the hallowed ground of Holy Terra. You also have an opportunity to see two rival Inquisitors and their entourage inadvertently cross paths during the aftermath of the 13th Black Crusade, as the first in what we hope to be a series of linked short stories and battle reports gets underway, between Ruaridh Dall's Inquisitor Tomashek Goddard and some old lay-about controlled by a lazy web magazine editor. Ruaridh, in fact, has a double of-

fering this issue, as he gives us his take on the power of the mind and how you can apply such things to your games, while Robey also contributes more than once – observe him start down the road towards converting, painting and generating a brand new character, which will develop over the next few issues. Phil Weston reports on his experiences getting players started on campaigning and playing Inquisitor, while Dave Knowles awes one and all with his painting and modelling in two related pieces – a showcase of his work, and a Master-class article on his female Inquisitorial stormtrooper.

Since we finally decided to set forth on the little adventure that bringing this first issue to you has been, there's been a steep learning curve for all of us on the staff, who are trying to hold down jobs and studies while making Dark Magenta as high a quality as possible. It would be remiss of me to end without thanking all of the staff and contributors to this issue for their enthusiasm and patience as we learn the ropes – it's been hectic at times, but it's been fun so far!

If you like what you see and have any comments or suggestions, please feel free to get in touch with us at editor@darkmagenta.net – the most stimulating letters will most likely find their way to the Communiqués page, though we will try to respond to every letter and e-mail. Even better, if you feel you'd like to submit an article, then you can have a look at the submission guidelines on the website (www.darkmagenta.net) and then send your article to submissions@darkmagenta.net – you'll find our editorial staff keen to hear from you, and willing to help make your article as good as possible. We're relying on your support to keep Dark Magenta going in the future, so don't be afraid to give us your ideas.

I hope the first issue keeps everyone entertained! Do check back onto www.darkmagenta.net very soon to see Issue 2 of Dark Magenta, which is even now coming together, and should be with you within a few months!

Cheers,

Derek

Derek Gillespie, Editor-in-Chief.

Dark Magenta

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Beginnings...

By Derek Gillespie and Ruairidh Dall

The deck-plating vibrated - a soft, metallic murmur felt through the soles of his feet that betrayed the presence of motion in the otherwise deceptively-still lander. He looked out through the inch-thick armaglass slit. The endless black of space, pinpricked with points of brilliant light, drifted across his view. Each star burned with a relentless intensity, no hint of flickering to detract from their impact. If he leant his forehead against the cool of the glass and looked down, the gently-curving, grey and blue horizon of the planet would come into view. At the moment, its presence was revealed by nothing more than a vague seeping of light from the bottom of the window - more than reminder enough, considering the last few days. Were he to crane his neck upwards, the stars would be joined by the twinkling lights of space docks and the regular pulsing lights of the guide buoys, sending out their warnings to guide ships to berth at high anchor. For the moment, however, he was in between the two extremes. The small cabin was illuminated only by running lights - a faint crimson glow that barely reached the plasteel walls - and the void outside remained dark. Settling back into the cracked leather of the seat, with a restraint harness loosely fastened across his chest, he was left to ponder his thoughts in the gloom. How apt.

To put it bluntly, Agripinaa was in a mess. Andrey would have had his head for that assessment, he thought to himself. Never one for a throw-away assessment, old Andrey, Emperor rest his soul, but that was the straightest way of describing the situation. Ravaged by war brought on by the Black Crusade, its infrastructure damaged and surely unable to meet the Administratum tithe, populace near-starving and restless, and any pretence of a functioning Defence Force destroyed long before the Ruinous Powers had been pushed off the surface and back into the outer reaches of the system. That was maybe the most pertinent point, he accepted - 'the outer reaches of the system'. His brow furrowed imperceptibly. The Agripinaa system was not secure, regardless of what propaganda would have the citizenry believe. If the Nurglite forces sallied forth now, the capital world would fall, and the Imperium would lose the Agripinaa system, probably forever. And all he'd seen during his sojourn planet-side was an Imperial house busily getting back to the business of enriching itself desperately, ensuring that it got back to the same level of comfort it had enjoyed previously before the worshippers of the Dark Gods

were so inconsiderate as to invade. Lord Enchivar Ryan had waved away his enquiries - he clearly believed that production would be back to normal without any special effort on his part, that arms and armour would roll out, the people would be fed and the tithes would be collected. The Lords Ryan had ruled Agripinaa for over a millenium and all would return to the way it had always been. After all, life was already back to normal in the Imperial household.

He'd left, unimpressed, and nothing he'd heard over the following days had lightened his mood. Enchivar seemed to be of the opinion that attempting to shower him in luxuries and courtly courtesies would convince him of the maintenance of the status quo - he was somewhat wide of the mark.

He let his breath out in a quick exhalation realising, to his irritation, that he'd been holding it in. His arm had a twinge too, which was usually a sign of annoyance. He gave his bicep a gentle massage with his other hand. The feel of the delicate intertwining of augmetic circuitry beneath the skin was obvious to the touch even if it was invisible to the eye. He took a slow, deep breath, filling his lungs with the familiar scent of air-scrubbed incense. Then he reached up and pinched the skin at the bridge of his nose, then ran the hand down to settle on his chin, fingers slowly sliding back and forward through the close-cropped beard. He exhaled once more - he was tired, if truth be told. Not as young as you used to be, old man, he thought. That raised a smile. And a quiet laugh.

Sitting at the other end of the cabin, facing perpendicular to him, Special Officer Durant turned his head at the noise breaking the quiet atmosphere. His close-shaved dome bathed in the red light of the cabin, blending his face amongst the red hue of the suit of carapace armour encased around his barrel-chest. Durant's face had a quizzical expression, questioning what had made him break the silence. He shook his head and returned to his introspective vigil, fingers drumming on his knee.

Suddenly a vessel loomed large, rapidly filling the narrow field of view afforded by the vision slit. While obviously smaller than some of the leviathan bulk freighters hanging at high anchor it was still massive, dwarfing into insig-

nificance the transport shuttle. He felt the mono-task alter course, steering the vessel towards the opening gates of a landing bay now visible on the underside of the giant craft, muted light pushing through the ever widening gap. The metallic tones of the servitor cut through the intercom;

+++ Prime for docking and disembarkation +++

As the shuttle turned, decelerated and rose into the ship, the docking port was suffused with harsh, actinic light that spilled into the cabin, casting rapid shadows across the walls as the shuttle nosed towards its assigned landing pad. Durant had already released the restraint and was on his feet, casually slinging a kit bag over his shoulder and making safe the shotgun he recovered from the floor holster beside his chair. Durant looked back over his shoulder at him, allowed himself a brief smile, and braced as the shuttle set down. A muffled clang accompanied the slight impact of the shuttle's landing, umbilicals mating with ports in the deck as the shuttle automatically began its post-flight routines. A hiss of decompression presaged a change of pressure in the cabin, before the display screen flashed green – safe for disembarkation. The old man nodded and Durant pulled the lever next to the hatch with a large, calloused hand, causing a whirl of servos to lower the boarding ramp and let light fully spill into the compartment.

He stood up, stretching his back and flexing his shoulders, trying to work out the knots and kinks that had built up over the last few days. One of the ratings, his dark red jumpsuit unblemished and pressed into knife-edge creases, stepped aboard once Durant was down the ramp and bowed reverentially. The inquisitor passed his kit bag and burnished breastplate over to the crewman and straightened the waistcoat which hung open across his shoulders. He reached down and closed a hand around the scrimshawed haft of his hammer. The head was wrapped carefully in silken cloth, which did little to hide its aura of potent retribution. The rating didn't get to carry that. No one did. He stepped out onto the ramp, let his eyes adjust to the light filling the cavernous bay and strode down to the deck just as the Marquis Essien Caravale, ship master of the Angelic, stepped forward to shake his hand.

'Welcome back, my Lord Saussure.'



Subiaco Diablo was two days behind him now, but the memory of the desolation there was not going to fade fast. His home world had been ravaged, and Goddard felt a little pang of betrayal in leaving his friends and family before the planet was made safe. Safe. The word almost made him chuckle. Nowhere in the sectors around the Ocularis Terribus was safe. As far as the propaganda was concerned, the Curse of Unbelief had been halted, and the 'zombies' had been purged from the world and that would have to do. The populace could not be allowed to think different, lest panic devour them, and the world fall to anarchy. With Imperial forces stretched as they were, maintaining calm on as many planets as was possible was of paramount importance. For decades Goddard had worked against Chaotic insurgents intent on destabilising Imperial rule in the Sectors Oculus, and now more than ever was his work of vital importance. He had done what he could on his home planet, but now another world needed his personal assistance: Agripinaa.

Goddard had independent cells of operatives across the sectors fringing the Eye of Terror and throughout the invasion he had bolstered what operations he could personally. He had lost thirty-two operatives thus far, on Subiaco Diablo itself and on worlds as far flung as Lethe 11. He had fought on the ice fields above the fortress on Nemesis Tessera to defend the secrets of the Inquisition held there, as his ship, the Brilliant, had taken the fight to the enemy in the void above the world. No part of his extensive operation had found themselves without an enemy to fight. His agents on Agripinaa had been faced with the task of removing seditionist elements from within both PDF units and the Adeptus Administratum in Hive Legatus. With ground forces engaged with the enemy, the cell had viewed that elimination of the officers they had identified as traitorous was of the utmost importance. It was clear that in order to instigate a thorough cleansing of the unit, a liaison with the Regimental Commissars would be of the utmost importance, and that the cell would have to be prepared to hunt down and execute any escapees. When the time came to act, his cell had the full cooperation of the Commissariat and all the seditionists they had identified were dealt the Emperor's justice swiftly. Dealing with the heretics within the Administratum had been an entirely different matter.

Their initial investigation had brought eight individuals under suspicion, but on deeper probing they turned up evidence that pointed to a far larger corruption within the clerks and scribes responsible for the hive's smooth running and its peoples' continued existence. Arms for the front-

line were missing from audits, and food shipments for the population were simply going missing. The heretics' actions were crippling Agripinaa from within, and so large was the problem, the cell was exceptionally hard-pressed to root out all the various elements within the vast organisation. With the assistance of the Adeptus Arbiters, the more senior members of the group were taken into custody. Through interrogation, it was revealed that the recidivists' Brotherhood, as the heretics liked to call themselves, was widespread all over the planet and was not confined to the pen-pushers and book-keepers. The Departmento Munitorum and PDF, as the cell had known for itself, had been infiltrated, and the rot went higher still. One captive had even gone as far as to say that the Governor was ready to hand the world over to their dark masters. As unlikely as this was, the cell was not blind to the fact that they had in all probability barely probed the surface of the lesion at the heart of Hive Legatus, and in all likelihood, the whole of Agripinaa itself. The cell knew that decisive action was needed to prevent the world falling, and that was why they had requested that Goddard join them, with the full force of the Ordo Malleus Tesseract behind him.

That was wishful thinking on his personnel's part, Goddard mused. The Ordo was stretched to breaking point fighting daemonic legions and the traitor Astartes in numerous systems without any sign of breakthrough. The Excommunication of the Relictors, though a necessary move, had reduced the available number of Grey Knights further, and had drawn many Inquisitors away from the frontline, where their specialised forces were desperately needed. Goddard could not expect reinforcement from any army groups other than those he could requisition on Agripinaa itself, and if the evidence his cell had gathered was even half accurate, those soldiers would be of a very dubious quality. His own personal forces were too distant from Subiaco Diablo, and too deeply involved in their own missions to be drawn to his side. How he wished that he had Kolo Mandouka alongside him now, where his killer instincts would count for fifty trained soldiers, but his anti-daemonic powers were sorely needed on Imbrium, where he was fighting against the agents of the Word Bearers. The guns of Hector Ganz and Brett Thorpe would be more than welcome too. Even the sagely words of Radoslav Holden would aid him, but his chief savant was deeply involved in the investigation of Van Hel's atrocities on Nemesis. Aye, he was without many talented individuals. He was however, far from alone.

On board the Brilliant with him were fifteen of the Ordo Malleus's best: Choi, Murray, Rasmussen, Pukam, Ono,

Brito, Francis, Al Jaazar, Strupar, Toseland, Helstrom, Benediktsson, Craine, Silver and Gottfried; Stormtroopers all, and some of the bravest men he had ever met. Grey Knights they weren't, but a bright light against the forces of darkness they most certainly were. They would follow him into the very Eye itself if he commanded it. As grandiose as that notion was, the fact remained though that fifteen men, no matter how well trained, equipped or brave did not constitute an army. The operation on Agripinaa would be no counter-invasion that would drive the heretics from the face of the world. Goddard was heading there to see about the stabilisation of the world by destroying the insidious elements that threatened it from within, to allow the planet's loyal populace to secure their world. If order could be restored on as important a world as Agripinaa, then the Imperium would have a staging point from which to reclaim the Sectors Oculus from the minions of the Great Enemy.



With a near-silent pneumatic hiss, the bulkhead in front of him slid backwards into the recessed alcove of the wall, opening a path for Interrogator Richard Kuerten's entry into the apartments. As soon as he did so, he was aware of the change in atmosphere – gone was the standard ship corridor gun-metal grey. The walls surrounding him now were of polished Terran oak from floor to ceiling, a deep, warm hue, accentuated by the glow from the brazier situated in the far wall. A soft carpet encompassed his feet, and one whole wall was taken up with a substantial series of bookshelves, neatly appointed rows of bound manuscripts facing spine-outwards into the room. The furthest corner of the shelf was slightly distorted behind the glimmer of a small stasis field, protecting the most valuable works that his master chose to transport from the more substantial libraries back in Roxburgh House. The opposite wall had been replaced by a massive reinforced sheet of transparent armaplas, forming a wall-length window through which the progress of the Angelic through space could be observed, as long as the external shutters had been rolled back. At the moment, the metal sheeting was down, but light from the planet below seeped in, illuminating the old man, standing with his arms clasped behind his back, lost in thought. Kuerten crossed the carpet, circumventing the solid bureau desk and standing just past the holosphere, the display projecting a languidly rotating representation of Agripinaa below.

'Benedict?'

Inquisitor Herodotus Benedict Saussure, of the Ordo Hereticus Terran, turned to face his senior Interrogator, his brow still creased in thought.

'Everything alright during my absence, Richard? Nothing to report?'

'Nothing, Benedict. The Angelic is as you left it, and there has been no further communication from Lord Augustine either. Caravale still isn't too keen on lingering in the Ocularis systems, but he's stopped voicing his most vocal concerns seeing as we seem to be staying put. How was the visit planetside?'

'You never asked Mikael?'

'You know Durant, Benedict – he's straight off to the crew-decks as soon as he gets back on board. Needs to see what vices he's missed out on the chance to indulge in during his absence, after all. Besides, unless you gave him the chance to break some skulls, I doubt he noticed the subtleties of what you were doing.'

Saussure gave a single chuckle, his shoulders moving slightly.

'So,' Kuerten pushed, 'we are staying for a while longer?'

'I fear so.'

'Can I ask in what capacity? Besides representing the interests of the Ordos, of course.'

'We have work to attend to that goes to the central tenets of the creed of the Ordos, Richard, as I think you well know by now. That planet,' Saussure gestured towards the holosphere, 'is a vital lynchpin of this whole sector, and all the returning stability is merely the poorest façade, as far as I can tell. If there was an upsurge in chaotic activity now then I can't see Agripinaa defending itself, and that means the whole sector falls. There's an under-current of unrest running through every settlement I visited – you saw it yourself when you were on the surface. Throne, it wouldn't even take open war – a few well-placed agitators and the populace could rise up and there's nothing that the Lords Ryan could do to stop it, they're so content on glutting themselves upon their returned planetary wealth. Some

would say that a belief that the God-Emperor will see them through because He's seen their ancestors through for the last twelve hundred years shows laudable faith, but I call it lamentable complacency. They've forgotten their duty and surrounded themselves with sycophants unwilling to see the status quo change lest it mean a loss to themselves.'

Saussure paused, and took a long, considered breath. He turned, facing his senior Interrogator.

'Agripinaa needs a change, Richard.'

Kuerten nodded slowly, considering the import of his master's words. He turned and walked back across the room, the regular, soft click-click of his leg augmetics being muffled by the thick carpet beneath his feet. He sat down in the leather chair next to the bureau, and turned it back to face Saussure.

'It's been a long time since you came to that conclusion about a planetary situation, Benedict. Are you sure it's necessary here? You've always taught that it's a last resort.'

'And it shall always remain that way. The day that it ceases to be anything but is the day that a line has been crossed. If that day comes, you can hunt me down yourself, my friend. Can you see another way, here and now?'

A shake of the head.

'Probably not. That planet is going to slide out of the Throne's Grace if something isn't done, and I don't know what else we can do. I simply always feel compelled to play devil's advocate in these situations.'

'As well you should, Richard. You may understand the ideological principles now, but there's no reason to not keep going back to the fundamental questions. Always re-affirm your belief in the truth of what you are doing, especially when doing something that others within our orders would consider... inappropriate, as you well know.'

'My lord, there has not been one world in the affairs of which we have intervened that has not been better off after we acted – that is proof enough for me that you always act with the Emperor's grace. Tigris Bellerophon, Sanctity, Dauphane, Ameoralis – they all remain loyal and productive, which is more than can be said for the state they would have been in if things had taken their course. Some men are not fit to carry out their duties to the Throne. Those

who are incapable of continuing the Emperor's vision of Imperium cannot be allowed to thrive because they feel they have the right. To tar that ideal with the brush of the Re-congregator is wrong.'

'Everything degenerates in the hands of men, Richard?' Saussure asked, an eyebrow raised quizzically.

Kuerten furrowed his brow, and shook his head.

'Not quite, Benedict. In the hands of certain men, I suppose. That doesn't sound like you, though.'

The old man smiled.

'It's not. It's from the Archives Sanctus on Terra – a chronicler called Karkasy, I believe, though there are only fragments of his work surviving. I believe it could even be from the Crusades. Very old. An extreme view, of course, but I find it interesting that, even back then, men were realising that other men failed to maintain the vision the Emperor had laid out.'

'And so others must maintain that vision?'

'Of course. It is up to others of strong conviction to steer and guide, and keep the Imperium moving forward in His name. To sit back and do nothing is inexcusable. And that means that it is re-congregationism, Richard, don't be fooled by that. Just don't believe that it is necessarily radicalism, if we must pigeon-hole things so. The difference, as you well know, is the reason for enacting change.'

Saussure had walked away from the armaplas window now, and sat himself in the high-backed chair on the other side of the bureau, the leather of which was well-worn to his shape. He reached for a decanter and poured two glasses of Rosarch brandy, passing one to Richard across the deeply-coloured wood.

'I can't imagine that Nathaniel will share that view?' Kuerten offered, enjoying the feeling of the vintage spirit roll down his throat, the aroma circling back up and warming his mouth and nose. 'No, I imagine not. Interrogator Carter is an extremely capable individual, Richard, make no mistake. I would have been delighted to take him on staff, even if I hadn't promised Lise that I would see him through. Believe me, I would rather she were still with us, and he would never have had to go through what he has, so soon to gaining the rosette. I must speak to him later – how has he been the last few days?'

'He's been in the combat salle, and the chapel, mostly. Since he came back from the pursuit of Omar he's been idle, and that doesn't suit him at the moment. He obviously feels the death of his mistress very much.'

'Wouldn't you feel mine, eh?' Saussure smirked. 'No-one should see their mentor killed by another member of the Ordos, Richard. Not everyone has cause to realise our divisions at such an early stage of their career. Nathaniel will gain his rosette very soon, and I have every faith he will become a superb inquisitor. But until that time, he's mine to instruct, and if I need to make use of him in what we're going to do then I will. But I'll have to be careful I only give him tasks suited to his beliefs. He wouldn't approve, I'm sure, of the broad sweep of what has become our task.'

'Very good, my lord. Do you know what will be required to put things in motion?'

'Yes, Richard, I have a fair idea of how to get the correct cogs turning...'

It's All In The Mind

A closer look at utilising psychology in the Inquisitor game.

By Ruairidh Dall

Without the ability to affect the thoughts of the common people, where would the Monodominant philosophy be? How would the Istvaanian faction ever whip up support for its wars? How would Tau sympathisers draw in support for the Greater Good? How would Chaos have ever seduced Horus? Without inducing fear, or hatred, or hope, or distrust, none of these groups would succeed, and in the case of Horus, would never have split the fledgling Imperium down the middle. Learning how to bend the will of others has been part of human civilisation since we learned to speak; psychology has played a massively important role throughout history. Why is it then that the mental characteristics (Initiative as an obvious aside) are the least used on the tabletop when we enact our heroes' desperate missions? With this rather rambling article, I hope to redress the balance, and get everyone using their head!

Relationships

Everyone everywhere has a relationship with everyone they meet, whether it's love of a partner, hatred of someone that's wronged them, or general apathy towards the guy in the newsagent down the road. Working out exactly what this relationship is, in Inquisitor terms at least, should be a on the mind of anyone playing the game. I'd hope that most players have a background of a few hundred words for their group of characters, be they an Inquisitor and his entourage, a cult leader and his underlings, or a Rogue Trader and his bodyguards, and it's in this background piece that the relationship between the Inquisitor/cult leader/Rogue Trader and his warband should established. Do his followers worship the ground he walks on? Do they dislike the way they are treated? Do they think they could do a better job? Conversely, does the leader care about the wellbeing of his minions? Is he grooming one to succeed him? Is he worried about being usurped? Taking a few minutes to think this through can add a whole new dimension to gaming: will the Inquisitor risk sending his acolyte into the cult's lair? Will the acolyte's replacement be happy with his expendability? Will the guardsman lay down covering fire for the untouchable that makes his skin crawl? Of course, relationships aren't limited to

those between members of the same warband. Often, Inquisitors will band together to fight a common enemy. Imagine how a Redemptionist would feel about working alongside a telepath, or how enamoured a Techpriest would be if he was suddenly introduced to a Magos of whose work he had made a lifetime of study. In addition, relationships will develop between enemies. The desire for revenge can be a powerful one, but at the same time, fear of a particular enemy can develop and then override everything. Already one can see that relationships between characters will make a difference to the way scenarios play out, even before specific rules are dreamt up.

If the GM is aware of the particular feelings that one character has for another, then it's not always necessary for coming up with any rules for the situation, as hopefully, the GM, and player, will take these relationships into account when designing and playing scenarios. Playing in character should be enough to determine whether or not a character will follow through with the orders he's been given, whatever his feelings about the people around him are. However, at times, a rule can define in concrete the effect another person, or group, has on a character, whether it's positive or negative.

One of the difficulties of creating any rule is that it's in the spirit of the game, and it makes sense. Keeping things uncomplicated is great too, as really complex rules can slow a game down, plus the particular details of really bizarre rules are far easier to forget in the heat of the game than ones that utilise an existing special ability, or modify one slightly. Using what's in the rule-book as a base and building from it is probably the best way to go.

So, how do you go about creating a rule that reflects the relationship between your characters? The best way to go about it is imagining that you are one of the characters in question, and how the other person/group would make you feel. For example, would you put your life on the line for your mentor? Is he a paragon of righteousness, incapable of doing anything wrong, that you utterly trust with your life? If yes, then giving the master

the Leader ability would be suitable. If the opposite is true, then perhaps the underling should take all Nerve tests with a -20 modifier to show that he has absolutely no faith in his master's plans. Here are a few examples:

Ultimate Leader: The character commands nothing but the utmost respect of his underlings. His plans always succeed, and his followers have complete and utter faith in his abilities. They know that he would not take them into action and throw their lives away for nothing. Ultimate Leaders count as having the Leader special ability as detailed in the rulebook, except that the range of its effects is doubled from 6 yards to 12 yards.

Draconian Tyrant: The character rules his minions with an iron fist, lashing out indiscriminately whenever he is displeased. As such, his underlings live in fear of failing him and have made the subconscious decision that whatever the enemy can throw at them is nothing in comparison to suffering their master's wrath. Friendly characters within 6 yards of a Draconian Tyrant receive a +10% bonus to their Nerve characteristic to represent their determination not to fail and suffer punishment.

Distrust: The character is very suspicious of an individual or group he works with, to the extent that he can't stop running scenarios through his head where something goes awry because of them whenever they are around. When a character is within 10 yards of another character or group of characters he Distrusts, he must carry out his actions for the turn at -1 speed, as he spends a good portion of his time worrying about what the others are up to.

Compassion: Through respect, friendship or love, the character cares deeply for one of his fellow colleagues, and would willingly put his life on the line for them. The character counts as having the Heroic special ability when within 10 yards of the character he feels Compassion for, or if the GM deems it appropriate (the other character is wounded, and needs saving from the hands of an enemy, for example).

Enmity: The character has developed a hatred of another individual or group. Perhaps they foiled his plans, killed someone close to him, or stand for something that totally contravenes his personal beliefs. Rational thought goes completely out of the window when these



Inquisitor Tomashek Goddard's personnel would willingly lay down their lives for their master.

individuals cross his line of sight, and he will do all he can to destroy them. The character counts as having the Furious Assault ability when in combat with a character he has an Enmity for.

Hopefully, you can already begin imagining what context these abilities could be applied to: Draconian Tyrant might suit a crime lord whose followers constantly worry about waking up in the morning when they go to bed, and an Enmity against psykers would suit a Monodominant with a complete hatred of witches. The abilities need not be permanent of course, and could develop over time as characters interact during the course of a campaign: a confessor may Distrust a mutant from another warband he is made to work with initially, but if the mutant proves himself trustworthy, then the ability could be removed, and may even perhaps progress to the confessor feeling Compassion for the mutant. Relationships are complex things, so taking a bit of time to look deeper at what they imply to your characters is well worth it, when you consider the possibilities they provide for adding new dimensions to your games.

Psychological Warfare

Wars are not always won on the battlefield, and regimes can fall without a shot being fired if the collective mindset of those involved changes. The Imperium constantly produces propaganda to convince its citizens that their worlds are safe and that man is winning its countless wars against the filthy creatures of darkness that assault its walls, for if the truth of the horrors the Imperial Guard faced got out, surely humanity would give up all hope. The guardsmen themselves are fed stories of their foes' weakness in the Primer so that they go into battle full of courage – the truth can be a dangerous weapon, and at times is best left concealed. The value of using psychological means to dispirit the enemy is well known by many of the Imperium's enemies, not least the Night Lords, who have a reputation for broadcasting the impending doom they bring across all vox-channels when they invade a world. If people lose hope they offer little to no resistance when death comes for them.

Fear is a great weapon, and if battle lines are drawn, then commanders will wish to use whatever means they can to utilise it. Whether by incessant artillery barrages, horrific shock troops, the butchering of civilians, or sending dismembered soldiers back to their units, commanders know that spreading fear through an enemy's

ranks can win a war. On any battlefield, fear can win the day, including those in the shadowy places of the galaxy. Oh yes, fear has a place in Inquisitor, oh yes...

Inquisitors, by vocation, face horrors that common men would do well never to dream about, and indeed some deliberately even go hunting for them. In game terms, this means that some creatures are Fearsome, or Terrifying, and directly affect those interacting with them, but often nothing is made of the overlying situation. Would hunting a ramshackle building in the depths of the night for a nest of Genestealers not put you on edge? Personally, I think I'd be beyond terrified, and in desperate need of new underwear! Okay, so the men and women accompanying your average Ordo Xenos Inquisitor are professionals, and probably have been in similar situations before, but I do not believe for a second that none of them would have trepidations. Especially if that mysterious astropath they met earlier warned them that something dire was to happen that evening... There are plenty of ways to utilise these situations to make a much more interesting game.

Nerve is the characteristic that springs to mind when one considers fear, and aside from when being shot at, or the very occasional occurrence when a Fearsome monster is encountered, it's probably safe to say that Nerve isn't used all that often. And in the paranoia-filled Inquisitor universe, that's a bit of a shame. Fear can make games much more exciting, and can make their outcomes far less obvious from the outset. Characters can also gain reputations for bravery or cowardice, and that can have implications on ongoing campaigns. All in all, adding an element of fear really can be great for gaming.

Taking the Genestealer hunt as an example, it would be easy to imagine that the hunting characters are all going to be a little worried about their wellbeing after the astropath's warning, so for the duration of the scenario, all of them would be at -10% Nerve. This could be modified further if they find themselves walking alone – if they are out with 5 yards of a friendly character at the start of the turn they count as having half their regular Nerve value. The GM can then have fun making doorways collapse with one character on one side, and one on the other, splitting up the players' carefully formed pairs. Forcing Nerve checks for random noises then becomes a great way of foiling the player's plans, even before the GM puts a Genestealer on the table. The player will genuinely become concerned about his



Fear the shadows

characters' safety and in all likelihood forget about the hunt and try to have his characters link up again. Just in time for the cinematic Genestealer strike!

It needn't always be about the GM inducing fear though. As I said, plenty of groups know about using fear as a weapon, and that includes those in the Inquisitor universe. Imagine an Inquisitor laying a trap for an Inquisitor of an opposing ideology in the depths of an archive: as his rival closes in on the forbidden knowledge, the lights suddenly go out, and he suddenly finds himself being hunted by foes with infrascopes! Every time a shot rings out, a Nerve test could be forced upon his warband as they try to backtrack in the pitch darkness to the exit, each character terrified that they are going to be gunned down next.

Using weaponry and abilities that create fear and panic is an option too for players. It's quite easy to imagine a Xanthite Inquisitor using fear-causing methods to keep people away from his secret arcane laboratories, and you could be almost certain that he would have gone out of his way to track down psykers with powers like Terrify, or Psychic Shriek to use as guards. There is scope too for coming up with new weapons that work to

send one's foes packing. In earlier editions of 40k, and Necromunda, Scare gas grenades were available. For Inquisitor, I see Scare gas, or indeed serum, for needle weapons, causing the following effect:

Scare

The toxin fills the character's mind with terrifying images. A character that fails a resistance test must test their Nerve as if they had been confronted by a Terrifying character and take action accordingly.

There's also nothing to stop one coming up with rules specific to one character governing fear. Perhaps a character is terrified of fire after being on board a burning ship that he barely escaped from. In the earlier part of this article I mentioned characters becoming fearful of their foes – perhaps the thought of facing the arco-flagellant that almost decapitated a character on their previous encounter is enough to make him weep. In both these cases it would be appropriate for the characters to count flames (perhaps including flamer weapons) or the arco-flagellant respectively, as Fearsome. Perhaps rumours and hushed whispers tell of the monstrous acts of torture and experimentation that a rogue Magos Biologis is known to commit on those he captures, and



those that face him will count him as Terrifying.

(As an aside, I disagree with the notion presented in the rulebook that Fearsome characters do not have a problem with other Fearsome characters, and that they should count Terrifying characters as only Fearsome. Just because a particularly ferocious looking mutant is Fearsome, it shouldn't mean that he is completely free of fear himself. Frankenstein's monster was horrific to the people it encountered, but it was incredibly fearful of fire. Being scary doesn't grant immunity from being scared!)

So, there's lots of scope for characters having the bejeezus scared out of them. But just as there's armour to protect from bullets, there's armour of sorts to protect from fear. Standing close to a Leader or perhaps a Draconian Tyrant will grant bonuses to a character's Nerve value, as will the psychic power Embolden. The Thorian Sourcebook also provides Word of the Emperor: Faith Overcomes All, granting the speaker and friendly characters within earshot Nerves of Steel and Force of Will, (which are options on their own (dull and unimaginative as they are though if you ask me)), and the Empath Field Generator, which grants Nerves of Steel to all characters within 20 yards (in addition the description of its effects on enemy characters is not particularly good. I can only guess that "an empath generator can instil fear in an enemy within 20 yards" means that enemy characters within 20 yards should take a Nerve test as if they had been confronted by a Fearsome character). Other ideas I've had include the following, a new special ability, and a new combat drug:

Pillar of Fortitude: The character strides into battle with a disregard for his own safety, instilling heroism in all those around him, cajoling them into joining him in the firing line. Friendly characters within 5 yards of a Pillar of Fortitude gain a +15% bonus to their Nerve characteristic as long as he is standing - i.e. not prone after injury, or pinned. If either of these situations occur, the bonus is lost for the rest of the game as those around him begin to think more about self-preservation!

Courage

Dispenser types: Inhaler, Gland

Courage, or Balls, as it is colloquially known, is a combat drug often used on penal legionnaires to instil bravery, or more accurately, instil a feeling of invulnerability – Courage is a euphoric that dispels any notion of mor-

tality in the user. Its long term effects can be damaging, and users denied the drug are known to become intensely paranoid. Courage gives users a +20% modifier to their Nerve characteristic, but after each game a user must pass a Toughness test or lose D6 from their Nerve characteristic as paranoia sets in.

Fear then, can, and should play an important part in your games some of the time. Terrifying a populace though isn't the only way to make them give up a fight: giving them what they want can work just as well...

Temptation is a Terrible Thing

How many of the traitors that have turned from the Imperium's light, be it to Chaos, or to the side of the Tau, did so because they were promised something in return, even it was only their own life? Nearly all I would say. The Tau in particular make much use of propaganda promoting the freedoms and blissful living conditions of their Empire in comparison with the Imperium. One of the main reasons people turn to the worship of the Chaos Gods is that they could be rewarded with immortality. Everyone (with the exception of servitors and the Imperium's other mind-wiped peoples) has desires, be they basic, such as a glass of clean water, grandiose, such as a palace filled with gold, or disturbing, such as fresh victims to kill, and there are plenty of individuals out there who know how to use the desires of others to further their own means, be they a counterfeit Mung Vase peddler on Necromunda, or a seasoned Imperial diplomat engaging in discussions with the Department of Munitorum over his planet's coming title.

So where does this come into your average game of Inquisitor? There are already existing rules for the Tau Water Caste to Persuade other characters, but these just never sat happily with me, as there was no testing of a character's resistance to influence (Willpower) or their loyalty to their master (Leadership). To me, Sagacity doesn't really have all that much to do with whether or not the little blue alien is going to convert someone to his cause. Perhaps that's just me though.

So, Willpower and Leadership. One stat almost solely used by psykers, and another that's almost universally unused in game. How can these be brought into more mainstream use? I think that we need to take a closer look at a character's loyalty to a cause first of all.



Working unsuccessfully for so long with the Pyromancer forced the zealot into going his own way

To determine loyalty, going back to the relationships between characters is worthwhile: there is no doubt that loyalty can be bought, and the promise of a large pile of cash, or the head of a criminal with a substantial reward attached can secure the services of bounty hunters and the like, but engineering an offer that would see a fellow Inquisitor join forces with your character is a much more complex case. Also, it's a bit dull to go around saying that "I'm an Inquisitor, you fight for me now", though plenty of people would argue it's within their rights. It may be that an Inquisitor can requisition anything in the Imperium, but that does not mean that the person or group he has taken command of need necessarily be happy about it. For instance, it could be that the only thing stopping a character turning on those he's working with is the promise of the one thing he desires. The longer he goes without it, the greater the chance of the relationship he has with the group breaking down. One can see then that knowing exactly how the character feels about his compatriots and leader is important to the player and GM, as these factors can have a large effect on the character's loyalty. To further the earlier example, if the character has a great admiration for the leader of the group, then he is likely to be a lot more patient in waiting for his desires to be realised,

but if he thinks that the others are bumbling fools, then he is unlikely to suffer their company for long.

How can this particular scenario be realised in-game then? Forcing Leadership tests on the character in question before he undertakes actions that are contrary to his particular quest is one option, but for the GM to decide what actually constitutes such an action can be difficult. A better idea, and one that doesn't slow the game down nearly as much, is for a Leadership test to be taken at the start of the game to decide where exactly the character's loyalties lie. If he passes, he will act in conjunction with the player's other characters, but if he fails the test, he should have a penalty of -1 Speed imposed on him for the length of the game as he is obviously growing fed up at the lack of progress towards his particular goal, and he's only half in the fight. The Leadership test could be subject to modifiers depending on his feelings towards the warband's leader - +10% if he is confident in his abilities, or -10% if he has little respect for him – or it could depend on the leader's ability to cajole the character into fighting alongside him: at the start of the game the leader should take a Willpower test – a pass will give a positive modifier to the other character's Leadership test, and a fail a negative modi-

fier. Also, the more of the pre-game Leadership tests a character fails, then the more likely he is to abandon the group altogether: if he fails his Leadership test before three consecutive games, then he absconds to concentrate on his own quest alone!

Of course though, that's only one particular example, and most people will have warbands with characters that have fought under their leader for years, and it's likely that these characters went through similar testing times back when they joined the warband in the first place. Now though, they have grown pretty loyal to their leader's cause. This doesn't mean though that they should be immune to having their will tested: there are numerous occasions I can think of where a character will have to think twice about following a particular course of action. A character may have qualms about firing on a child, despite the fact it's holding a gun, or attacking the beautiful woman in front of him, even though he knows it's a Slaaneshi monstrosity. In situations like these it's really down to the GM enforcing a Leadership or Willpower test on the character before he carries out an action that may be contrary to his morals, or just a plain difficult decision. Granted, these situations don't crop up often in your average scenario, but they are definitely worth bearing in mind.

Coming full circle now, what about persuading a character to do something in-game? While the Water Caste is a master of the ability, any character should have the opportunity to be able to speak to another one and bend his will. There could be a time when an Inquisitor may need to convince a diplomat that his life is in danger, and a daemon from beyond may offer promises of power to a character if he turns against his allies, and in order to make it a slightly more exciting process than taking a speaking action, here's my proposal on persuasion. It's not that complicated a process either: The player should declare what the persuading character is suggesting, and then takes a Willpower test for the character. If he fails, then he fails to persuade the other character. If he passes, then the other character should take a Willpower test, with a negative modifier equal to the amount the persuading character passed his roll by. If the character fails this test, then the persuading character should take another Willpower test. The other character should then take a Leadership test, with a negative modifier equal to the amount the persuading character passed his second Willpower test by, or in the case that he failed the Willpower test, the difference is a positive modifier

to the test. If the other character fails his Leadership test, then he's been persuaded by the other character into following the course of action suggested (obviously telling the other character to shoot himself would just not work – the GM should decide whether or not the particular course of action is even plausible for the other character to follow in the first place!). As you can probably tell, it'd be a lot easier for a strong-willed Inquisitor to convince a citizen to do something than for a mutant to give a Space Marine some new instructions! Some people are just more likely to succumb to temptation than others, and that's why Willpower and Leadership statistics are included on character profiles.

In Conclusion

I hope then that this rather long-winded discussion on how to better use psychology in your games of Inquisitor has been insightful, and that you are all now pulling out your characters' background to add a couple of notations regarding the relationships within their group, and are preparing to start using fear and temptation as weapons against your enemies. No doubt I'll find something else to waffle on about soon, so watch this space.

Kaled's Modelling Showcase

By Dave Knowles

After spending years converting and painting 28mm models I finally decided it was time to try something different and settled on the idea of building a handful of 54mm models for Inquisitor. Unfortunately it seems I've got a bit carried away, and at the time of writing this article I've completed 26 Inquisitor models, so much for my plan of 4 to 5! Rather than attempt to discuss all of my models in this one article I'm going to restrict myself to about a dozen of my more interesting converted models who make up four of my warbands.



Inquisitor Drake Kaled

My initial plan was just for one Inquisitor accompanied by a warband of 2-3 characters, plus a Space Marine as occasional backup. My first character was to be my namesake Inquisitor Kaled. I saw him as being a moderate puritan, a good man doing a difficult job.

I had a look at the rulebook and the available parts and decided I really liked the Eisenhorn body and head, Gruss' stubber arm and Covenant's sword. Unfortunately having decided on that combination of parts, I then read the Karis Cephalon battle report and saw that Gav Thorpe had used almost that exact set of parts for his Inquisitor Lichtenstein. This rather dented my en-

thusiasm so I went back to the GW Online Store and saw the Bodyguard model and came up with the idea of an ex-Navy Ordo Hereticus Inquisitor whose love of his old profession has led to him dedicating his life to ensuring the loyalty and purity of the Imperial Navy.



*Interrogator Morena Goodchild
Acolyte to Inquisitor Kaled*

Every good Inquisitor needs an apprentice, and Inquisitor Kaled was no exception. I always liked the Jena Orechiel model and figured she'd make for a great acolyte for Kaled with only minimal conversion work. Her story is that she was the daughter of a Navy admiral, possibly an old friend of Kaled's. When her psychic talents blossomed her strictly puritan father turned her over to the authorities. Kaled intervened for the girl and took her under his wing. He had been dismissed from the Navy when his own psychic talents developed, and so knew the pain of losing everything for the 'crime' of being born a psyker. Eventually, impressed by her talents and willpower he had her assigned back to him and began her Inquisitorial training.



*Brother Asriel
Mentor Legion Elite Cadre*

The Space Marines have always been one of my favourite things about the 40K universe, so there was no way I could pass up the opportunity to paint the Artemis model. The Mentor Legion was a chapter I remembered from the Rogue Trader days of 40K. They were supposed to be the best of the best as far as marines were concerned, spending their time studying the art and science of war. As well as being a test bed for experimental equipment, they often 'loaned' out squads to other chapters in order to disseminate their learning. An additional note also stated they were often recruited by the Inquisition for special operations. I liked the pose of the Artemis model, so the only change I made was to remove the Deathwatch iconography by replacing much of his left arms with parts from a second right arm. He's painted in the standard colour scheme for the Mentor Legion and displays the original chapter badge - the owls head.



*Inquisitor Hannibal Isenberg
& Takuda - Kroot Warrior*

After completing Kaled and his team I realised I'd really caught the 54mm modelling bug, and quickly started work on a second Inquisitor. I really liked the Kroot model, and so inspired in part by Han Solo and Chewbacca, I came up with a radical Ordo Xenos Inquisitor armed with all manner of xenos weaponry accompanied by his Kroot ally. The background I came up with for them was that while working undercover in the Tau Gue'vesa (the Tau's human auxiliaries) Isenberg met the Kroot freedom fighter Takuda. Their goals were similar; to rid their worlds of the insidious influence of the Tau Empire. They temporarily joined forces to pursue their objectives. The Isenberg model is a conversion of the discontinued Kal Jerico model which I bought cheaply on eBay. When painting these models I tried to keep to simple colour schemes and natural colours to tie the two together. I'm a little disappointed with how Takuda turned out; when painting him I did a fair bit of dry-brushing on his skin as I hoped it would give it an interesting texture, unfortunately I don't think it worked too well - but hey, you can't win 'em all.



*Inquisitor Vladimir Ostrakov
The Arch-Radical*

At this point I had Inquisitors from the Ordo Hereticus and Ordo Xenos, so decided it was time to do a member of the Ordo Malleus. I named him Vladimir Ostrakov and based his back-story on the plot of the novel 'The Spy Who Came in from the Cold'. For this model I used my original plan for Kaled, but with Malicant's head. While working for a cell of puritan Ordo Malleus inquisitors he posed as a radical Inquisitor in order to infiltrate and bring down a large cell of radicals whose work had crossed the line into heresy. His rival, the puritan Inquisitor Corticelli (who did not know of Ostrakov's undercover mission,) brought a carta against him but was discredited when Ostrakov's ruse of only posing as a radical was revealed. The other members of the radical cell were prosecuted and executed and Ostrakov was hailed as a hero for preventing the rise of extreme radicalism within the Ordos. Years later rumours began to surface that Ostrakov had pulled off an elaborate double bluff; he was the heretic all along and his ruse had in one fell swoop discredited his rivals and given him the opportunity to steal the libraries of forbidden knowledge belonging to the radicals.



*Charadael
Daemonhost*



*Kreiger Gunson
Berserker Cultist*

These two models make up the warband of Inquisitor Ostrakov. The first is the Daemonhost Charadael. The original plan was for him to be a possessed arco-flagellant, but when I started putting him together I realised that the Cherubael body was far too thin and wasted to

make a convincing arco-flagellant. In the end I simply made him a Daemonhost with implanted electro-flails. The second model is a Berserker Cultist. He's actually an unreleased model from the Inquisitor range that I won in the Conclave Hobby Competition. I put him together exactly as he came, but what I'm most proud of is the paint job, it may be simple but I think the skin tone turned out really well.



*Entym Hydronus
Rogue Trader*

Having built an Inquisitor from each of the major Ordos, I decided it was time to turn to a different archetype and settled on building a Rogue Trader. Most Rogue Trader characters tend to have the emphasis firmly on the 'Rogue' part; I wanted to do something different, the rich, eccentric head of a trading empire.

The story goes that the Hydronus Charter was granted to Grax Hydronus for services rendered during the reconquest of the Pohl Sector in the second century of the Great Crusade. The charter was signed by the Emperor himself, and gives the holder freedom to trade beyond the borders of Imperial space subject to certain conditions. My character Entym Hydronus is the latest holder of the charter.

I wanted the model of Entym Hydronus to be tall, quite thin and floating on some sort of anti-grav disc with a copy of his charter proudly pinned to his chest. I dug through my bits box and found an Eisenhorn head, Covenant torso, a few bits from Von Castellan and an old Disc of Tzeench. I couldn't find any legs that seemed appropriate so decided to bite the bullet and have a go at sculpting some from scratch (I don't think they turned out too badly for my first attempt at sculpting). I then sketched out my idea based on these parts. I knew I didn't want him to be carrying anything in his hands, and being lazy, I didn't bother to draw realistic hands on my sketch, instead I just drew some jagged squiggles where his hands would go. When I came back to my sketch a day or two later I decided I liked the weird hands and decided to give him mechanical ones using the ends from some mechadendrites.



Captain Olver Dominey IX

Commander of the Hydronus Household Guard Having built the Rogue Trader I found I still had an almost complete Von Castellan model, minus his arms. I had plenty of IG arms laying around

so decided to use those to build the captain of my Rogue Trader's household guard. My Rogue Trader was in a fairly static pose on his disc, so it made sense that the captain should be at rest too. Re-posing the Von Castellan legs turned out to be easier than I expected and the rest of the model was pretty straight-forward. Von Castellan's coat tails still fit despite the re-posed legs, and I like the way they look to be blowing around in the wind adding movement to an otherwise static model.



*Sergei Mentat
Servitor-Savant to House Hydronus*

The most recent model in the House Hydronus group is this servitor-savant. Originally I was going to base him on the Quovandius model, but I'd always fancied sculpting a model from scratch so decided to have a go with this character. The advantage to doing a hunched, mutated character like this for my first sculpt was that if things went wrong, for example if he turned out to have one arm longer than the other, then I could always claim it was just a mutation. As he was my first attempt at sculpting I decided to make things easy for myself and use a head, hands and a few bits of equipment from my bits box to give him more of a professional look, but rest is just wire, Milliput and green stuff. I'm rather proud of how he turned out - I think he's got a lot of

character and fits in nicely with the other models in the group.



*Irilliath
Exodite Knight Errant*

The final character I want to discuss in this article is an exception to what I said at the start, he's barely converted and doesn't make up part of a warband. However I wanted to include him to demonstrate the fact that there's a vast range of fantastic non-GW 54mm models out there that can be easily adapted for use in Inquisitor. This model represents an Eldar Exodite Knight Errant, and is based on a fantasy elf warrior from Andrea Miniatures.

I'd always felt a connection to the Eldar Exodites as they were introduced in the very first issue of White Dwarf I ever bought (WD126). The back story for Irilliath is that his clan, the Falcon Claws, were wiped out by their rivals, leaving him as the sole survivor. He's now on a mysterious quest to regain his honour. I had initially planned a slightly more complex conversion, when I actually saw the model in the flesh I realised that my original plan would take rather more work than I'd counted on - I also found myself rather loathe to cut up such a beautiful model, so instead I did a simple hand/weapon

swap. It seemed appropriate that he be far more richly attired than the ranger, so I really went to town on the paint job, I kept the colours bright and clean, and did plenty of free-hand patterns on his clothing. I painted his cloak to represent a kill-banner, one of the few things he could salvage from the destruction of his clan.

Future Plans

At the time of writing I've just started work on a new warband; a Psyker-Capture Team from a Blackship. The team will comprise a uniformed Blackship Officer, a Witch-Seeker and a heavily armed security detail. I've also got plans for a female Daemonhost to join Ostrakov's warband, an archivist from the Adeptus Terra, and an Ad Mech warband. I'd also like to improve my sculpting skills, so expect to see a couple more fully sculpted models from me over the next few months.



A cartoon from the preparatory sketches of infamous Eboracan genius, Vorgan Strange, thought to portray Archmagos Metaphysicus Boram Zact. The finished work can be seen in its entirety in the Long Gallery of the Citadel of Stellarns.

In the Beginning...

Some helpful tips on learning how to play Inquisitor.

By Phil Weston

I do not profess to be a gaming master, in fact if the truth were known I started out more interested in the painting of the models then moving them around the table. I am trapped on the Isle of Wight with no Games Workshop in the vicinity - unless you are willing to swim three miles dodging oil tankers, (rumours abound about a ferry that takes people to Portsmouth and Southampton but surely this is a myth?) This means that I have no one local to call upon to help me and my girlfriend interpret the gigantic tome also known as The Rule Book.

Having dabbled with Chaos Warbands I was not at a complete loss but the further I read the more I found earlier rules tumbling from my ears. Shooting replaced the movement rules...then close combat muddled the shooting rules... and so on.

The breakthrough came when I had had enough reading and decided that a full blown scenario was not what was needed here, but I love the narrative principles behind the game and wanted to keep them flowing. I therefore decided to take two of the lesser characters; Desperado

“One Shot” Owens and an Imperial Guard pathfinder named Boscovski and have their Inquisitor leader give his new recruits a few tests to sharpen up their skills (and ours with it.)

Thinking about all the films I had seen with new recruits being tested, I decided that small narrative based scenarios would be best for pitting my characters against themselves and each other. Even though they fought for the same side, there would be times when they would become sparing partners. I was determined to spice up the future planned full-size scenario; would they carry any niggling friction over from the training? It would also give us the chance to get to know our characters a bit better.

As soon as we started playing the new smaller scenarios we were hooked. With less to focus on, it became more of a game and less of a memory contest. We found ourselves learning the rules off by heart very quickly with the occasional rechecking here and there. The game only really slowed when we were trying to think of what our character would do next; instead of working out which test to do, when and why.

The Characters

“One Shot” Owens

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
39	72	57	56	65	62	67	76	57

Abilities: Fast Draw, Ambidextrous, Gun fighter, Hip shooting, Quickload & Rock Steady Aim

Equipment: Stubber & Revolver

Pathfinder Boscovski

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
51	80	62	60	65	57	68	72	45

Abilities: True Grit, Heroic, Booby Traps & Detection

Equipment: Lasgun (Mars Pattern)

Scenario 1: Movement

The Inquisitor has told his two hired hands that they must prove their worth to be a part of his team and so has set them tasks. The first one being a set of 10 encoded containers that have been placed in a field, one of which contains a map that he has planted inside. Each container is identical and no further clues are given.

Set Up

Playing area: 4 feet x 4 feet

Scenery: None. (Keep to simple movement for the first session)

Containers: 10 x 40mm bases. (These can be decorated if wished)

Container Placement: Alternately place one container each, ensuring none are within 12" of the deployment zone or 6" of any other container. Then use a scatter die and D10 to randomly move each container.

Scenario Rules

Objective: To find and open the one container that has the map in before your opponent finds it.

- Characters Walk, Run or Sprint between containers.
- Once at a container the character must decide whether to figure out how to unlock it or break open the container testing against either their sagacity or strength respectively.
- Once open a number of D10s would be thrown equal to the number of containers already opened; a 0 result on any D10 showing that to be the container with the map. (This would make it more likely that the container would be found later in the game.)
- No contact or shooting is used in this first scenario.

Gaming Skills Involved

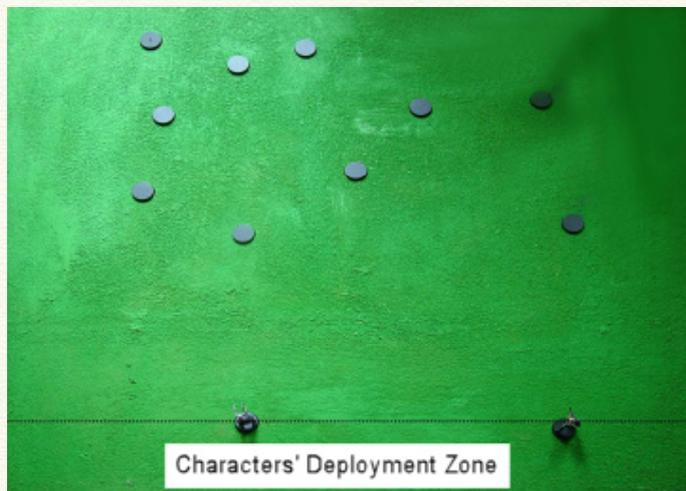
Character profile, actions and movement

There was to be no fighting, no shooting, just pure and simple turns involving movement and tests for seeing if the container was the one they were looking for.

Outcome

With our characters being an Imperial guard soldier and a desperado, they didn't see eye to eye and so the race to find the target did have a little more bite than simply seeing who comes first. Tactics already reared their oh-so-ugly head; did you go for a container near to your opponent's path in an attempt to cut down on their options and make their journey to the next base longer?

We were fortunate in that "One Shot" and Boscovski



had the same speed and so the race was very evenly paced with 1 or 2 action rolls difference for the first two turns. That was until Boscovski managed to find his first container just wouldn't open. He glanced across and watched "One Shot" open two whilst he struggled to get his head around the complexity of the code required to open his. Finally he found the correct sequence attached to the end of his boot as it crushed the outer casing allowing him to pull the canister open...nothing. He ran to the next which turned out to be the fifth thanks to "One Shot" decoding his third, only to find it empty forcing him to run towards the next. Boscovski looked down at the code and decided that having left the last one in pieces he would be better placed making sure the map came out intact. The sagacity test was passed and as the canister opened out fell the map. Scooping it up he tucked it into his backpack and set off back to find out what the next task would be. "One Shot" scowled as he watched the soldier run off, his trigger finger twitching to allow him to take the prize from a dead soldier's hand. He walked back his eyes boring into his target's back. He knew his time would come.



Scenario 2: Movement & Shooting

Having proved their skill both men are told to take a break and retire to the shooting range to test out their ballistic skills, no contest is mentioned between them, the look in both men's eyes showing that no mention was needed.

Set Up

Playing area: 4 feet x 4 feet

Scenery: None. (Again keep things simple)

Targets: 8 x 40mm bases / 7 x 25mm bases & sticky putty

Target Placement: Alternately place one target each, ensuring none are within 12" of the deployment zone or 4" of any other target. Then use a scatter die and D10 to randomly move each target. Once in place stand the target up facing the characters using the sticky putty.

Scenario Rules

Objective: To score more points than your opponent by shooting the targets.

- Characters may move and shoot whenever and wherever they like but may not target each other.
- Each large target hit would score 1 point with small targets scoring 2 points, once hit the target would be laid down.
- Smaller targets had a -30% to hit modifier.

Gaming Skills Involved

Combined Actions and movement; shooting, modifiers.

Outcome

It had been decided that our characters would be more rounded if we took advantage of the special abilities. And boy was One Shot rounded!

One Shot was off to a flier with his ability to run and shoot with two weapons, surely this would be offset with the cool calm Imperial Guard who would settle down and squeeze off shot after shot... Maybe if One Shot wasn't shooting down a target a turn and then closing in on the next one to decrease the modifier. Boscovski decided to start taking out the targets in One Shot's path in the hope of slowing the gunman, who was choosing a path through the higher scoring smaller targets, making the -30% modifier a joke as he shot through them. Boscovski settled in and aimed taking out targets but not quickly enough and it was too late to try and start running after the desperado. He looked down his sight



as Owens ran towards the furthest target, his shoulder blades filling the soldier's view. Boscovski licked his lips, the target showing only as a sliver past the gunman. Squeezing the trigger he watched as the shot ran towards its destination, the highly charged light skimming past the gunslinger's arm and into the target as he raised his own guns. He turned to see the grinning soldier lower his Lasgun. His attention pulled back to the task at hand as he turned his guns towards the next target and fired off his last round from the stubber to take out one target and then released a round from the revolver into another. Game over, he had won, but knew Kudos would have to be shared.



Scenario 3: Movement, Shooting & Hurting

The Inquisitor has decided that his men need a little bit of a tougher test and so sets up an area with some containers but he has a guard watching over them and puts the two characters either end of the battlefield. They are tasked with finding a container that is full of equipment and then dragging it back to their start area. They only have the problem of the armed guard standing in the middle of the field with the instructions to shoot anyone that he sees. The Inquisitor wants to see how the threat of death affects his two new cohorts.

Set Up

Playing area: 4 feet x 4 feet. Deployment zones at opposite ends.

Scenery: as agreed by both players with it evenly spaced to provide cover. (Walls, trees, buildings...anything that provides cover)

Containers: 10 x 40mm bases.

Container Placement: Alternately place one container each, ensuring none are within 12" of the deployment zones or 6" of any other container. Then use a scatter die and D10 to randomly move each container.

Enemy: 1 other model to act as guard armed with a pistol to keep his range minimal. Situated in the middle of the board This character is to pick the nearest character that he sees to fire on and will test each turn to see if the other character represents a greater threat.

Scenario Rules

Objective: To find and return with the one container that the Inquisitor has placed the equipment in before your opponent can and not get shot too much in the process.

- **Visibility:** Due to a foggy morning visibility is down to 20 yards. This gives them both the chance to make it to cover before the guard becomes aware of their presence, they know the guards position but can not see him.
- Once at a container the character must decide whether to figure out how to unlock it or break open the container testing against either their sagacity or strength.
- Once open a number of D10s would be thrown equal to the number of containers already opened; a 0 result on any D10 showing that to be the container with the equipment. (This would make it more likely that the container would be found later in the game.)
- Once dragging the container the character can only move 1 yard per action.
- There is the possibility for the characters to fight each other once one has the box but they are not allowed to shoot at each other.
- The Guard will continue shooting for as long as he can. He must be immobilised or killed.



Outcome

The characters started to really take over in this scenario showing their true colours and sticking to their strengths. Although not all strengths are necessarily an advantage in some scenarios as we were to find out.

Both began by using the outer cover and moving through the containers they could easily reach, both aware of the guards presence but wondering of his exact position as they couldn't see him if he couldn't see them. Once within range of sight tests were made to see who saw whom. The advantage being with the characters as they were expecting the guard, who was just following orders and an unsuspecting pawn in this game.

After both characters had managed to open two containers and find nothing their true nature came to life. Boscovski settled down, resting his Lasgun on the low wall that he crouched behind and took aim at the guard, his actions stopping there.

Slick's success on the target range had boosted his confidence and he chose to use the same tactics as he had on the stationary, non-returning fire targets. This difference proved to be decisive when his shots managed to

find armour and do no damage. The guard proved a lot more successful with his pistol, managing to hit home and forcing “One Shot” to his knees. Boscovski failed with great aplomb getting only one action that turn which was used to aim. He remained looking through his sight watching the firefight continue.

“One Shot”, although injured, brought his guns to bear with the intention of ensuring that no more rounds came his way; the shot to the guards leg caused him to drop to the floor, but no further shots were fired, the pain from the last hit obviously taking its toll. The guard managed to roll onto his side and hit “One Shot” with two rounds, one to the chest and the second glancing off his head leaving the Desperado out of the race and stunned for three turns. Boscovski knew a good deal when he saw one and took the opportunity to do the Imperial Guard thing and complete the mission safely. So, using all the cover he could, he ran around to the next container and as if by magic found just what he was looking for. The guard circled the downed gunslinger watching for any excuse to finish him off. His attention was distracted enough to allow Boscovski to drag the heavy container off his side of the board, the all important cover blocking him from the Guards view. The score stood at 2-1 in the scenarios and he would have to wait to find out the affect the wounds would have on the old gunslinger.

Further Scenarios

Each future scenario can then introduce new skills and gradually you should find, like us, your game play becomes quicker and you become faster at finding the bits you need to look up. (Laminated copies of the rules downloads on the Games Workshop site have helped us immeasurably.)

Some ideas for training scenarios are:

Awareness Scenario

An Inquisitor being followed and spied on by a character trying to remain unseen - what can he find out about the Inquisitor? This also will allow you to hone a skill that I think, in competitive people, is one of the hardest. Trying to play the role of the character where they aren't meant to know what is happening and yet you do...It takes a strong will to see only through the eyes of your character.

Close Combat Scenario

A simple bar room brawl between two characters after a couple of drinks. (Just how many drinks did each one have? Perhaps one of the lesser characters could stand a little more chance if the stronger character is a little worse for wear!)

Psychic Powers Scenario

An Inquisitor testing his cohorts with some psychic attacks against them. (This would be useful for trying out a full range of psychic skills to see what they really do.)

Co-operation Scenario

Both characters have to work together to get to an objective that has three men guarding it.

Background Scenario

Use Backgrounds to do a little pre-campaign practise. Perhaps a bounty hunter has tracked down his latest victim and needs to capture him to collect his bounty before helping out the Inquisitor on his next mission, but the clock is ticking and he needs to get the man in lock and chains quickly. This will really help flesh out those characters.

I hope this article gets the gaming juices flowing in some of you who constantly pick up the rule book and then gaze lovingly at the miniatures sat on the table awaiting the Emperors bidding. Just turn to the chapters on turns and movement and off you go; a floor and some pieces of cardboard to act as objectives are all that is needed to start testing yours and your characters skills and abilities.

We are still some way from setting our characters free on a full-blown scenario; we want some interaction with other characters and some working together before we really go for it. Not to mention taking some more characters through these types of beginner scenarios as it really teaches you what a characters strengths and weaknesses are. It also allows you to really get a feel for a character before they are ducking and diving out of the way of bullets.

“Pathfinder Boscovski has said to tell you to watch out for Desperados like “One Shot” Owens...he might be on the same side, but anyone who works for profit could easily be brought...I sense some unease in my camp.”

In the Shadow of the Throne

Using Earth as an Inquisitor Adventurescape

By Robey Jenkins

The man in the red coat stood alone on the observation deck of the pilgrim cruiser Blessed Journeyman. In the feet-thick transparent wall, the reflection of the golden "I" on his lapel gleamed in the light of the sun. The Sun, he reminded himself. The original giver of life to his race: father to humanity. And that blue globe off the Journeyman's starboard bow was the mother.

He could command the power of armies, direct the annihilation of worlds and demand every resource imaginable... yet at the sight of her, he trembled. To journey to Holy Terra, Mother Earth, the seat of the Golden Throne and the Emperor Himself, was an honour beyond imagining and one even those of his order could only rarely claim.

On the ship intercom, another hymnal of praise to the immortal Lord of the Golden Throne struck up, and he heard the distant, tinny voices of fifty thousand pilgrims, bundled in the ship's hold like cattle, join the auto-choir in joyous, faithful song. But Inquisitor Nemesov did not join them: if he was correct, then the holy ground of Earth had been defiled by a heretic and blasphemer of the worst kind.

The battle for the Emperor's soul is a never-ending conflict, and nowhere is the battle more dangerous than where the line between ones friends and ones enemies becomes blurred and uncertain. The Inquisition has long been riven with internal philosophical and tactical differences that have often manifested in open conflict, albeit concealed from the Imperium's population at large. But there are other battles, no less deadly, that are more secret still.

Earth, also known as Terra, is the beating heart that drives the vast corpus of the Imperium. Its place in the Segmentum Solar is at the centre of endless rings of defences, each denser and more perilous to the attacker than the next. It is a place of myth and legend, the golden paradise to which uncounted billions make tortuous pilgrimage. It is the footstool of the God-Emperor himself, and the resting place of his fragile, yet mighty physical form. From here, the eternal beacon of the Astronomican guides humanity's vast starships in their missions of trade and conquest. And it is on Earth that the Imperium's ultimate masters, the Twelve, the High Lords of the Imperium, guide mankind's destiny across the centuries.

But Earth's promise and glory is a thin veneer over the once-beautiful planet.

Earth is a hiveworld. The vast proportion of its surface

is clad in deep layers of stone, plastic and metal and its teeming population eke out a bizarre existence, privileged beyond measure to breathe the same air as the Imperium's masters, yet trapped in endless cycles of hard labour and mind-numbing bureaucracy. In the catacombs of the Administratum, knowledge is power and vicious gang-clerks patrol their stacks, jealously guarding their precious data from intruders, authorised or not. The Houses of the Navis Nobilite, the Navigators, abuse their special place as the sole agency able to chart the streams of the Warp and live in incomparable luxury, indulging every conceivable vice under the protection of their status. The Ecclesiarch grows weaker on his throne and the vast hierarchy of the Adeptus Ministrorum, the Imperial Church, shifts and fights with words, guns and hidden blades as each postulant struggles to align himself into a dead man's shoes.

Even in the heart of the Imperial Palace, there is conflict. The infamously paranoid Custodians watch the faceless Mechanicus supervisors of the Golden Throne through impassive masks, but the tension between the two organizations is palpable. The High Lords bridle at the high-handed manner of the Adeptus Custodes in barring all access to the Throne Room and rumours of changes in the God-Emperor's condition can create friction at the highest levels, as easily as it creates massive riots and the deaths of thousands in the vast hordes of pilgrims that tread fearfully through the mighty halls

of Holy Terra.

And here, at the Imperium's core, enemies hide in the deepest shadows.

Cults, sects, gangs, secret armies, long-lost secrets, powerful and forgotten technologies... Earth is terrifying and potent beyond measure and in the very deepest, darkest corners of its ancient heritage is the Inquisition.

How to use this article

This article is not a campaign in itself. Rather, it is a starting point for the ambitious GM to run a campaign on Earth. To that end, you will find below a number of "plot hooks", which are entry points for a GM to start

planning a Terran campaign. You will also find a number of scenarios that can act as your players' starting points; brand new archetypes and tips on other characters to enhance your scenarios, including tips on modeling and representing them; some detailed background on different areas of Earth's adventurescape and pointers on how to design your own and, finally, some essential "dos and don'ts" when it comes to playing games on Earth that will help the GM to preserve the unique atmosphere of this very special environment.

Although not intended to be a campaign in and of itself, you will also find the text punctuated by an account of the experience of one Inquisitor who pursued a lead into the very shadow of the Golden Throne. If you want to re-tread the journey of Inquisitor Nemesov, the scenarios, characters and details described will help you do so.

Nemesov raised his rosette, cupped in his palm. The Arbitrator regarded it impassively.

'Place your seal in the tray to your left,' the terminal guard ordered. Once Nemesov had complied, he continued: 'Please stand still and do not resist.'

'Resist wha-?'

The probe descended from the darkened vaults of the ceiling in a flash, puncturing the flesh of his neck as its taloned form gripped his head in a painful embrace and everything went black.

Plot Hooks

Plot hooks are the GM's start point when he designs a new campaign or scenario: they are equivalent to the blurb you find on the back of a novel, setting out the key parameters of the story, maybe even the details of one or more of the protagonists, but without dictating how the events may conclude.

As a rule, plot hooks are easy to come up with. A lot of GMs use novels, films or TV programmes to inspire new plot hooks. In the context of a campaign on Holy Terra, though, it can be harder to devise a convincing and entertaining plot hook. The following examples are intended to get you thinking but also to illustrate the breadth of ideas that Earth offers as an adventurescape, despite its special status in the Warhammer 40,000 universe.

Lost - Whether the PCs originally came to Terra as pilgrims, diplomats or on an investigation, they have wandered off the beaten path and into the bowels of Ancient Earth where strange creatures lurk in the darkness and weird bureaucults fight for control of lost archives and deep vaults. Without food, support or any way to find new weapons or ammunition, the PCs are going to have to be as cunning and vicious as their opponents if they are to find their way out.

Rumour Control - In the course of an internal feud, an agent of one faction intends to impersonate the leader of another faction and declare the Emperor "dead" to a vast crowd of pilgrims. If he is allowed to do so, thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, will die in the subsequent riots before order can be restored. However, forces within the Inquisition favour the agent's faction

and believe that positioning their pawns higher in the Ecclesiarchal hierarchy is worth the price of a few thousand pilgrims.

Ancient Nemesis - The halls and palaces of Holy Terra are built upon the secrets of the past. But some secrets refuse to stay buried. The Administratum routinely explores old tunnels for archaeotech and lost archives, but one team has stumbled onto something uniquely powerful and dangerous. Now several factions are manoeuvring to secure the item, but the team that found it is still there and they have been... changed...

Blasphemy! - The PCs have tracked an infamous heretic to Holy Terra itself and, after many weeks of hunting, have finally run him to ground in the environs of one of Earth's greatest basilicas. Some will want him alive, others would see him dead at all costs, but once

things turn violent there can be no doubt that the Sororitas guardians of the basilica will fall on all of them, without regard for rank or power: only the holiness of the Emperor is paramount in these halls.

The Faceless - Amongst the hordes of pilgrims lurks a hidden threat. No one knows what The Faceless really is. He could be an alien assassin, a daemon, a wanted cult leader or simply a rogue agent, seeking the safety of numbers to stay free. The Inquisition is on his trail, but can they track down and apprehend The Faceless before he disappears into the teeming millions?

Wrong Place, Wrong Time - Whilst about his normal business, a PC finds himself caught in the crossfire between two factions, far from the view of the Adeptus. With no way out, he must choose where to put his loyalty or face danger from every side!

Nemesov rubbed the back of his neck where a bright red weal marked the place where the probe had entered. How odd, he thought, that on Earth the normal way of things is upturned: the Inquisitor is subjected to the deepest barrage of checks and tests before being allowed to tread the holy soil – holy plastercrete, he noted as he crossed the square – but the pilgrim is waved through, controlled by his own fear and awe. It made sense of a sort. But it occurred to him to wonder, then, whether his quarry had come to this most precious of worlds in the guise of a pilgrim. How else could he have avoided the tests he had himself undergone?

But every pilgrim was marked, and that was his advantage. Every one of the billions of teeming faithful bore the Emperor's blessing: a rare privilege that also happened to incorporate injecting the supplicant with a microscopic tracker and identifier beacon used by the Arbites to control the movement and behaviour of the pilgrims.

It had been a simple thing to cross-check the latest list of supplicants against his target's known aliases and identities. A simple thing, of course, that had still left him with over a dozen suspects who were already scattered across the face of the Earth. But he had time on his side.

What he didn't have, unfortunately, were his usual weapons. All but his laspistol had been confiscated on entry with a note to petition the Central Court for their return: a process that could take several months, even for an Inquisitor. He was reminded, once more, of how limited his power truly was in this place of legends and heroes.



Scenarios

The scenarios that follow don't necessarily have to take place on Terra, of course. There's no shortage of strange worlds and insane bureaucracies in the Imperium. However, they have been written with Terra in mind and a GM wanting to set a campaign there will find that these set the scene for events quite nicely.

Scenario 1 - Illegal Alien

Millions of immigrants arrive at the Terran spaceports every day. Most are pilgrims. Many more are petitioners or supplicants, bringing personal requests across thousands of light years to place them before the Administratum. A minority are important dignitaries of one sort or another. But all must pass through the fearless inspections of the Adeptus Arbites, themselves supervised directly by Custodians from the Emperor's personal guard. The conditions of the terminals are hot, congested and painful and fights break out regularly, sometimes with fatal results. This is just another day for the Arbites, but sometimes something more sinister is afoot...

Player 1 - You and any associates are trying to covertly enter the Terran population. But your cover has been blown and, after a brief exchange of hostilities with the Adeptus Arbites, you have fled into the bowels of the terminal in the hope of finding a way out, but others are on your trail.

Player 2 - Seeing the local Arbites exchanging fire with a group of apparent pilgrims, you rush in to lend your aid to the authorities.

GM - Obviously, more than one player can take on the same role in this scenario as long as there is at least one to play Player 1's role. You don't have to add any NPCs if you have a Player 2, but if you fear that either player will find the scenario too easy, or if you are playing the game with just one player, then Terran Arbites or even

a Custodian can be added to the game from the archetypes listed later in this article.

The scenario begins as a simple chase. Player 1 enters one side of the table and must make it to the other side before Player 2 (who enters on Turn 2) catches him. The twist is that however deep and complex the lower levels of the terminal may be, the Custodians are adept at finding and sealing unauthorized routes through to their domain.

Player 1 must search for his way out. For every turn in which a character spends Actions searching on the exit board edge, roll a D6 and consult the table below. Add +1 for every Action above the first the character spends on searching:

1-2 - No way out. He must spend another turn searching or stand and fight.

3-5 - Where are we? A way to another sub-basement has been found. Re-start the scenario. Any of Player 1's characters not within 6 yards of the exit point are captured by the Arbites and lost.

6 - Escape! The hoped-for exit has been located. Any of Player 1's character who leave the board via this point are removed from the board and have escaped.

The GM may want to give other bonuses to this D6 roll depending upon the player's use of imaginative improvisation – stealing comms gear from their pursuers, using appropriate psychic abilities, interrogating prisoners etc. If Player 1 has too many bonuses, feel free to insist upon a “natural” 6 to Escape for the first few turns.

'Stop, in the Emperor's Name!'

The shout boomed across the square and the effect upon the teeming masses was frighteningly amusing, Nemesov thought, as every one of the hundreds of shifting pilgrims, clerks and other assorted denizens froze in his or her tracks. All, except one.

One hunched figure in a dirty, red robe hung with tiny caskets and clutching a strong cane, looked once over

his shoulder, saw the pointing finger of the Arbitor gesture towards him and ran. The crowds did not impede him. They stood stock-still as he jinked and capered between them, the clatter of boots already close on his heels. As he turned once more, Nemesov got the first good look at the fleeing man's face – it was one of his suspects! An alleged supplicant going by the name of Cato.

Nemesov leapt from the walkway to the square and, as the nearest Arbitor turned towards him, shock maul raised, he flashed his rosette:

'Holy Inquisition! I want that man alive!'

Scenario 2 - Red Tape

Away from the closely-patrolled upper levels and the area immediately around the principle districts of Terra, forgotten departments, lost archives and abandoned administrators can be found, eking out a bizarre existence. Driven by ancient procedures and regulations, these isolated groups form strange bureaucults, defending their territory in a frenzy of ink and blood from other bureaucults and from intruders from the levels above.

Player 1 - On the trail of a vital clue that you believe may lie within the territory of the cult, you must sneak your way past their sentries and into the Holy of Holies to access the lost files, before making good your escape.

Player 2 - You have spent weeks earning the trust of the Bureauculan in the hope of being given access to their records. Your latest victory in the gradual process has seen you honoured with the right to stand guard over the Holy of Holies. An outsider attempting to access it could shatter all of your plans... unless you can take the intruder's head yourself!

GM - If you have a Player 2 for this scenario who has a large staff, then you may choose to have no bureaucult members on duty. Otherwise, use the stats for a normal cultist to represent an appropriate number of bureaucultists guarding the Holy of Holies.

A pretty straight infiltration mission, this. The Holy of Holies (data vault access terminal) lies at the centre of the board, with sentries placed in a circle around it. Depending on how hard you want the scenario to be for the infiltrator, add booby traps to taste.

If you include any bureaucultists amongst the sentries, they will gain the Frenzy and Furious Assault abilities against any enemy character whom they know has moved within 6 yards of the Holy of Holies.

Scenario 3 - Violation

Terra is the greatest of shrineworlds, focus of belief for thousands of billions. As such, its very rock – even the stones and supports of its buildings – are suffused with faith that acts as a powerful ward against the forces of Chaos. But whilst this gives Earth a measure of protection against the forces of darkness, the violation of Terran soil with certain foul rituals can immeasurably increase the potency of those rituals. The Arbites are ever-vigilant, but there will always be those whose treachery extends even to Holy Terra itself.

Player 1 - You must perform a hateful ceremony on Holy Terra itself in order to achieve your objectives. Such a vile act, if discovered, will surely earn you no form of mercy and your punishment will be painful and certainly terminal... but only if they catch you!

Player 2 - Signs have reached you that a traitor seeks to violate the purity of Earth - footstool of the Emperor. Without hesitation, you have assembled a Kill Team to purge this heretic from existence; preferably after making him suffer in ways appropriate to the scale of his sin!

GM - Arbites, Enforcers or - if the circumstances are appropriate - even a Custodian may participate in this scenario, either under the GM's control or loaned to the use of Player 2.

This is a fairly standard "stop the ritual" scenario, but the forces that the ritual unleashes are heightened by its place on the Imperium's very holiest ground. Player 1's main PC must stand at the centre of the board and perform concentration Actions as if preparing to use a Psychic Ability. For each successful concentrate Action, roll a D6. On a roll of 6, all movement in the direction of the ritual, except crawling is reduced by -1 yard. This effect is cumulative. When Player 1 performs 10 concentrate Actions without moving from the centre of the

board, the ritual is complete.

Player 2 or NPCs may enter the board from any point of the table edge. Player 1's characters that are not performing the ritual may be placed anywhere on the board within 12 yards of the main PC.

If Player 1 completes the ritual, all models on the table

immediately suffer D10 yards knockback directly away from the point of the ritual (randomize the direction for the character performing the ritual). Player 1 must escape from the board to win the game. However, if any of Player 2's character survive the experience, Player 1's character will forever be branded *excommunicate traitoris* and *extremis diabolus*: there's no way back to righteousness from an act as vile as this one!

Fourteen suspects, nine eliminated – fatally in one unfortunate but unavoidable case – and five remaining... Nemesov rubbed his temple and looked at Jotun Blanc. The heavy-set veteran Arbitor had been “seconded” to his investigation by the Marshal Tertius. In other words, he was a baby-sitter sent to stop the ignorant, off-world Inquisitor upsetting Terra’s delicate balance with his clod-footed interference. But Nemesov had to admit that the Arbitor, whose lustrous beard and civilian clothes made him look like anything but a lawman, was an invaluable guide and – after their encounter with suspect number eight – handy with a knife.

Number Ten was looking like a possible though. His tracker signal was being read deep in the Neojorvik Catacombs: a place that no pilgrim had any reason to be...



Scenario 4 - Catastrophe Curve

Terra's population is almost incomprehensively vast, even by comparison with other hiveworlds. Thousands can die in riots, demonstrations or simply in occasional population control purges without the Adeptus Terra so much as noticing. But sometimes an event is threatened that will kill millions or even billions. Whilst death on such a scale is horrifying, even to the cold masters of the Imperium, the real threat of such events is that the psychic shockwave can disrupt the Astronomican, sending thousands of ships - fleets, traders, vital reinforcements - off-course by hundreds of light-years or worse.

Player 1 - You have evidence that a deep flaw has been created through hundreds of layers of densely-populated hive in a minor administrative zone of Holy Terra, but your masters either cannot or will not listen – are they involved in this blasphemy? Either way, no one but you can prevent a mass-slaughter: find the conclusive proof and get it back to your headquarters.

Player 2 - Your patient plotting is about to reach fruition thanks to your contacts in the very heart of the Adeptus Terra. The fleet must be pushed from its course - it cannot be allowed to reach its destination or the plans of your masters may be set back hundreds, if not thousands, of years! What is the death of a few billion by comparison? But now this fool is interfering. If he cannot be stopped, you may have to launch the event immediately...

GM - Arbites, Enforcers or - if the circumstances are appropriate – even a Custodian may participate in this scenario, either under the GM's control or loaned to the use of Player 1.

This is a complex scenario that will demand a larger-than-average table (probably 6'x4' minimum) and plenty of terrain.

Archetypes

The new archetypes listed below are not - with the exception of the Custodian - unique to Terra, but they are certainly prevalent there and, if used, will give an authentically Terran flavour to a scenario or campaign.

The stats given for the archetypes are of two sorts. The first uses the basic stats for Inquisitor characters as shown in the Living Rulebook. The second uses the special NPC stats described in the Architecture of Hate campaign book.

A moment of perfect silence followed the giant's appearance from the shadow. His chest was bare and decorated with devotional tattoos. His tree-trunk legs were encased in shining leather and heavy boots and his face was hidden behind an expressionless golden mask, formed into the shape of a snarling lion, with a pointed crest that rose more than two feet above the man's brow. In one hand he clutched a short but ornate spear.

Nemesov heard his own oath echo away in the darkness that he had been sure was empty. Now it occurred to him to wonder how many of these silent watchers he and his party had already passed without ever knowing it.

After the silent moment stretched on, seemingly for minutes although he knew it could only have been seconds, Nemesov felt as if his very soul had been scanned. This, he reminded himself, was one of the mysterious Chosen: Companions of the Emperor, the Silent Watchers, Custodians of the Corpus Sanctus... Did their eyes feed back data even unto Him on the Throne?

The moment passed, the Custodian stepped aside and, humbler than before, Nemesov led his party on down the tunnel.

Custodian

The Adeptus Custodes is a mysterious and secretive organization at the very heart of the Adeptus Terra, charged – as they have been for ten thousand years – with the duty of guarding the very person of the Emperor. Since their charge began his millennia-long vigil atop the Golden Throne, a Custodian has never been known to leave Holy Terra.

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Custodian	80	80	150	100	80	100	70	100	100
Random	70+2D10	70+2D10	130+4D10	80+4D10	70+2D10	90+2D10	60+2D10	90+2D10	90+2D10

Equipment Enclosed helm with autosenses, bioscanner, motion detector, range finder, infravision and comm-link; Guardian Spear - can be used either as a Power halberd, as a Power axe or as a Mars pattern lasgun. The Custodians wear padded leather breeches that give them 2 points of armour on the legs and groin.

Abilities Ambidextrous, Bodyguard, Fearsome, Force of Will, Nerves of Steel.

Or, using the Architecture of Hate NPC rules:

	WS	BS	Str	Speed
Custodian	2	2	+10	3

Weapons Counts as being equipped with a Basic weapon and a Nasty melee weapon.

Equipment The Custodian does not have armour, but will become aware of any other character in his line of sight on a 2+.

Modelling a Custodian to scale is no easy task. They should be as tall as Space Marines but without the armour. For those who don't fancy sculpting the model from scratch, the obvious starting point is Sergeant Stone, who already has the breeches, high boots, bare torso and halberd. File away the stapled wounds and tidy up the tears in his trousers with some greenstuff. The finished product may be a little smaller than a real Custodian, but will do the job for a one-off scenario. Alternatively, you may want to consider a conversion of a 75mm figure from a historical manufacturer.



Pilgrim

Pilgrims can be found throughout the Imperium and can be of almost any social class or status. For some pilgrims, the journey is so long and tortuous that it may only be the third or fourth generation from those who began the pilgrimage who finally reach their destination. Common destinations are Gathalamor, Ophelia, Ultima Macharia and, of course, Earth, but there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of recognized places of pilgrimage in the Imperium and many other smaller, unofficial ones.

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Father	50	30	60	60	50	70	60	30	50
Random	40+3D6	20+2D10	50+2D10	50+2D10	40+2D10	60+2D10	50+2D10	20+2D10	40+2D10
Pilgrim	40	30	50	50	50	50	50	30	30
Random	30+3D6	20+2D10	40+2D10	40+2D10	40+2D10	40+2D10	40+2D10	20+3D6	20+2D10

Equipment All pilgrims will carry a knife about their person somewhere, and some may even have other Common items. They are also very likely to carry their Letter of Passage: the Ecclesiarchal authority that permits them to join official pilgrim vessels bound for their destination.

Abilities None.

	WS	BS	Str	
Father	4	6	+1	1
Pilgrim	5	6	+0	1

Weapons Counts as being equipped with a Pistol and a Weak melee weapon. A Pilgrim Father may wield an Average melee weapon.

By nature, Pilgrims are invariably devout, single-minded and intensely focussed, but otherwise there is no single appearance for such characters. The most important thing about them is that they should appear to be lightly or not armoured and with few weapons. Models converted to be Pilgrims can make great civilians anywhere in the Imperium. Models that are easily turned into generic civilians include Slick Devlan, Damian Bloodhound, Major Jaxon and Jena Orechiel. Cutting off weapons, swapping in heads and hands from other models and liberal use of purity seals, parchments, packs, pouches and bed-rolls will convey an impression of a mobile, varied population.



Bureaucultist

The bureaucultist is a strange evolution of humanity. Having entered the condition of civilization and passed through it into a new barbarism, the bureaucult is devoted only to policies, procedures and the unthinking guardianship of information. The Cultist profile found in the Living Rulebook is equally suitable for the bureaucultist. Alternatively, if you use the NPC rules, the following stats will represent a Demagogue and Cultist appropriately.

Equipment A peculiar combination of wickedly barbed quills, heavy binders and document rolls that count as a knife and a club.

Abilities Bureaucultists may suffer from Frenzy.

	WS	BS	Str	Speed
Bureaucrat	5	5	+1	2
Bureaucultist	5	6	+0	1

Weapons Count as being equipped with a Pistol and a Weak melee weapon. A Bureaucrat may wield an Average melee weapon.

Bureaucultists crop up in the massive, sprawling administrations of the Imperium all across the galaxy. Although their approach to information is fundamentally primitive, their attention to detail is legendary and they will fight obsessively to protect what is theirs, so many an Inquisitor makes use of such creatures within his staff to help manage an extensive library or private archive. There are a number of models that would make good Bureaucultists – Malicant and Josef work well without conversion, but robbed parts from the tech-priest models will also fit the bill. Add plenty of purity seals, parchments, books and other scribe type items to enhance the effect.



Other Archetypes

Obviously, there are plenty of existing archetypes that work just fine on Earth, too. The Judge and Enforcer are the obvious ones as few worlds are as intensely policed by the Adeptus Arbites as Earth and they are likely to turn up eventually in any scenario you care to name. But Desperados exist in the teeming underhive and there are tech-priests in abundance and Ecclesiarchal hierophants on every street corner around the Ministorum zones. Even human mutants can be found in the deepest, darkest levels, driven into desperate hiding by

regular, brutal purges and scarcely aware of the honour of breathing the same air as the High Lords and their God-Emperor. Interestingly, one of the few archetypes that don't appear very often on Earth is the Inquisitor. Their authority is tightly constrained and there is a broad assumption that there is little need for their kind on Holy Terra.

How wrong they are...

Silently, Nemesov crept through the gloom. His companions - Blanc, Montcrieff and the eager, young bureaucultist Helioch - kept close on his heels, each as silent as he. At the end of the passage they found an open space, its roof arching up into the darkness and disappearing in shadows.

Helioch snuck up beside the Inquisitor and pointed to the centre, where a light could be seen at the base of a door that was perhaps thirty feet high.

'An Archive,' Helioch explained in a whisper. 'Not mine. Ancient indeed, that one. He seeks access, but it shall not be authorised.'

Nemesov nodded and gestured to the others. They crept closer until he felt that they could get no further without alerting their target. He raised his pistol and prepared to yell...

The Terran Adventurescape

It is a common tendency among players to perceive "Earth" in the Warhammer 40,000 universe as being a bit of an homogenous lump, all dark and gothic with plenty of grandeur and grit. But whilst the ravages of the Age of Strife and the ten millennia of the Age of the Imperium have left their mark on the planet, it is still a planet, with its own continents, regions, clusters and other geographic anomalies.

The Adventurescape includes established regions of Holy Terra as well as more generic regions that can certainly be found on Earth but which can also be found elsewhere in the Imperium and GMs should feel free to extrapolate these for other worlds and scenarios. There is a tendency to try to align regions on Earth in the forty-first millennium with the continents and countries of twenty-first century Earth. However, this is, by-and-large, a mistake. The weapons unleashed in the course

of the Age of Strife caused substantial changes to the lie of the continental plates as well as creating massive scars on the world's surface that have entirely altered the appearance of the planet from the one with which we are familiar.

The Palatine Cluster

If the beating heart of the Imperium can be said to lie anywhere, it is here. The Palatine Cluster is a continent-sized hive-city centred on the labyrinthine Imperial Palace which huddles around the light of the Golden Throne itself. A scenario taking place here will need to try to replicate the soaring towers, graceful walkways and gleaming halls of this most holy of places. The air is foggy with incense and the power demands of the Golden Throne and the many essential functions that take place in the Palatine Cluster mean that other areas in its borders are often plunged into darkness for days or

weeks at a time without warning.

The new Cities of Death plastic buildings for Warhammer 40,000 are ideal for replicating the Palatine, but you'll need to add plenty of flying walkways and restrict yourself to the intact sections of building as allowing a part of the Palatine to remain damaged or structurally unsound would be a sin against the Emperor Himself!

The Starports

There are literally thousands of starports on Earth, ranging from tiny private docks used by the Navis Nobilite up to the mighty pilgrim ports of Lion's Gate and Eternity Wall which each cover thousands of square kilometres and can accommodate the descent of ships so large that landing is normally physically impossible.

The Starports as venues for scenarios will generally appear as one of two types of area: the terminals, runways and landing fields are immense open areas, designed to accommodate enormous ships or tens of thousands of passengers at any time. As a result there is likely to be little cover, except for the occasional technical vehicle or loading sentinel. These areas also alternate with little notice between being insanely crowded and being entirely deserted.

Alternatively, the scenario may take place in the support areas of the port, in which case the characters will have to contend with narrow tunnels, low doors and labyrinths of conveyor belts that are liable to move unpredictably, tripping those on them or dragging them into unexpected (and sometimes potentially lethal) areas of the port.

The Astronomican

The Headquarters of the Adeptus Astronomican can be found in an area loosely equivalent to today's Himalayan mountain range. But the shifting tectonics have forced these peaks - the world's tallest and least hospitable even in the twentieth century - to new, terrifying heights. Some peaks crest at heights over 15 miles above what might loosely be termed "sea level".

The Astronomican itself is the second most heavily-guarded place on Earth, after the Golden Throne, but there are many peripheral stations throughout the ranges. These may be outposts for the Scholastica Psykana Terran, training grounds for the Officio Assassinorum, Adeptus Astra Telepathica listening stations or any

number of things and there are as many reasons why an Inquisitor or an enemy of the Imperium may find his way to this vertiginous part of the planet.

Representing the sheer slopes of the mountainsides on a flat table is no easy task. But if you want to set a scenario near the Astronomican, then treat the table top as a small plateau on a great ridge. Two sides of the table will be sheer drops and to cross either will mean certain death. You may decide that one or both remaining sides are also sheer descents, ice walls or otherwise impassable. This can make an otherwise quite open landscape surprisingly claustrophobic. Otherwise, the landscape should be rocky and icy. Any visible signs of human habitation should be strictly concentrated and, ideally, kept to just one terrain piece. ForgeWorld do a number of pieces intended to represent access points to subterranean installations which, whilst a little small for 54mm, would function satisfactorily.

The Pilgrim Path

The vast majority of the planet's surface is not permitted or accessible to the pilgrims. In order to keep some semblance of order to their movements, pilgrims to Holy Terra are restricted to the Pilgrim Path: this is actually a series of routes rather than a single journey, and it takes in many of the surviving locations where the Emperor is believed to have performed miracles, won mighty victories or made important pronouncements. The Path changes slightly from decade to decade. Officially, this is either to take in previously neglected locations or to adjust for new discoveries in the historical archives. But sceptics have been known to suggest that the Path is changed to save the structures of Terra from the constant passage of billions of pilgrims.

Whatever the truth, the Path is liberally catered for with mighty cathedrals, copious shrines, statues of saints and heroes of the Imperium and hundreds of thousands of memorials, dedications and prayer niches. So your terrain needs to be fairly sparse - as room needs to be allowed for the vast crowds to pass through. In addition, you can spice up the area with appropriate terrain pieces available from Games Workshop: the Sisters of Battle Shrine (Code COMP0108025), Sanctum Imperialis (99120199008) or Chapel of Sanctuary (99220199024) all work perfectly well at 54mm or 28mm, and the Pilgrim Path is one area where you can get away with ruins, as no one would dare to rebuild architecture that may have been touched with the Emperor's own hands

and, in any case, the constant flow of pilgrims can tend to leave ruins in its wake, despite the best of intentions.

If you're more flush, then you can also find suitable items at Forgeworld. Check out their suggestions for "Sacred Ground" Cities of Death strategems for more hints and ideas.

The Fortress Invisible

There is a prevailing rumour that the Inquisition maintains a central stronghold, buried deep in the permafrost and mountain ranges of what was once Antarctica. Whether true or not, something important can be found on that continent if one knows where to look... and one can survive conditions only marginally less lethal than hard vacuum. And rumours abound of strange life on the ice-shelf: giant, carnivorous penguins (*What?? - Ed*); cannibal mutants, covered in dense, white hair and other things, stranger still, said to have been released from icy imprisonment by the interference of explorers and adventurers.

Whether called to the Fortress Invisible - if it exists - or hunting for treasure from before the Age of Strife, there is no shortage of reasons to visit the southern pole. But with hundred-miles-an-hour winds filled with lacerating ice, temperatures that fall as low as -88°C and no human life for hundreds of miles, few places on Earth are as deadly.

The Seas

The terrible weapons unleashed during the Age of Strife scarred the face of Holy Terra far beyond repair and at

one point the planet's mean atmospheric temperature rose to the point that water began to evaporate and ceased to condense into clouds or seas. Billions died. The surface temperature has since descended to a point more conducive to human life. Over the last ten millennia, the seas have slowly begun to reform. But they are clogged with the effluvia of uncounted billions of humans, factories and power plants. The seas are sick, turgid things and the life that crawls within them is strange indeed. But on the ocean beds, the Adeptus Mechanicus maintain research stations, the Astartes have training facilities and the Scholastica Psykana has its own outposts. There are even habitation blocks and administrative facilities that – whilst protruding above the water – extend far into the deeps, resting on mighty supporting columns.

Any location may be partly or completely submerged – even parts of the Pilgrim Path and the Palatine Cluster's outer limits have extended into the seas. Fighting underwater is possible, but I leave you to come up with your own rules for that. More interesting, though, is to fight a normal scenario but make one or more table edges pressurized walls against the ocean's intrusion. All of a sudden those stray rounds will start to make a big difference! Give the walls a high but random armour value, low enough that any given ranged weapon might breach them if it hits the wrong place at the wrong time. Then leave the players in suspense if the wall is breached. Roll a D6 at the end of each turn. On a 6 (or lower, if you want to end the game sooner), the wall breaches completely. Any characters still on the table at the end of the next turn are lost.

At last, Nemesov closed with his opponent. The hooded figure was revealed as a white-haired man with a widow's peak and a heavily-lined face. Off to one side he was aware of Blanc swapping blows with a masked warrior. Helioch was down, blood leaking from his gut.

'Emperor's Inquisition!' Nemesov shouted as he charged the man.

He was met with surprising force as the old man drew his own sword and parried Nemesov's blow with almost dismissive ease, throwing him back.

'Emperor's Inquisition?' spat back the man. 'I am the Inquisition, you young idiot!'

Nemesov was surprised, but it was far from the first time he had encountered a fellow Inquisitor on the other side of a mission. His weapons stayed up.

'I'm looking for Dagon Flux,' he told the old man.

'Flux?' The other inquisitor's mouth dropped open in genuine shock. 'Flux is on Terra? God-Emperor, I'm too late! You must help me!'

'I don't trust you,' replied Nemesov bluntly, noticing that Blanc had got the better of his opponent and even now was holding the masked man with a gun barrel pressed to his forehead.

A massive, familiar-looking figure stepped from the shadows beside the great door.

'Inquisitor Enobarbus has the blessing of the Custodes,' the giant's voice rumbled in the darkness.



The Catacombs

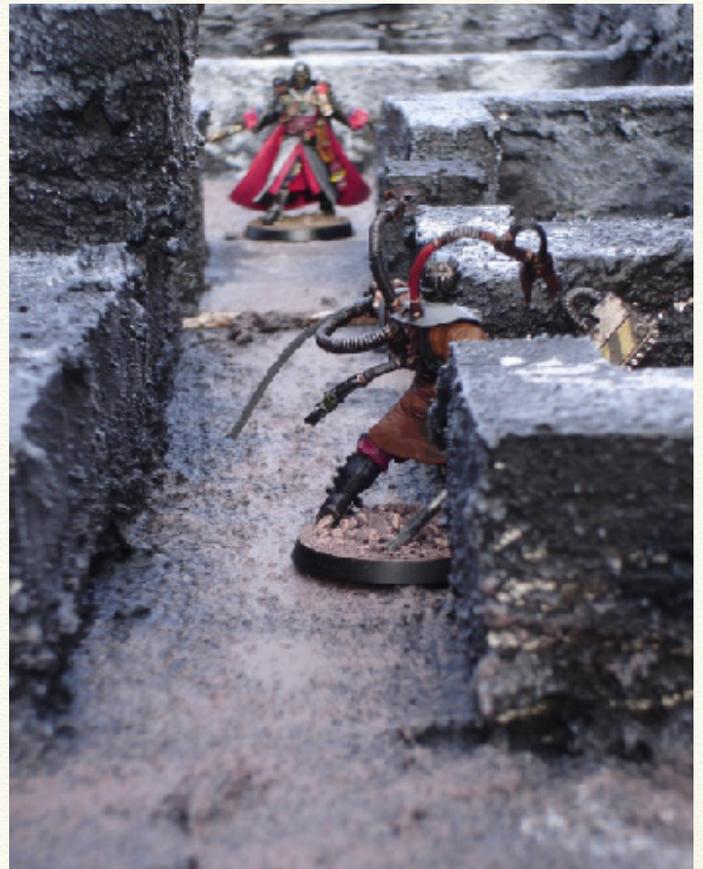
It is, perhaps, stating the obvious, but no planet in the galaxy has been inhabited by humans so long as Earth. As a result, the planet's surface is a honeycomb of structures, each generation building upon the ruins of the last until, deep in the bowels of the Earth, one can find structures and catacombs dating back to the Age of Strife and even to distant times from before the Dark Age of Technology. In these warrens, all sorts of human life can be found. Bureaucultists rarely frequent the deeper levels, but further down more savage inhabitants may be encountered: white of skin and blind from generations of total darkness; and stranger mutants still – the descendants of those who took refuge in the deep caves and tunnels of the Earth during the Age of Strife. Who knows what ancient secrets these lost tribes might keep?

For the upper layers of the Catacombs, Necromunda bulkheads make a good starting point for terrain, as well as the Cities of Death buildings. But the tabletop needs to be as densely covered as possible. This goes double for the deeper levels, where the metal walls will give way to rock. A good example of a board to replicate the deep tunnel is shown above. This board was specially constructed from foam rubber, wood and textured paint for Games Day 2006, but also doubles as a Cityfight board for Warhammer 40,000.

Environmental Conditions

As today, the environmental conditions encountered

on Earth can vary wildly. Dense fog, rain, snow and other weather patterns, including acid rain and stranger phenomena, can be commonly found. To this end, I refer you to Stephen Pearson's excellent article on environmental phenomena in games of Inquisitor, which can be found on the Specialist Games website. These will add particular colour to your scenarios, especially for scenarios taking place near the Astronomican or the Fortress Invisible.



Golden Throne - Golden Rules

Every inch of Earth is holy ground in the Warhammer 40,000 galaxy and the Inquisitor GM needs to treat it as such in any games set there. So the sorts of characters who appear need to be carefully considered as well as the venues chosen and the implications of characters' actions. Ultimately, of course, the GM is the final arbiter and it is up to him what he allows to happen, but to preserve the very special environment that Holy Terra offers the player, I suggest following the following guidelines:

1. No aliens.
2. No daemons or daemonhosts.
3. No daemonweapons.
4. No mutants.

If a player absolutely insists on taking one of the above, or the GM thinks that it really can be justified in the context of the campaign, then this can be mitigated somewhat. Anyone using forbidden sorcery is immediately suspect anywhere in the galaxy, but to do so on Earth, or to allow holy ground to be soiled by the touch of alien or mutant feet (or tentacles or whatever) is grounds for immediate excommunication should it be discovered!

The following locations should also be treated as sacrosanct – partly because they are so well guarded and supervised that the chances of serious conflict occurring are miniscule beyond belief, but also because setting events there may conflict with official background. This isn't necessarily a problem - after all, everything you have been told is a lie! - but if your players like to feel they are a part of the on-going saga of the Imperium of Man, then it may become inconvenient:

1. The Throne Room.
2. The Astronomican Choir Chamber.
3. The Temples of the Officio Assassinorum

Finally, players should be encouraged to always bear in mind the immense privilege and blessing they enjoy (if they are loyal Imperialists) or the near-incomprehensible power that flows through the architecture (if they are vile traitors) when they walk on Holy Terra. So anything even vaguely “dodgy”, such as the use of psychic powers, employment of aliens or desecration of Ecclesiarchal property, about which most Inquisitors may normally have no qualms, should be done discreetly if at all.

Conclusion

Dagon Flux slipped off his shoes and rubbed his bare soles on the stone. He could feel the planet object. The vested power of faith in Holy Terra swirled and congealed about him in revulsion at his mere presence. But his feet lay upon the bare rock of the world at the spiritual centre of the galaxy. The energies that he could tap into here made his hair stand on end. Sparks began to zip from his fingertips...

'Wait over there,' he ordered the cultist nearest him, who was beginning to look worried. 'Ensure I am not disturbed. You two, cover the other entrance!'

The poor dupes thought he could win back access to their lost shelves. More fool them, he thought, as he began the ritual.

But his concentration was immediately broken by the sound of gunfire. Someone had found him!

In haste he began to mumble the words of the Great Desecration. But it was a complex ritual. To mispronounce a single syllable could see him damned for eternity. He focussed his centre, felt the power congeal about himself once more and expanded the circle of power to keep back those interlopers who

thought they could impede his plans!

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a young man bearing the mark of the Inquisition approaching him with determined steps. With a gesture, the youth was hurled back. He caused another one to burst into flames and the sudden screams were delightful to his ears. He was close now and no one could stop him. The power that would be his! The joy of immortality! The pleasure of watching the corrupt and bloated Imperium collapse into itself! It would be –

For a second or two, he was still conscious as he felt himself tumble through the air. But his fall felt light and there was no pain as his skull struck the floor and he looked up to see his body, still standing, and the massive, bare-chested warrior frozen at the end of a single, mighty sweep of his razor-sharp halberd.

And at that point Dagon Flux came to an end.

Earth – footstool of a god and cradle of a galaxy-spanning civilization; wellspring of the mightiest religious movement in history; rotten heart of a dying body; field of a thousand secret battles; grave of hope...

Even amongst the Inquisition only a fortunate few will ever set foot there. But what better place can there be to fight for the fate of the Emperor's Soul?

Good luck, and remember:

Trust no one!

ADMINISTRATUM APPROVAL FOR

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3rd Administratum Fortress

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THIS PUBLICATION HAS BEEN OFFICALLY APPROVED BY THE ADMINISTRATUM, WITH THE AUTHORITY OF THE IMMORTAL GOD-EMPEROR OF MANKIND. THIS PUBLICATION HEREBY MEETS ALL STANDARDS SET BY THE OFFICE OF INTERNAL COMMUNICATIONS AND THE OFFICE OF CLASSIFIED ACTS. THIS DECREE IS IN EFFECT UNTIL NEXT SESSION OF AUGURY.

SIGNED

OVERSEER OF 3rd ADMINISTRATORIAL REGION OF HOLY TERRA

Lucius Parramus-Ethani

INQUISITOR'S SIGNATURE

Lord Inquisitor Ayakin

COMPILER

Scribe Andrew Erricks

CLASSIFIED



“I Am Not a Monster!”

Turning Buhrdur into a mutant for Inquisitor

By Robey Jenkins

What the...?

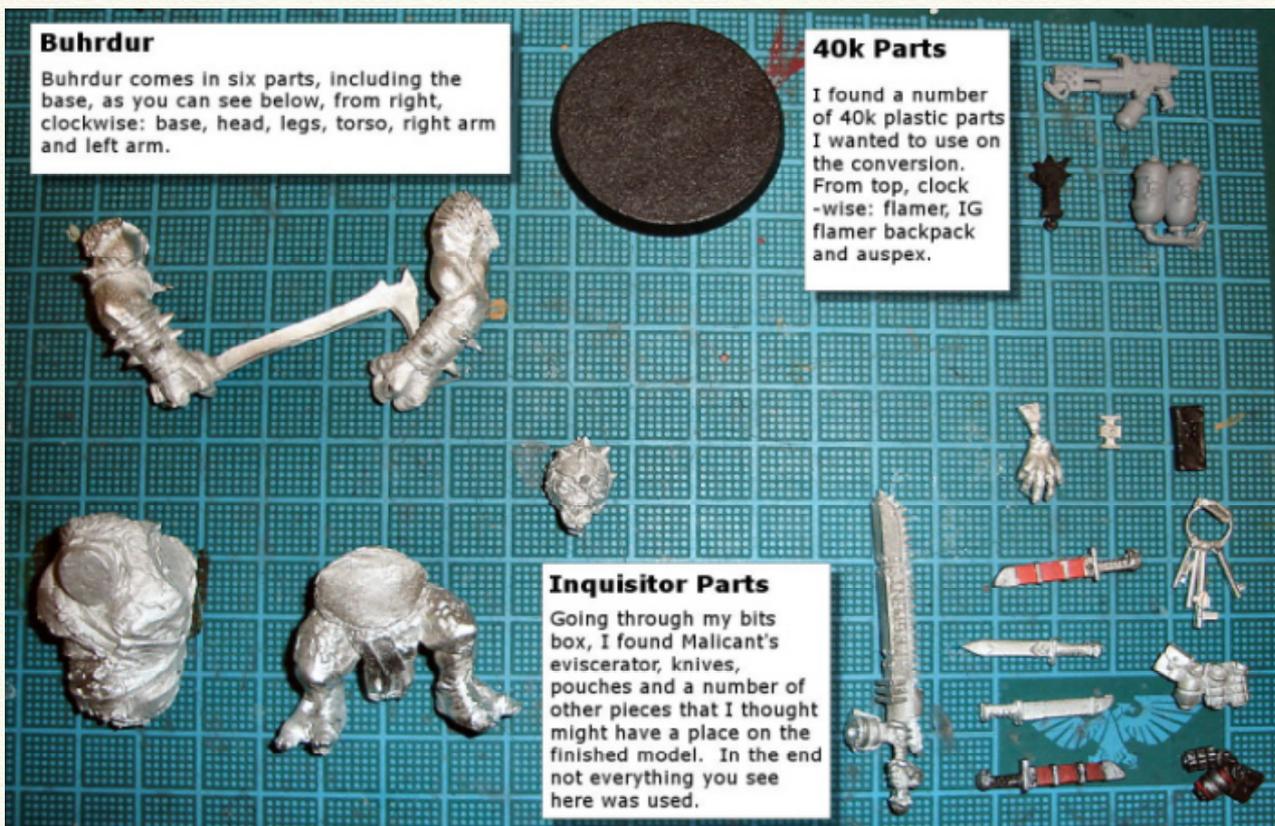
Veteran Inquisitor players are always on the lookout for new models or for manufacturers with products that might find a place in their collection. The decision by Games Workshop to reduce the range of models available for Inquisitor only increased this tendency, and now manufacturers like Andrea Miniatures and Pegaso Models are common in the collections of experienced players.

But with Games Workshop producing only a tiny number of new models at 54mm scale, it's easy to take ones eyes off their ranges or to imagine that they offer the Inquisitor player little of interest. Nothing could be further from the truth. No other company in the world produces such a massive range of models and parts for the tabletop wargamer and there is no shortage of ideas, options and opportunities for the dedicated hunter of the back-range.

Occasionally, though, it's not just the back-range that throws up something exciting for the Inquisitor player.

When Buhrdur, the Troll Chieftain, was released for the new Ruins of Arnor Sourcebook there was a near-audible hum on the on-line forums. I think most players had considered a Troll conversion at some point or another. But there was no ignoring the fact that the Trolls of Middle Earth were deeply and inextricably bound in with the imagery of the Lord of the Rings and it would take considerable skill and a great deal of modelling putty to disguise the origins of your new model. In Buhrdur, though, there was something different: he didn't have either the semi-naked savage appearance of the Moria Trolls, or the distinctive spiky armour of the Mordor Trolls – he was dressed in patchwork rags and random slabs of metal armour. In fact, he looked every inch like the muscle in a 54mm mutant gang. Of course, there was the minor inconvenience of his sword, which clearly carried the distinctive style of the Lord of the Rings – but it would be nothing a good pair of clip-pers couldn't solve!

So, with a light heart and box full of tools, I set out to perform an act of heresy upon this beautiful model and render it suitable in form and function for the king of games.



From Chaos... Order

You can see above that I've set out the parts of the model on the left, with the bits I selected from my bitzbox to use – or consider using – on the conversion. The plan wasn't especially elaborate: I wanted to firmly place the Buhrdur model in the Warhammer 40,000 universe.

My character concept loosely involved an itinerant mutant rebel leader, much along the same lines as Emissary Fabian, but perhaps more of a two-faced type, acting as agent provocateur for the Imperium, whilst at the same time following his own agenda for mutant freedom. What this meant in practice was firstly that he'd have none of the clumsy, improvised equipment of other mutant characters: his stuff would be top-notch – stuff that would make him instantly stand out as a mutant among mutants. In addition, he would be a traveller, finding his way from one world to another by whatever means he could – so he'd need plenty of kit, pouches, reloads and anything else he could stow about his considerable bulk.

Finally, he would have a bionic eye. This was partly another status symbol for him to display, but mostly it was a chance for me to break up the distinctive Troll appearance with something truly 40k.

Stage One

The first part I set about was replacing his sword with the eviscerator, which I thought he'd use one-handed as a chainsword. I used a fretsaw to carefully cut away the blade, putting it into my bits box for later. I used the same saw on the eviscerator, cutting it carefully away from Malicant's hands. Then I used a pin vise with a 1mm bit and florist's wire to pin the chainsword and hand firmly together before attaching the arm to the body.



The join between the arms and body was a bit poor and I would need greenstuff later to fill the gap.

I chose the eviscerator partly out of expediency – I had one in my bitzbox and no plans for it – but also because it fitted the plan I've already described: it's a cool, prestige weapon for him to show off, but fits the archetype of the unsubtle mutant, playing into the prejudices of his opponents and allies alike. The fact that he can wield this enormous weapon one-handed serves to emphasize his considerable and superhuman strength.

Character first or model first?

There is a bit of a dichotomy for the Inquisitor player when it comes to planning a new character: what comes first? The model, or the character? Now, I'm on record as saying "model comes first", because a model without a character can still play the game, but a character without a model is just useless paper. But as you'll see in this article, that's just too simple a way of approaching things. To build an Inquisitor model without considering the character – the context – as one goes along is impossible. And so it was with this.

At every stage I was asking myself: Why does he wear this? How did he get that? What's in that pouch? I hope you find the same thing when building your own models. So the fact is that – like the old question of the chicken and the egg – the answer is not one thing or the other. As the model grows, so does the character and trying to do either one without the other is a meaningless exercise.

I reckon.

Stage Two

Next, I tackled the other arm. With no weapon to remove, attaching the flamer was a piece of cake – although I would need to come back to it later to attach a pistol-grip.

I also removed the fuel canister from the flamer as I planned to run a guitar-wire cable from the flamer to the backpack that I would mount somewhere on the model's back.

You can also see below how well the chainsword and original sword hilt fit together. But even so, at this stage

he still looks a lot like a LOTR troll with some funky weapons. More work was needed to really bring him into the Dark Millennium.



This was where the pouches, daggers and other bits and pieces I had planned would have their effect.

Once I'd attached the legs, I thought it worth getting one of my other models out to compare the size of my new mutant with an average human:



As you can see, when put next to an average human, this mutant is a big fellow, even at 54mm.

This stage, incidentally, is more than about curiosity. It's essential to remember the models in the course of your Inquisitor game are going to be interacting with each other. And when using models from a different scale, you immediately have to face the problem that the big monster models are invariably looking down at the

pitiful little specimens at their feet. But big though this mutant undoubtedly is, he's still looking a tall human squarely in the face.

Greenstuff Goodness

As I had to mix up some greenstuff to fill the gaps around the shoulders, I decided to take a moment to 40kify him a little. Getting the lens shape on the eye was easy: I just pressed the plastic tube into a blob of greenstuff and the natural bulging of the putty formed the curve of the lens.



My inspiration was taken from the Inquisitor rulebook's illustrations. You can find the image that was really underpinning my mental picture of Buhrdur on page 55 of the Living Rulebook. The idea of a whole gang coming along for the ride is immensely tempting, but for now, we'll, just concentrate on this one...

Now, if you look back at the first picture, you'll notice in the picture below that not every piece and bit that I picked out at the start got used. This really was a case of going piece by piece, seeing what worked and what didn't and stopping when I thought the right amount of stuff had been reached.

Stage Three



After attaching the legs – a beautiful fit, by the way, compared to the arms – and gluing the model to its base, it was time to really get to work on 40kifying the model.

Character Development

You may wonder how he handles those knives, big as they are, with his mighty, mutated fists. I wondered the same thing: it's a point worth remembering that the equipment on your models must suit the nature of the model itself. Fortunately, in this case, the answer was simple: despite being machetes to a normal human, those are throwing knives for my mutant chief!

This is going back to what I said earlier about the emergence of the character from the model. I would never have thought of a hulking mutant using throwing knives – I'm prejudiced as my 40k counterparts, when it comes to giant mutants, I guess – so it serves all the more to emphasize that this guy is more than just muscle. Behind that bestial face lurks a keen and analytical intelligence.

The bionic was only the first stage. My principle here was: loads of kit! Hence the knives, pouches, bottles and grenades. I wanted to make it clear that this was not only an Inquisitor character but also that it was a character who lives by causing violent things to happen to other characters.

The picture of his back shows you the cable and tanks that feed his hand flamer. You should also be able to make out a blob of greenstuff under his right heel. The Buhrdur model tends to lean backwards but I wanted the guy to be upright and looming, not about to topple over. So I propped him up with the blob.

You'll notice, I'm sure, that in this shot I'm yet to add the greenstuff pistol grip to the hand flamer.

Next stop: paint!

Undercoating

Normally, I work with a black undercoat because I'm lazy and when everything starts off black, then anything I don't paint can stay black and still look OK. But with Buhrdur, I wanted something different. He was going to be painted in natural, earthy colours to connect him with the unwashed masses amongst which he spends most of his time and to distance him from the grand and colourful inquisitors who make up a lot of the rest of my collection. And painting these colours over a black undercoat would have meant painting layers and layers (Alert readers will, of course, be aware of the new range of Foundation paints from Games Workshop, designed especially with this sort of problem in mind. But I don't have any of them yet). So I took the plunge and went for a white undercoat:



What's next?

Well, painting, obviously. But you'll have to wait until the next issue for the second part of this project. The final part of the project will come in the issue after that, when I come to talk about how the model you've seen develop over two issues goes from being just another lump of painted metal to being a character who comes to life on the tabletop. If you've been paying attention,

you'll have noticed how some points of the character's personality and history have already been touched upon at the design stage. More will come out as I paint him and, in Part Three, all of that will come together with some more brainstorming to illustrate how the character emerges at the end. See you next time!



An extract from the sketchbook of Timoteus Jorvik, official war artist of the Panagorean Crusade.

The illustration shows a second lieutenant of the 27th Hyrian Dragoons, mounted on one of the Dragoons' specially-bred boorns. The boorns are aggressive herbivores and only those raised from birth by experienced specialists can be bred for riding - and only the very finest boorns are chosen for the Dragoons.

Modelling Masterclass

Lillith Polanski, Inquisitorial Trooper

by Dave Knowles

When it was suggested that I should write a modelling article for this issue of *Dark Magenta*, I had a look through my list of ideas and one really stood out as being a great subject for an article. This was my idea for a female Inquisitorial Trooper based on a picture in the Inquisitor rulebook (p.13, the girl with the double-barrelled lasgun). I know I'm not the only person who's looked at the artwork in the rulebook and thought 'I wish there was a model of that character', so here's my attempt to bring one to life. Also, I'd just completed a model for a puritan Ordo Malleus Inquisitor and I thought that she would make a great first member of his warband.

Building Lillith Polanski

When using artwork like this as a basis for a model, I know I'm not going to be able to build an exact match, so it's important to think about which elements of the original I want to keep and which I'm prepared to sacrifice if need be. I decided I wasn't too bothered about the pose of the original, but I did want to keep the twin-barrelled lasgun, her braided hair, and her carapace armour with its big shoulder pads and icon behind her head. Her legs can't really be seen in the artwork, so I had free rein with them.

The next question was how to go about modelling all this. The Daemon Huntress torso seemed to be the obvious place to start as she has the carapace armour. I found a set of Barbaretta's arms in my bits box, which looked like they could be adapted to carry a lasgun. There aren't too many female heads in the Inquisitor range, but fortunately I had a spare 54mm female head I'd bought from Historex (www.historexagents.com) a while ago. For the lower half of her body I decided I'd have to use a fair bit of green stuff, as I wanted her to be wearing robes / skirts over her armour, but I figured that I could use the lower half of the Daemon Huntress legs (and so save the rest for another day). I also found a loincloth and holster I could use to add detail. At this stage I had no idea how to build the lasgun, but I had enough to be going on with.

Once I'd got some parts together I did a quick sketch to get the idea straight in my head. Where I'd already decided to use certain parts I included them in my sketch. When it came to bits like the lasgun and shoulder pads, I just drew them and worried about how to build them later.



Now that I had the parts and a plan, it was time to begin the serious conversion work. I decided to start building her legs first as they probably required the most work. After gluing her feet to the base, I used a wire armature to join them to her torso. The armature is based on part of the one described in an article at the Morgan Keith Studios website (http://www.morgankeithstudios.com/tips_armature.html). In my experience this is the best method of building an armature for a full, or in this case partial, sculpt.



With the parts pinned in place, the next step was to start bulking up her skirts. I use Milliput for big jobs like this, mainly because it's far cheaper than green stuff. I wasn't bothered about adding any detail at this point; that would come later on. I just wanted to get the basic shape right. As I planned to add a layer of green stuff for the detail on top of the Milliput, I took care to ensure that it was slightly smaller than I wanted the finished skirts to be. The other thing I made sure of was that the metal loincloth would fit nicely; to do this I temporarily pressed it into the Milliput before it cured to make sure it would fit when I came to glue it in place later.



also makes it easier to polish the green stuff to a smooth finish. The downside is that it can make it difficult to add more green stuff as it won't stick to the Vaseline.



Once the skirts were sculpted I glued her loincloth in place. I was then left with a small gap between the bottom of her armour and the top of her skirts. I sculpted a rim around the bottom of her armour to conceal the join. I used brown stuff for this, as it is harder and therefore easier to cut and sand; these properties make it easier to get the sharp edged finish needed for sculpting armour and other hard surfaces.

The next stage was to start adding the detail to the skirts. This was done using green stuff, as it gives a smoother finish than Milliput. When sculpting, it's important to think about layers. For example if a model is wearing a jacket over a t-shirt, sculpt the t-shirt first and the jacket in a later sitting. In this case the skirts were all one layer, but as they are quite a large area, I sculpted them in sections, and tried to hide the joins as best I could in folds in the material. When it comes to sculpting cloth I find the best way to get realistic folds is to either copy an existing model or look at how your own clothes gather and fold.

When working with green stuff I find Vaseline to be invaluable - it lubricates the tools so they don't stick to the green stuff and ruin the detail you've just sculpted. It



Her arms were the next things I built. The hands from the Inquisitor Hands sprue seemed a little large, so I used 28mm marine hands instead. These were the right size and were armoured in a similar manner to the girl in the rulebook artwork. I simply pinned on the new hands and sculpted a bit of armour on her upper arms before adding pins to fasten her arms in place. At this stage I only glued her right arm in place; I put off gluing her left arm until I'd built her rifle and knew exactly where it needed to fit.

I then started work on her shoulder pads. After spending some time hunting through my bits box to find parts, I finally decided to use cut down 28mm marine shoulder pads for the part nearest her neck, and built the rest out of sections cut off of one of the plastic tubes used to protect paintbrush bristles. Once I'd put them together I found they weren't quite rigid enough for my liking, so I spread a thin layer of brown stuff inside the tubing - this also enabled me to get a better join between the pads and her shoulders. At this stage I also added a holster, pouch and grenade to her belt.



With most of her body now complete, I decided it was finally time to build her rifle. As with the rest of the model, I had to decide what elements of the original artwork I wanted to keep and which I was prepared to compromise on. For me the most important elements were the twin-barrels and drum magazine. I didn't want to tie myself down too much, as finding parts that ex-

actly match the picture would be extremely difficult. After yet another hunt through my bits box I came up with a few bits of plastic tubing for the barrels, a drum mag from an ork shoota, a chopped up Damien Bloodhound shotgun left over from an earlier project and a gun from some long forgotten action figure, plus a few other bits and pieces to add detail. I pinned the pieces together for strength and used brown stuff to hide the joins.



With the rifle completed I next attached her left arm in the correct position. In the rulebook artwork the girl's armour has an icon mounted behind her head. Originally I was going to use the one from Tyrus, but it turned out to be too big. Instead I decided to use an icon left over from my Thorian conversion. The only problem with this part was that the back of the icon was flat and plain, so after pinning it in place I added a little detail using brown stuff, and a tiny skull I sliced off a 28mm marine backpack.

The next job was to add her head. The first step in this was to remove the bun from her hair in preparation for replacing it with braids. The braids were made by simply rolling out some green stuff, cutting it to the correct length and pushing it into place on her head, before adding some texture using a modelling knife. I repeated this, adding braids all over her head.



With the braids attached I was just about finished, or so I thought. I compared my model to the original artwork and noticed she should have parchments hanging

from her shoulder pads. I did consider just leaving them off as I thought she looked pretty good without them, but in the end I decided I'd spent so much effort making her look like the original that I may as well go for it. To make the parchments I spread a thin layer of green stuff over some thin plastic sheet, cut it to size and added a bit of texture to the surface. Once they had hardened up a little I peeled them off the sheet, bent them to shape and used super glue and green stuff to attach them in place.

The final task was to decorate her base. As I'd already built the Inquisitor she serves, the choice of texture was already made - she'd be standing on a dark brown rocky landscape. The sharp eyed among you may have noticed that each photo has more blobs of green stuff, Milliput and brown stuff added to her base. This was partly done to ensure the surface of the ground was not too flat, but mainly to use up any little blobs of putty I had left over at each stage (I'm pretty rubbish at estimating how much I need). I then simply glued a layer of sand to her base and added a few larger grains to represent small rocks.



Painting Lillith Polanski

Before starting painting I spent a couple of minutes planning the colour scheme. The idea was simple and was mainly based on the scheme I'd used for her master, Inquisitor Seldon. Her armour would be bronze with silver detail, the cloth areas would be blue and red with a geometric pattern around the hem, and for some reason I'd always imagined her as having light brown / blonde hair.



The first thing I do when painting any model, but especially converted ones is to spray on a white undercoat. The reason for this is that any rough areas, small gaps and other flaws in the conversion show up better after being sprayed white than they do with a black undercoat. After fixing any rough areas, I painted the entire model, including the base, with a couple of coats of thinned down Chaos Black as a 'proper' undercoat to paint over.

I usually start by painting the base of a model, and this was no exception. The main reason for this is that I often use drybrushing to get a nice texture for the ground, therefore by doing it first it doesn't matter too much if I accidentally get paint on her feet and legs. (The other reason I do it first is that it's boring so I like to get it out of the way early on!) Starting with Scorched Brown, I simply drybrushed the base with a succession of lighter browns to get the earth colour, before painting the larger rocks with Kommando Khaki.



At this stage I spent a few minutes deciding on the order in which I'd paint the model itself. I generally find that the best advice is to start with the lowest layers (usually flesh) and work up to the outer layers. Other than that I don't tend to follow any set rules. Sometimes I paint all the base colours first and shade and highlight them later, other times I fully complete one area before moving on. In this case I decided that the basic plan would be to paint her legs first, then her skirts, armour, face and hair and finally her lasgun. At this stage I also think about how I'll hold the model while I paint it, it may sound obvious, but any areas that you're likely to touch during the painting process should be left till last.

I painted her legs using a base coat of 50:50 mix of Chaos Black and Brazen Brass, adding in more Brazen Brass for successive highlights before finally reaching pure Brazen Brass. I then painted the final highlights by adding Burnished Gold.



I wanted the blue and red areas of her robes to be very similar in colour to those used on Seldon to tie the two characters together as a group. The blue areas of her robes were painted using a mix of Chaos Black and Enchanted Blue, adding in more Enchanted Blue for highlights and finally

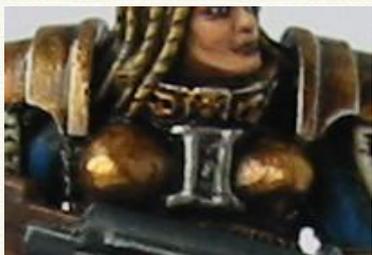
Ice Blue for the final stage. The red cloth was painted with a base of Chaos Black mixed with Red Gore. The highlights were done by adding more Red Gore to the mix and then Blood Red for the final highlights. I left the freehand design till later, mainly because if I did it too early on I'd be more likely to smudge it, or otherwise ruin it as I went on.



With the lower half of her body done I decided to paint her holster, pouches and grenades next. The Holster and pouches were painted Scorched Brown, then highlighted by adding Bestial Brown and Snakebite Leather. The grenades were painted Dark Angels Green and highlighted with Snot Green.



The next task was to paint her armoured torso. Before doing that, I painted her face with a base coat of Dwarf Flesh, as I knew that in doing so, I would most likely get paint on her armoured collar. Her torso was painted in exactly the same way as her legs, except that I went one stage further with the highlighting and added Mithril Silver to the edges of some armour plates. The Inquisitorial 'I' on her chest was painted with Boltgun Metal, and highlighted by adding Mithril Silver. I wasn't completely happy with the effect, as it was too bright, so I used some Dark Brown ink to take a little of the shine off.



The face is arguably the most important part of a model, so it's worth doing right. A poorly done face can ruin a great model (I know, my inability to paint a good face has ruined a few of mine). Therefore I find the best time to paint the face is when you're in the mood for painting faces. By that I mean, when you're calm and relaxed and can really devote your full attention to the task. I'd already given her face a Dwarf Flesh base coat, so I now shaded that using brown ink to define her features. Her eyes were carefully added using Skull White and her pupils dotted in using Chaos Black. I then started highlighting her face, first using Dwarf Flesh, then Elf Flesh and finally I mixed in some Bleached Bone for the highest areas. Her lips were painted a dark, reddish brown and I painted her eyebrows and the symbol on her forehead using thinned down Chaos Black.



The parchments hanging from her shoulder pads were next. I used a base coat of Bubonic Brown, inked them with brown ink and highlighted them using Bleached Bone and a little Skull White. The text was then painted using Chaos Black thinned using a brown ink.



Her lasgun was painted next - I did this before gluing it in place as I know that once fixed in place it would be difficult to get to. I decided it would be mainly black, with silver barrels and power pack, and a wooden stock. The stock was painted brown, and then a pattern of fine lines was added to represent the grain. The black areas were highlighted by first adding a little Ultramarine Blue to the mix, then Fortress Grey for the final highlights. I find the blue tinge keeps everything very clean looking - I wanted it to look well maintained, she's an Inquisitorial Trooper and takes pride in her equipment.



I then set to painting the freehand design on her robes. I wanted to use a simple geometric pattern very similar to that on her master's robes. To do this I painted two parallel white lines around the bottom of her robes. I then added the vertical lines at the correct intervals and finally painted out the sections of line that I didn't want. I find this to be by far the easiest method of painting this sort of pattern, as it is easier to get the sharp edges and corners I required using this method than it would be to paint them first try. The pattern on the red cloth was painted using a similar method.



I want to close with a final painting tip - make yourself a wet palette. I find it invaluable when mixing colours for shading and highlighting. Your mixed colour will stay usable for ages, so you can gradually mix in more colour rather than starting again from scratch. It also keeps your paints at a nice, slightly watered-down consistency, which is exactly what you want in order to get a smooth finish. It may mean you have to do a couple of extra coats, but the final effect is worth it.

You could buy a wet palette, but they're rather expensive given how easy they are to make. Simply fold up some wet kitchen roll in the bottom of one of the plastic trays that Inquisitor models come in, then lay a sheet of greaseproof paper over the top and mix your paints on that. If you put the lid back on when not using the palette then it's possible to keep your paints in a usable state for 24 hours or more. The tricky part is deciding how much water to add, too much and your paints go too runny, too little and they dry out as they would on a normal palette. I normally cover the folded up kitchen roll in water while I cut the greaseproof paper to size, then tip the palette up and let any excess water drain out - this method seems to work for me, but trial and error is the order of the day.

Final Thoughts

There are probably people out there thinking 'Well she's pretty good, but there's no way I could build something like that'. My advice would be to just have a go - you might be surprised at what you can do. I found that many of the techniques are easier in practice than they sound when you read about them, and even if it all goes wrong first time, you'll probably learn a lot and the next model will turn out better. It's worthwhile trying, if only for the feeling when you build something unique that you are really proud of.

I'm guessing there are also a few people thinking 'She doesn't look much like the girl in the rulebook', and in many ways they'd be right. I started out by referring to the rulebook a lot while building her, but by then end I hardly looked at it at all, and I don't think I ever opened it while painting her. As the process went on she grew from a 'copy' of the girl in the rulebook, to a character in her own right and I'm rather proud of how she turned out.



Trooper Lillith Polanski - Inquisitorial Trooper

Lillith Polanski was inducted into the Vaningrad 439th regiment of the Imperial Guard just three days after her eighteenth birthday. The Vaningrad 439th was a mixed regiment, but as is so often the case it was male-dominated, especially when it came to positions of authority. Lillith fought hard to prove she was the equal or better of any of the men in the regiment, but the sexism rife in the regiment meant she never progressed beyond being a lowly trooper.

Things changed when her platoon was assigned to the command of Inquisitor Seldon during the suppression of the Skull Pact, a Khornate cult that had overrun the capital of Bryant IV. Lillith's squad was accompanying Seldon and at the height of the fighting they were cut off from the rest of their forces while deep in enemy territory. For two days they fought through the ruined

streets of the capital surviving mainly by stealth and subterfuge, fighting only when they had to. By the time they finally reached the Imperial lines, only Seldon and Lillith were left alive, both nursing numerous wounds. They were almost indistinguishable from the cultists they faced, their clothes ragged and torn, and covered in blood. Only the sight of Seldon's seal, still bright and gleaming kept them from being shot on sight.

Only the strongest of characters could have survived those two days with their sanity intact, and so Seldon invited Lillith to join his team. Since then she has created a small but potent force of Inquisitorial Troopers who accompany Seldon on missions. They are well equipped with arms and armour procured by Seldon, and operating from their modified Valkyrie Dropships they form a potent force in the fight against the minions of Chaos. More recently she was being seconded to the retinue of Inquisitor Kaled during his investigation into the ruins of an ancient Inquisitorial Fortress on Hastor.



Personell file
Lillith Polanski
Stormtrooper

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Lillith	53	66	56	59	60	59	51	63	71

Lillith Polanski is right-handed.

Abilities: Hipshooting

Equipment: *Aristov Pattern Lasgun* & reload, Autopistol & reload, Carapace armour on all locations except head, Pentagrammic wards, Frag Grenade, Knife.

Aristov Pattern Lasgun

The Aristov Pattern Lasgun is easily recognisable due to its twin-barrel configuration and bulky drum-shaped power pack. It has two fire modes. The standard mode directs power through both barrels for a powerful burst of fire. The secondary mode directs power through just one barrel; this mode is less powerful but is less of a drain on the power pack.

	Type	Range	Mode	Acc	Dam	Shots	Rel	Wt
Aristov Pattern Lasgun	Basic	E	Single	-	2D6	100	2	30

The Aristov Pattern Lasgun has different energy settings. The above statistics are for the low power setting. The default setting does 2D6+5 damage, but the shot counts as four shots of energy per shot fired. It takes one action to change the energy setting.



Instigation and Insurrection

An Inquisitor Battle Report

by Ruaridh Dall, Jeremy Lowe and Derek Gillespie

Derek: Several months ago now (nearly nine months, in fact!), I got an idea into my head while flicking through the pages of Fanatic Magazine. Wouldn't it be great, I thought, to see some old-fashioned narrative Inquisitor battle reports again? The classic Lichtenstein vs. Kessel vs. Tyrus reports from the release of the game, published back in White Dwarf, must have introduced so many people to Inquisitor and encouraged them to give it a go, and I wanted to see more of it. The problem was, I didn't have regular opponents any more, and work kept me so busy that time didn't seem to be on my side.

After a bit of head-scratching, I realised that I had access to hundreds of players, thanks to moderating The Conclave – I just needed to find someone I could meet up with and have a game. Looking around, and having seen examples of both his modelling ability on the Con-

clave, and read his thoughts on the manner in which Inquisitor should be played thanks to Fanatic Online, I got in touch, entirely out-of-the-blue, with Ruaridh Dall, and asked if he'd be interested in helping me out. Thankfully for me, he said yes. All we needed now was a GM. Fortunately, I knew just the man. More of a reader than a poster on the Conclave, Jez Lowe is an old 'partner in crime' of mine, the two of us having run more than a few games at events like Conflict: Scotland. I pitched the plan to him and he said 'yes' immediately. So it was that, at the end of 2006, we met up in GW Glasgow and played out the game you'll read about over the following pages. We've written it up in a narrative style, to help convey the way we'd like an Inquisitor game to be thought of. Hope you all like it – feedback is welcomed at the usual address if you'd like to see more!

“Burrell could make out Theobald’s heat signature in the thoroughfare thirty feet below him. She was running hard, and a blurred halo surrounded her as he watched her through his infra-goggles. Moving parallel to her at a similar speed was the ground car she had been tracking since the morning. Inside was Ludovic Bor, head of a water distribution syndicate that had stopped supplying a large number of habs in the eighty-first tier. Sabotage of the pipelines was the official explanation, but the lack so far of any repair crews appearing, despite the residents being heavily involved in the Imperial war effort, was pointing squarely at a far more malicious, and traitorous, set of actions.

Burrell moved forward along the rooftop, and switched his gaze to the large building towards which Bor’s car was moving. It was a warehouse, heavily bomb damaged from fighting some months ago. They had identified it as a meeting place for many members of the so called Brotherhood six days earlier, and he had been staking it out since. The Arbites had been alerted to the fact, and had kept their visibility to a minimum in the area, to allow their plan to proceed.

It was a long way from searching the slag heaps at the bottom of Solon Hive for chance pieces of archeotech, but espionage suited David fine, especially with old Subiaco Diablo in the mess it was. Dexter, Theobald and himself had found themselves posted to Agripinaa back in 999.M41, before the Eye had spewed out the legions of filth that had torn apart all the sectors for light years around. Back then they had come to confirm the heretic D’Agostini’s death, but that objective had been forgotten about when the world had turned to war not long after their arrival. Instead they had found themselves taking apart Chaos cults where they could, and avoiding the ever-shifting front line. It had been hell, but David was all too aware that they had been exceptionally lucky to survive at all. Now though, with the Imperial Navy reigning supreme in the void, the planetfall of the enemy’s forces was at an end, and the armies of Chaos were being, for now at the very least, contained. But with Chaos, nothing could ever be taken for granted. That was why they now found themselves chasing down Bor.

David moved forward to the edge of the roof, and peered down at Theobald once again. She was ahead of the car. Looking up to the warehouse, he spotted an orange glow from one of the top-floor windows. He glanced back down towards Theobald. She was moving to cut off the car.

'Not now damn it,' he said, willing her to stay put for just a second longer. His eyes jugged back to the warehouse, where the glow had resolved into the shape of a man. 'Wait you hardnosed bitch, wait!'

A great flash of red erupted from the window, and the front of the groundcar flashed yellow. The noise of the explosion hit his ears a split-second later. He looked for Theobald amongst the haze of orange and grey. 'She owes you one Lord,' he muttered as he saw her glowing outline dance towards the burning car and yank open the passenger door. She pulled a dull orange shape out onto the ground, and proceeded to drag it away from the car. They had him. He looked back to the window to see the shape was gone. He was going to have words with Dexter when they regrouped. His rocket shot had come late. Shaking his head, he moved towards the ladder at the edge of the building. Lisa would need help dragging Bor's rotund body back to the safehouse in the eighty-first tier, overlooking the neighbourhoods afflicted by the water shortage that the traitor had caused. It was a fitting place to pull the information from him that would lead them to the head of the recidivists.

It was three hours later before they managed to get Bor speaking sense. Dexter's rocket had not only come late, it had also been off target: they had only wanted the nose of the car ruined, and Dexter's shot had slammed into the car three-quarters of way up the bonnet. If Bor had been driving, he would be dead, and even more useless to them than he was now.

'The names of your masters. Now,' Lisa spat at him. She had a handful of his hair and was pulling his head over the back of the chair they'd lashed him to. 'Names Bor, names! The Emperor will take pity on your soul if you give up the heretics that tainted you!' He stayed quiet. Theobald released his hair, and stalked round to face him.

'You're quite a persistent little girl,' he grinned through bloodied teeth. Lisa stepped forward and crashed her fist into his ribs. Bor cried out.

'You don't know the half of it,' she said. 'Who are your masters?' she asked again, reinforcing her question with another body punch. 'I want n-!'

The harsh crack of lasfire drowned out her words. She threw herself flat as Bor's head came apart and lasbolts ripped into the floor and wall. Burrell's Lak 7 thundered from across the room as he returned fire at the assailants. The lasfire died down. They were running. She looked across to David.

'They got Dexter too,' he said, indicating the mangled body behind her.

Theobald picked herself up off the ground and grabbed her laspistol. 'Come on!' she shouted, 'they didn't want Bor to talk, which means we're very much on the right track.'"



Maintaining the Status Quo



Left to Right:

Inquisitor Tomashek Goddard
David Burrell
Explicator “Lisa” Honesty Theobald
Sergeant Huan Choi.

Ruaridh: In June of last year I opened up my email one day to find a message from one Derek Gillespie. Straight away, I had fears that my Conclave postings were meeting with disapproval, but I was very pleasantly surprised to find that he was suggesting playing some games of Inquisitor and making a series of battle reports of them. I felt very honoured that such a highly-esteemed member of the Inquisitor playing community would consider me suitable for engaging in such a project, and I accepted the challenge without pause! A few months of plotting and resource gathering later and we were ready to play down at my local Games Workshop in Glasgow.

The warband I’ll be taking to the table is that of Inquisitor Tomashek Goddard, Ordo Malleus Tesseran. Goddard’s modus operandi is to disrupt the activity of Chaos in the Segmentum Obscurus, especially around the Eye of Terror, and he has come to Agripinaa to aid the cell he has stationed there. In true Amalathian fashion, his operatives are currently attempting to purge the local Administratum of traitors and recidivists as part of their overall aim of bringing stability to Hive Legatus, which will aid in bringing order to the planet as a whole. They are focussing on a water distributing syndicate that have stopped the supply to a number of neighbourhoods, building resentment at the govern-

ment in the locals. They need to be stopped before a revolt comes, as the loyalist forces are stretched enough already dealing with the enemy.

In the run up to this scenario, Goddard’s acolyte, Explicator Elisabeth “Lisa” Honesty Theobald, a headstrong young woman with great athletic qualities, and David Burrell, a former archeotech prospector turned Inquisitorial agent, captured a prominent member of the water syndicate and were in the process of interrogating him when he was assassinated by unknown gunmen. Theobald and Burrell have taken up the chase, to find out what the assassins know. They must have had orders from the leaders of the heretical movement to kill the prisoner before he revealed their names, and thus, they must have useful information too. Little do Lisa and David know they’re about to run smack-bang into the middle of another Inquisitor’s operation that is actually trying to promote the rebellion against the authorities... Fortunately for the two of them, Goddard himself and the head of his Stormtrooper squads, Sergeant Huan Choi, are en route to their position to lend a hand should things go pear-shaped, as they invariably do when any of my characters actually get on the tabletop!

So, Theobald and Burrell will begin on the table edge, pursuing the gunmen with the objective of capturing one or both of them for interrogation. There’s only just the small problem of a milling crowd of civilians and numerous armed members of the other warband to negotiate, with back up likely to be very slow in turning up. Nothing quite like a challenge!

Rousing the Masses



Left to Right:

First Sergeant Ernst Asimov
Interrogator Richard Kuerten
Special Officer Mikael Durant

Derek: Well, it's superb to finally have got everyone together in GW Glasgow to play this game – the logistics of trying to find a suitable time and date when your players are dotted all over the country is not to be under-estimated. Add that to the fact that I've only met Ruaridh once before, and have effectively contacted him out of blind faith because of the standard of his work on The Conclave, and I think even getting to the point of standing in front of the table is a great achievement!

Of course, having got here, I still have to manage to put up a decent showing in the game. Goddard's personnel have gone and intruded right into Saussure's little operation here, and are threatening to throw a massive spanner in the works, seeing as the hard-line Tomashek Goddard isn't likely to agree with Saussure's plans for stabilising the planet of Agripinaa – if Lord Enchivar Ryan is going to be disposed of, then Goddard can't know about it! Working towards that lofty aim, Saussure has had his men on the ground in the lower tiers of Hive Legatus, the major conglomeration upon Agripinaa, for some months now, rabble rousing amongst the populace and stirring up trouble, pushing the pathetically maintained forces of the ruling house to breaking point. At the right time, he'll confront Lord Ryan, accuse him of incompetence in being able to keep his own planet in order, and promptly depose him, putting someone more

competent in place. Job done. Except now Goddard's here, trying to put down the civil insurgency Saussure's been brewing for his own ends. Too many Inquisitors in one place always becomes bothersome!

In this particular instance, Saussure's long-standing Interrogator, Richard Kuerten, is leading a public meeting, posing as an agitator and whipping Imperial citizens into a fury about the failure of the Lords Ryan to get them basic facilities in the aftermath of the 13th Black Crusade. Kuerten has been with Saussure for ten years, and has been groomed by the veteran Inquisitor for a place in the Ordos. He's accompanied by First Sergeant Ernst Asimov, a highly professional veteran of the Xenith XIIth Imperial Guard, and Special Officer Mikael Durant, a street-brawler and one-time local law enforcement officer with a bawdy sense of humour, raised to the ranks of the Inquisitorial Wards by Saussure several years ago. Asimov and Durant are unlikely friends, but enjoy a friendly rivalry based around their respective combat abilities.

Both Asimov and Durant know that, in the event of any trouble, they're there to protect Kuerten and get him free of any danger, seeing as he's in the most exposed position. Apart from that, one of them will be in the crowd, lending their weight of voice to the crowd, and getting them going in response to Kuerten's oratory. The other, most likely Durant, will be wandering the periphery of the meeting, trying to keep an eye out for any unwanted attendees.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent!

Jez: Finally, after months of planning, everything was in place and ready to go. My role was simple. Ensure that things went smoothly and that everyone had a good time. Oh, and bring down the Imperial Government.

The setup for this game was reasonably simple. It had clear objectives for both sides, a bit of a plot twist, excellent scenery and wonderfully converted models. Sausure's men initially have a simple brief. Stir up the populace and don't get caught doing it. However, when the insurgents burst into the equation pursued by what are, undoubtedly, Imperial forces, they have to rapidly improvise to ensure that their operation is not discovered.

Theobald's objective is also simple. Take an insurgent alive for questioning. With the initial informant dead, another one needs to be procured. Unfortunately, she and her team have little idea of the political arena they

are about to stumble into to.

Although there were going to be lots of NPCs on the Board I didn't think this was going to be a problem. I divided them up into two groups. 'The Insurgents' and 'The Extras'. The Extras had no stats and were there to provide colour, moving terrain and the opportunity for some creativity/conundrums on behalf of the players. The Insurgents were fully fleshed out NPCs with their own objective. Escape to Downtown.

With everyone clear on what they were doing and with the board setup all that remained was to see how the story played out. I was aware that both players had Baldrickesque cunning plans up their sleeves in the hopes of securing their objectives. Unfortunately for them, so did the insurgents.

The assassins were running hard, but Theobald was a born athlete and she was closing the gap. Burrell had struggled to keep pace with his swifter companion and was trailing, as always, by a good few metres. The light was dim in this part of town and he was running with infra-goggles down, shouting directions to Theobald as he weaved through the maze of inanimate obstacles that his goggles barely managed to pick out in time to for him to avoid. The pair of them rounded a corner, Theobald clearing a slumbering vagrant with a smooth leap, and it was then that David realised that things were about to get complicated. The heat signatures of the two insurgents were a running towards a big, blurry mass of heat. Damn, he thought to himself, pulling the goggles off his head to get a clearer look. There was some sort of congregation ahead and, even worse, David's sharp eyes picked out a figure on a balcony overlooking the crowd. Some sort of rabble-rouser. He couldn't really have picked a worse place to bring these people together, David thought; he and Lisa didn't need a bunch of innocents in the way...



Varka and Jovan frantically make for the apparent safety of the crowd, with Theobald hot on their heels!

Lisa realised she needed to do something about the civilians ahead – if the gunmen made it into the middle of the scrum then they would certainly lose them. She raised her laspistol and discharged a shot into the air. Immediately, the people ahead erupted into panic, their heads whipping round to see where the gunshot had come from. Some started to move away, but the group was tightly pressed together and no one made it very far in the initial surge. Lisa cursed as the two assailants piled into the midst of the group, one careering through a group of old fuel barrels, set alight to keep the crowd warm, his passage marked by a tidal wave of sparks and drifting embers. He disappeared out of view but the other was clearly visible in his PDF uniform, battering his way forward with his indiscriminate strikes from the stock of his lasgun. Lisa accelerated, covering the last few yards between them before the press of bodies closed behind him. Her diving tackle grounded him, hard. He struggled, turning over onto his back and desperately trying to wriggle free, oaths flowing freely. Theobald flailed out with the butt of her laspistol in an attempt to subdue him, but only succeeded in knocking his lasgun from his grasp.



Kuerten has his meeting interrupted by Theobald's pursuit, and instructs his men to contain the situation.

Stopped while in full oratory flow by the commotion down below, Richard took in the scene. Throne knows who these two were, but they had just caused merry hell with the nerves of the crowd in the square. As the crowd parted slightly, milling in confusion, he saw the figure of Jovan, one of the local heavies the insurrectionists used when they needed muscle. Silhouetted against the toppled fuel fire, his frame was unmistakable, muscle running to fat. He was panting from the chase, but had his weapon drawn and was looking back in the direction he had come. If Jovan was there, then Richard assumed the figure on the floor, wrestling with what looked like a woman, would be Varka – the disgruntled ex-PDF soldier seldom worked apart from Jovan. Something about having both lost family during the famines after the Black Crusade, he thought. Time to do something about this situation before it got worse – whoever was pursuing these two seemed intent on breaking up his temporary congregation, and that wouldn't bode well for the greater work.

“Sergeant, get those two idiots into cover and keep them safe,” he barked into the comm-piece sewn into the high collar of his naval coat. Down in the crowd, First Sergeant Ernst Asimov didn't need telling

twice. He'd been agitating in response to Kuerten's words, stirring the crowd with a well-placed and vocal agreement when required. But as soon as the shots had come, his combat reflexes had gone onto full alert. His ragged cloak was cast aside, and the comforting weight of his las-rifle nestled in his arms. The crowd was parting now, moving as one with a palpable sense of panic, but there was still no room to get a shot off. Still, it was obvious where they were all trying to get away from, and he shouldered his way through. That toy-soldier Varka was on the ground, with a ferocious looking woman on top of him. They were engaged in a wrestling match, but Varka didn't appear to be a good match for the athletic build of the lady – how pathetic. Ernst launched himself into a shoulder charge, pushing the woman off the prone Varka, and following up with the butt of his lasgun, knocking her backwards and slightly off balance. She rolled with the blow and ended up facing him in a fighting crouch. She was good – well, better than the part-timer at his feet, at any rate.

“Get up, and stay where I can keep an eye on you”, he growled at Varka, who reluctantly scrabbled away, looking for his fallen weapon. The lady still had her weapon drawn, and didn't appear to want to lower it, despite the intent with which he was wielding his own rifle in her direction. “Get the smack out of my way”, she sneered, “or you'll get more than a few bruises”. Asimov snorted – she sure as hell wasn't a pretty one, but she had guts. And a stance that showed she knew how to handle herself. The situation hadn't had a chance to resolve itself any further, before the crack-bang of a heavy bore stubber sounded from over his right shoulder. Something cracked past his ear and the ugly woman fell backwards, yelping with shock as blood spurted from her abdomen. Ernst looked over his shoulder, seeing that the Interrogator had interceded to cut their face-off short. He nodded his appreciation of the shot and dragged Varka back into cover behind some nearby refuse.

The crowd, stirred into true panic by the escalating violence, scattered up the feeder streets and away from the square.



Mikael Durant, heavy clothing draped over his substantial frame, continued his looping patrol on the outskirts of the meeting. He was far too far away to hear what was going on, but he didn't mind at all. He was back where he belonged, down in the dank depths of the Squalor. He knew how things worked down here – places like this had bred him. If the boss wanted him here to enforce his peace and stop anyone interfering with Richard's rabble-rousing, then that was good enough for him. The shock maul, inactive in his hands at the moment, would help him see that the boss wasn't disappointed. As he turned the corner, he was more than a bit surprised to see a mass of people streaming up the street towards him. Judging by the panic, the screams and the looks on their faces, something was up. He broke into a jog, then a run, but moving against the flow of people was stopping him getting any nearer whatever was happening. These people needed scattering quickly, so Durant drew his shotgun and blasted a round over the head of the crowd, bellowing for them to make way. Faced with the scarred, stubbled, shaven-headed bruiser in their path, the crowd fanned out in a dozen directions, and Durant had a path through to Richard. Can't let Asimov have another chance to show how much more “professional” he is, after all.



David snapped off a couple of wild shots from his Lak 7 towards the shooter on the balcony, causing him to duck back through a doorway into cover. He moved quickly to Lisa's side, to find her nursing a wound in her abdomen. It was bleeding, but it didn't look too serious.

'You'll be fine,' he reassured her, and looked up to take stock: The PDF gunman's rescuer was dragging him further into the dispersing crowd and there was further commotion somewhere behind the smoke from the barrel fire. The man on the balcony hadn't reappeared yet either. His eyes narrowed. Who were these interlopers? More insurrectionists? David lifted himself out of cover again, but quickly threw himself flat once more as lasfire flickered passed him. He felt a sharp pain in his wrist and the scent of burning stung his nostrils. He glanced down with some annoyance to see that the geo-augur strapped there had been reduced to a mess of smoking plastic. He was developing a strong feeling that they were dealing with something more than a group of recidivists; if their shooting was anything to go by, these people were professionals. The thought filled David with quite a bit of trepidation about his immediate future.



Jovan glanced around, panic beginning to overpower the adrenalin pumping through his system. Those two frakkin' Imperials had been all over them like stink on a Tiger-Monkey and, try as they might, him and Varka hadn't been able to lose them. Of course, stumbling just as he was about to leap over those flaming barrels hadn't been part of the plan either. He glanced down and noted that he wasn't on fire. Well, that was something. Then he saw Varka's rifle go bouncing past, a second man appear from nowhere with another lasgun and then the sound of a frakkin' hand-cannon banged out. He didn't see who it hit but as long as it wasn't him he didn't mind that much. Now, how to get out of here?

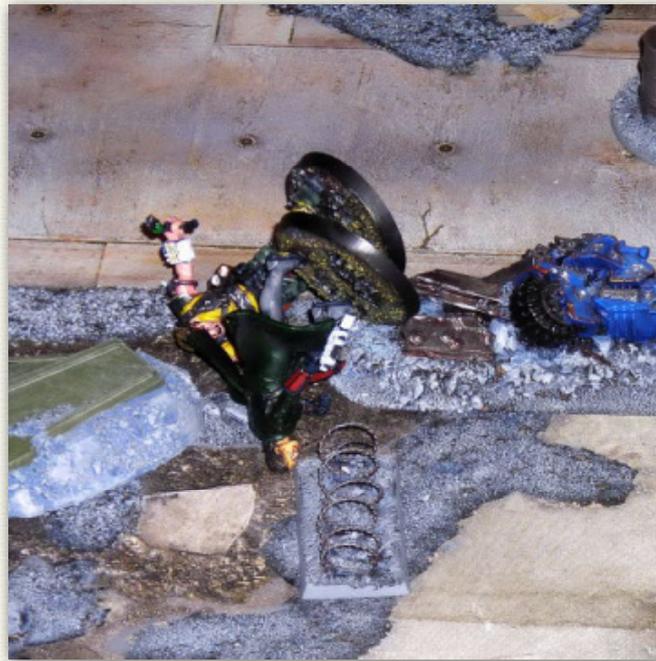
Marie-Ann had been holding her Mother's hand when everyone started screaming. She hadn't wanted to be here. Standing in the crowd was boring and the stupid man up on the balcony looked mean. However, she was used to it by now and so had been staring off into space when there was a funny sound behind her. Then suddenly all the grown ups were shouting and screaming and everyone was banging into her. Her mother's hand was ripped from her and she fell to the ground, scraping her knee. Suddenly, a large man swept her up in one arm and pulled her against his chest. She felt something hard prod into the side of her head.

"No-body move" screamed Jovan, backing away from his pursuers and keeping the child between him and their guns. He ground the gun into the side of her head to emphasise the point. Marie-Ann gritted her teeth. No-one was going to take her away from her mummy.



Taking a few deep breaths to compose himself, Asimov rolled his head and lasgun over the crest of the rubble pile, keeping the squirming Varka held out of sight with the other arm. As he finally accepted his man-handling, Varka fell quiet, and Ernst readied himself properly. There was someone else with the woman, an out-of-depth looking civilian, by his reckoning. He'd sent him diving for cover a second ago with a glancing blow to the arm, the las-round grazing the skin and hitting some sort of vambrace he had been wearing. The woman had got up again, readying her weapon for another exchange of fire despite the wound in her abdomen. Persistent. Persistent, but foolhardy, he thought, as he squeezed the

trigger once again, holding it down and letting a stream of semi-automatic fire scythe from the barrel of the gun and shoot towards the woman. The first hurtled passed her, but he corrected his aim and smacked a las-bolt into her shoulder, spinning her around and sending her diving back into cover.



Burrell and Theobald are kept pinned by Asimov's wickedly accurate suppressive fire.

"Shift yourself, Varka. Get back over there and keep your head down". He thrust his arm towards where Kuerten had been speaking.

"Screw you, gun-boy. What gives you the right to call the shots?"

"One of us had a woman man-handling him and has no gun left, toy-soldier. The other one of us is dealing with both of the people who just made you look like an arse. Now move." Conceding the point about the gun at the very least, Varka scrambled for the opening in the wall Asimov had gestured to. Freed of his charge, the First Sergeant rolled into position a few metres to his left and took up a firing position once again, crouched behind a burnt-out ground car.



Julian Varka fumed with indignant rage as he made it to the blasted wall – who in the Emperor's name were this lot to give him orders? He'd be the first to admit that they'd helped the cause significantly since they turned up a few months back, but that didn't give them a Throne-blessed right to call the shots. He'd have had that ugly bitch if he'd been allowed a few more seconds. And he'd have got his gun back. Where the hell was that?

His brief reverie was interrupted by footsteps coming down the stairs off to his left. The fancy one of that lot was coming down stairs, gun drawn. Young, vaguely well-bred looking, ridiculous hair like he'd seen nancy officer cadets wearing, with those augmetic supports on his legs for some reason. He had a natural authority about him, so it didn't surprise him that the guy they called Ern listed to him – Ern had more than a bit of the arse-licker about him, so keen to prove how good he was to his bosses. The

real reason it was obvious the nancy boy was in charge was the fact that the bald guy listened to him. He didn't know his name, but the bald guy looked like he could break a man over his knee without breaking a sweat – all squat muscle and anger, that bald guy. Well, Julian Varka wasn't any nancy boy's goon.

“Varka, thank the Emperor they've not got their hands on you. I need you to get yourself out of here, now. Take Jovan with you, and let the others know that we're discovered. The Investigators must have got wind of us down here.” The nancy boy's voice was level and measured.

“No way - give me a gun and I'll sort this out. Jovan can handle himself, and I can deal with that bitch. You get your guys out of here. We never had any issues with the Investigators until you got involved.”

The nancy boy's face hardened. His voice had steel in it. “You never had any issues with the Investigators because you weren't getting anywhere, you gutter-worm. Mr. Ure's operation has given you impetus for the first time in years, so don't you tell me what I can and can't do. Mr. Ure has made things happen for you because he surrounds himself with people that know exactly what they're doing and that's why we're handling this situation, while you've been caught in the act of a half-arsed assassination and have brought all hell down on us. Now, while someone out there who knows what he's doing gets on with covering up this cock-up of yours, you shift as and when I tell you, or you'd rather have the wrath of a Primarch come down upon you.”

Maybe the nancy-boy had a point, thought Varka. He ran.

Stubborn NPCs and Arguing

Jez: Varka's discovery of his backbone came as quite a surprise to Kuerten. However, as GM I like to inject a little character into the life of my NPCs. In this case, as Varka is a street-hood with an ego problem I decided that he would be furious with himself for being beaten up by a 'gurl'. Having escaped from Theobald and taken a few deep breaths I thought that he would be looking for an excuse to demonstrate his 'hardness'. The initial exchange was played 'off the cuff' with Derek's

responses (through Kuerten) provoking much amusement. However, with his men in danger, Kuerten acted quickly and exerted his substantial charisma to ensure Varka followed orders. In this case, an opposed check between Kuerten's Ld and Varka's Nv. Kuerten won easily and sent the street-tough on his way with his tail between his legs. Varka obviously picked the wrong man to annoy!

Jovan stumbled backwards, looking desperately over his shoulder to make sure no one was creeping up behind him. Just a couple of frightened civvies. Good. If he could just get to the derelict tenements behind him he could vanish into the warren of corridors and knocked through walls. He grinned as he saw Varka duck into one of the doorways. Then the child dug her heel hard into his family jewels. Jovan wasn't sure what happened next.

One minute everything had been fine, the next he was awash with blood and knackers hurt like hell. He dropped the corpse and sank to his knees, doubled-up in pain for a few seconds. C'mon Jovan, get yourself back into cover. Think about it later. C'mon. Move. Think about it later.

It was then that he heard the whine of a lasgun powering up behind him. He turned to see one of the civvies, an old, chubby guy with too much beard and too little hair, pointing Varka's lasgun at him. There was hatred in his eyes. Oh frak, he thought.

Enraged Civilians and Unexpected Happenings

Jez: Although I had decided that I wasn't going to worry about The Extras, I thought that I would give the girl a chance to fail her Nerve test and try and flee. Unfortunately, she passed on a 01%. I thought that someone that plucky would make a fight of things and she landed a telling blow on Jovan. This sort of moment is exactly what Extras are there for - like a Chandelier that allows a hero to swing from one side to another but breaks under the weight of the goon chasing him, they should provide moments of drama.

The longer they were pinned down by lasfire, the further the targets were getting away. Theobald turned to Burrell. 'The time for clemency is over,' she snarled, 'let's move.' She stood and snapped off a lasround from her pistol. The shooter's head snapped back and he disappeared behind the crates, flung backwards. She took off into a run, determined to make sure that he was out of the game completely.

Burrell watched her go and, as he went to follow, he caught sight of something arcing over his head. In a painful split-second of realisation, it occurred to him that it was a grenade, thrown by someone who had obviously heard Theobald's gunfire and taken offence. He buried his head in the dirt and waited for the explosion. The concussion wave from the flash-bang washed over him and, half in shock, he opened his eyes slowly to find himself still breathing and still intact. He vowed to himself that he would be doubling his prayer schedule in the evening if he made it out alive.

Durant cursed his luck. Emperor knows what in the Eye had happened here. It was hard to pin down how many assailants there were, but he could see two crouched and taking cover from Ernst's las-fire, hunched behind a makeshift barricade. They seemed oblivious to his late arrival in the square. Nothing like a quick flash-bang to incapacitate them long enough to get up close and personal. That'd show Asimov the quick way to get things done. The photon flash grenade detached from his belt and was primed quickly, but not fast enough. Even as it left his hand the woman had snapped off shots and leapt from her cover towards Ernst, who was suddenly sprawled on his back. Damn scoring points now – he wasn't going to let her get to Ernst uncontested. The grenade went off as it landed, but he wasn't paying attention to the other man any more.



Above: Lisa floors Asimov with a laspistol shot, and follows up to take him out of the fight for good...

Varka was on his way. Damn the man's impertinence! Kuerten watched him go, ducking and weaving his way towards safety, like he'd finally conceded to do. He still had no idea where Jovan was, but he couldn't see him down in the open space of the square. Gun low, in two hands, and ready to be brought to bear, he peered around the edge of the blast hole in the building that had previously been his pulpit. To his surprise, Asimov was down – the visible sear of a las-wound scorched across his scalp. The veteran soldier was moving slightly, but obviously wasn't going to be providing much more cover fire in the immediate future. Movement caught his attention from the right hand side of his field of view, and he saw the woman leap from behind cover, moving with a determined athleticism towards Ernst's prone form, her long coat billowing behind her. Richard assumed that, seeing as she obviously knew where Ernst was lying, it was she who had put him on his back. She had not, however, thought to see if the fallen soldier had comrades nearby, but he had to act quickly. He spun himself out of cover, raising the blunt-nosed barrel of his stubber as he did so. The woman caught the motion, a look of shock briefly crossing her face, and causing her to slightly falter in her run. She didn't have nearly enough to time to protect herself or take evasive action though, and Richard let fly a single round at the running target. The slug smacked into her leg, spinning her around and sending her crashing down into the detritus at her feet. Richard wasted no time, running the short distance towards the prone figure and drawing his chainsword as he did so. As the teeth of the blade roared into life, he cleared the heap of rubble the woman had just toppled over, and brought the ferocious weapon across his torso, sweeping towards the ground.

Bleeding from her fresh wound, the woman shrieked and rolled clear of the whirling teeth, ripping clothing and drawing more blood from a dozen small scratches across her arms and face. Richard stepped forward over the prone form, bringing the blade back towards the helpless target.



Jovan dived to one side but still felt the man's shot sear hair from his scalp. Leaping to his feet he sprinted down the street, blindly scattering shots all around him in a desperate attempt to free himself of his pursuers.

It wasn't working.

The civvie was all over him like a cheap suit and his shots, even fired from the hip, were getting mightily close. Suddenly, there was a meaty thud from behind him and a roar from in front of him. He saw the smart looking kid leap over a pile of rubble, whirling chainsword in hand. Glancing behind him he saw a big guy with a shotgun standing over the unconscious form of the psychopath that had been chasing him. Seemingly in the clear, Jovan put his head down and ran for it.



David's legs finally came back to him as he witnessed Lisa scramble backwards from the chainsword-wielding man. It was the man from the balcony that had avoided his gunfire. For Theobald's sake he was going to make sure that he made a more telling intervention now. He felt determination flood through his body and he took off into a sprint through the rubble, fixing his eyes on Theobald's as-

saulter. Three strides from him, Burrell's leading foot hit a loose patch of gravel and he stumbled off course. In desperation, he threw himself into a dive, but sailed past his intended target, and crashed into the still-prone form of the gunman Theobald had downed with the headshot. The man's temple was bloody, but his eyes went wide when David crashed down onto him, and he latched his hands around David's throat. Burrell struggled against his grip, and grabbed his wrists in an attempt to free his neck. He pried the offensive hands away, but the man rolled under him, and David fell to the side. He lashed out with a fist and bought himself a second's respite.

Kuerten was unmoved as the man stumbled behind him, sailing through the air and landing in an inglorious heap near Ernst, who seemed to have recovered his wits somewhat. The woman, wide-eyed, was still at his feet, and the chainsword hovered near her throat. The kill was his, but he was not one to exult in blood for the sake of blood. He was trained to be always alert, even in the midst of combat, and such training stood him in good stead. As she had frantically scrambled from the initial strike of his blade, her coat had snagged on a length of barbed wire, and been pulled away from most her body. And there, on the leather of her bodysuit above the left breast, was a small pin. Innocuous but now visible, a Death's Head skull grinned at him. On the expanse of the skull's forehead, chiselled and painted black, was a single letter "I", inscribed with three perpendicular lines – the symbol of the Inquisition. How very interesting. And potentially very problematic, he thought. Benedict would not be happy. The woman was still, not willing to move a muscle and provoke him. He kept the chainsword above her throat, and let her eyes meet his.

Noticing the Symbol

Derek: When Kuerten had Theobald down on the ground and at his mercy, I really didn't want him to run her through. It's not really his style, and I'm not a fan of deaths for the sake of it. I reasoned that, if there were anything on her person identifying her as member of the Inquisition, then maybe he should have a chance to notice it? Ruairidh thought there was a good chance she'd have some sort of small identifier, and Jez allowed me an Initiative test to spot the symbol, which, luckily, I passed. Kuerten deactivated the chainsword and left it

hovering over Theobald – she was down, but not about to be skewered.

Jez: I've always agreed with Derek sentiments on the topic of killing helpless characters. When Derek pointed out that Kuerten wouldn't feel comfortable killing her he also came up with a good rationale for Kuerten to pause. I thought it was a good reason and we ran with it. I heartily encourage this sort of thinking and play amongst my players.



Lisa's entire world seemed to have shrunk to only consisting of the chainblade at her throat. She realised that her life was entirely the mercy of the man looming above her. Her leg and arm burned with pain from the gunshot wounds and she knew that there was not even the smallest chance that she could bring her laspistol to bear before her head left her shoulders. There was only one card left to play, one that would totally blow their cover, but that was the least of her worries right now.

In as strong a voice as she could manage, she uttered: 'Imperial Inquisition! Stand down!'



Above: Kuerten has Theobald at his mercy as she frantically scrabbles away from the swings of his chainsword.

Ha! Always worth a shot in a tight situation, he conceded. He thumbed the stud mounted on the hilt of the blade and the howling teeth of his sword fell slowly silent. However, he did not remove the blade from her throat. His free hand reached within his coat, pulling out the seal from within, and holding it within his clenched fist. He glanced sideways, seeing Ernst beginning to get the better of the assailant who had so unceremoniously landed on top of him. The First Sergeant had rolled his attacker off him and had his hands forcing their way towards a particularly effective choke-hold on the struggling man.

“Leave him, Ernst”, he said, his tone level. “I think we’re at crossed purposes here.” He turned his gaze back to the wounded woman at his feet, and dropped the seal onto her chest. “The Inquisition moves in many guises”. The look on her face was priceless.



A Very Close Shave

Ruaridh: What great fun that was. Things didn’t really go my way at all and I must say that Lisa and David were very, very lucky to get out of there alive, but it was an excellent game that was very entertaining to play. And that’s what Inquisitor is all about, isn’t it?

My guys didn’t succeed in their mission of capturing either of the assassins, but given the forces arrayed against them, I think they did very well in even getting close to them at the start of the game. Theobald gloriously ran down Varka, putting all her sporting expertise into play when she tackled him to the ground. Unfortunately, she didn’t quite manage to land a blow on his

head that would have taken him out of the game for a bit. Then Asimov had to step in, damn him! I think her stubbornness really shone through in that game – she was not going to give up the chase even when under fire and wounded. Her impetuosity almost got her run through with a chainsword, but fortunately we managed to avoid losing her thanks to some generous GMing from Jez.

David did as best he could, sending Kuerten fleeing into cover with his first shots was the high point of his game as he spent quite a few turns managing to do very little at all. Poor guy’s not all that cut out for combat. He

would have had all of Derek's guys in a hole-digging match though! Missing Kuerten with the flying tackle at the end really summed up Burrell: a lot of heart, but not much ability. David's one of my favourite characters to tell the truth, as he's just a normal guy who got wound up in some extraordinary circumstances when an Inquisitor pulled up in his township and asked for a guide. Quite a bit different from the marvels of humanity that stomp up and down worlds all over the galaxy!

The game aside though, it was great meeting up with Derek and Jez after all the planning we'd put into the story and scenario generation. There was a point where it looked like things would fall through, but with a bit of graft and setting a firm date, things managed to come together perfectly. It was terrific to see Derek's models up close and personal, as his stuff is up there with the best to be seen on the Conclave's Painting and Modelling Forum, and there's only so much a photo can show you in terms of tabletop presence – his definitely dominated the board around them! Derek and Jez

themselves were great fun and the game was played in a really relaxed atmosphere, and I think we all made an effort to do things as cinematically as we could, which is half the point of Inquisitor scenarios. Don't think I'll be forgetting all the cool mini-scenes from this game, whether it was Lisa barking obscenities in Asimov's face, or Kuerten holding the chainsword to her throat.

I should add a big thanks to Andy, Ed, Alex and Martin at GW Glasgow for being so accommodating and letting us take over a couple of their tables during a busy day for themselves. So thanks guys!

Just got to worry about what not capturing the assassins means for Goddard's mission now; he has no idea about Saussure's involvement in the uprising, and the veteran Inquisitor is surely going to be able to convince Goddard to do just about anything. Who would ever question the motives of a member of the Ordos Terran...?



Cliffhanger!

Derek: What an awesome game!

I can't help but feel vaguely amazed at the end of this, seeing as everyone seemed to perform with a respectable degree of competency. Believe me, if you've seen me usually roll action dice, you'd know that that's not the status quo!

I had an absolute blast playing that one – from the moment that Asimov got involved in single-handedly laying down suppressive fire on Theobald and Burrell, ushering the truly useless Varka out of the line of fire, I knew it was going to be a good laugh. Durant wasn't much cop, but it took him so long to get involved in the action that all he really got to do was take part in the side-show that was dealing with a vengeful civilian. I had thought it would be very cool if he'd managed to land that Photon Flash Grenade right in front of Theobald just as she was ready to charge Asimov, but it wasn't to be, she got away and sprinting before I had finished

throwing it, and the damn thing scattered off target anyway – some rats probably had their retina seared, but nothing more. Speaking of Theobald being away and sprinting, Kuerten's intervention to save Asimov was supremely cool, plucking the charging Theobald from her run, then pinning her down with a chainsword. Jez really helped here, knowing that I didn't want to have Kuerten run Theobald through, so was most obliging when I explained I was looking for a way to have him realise what was going on – might she have an insignia of some form, I ventured?

In fact, Jez deserves kudos for making the game as enjoyable as possible – his style of GMing is just ever-so-slightly off-the-cuff, and you never quite know what he's going to throw at you (an ungrateful NPC that argued back took me totally off-guard!), but it's always fun. He's suffered under my GM control enough times to quite enjoy getting his own back, I think!

The other good point was meeting up with Ruaridh again, and seeing all of his models in the flesh (so to speak) for the first time. I love seeing converted models, and Ruaridh's are top notch in terms of the concepts behind them, and the neat execution of those concepts to give him great gaming pieces. Add in the fact that his attitude towards the game was exactly what I hoped, always looking for ways to make it better and being totally amicable throughout, and the whole thing went off

almost exactly as I'd hoped. I also can't sign off without thanking Andy Horsfall and the other staff of GW Glasgow for giving us the table to play on and being so attentive during the day, especially when customers kept asking what people were doing playing with those "big models". Players in the making!

Now, how am I going to convince Goddard that Sausure's intentions are perfectly legitimate, then?



Film, Camera, ACTION!

Jez: Overall I'm very pleased with how that went. Specifically because everyone involved had fun. Secondary to that, both sides had a good stab at achieving their objectives and the plot-arc is well primed for a tense second game.

I like to see Inquisitor games that offer a flavour of the character of the participants and that are a little bit different. In this game, both Ruaridh and Derek did an excellent job of describing exactly what their characters were doing, of keeping their tactical decisions in character and, most importantly, making sure that their characters did not act on knowledge they might not have had. This can be quite difficult but both of them are experienced players and it was very much like watching a scene from a film played out. It is seductively easy to simply say things like "He will evade to here, kneel and fire five times at him" instead of something like "David will head for the cover of the rubble, weaving and keeping low to make himself a difficult target. Once there,

he'll peek his head around the corner and squeeze off covering fire at Durant." They both achieve the same thing, but one helps put a picture in your head.

As for keeping things different, I can only suggest two things: Firstly, that the GM remains flexible and rewards sensible creativity from the players. Secondly, that you don't run a game with a highly detailed plan set in your head. I think all GMs will agree when I say that 'no plan ever survives contact with the player'. Bearing that in mind, I tend to keep things very open and flexible with only the overall objective clear in my mind before the game starts. This allows me to incorporate any cool ideas or events that crop up whilst also making sure that the game proceeds in the right direction.

On a personal note, both Derek and Ruaridh were excellent fun and the team at GW Glasgow were marvellous hosts. Personally, I can't wait for the next game.



Reading Further

There's plenty of opportunity for you to play your own games of Inquisitor set during the aftermath of the 13th Black Crusade. The Fanatic website has an article giving ideas for exactly that (download it from <http://www.specialist-games.com/assets/inqeye.pdf>), while you can

find the initial campaign summary, giving lots of details about the systems involved and their current state, at the still-active website, www.eyeofterror.com. (the specific article can be found at <http://www.eyeofterror.com/uk/assets/eot-conclusion.pdf>).

Theobald, she was called. He'd offered her help with her wounds, but the little man was seeing to that. Durant wasn't happy at all – Kuerten didn't think he liked the fact that he'd not been able to get one over on his old friend Ernst in the firefight. As soon as it was clear that Ernst would be okay, Mikael had been back to his bullish self. Theobald was looking at him with a face like thunder, though it was clear that she wouldn't exactly have turned his head even she'd been in a good mood with him. Ernst had told him of the brief bit of chatter on the comm-net as soon as Theobald had dragged herself to her feet – good quality micro-communications, he presumed. He'd had Durant make a call of his own shortly after.

Theobald had suddenly got to her feet, and a second later he was aware of a red-dot sweeping up and resting on his chest, though it hadn't come from the two people in front of him. Durant saw the two men coming and his shotgun was racked and ready to fire near-instantaneously. The man that came towards them from the gloom, hellgun aimed unerringly at Kuerten's chest, looked equally intent.

"Desist and disarm", came an amplified voice from the newcomer. Big, obviously well-muscled and supremely confident, the figure wore red combat armour prominently emblazoned with the symbol of the Inquisition over tough, combat-weave fatigues. He looked every inch the professional killer. Durant was unmoved. The red-armoured figure switched his aim to the Ward, and the two gun barrels faced one another down. Theobald had a smile on her face now.

"I would strongly advise you do as Choi says", came an educated voice from out of the gloom "he tends to take the safety of my party very seriously". This man, stepping into view now, dressed in a long coat over light body armour, and looked every bit as capable as the Stormtrooper aiming the gun at Durant. More so, actually, seeing as he was only carrying a shock maul and a pistol. It suggested a confidence, and ability to handle oneself. Kuerten appreciated that.

"Lower the gun, Mikael. We've fought enough today." He waved his arm to emphasise his intent the Ward, and turned back to the newcomers. "Interrogator Richard Kuerten, of the Ordo Hereticus. I have the pleasure of addressing...?"

"Inquisitor Tomashek Goddard, Ordo Malleus Tesseract. It would appear that you've interrupted an ongoing investigation of mine, Interrogator, and injured my staff in the process. I fully intend to have you answer for that."

Kuerten nodded his consent of the demand. His comm-link clicked twice in his ear, on the secure frequency. "I would be delighted to make your acquaintance, my Lord, but I fear that matters are better explained by someone more senior than I".

"Who's that then? Unless one of these two ugly smakheads is actually in charge", Theobald spat out, flicking her head in Asimov's and Durant's direction. Goddard looked irked by the intervention, but her pride was most likely stung by the circumstances in which she had ended up.

Another new voice, this time from over Kuerten's shoulder. "Not at all, young lady. Though to call them "smakheads" might be testing Durant's patience a mite too far. Inquisitor Goddard, your reputation precedes you sir, though I regret that we must have our paths cross like this."

Goddard looked at the newcomer. "And who am I now addressing?"

The newcomer, dressed in simple yet expensive-looking trousers, body vest and long coat, leaning on yet not supported by a long staff of metal and possessed of bright eyes despite his obvious age, had a smile forming on his lips, surrounded by a close-cropped beard. "My name is Herodotus Benedict Saussure, of the Ordo Hereticus Terran".

Communiques

Every issue, we'll be publishing a selection of e-mails that Inquisitor aficionados (i.e. you, the readers!) have sent to the editor-in-chief, along with our replies. If anyone wants to get in touch with us, be it about something you've seen in a previous issue of the magazine, your gaming experiences, or another Inquisitor-related issue, then please feel free to do so – the address you need is editor@darkmagenta.net.

So, without further ado...

Language Barrier?

Hi guys,
Your proposal for the new inquisitor magazine seems great! I'm looking forward the first issue, and I am generally interested in contributing articles. But, as my mother tongue is German, I fear that I may have issues with the correct use of the English language. My main focus is modeling and painting, as there are not exactly many people involved in the game around here.

Best regards,
Philipp Ahrendt

Thank you very much for your interest, Philip – we welcome submissions from all over the world, but the language must be English, as you've pointed out. However, if you feel happy enough to sit down and write us an e-mail without recourse to a dictionary, then you're probably a long way towards being able to write an article too! Our sub-editors go through every article and correct spelling errors so, as long as every second word isn't wrong, we'll be as helpful and accommodating as we can with authors for whom English is not their first language, as long as the concept for the article is of a high quality!

So Many Ideas, So Little Time...

Firstly, I have to say well done on the idea of an official site dedicated to Inquisitor. I've been very interested in the game since it was first released and have recently been trying to get back into modeling in the larger scale. Many of my characters I have and will be producing are based upon a book I've been writing. Although many are still yet unpainted (trying to get photos of the work done before painting), I still use them for inspiration for my book.

The main suggestions I have for the site are a weapons summary page and a complete errata page.

I think the idea of a page, not so much an article, of weapon summaries on the site would be good - kind of like the one already in the back of the rule book, although more extensive. There are heaps of articles on the Fanatic site which include new weapons and the like. But it's hard searching EVERY article for one specific rule you're after. What if you compiled all the weapons rules (new and old) into the one place? You could also include a link to the articles they are in.

Secondly, on the Fanatic site, the errata is confusing. I don't have many of the magazines they say to look in for this rule or that rule. Also the downloadable errata doesn't have all the rule changes. So it would be nice to be able to download ALL of the official rule changes. Things like the "Hit location table" and many of the other really important game changing rules. I know there are new rules thought up all the time but a simple and easy to read errata would be a great help.

Lastly, a few things on modeling: I was wondering if you guys would be producing or able to get Games Workshop to produce new things for the Inquisitor range? If there are so many devoted followers of the game I'm sure they're always interested in new modeling opportunities brought on by new releases. A few suggestions might be blister packs containing different head or arm options for the models already in production. Different female options for the range perhaps, as these are very limited. Maybe some more things for Space Marines? I've always wanted to make a combat squad (maybe even a command squad) of these guys who feature heavily in the 40k universe and in my book.

Short and Sweet

Anyways, I think I've rambled on for long enough on this email so thanks heaps for reading this and listening to my suggestions.

- Stuart Thomson

Stuart, thank you for your clearly boundless enthusiasm! I feel this is as good a place as any to point out what Dark Magenta is not setting out to do – we're not trying to replace the Fanatic Studio! Many of the items you mention are available on the Fanatic website (<http://www.specialist-games.com/inquisitor/default.asp>), and we have no permission to reproduce these items at the moment.

Regarding the FAQ and Errata on the Fanatic site, most of the corrections simply refer to the Inquisitor rulebook, which you can download free of charge from the Fanatic website. You should also realize that all the rules that have been changed by official rules review procedures since the release of the game are easy to find, as they're in red text in the online rulebook! The other main point people mention is the amended character sheet, but a correct version of this is available from the "Player Aids" section of the Inquisitor website (<http://www.specialist-games.com/inquisitor/player-era.asp>), along with other useful summary sheets.

As much we would love to be able to get the Inquisitor model range expanded, I'm afraid that this isn't directly within our powers! The reduction in the Inquisitor model range is a big loss to gamers in the UK, but there are other options outside of the UK Online Store – the GW US and European Online Stores still stock a fuller range (assuming you're willing to pay the postage!), and there are plenty of non-GW miniature companies that produce 54mm models suitable for adaptation into the Inquisitor game – try a web search for Historex Agents, Pegaso Models, Andrea Miniatures or Romeo Models to see what I mean. Other than that, the best you can do is keep playing Inquisitor, and showing Fanatic that there's still an active playing community for the game. You never know, maybe some new miniatures (or older stock on re-release) will come out way in one of the twice yearly Fanatic Studio release periods.

Sorry to not have more positive responses to some of your queries! If you fancy yourself as a budding author, however, why not submit some Inquisitor-inspired fiction to Dark Magenta, and see what the readership thinks of it?

Hello.

Whatever happened to Exterminatus? Specifically, all the campaign material for Inquisitor conspiracies? It would be nice to get hold of that material.

- Håkan Gustavsson

Ah, Exterminatus magazine – what happy days! Sadly, Håkan, Exterminatus lasted only ten issues before it was discontinued and became a part of Fanatic Magazine which, in turn, was discontinued and moved online, to become Fanatic Online Magazine. Copies of Exterminatus occasionally turn up on eBay, and that's probably your best chance of getting hold of any issues you've missed. Sadly, the Fanatic website does not currently have any PDF versions of the originally-published articles.

However, you can still get a hold of all the Inquisitor: Conspiracies campaign supplements from the UK Online Store – they live under the heading of "Campaign Supplements" in the Inquisitor section of the Specialist Games Online Store.

That's all for this issue. Thank you to all of you who have taken the time to e-mail us and give us your enthusiasm and support for the making of Dark Magenta – it's much appreciated! Hopefully, we'll be seeing that enthusiasm turn itself into quality articles being submitted for the next issue! Until then, enjoy the rest of this issue!

Regards,

Derek

Gathering Dust?

Why people don't play Inquisitor – Part One

By Robey Jenkins

Some people love to paint their miniatures. For others, it's a necessary chore they must complete before they take to the battlefield. But no one can deny that the sight of a full-painted, coherent army on the tabletop is a magnificent sight. I remember, back in 1998, I came across Tony Warrington playing a game of 40k in the Oxford GW store. For those of you who don't know Tony, or haven't heard of him, he won a string of Golden and other Demons in the 90s for his immaculate Space Wolves. Extensively converted with a pristine grey paint-job, subtly highlighted with crisp, clear unit markings, his army practically walked onto the tabletop by themselves.

Lined up against him was an Ork army. It wasn't badly painted, but there were one or two unfinished models and a great deal of hasty dry-brushing and dipping had gone into its manufacture. In fact, it looked a lot like most of the armies you'll see in clubs up and down the land. And Tony won the moment his army hit the table.

Actually, that's not true. Tony lost and he lost hard. Every time another mind-blowingly beautiful model was removed from the table I wanted to kiss it farewell. But in my mind, that fabulous army was the day's winner, irrespective of the final result. Up until that day, I had been something of an on-again-off-again player of Games Workshop's stable of games. But there and then, I knew that what I wanted was an army like Tony's.

Now, I knew I was never going to be that good. I also knew that I didn't want my army to look parade ground perfect. But that wasn't the point: I wanted a painted, coherent, clearly-marked army all of my own to replace the random collections of plastic and metal with bits of paint that, up till then, had been the mainstay of my wargaming efforts. And, guess what? I still haven't managed it.

I've just sold my first attempt: a desert-themed Imperial Guard army that got about 50% of the way there. My second effort – Space Marines – is about 80% done after almost six years. The third – more Imperial Guard – are

perhaps 50% done. And I'd like to say I've learnt my lesson. I guess my fourth effort (Witch Hunters – what can I say? I prefer the good guys!) might tell whether or not I've learnt my lesson yet.

But whilst the painting may still defeat me, all of my armies have had one thing in common: an eclectic mix of models. I love to scour the GW range for unusual model choices that give my armies their character. Warhammer, Mordheim, Necromunda... even Bloodbowl has contributed over the years. Sometimes it's just a bit here or a bit there, but often it's whole models, extensively converted. Headswaps, weapon swaps, backpacks... you name it, I plundered it. But I never forgot the lesson of Tony Warrington's army: coherency. I always chose a strong, unifying paint scheme or theme that tied my army together.

And I've followed the same lesson in painting my Inquisitor models. When it comes to "armies", I've had a lot more success on that side because in Inquisitor one model is an army. I don't mean that literally – although to look at the power-armoured, whole-armoury-toting monsters that some people design, one suspects that they do mean it literally – but that to play a game of Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000, one needs an army to start playing. Even Necromunda, Mordheim or Bloodbowl need their gangs or teams, but the basic unit of Inquisitor is the Player Character. And you only need one to get started. Of course, I've added to that number over the years. I'm not sure precisely how many models I have now – it's something around twenty, I think. But each model is tied to a Player Character, be he an Inquisitor, a Trader or a Tech-priest, by a unifying theme that makes each look great on the tabletop.

But here's a funny thing. Although I use Necromunda models in my Imperial Guard army, or even vice versa, I'd never use the models from my Imperial Guard army in order to play Necromunda, because they don't possess that unifying quality. And I've never met anyone who does. Now, I'm sure there are people out there who impose such total restriction on themselves when it comes to playing Necromunda that they only give

their gangers weapons that they can use in Warhammer 40,000 as well, but I'm prepared to bet that you could count them on the fingers of one hand.

And yet, I've heard it said many times that people won't play Inquisitor because they can't use the models for anything else. But what can you? Okay, you can just about put Mordheim models into a Warhammer army, but how many models are we talking about, here? Ten? Maybe twelve? And this is, mark you, in an army where the typical number of foot soldiers in one regiment is twice that figure. And that's before we start talking about Bloodbowl, Battlefleet Gothic, Warmaster, Epic: Armageddon and Battle of Five Armies. None of these have models that one can routinely use in any of the "Big Three".

The models for Inquisitor are, of course, much more expensive if one buys them new. But actually, that's an artificial comparison: apples and pears. Because the cost players really ought to be watching is how much it costs to start playing the game. And even before one starts talking about the respective merits of 54mm versus 28mm, it is undeniable that, to play Inquisitor one needs only one model. Whereas, to play Necromunda, one needs at least five. And to play Warhammer 40,000, one needs dozens! And in real terms, one model – even a 54mm model – is not only cheaper than that, it's also quicker, simpler and gathers a whole lot less dust than half an army.

GGED ACTIONS: ANCHOR AT PORT CAMAR, AGRIPINAA ORBIT
0 000 TON OF DIHYDROGEN MONOXIDE FROM YAYOR (ZALLI -
YAYOR VI MOON III) TRADED FOR 50 MILLION AGRIPINAA-PAT-
ERN LASRIFLES, 100 MILLION STANDARD-ISSUE LAS-PACKS
AND 200 000 BATTLE CANNON SHELLS.

+++ VOCAL TRANSCRIPT 503600142
IDENTIFIED: GILLSAM, CARAM. SHIP CAPTAIN (C.REF. TRADE
LICENCE SOLAR AND OBSCURAN), LADY SERENA.

CAPTAIN'S LOG, 12TH OF PRIMUS. AFTER THE STANDARD EX-
CHANGE AT PORT CAMAR I WAS APPROACHED BY A MAN INTRO-
DUCING HIMSELF AS ONE COUNT DORAFF DI HELENA, WISHING
TO PURCHASE PASSAGE TO BELISMAR IN THE BELIS CORONA
SYSTEM. I DECLINED, SINCE CORONA WILL NOT BE ON MY
ROUTE FOR OVER HALF A STANDARD YEAR AND MY CONTRACT
WITH SECTOR DEFENCE MEANS MY CARGO HAS TO BE AT THE
CADIAN SUPPLY STATION OF XERSIA WITHIN THREE MONTHS.

HOWEVER, YESTERDAY, WHILE THE CARGO WAS BEING LOADED
THE COUNT VISITED ME AT THE SHIP. HE OFFERED TO PAY
HIGHER PRICE FOR THE TRANSPORT, AND WHILE HIS LAST OF-
FER WAS QUITE RESPECTABLE, THIS ONE WAS ASTRONOMIC
QUITE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO PURCHASE HIS OWN WARP-CAPA-
SHIP IF HE WISHED TO - SOMETHING I POINTED OUT
HIM. HE SAID HE WISHED TO TRAVEL UNNOTICED, AND
PURCHASING A SHIP RARELY WENT WITHOUT ANYONE T
INTEREST. HE HINTED THAT IF I SPARED HIM ANY F
QUESTIONS HE WOULD RAISE THE LEVEL OF HIS COMPEN
EVEN FURTHER.

NATURALLY MY TRADER'S GENE IS TELLING ME TO
OFFER. WITH THE TOTAL COMPENSATION I CAN EV
BIGGER SHIP, TO MAKE GREATER TRANSACTIONS... I
EMPEROR'S NAME.

FAO: Inquisitor Langston
TRANSMITTED: Titan
RECEIVED: Nemesis Tessera
CLASSIFICATION: Dark Magenta
ENCRYPTION: Psychic cipher

Orders with haste.

To find and follow, and remove Inquisitorus
CASTOR GRAUSOL - enemy of our Lord.

To uncover and destroy malicious plans of
CASTOR GRAUSOL - who is a threat to The
Gate.

CASTOR GRAUSOL acts and works in and
around The Gate. He threatens its stability. All
his dark plots must be destroyed for the good of
the Emperor.

Thus commands THE CELL.

After watching Mio receive this message
and translate it, I am convinced of the ef-
fectiveness of masking mental concepts in
astropathic transmissions, and must accept
that it is probably more
effective than standard encryptions.

Interrogator Jotees

BELIS CORONA

However, no matter how well-armed a man is, of
kind of cover he is ducking behind, a lacking naval
ence will make him worthless. This is why the ba
the Imperial Navy at Belis Corona is one of the
important planets in the Imperium. It is capabl
maintaining 83% of the battlefleet Cadian, but not
military is serviced at Corona - no-one knows how
defence of the Cadian Gate would fare if the countless
trade vessels and convoys of manpower meant for the Ca-
dian Sector were left without Belis Corona as a safe port.

Every year, the smoke-belching wombs of the Deus
Mechanicus in the system give birth to hundreds of new
ships and thousands of honoured and venerable ves-
sels are restored to operational status, allowing the Em-
peror's forces to maintain a stranglehold on any Cha
otic forces attempting to

ording to my contact at Coronan traffic control, Lady Serena – left Belisimar orbit less than a week ago. The ship declared that they had dropped off one passenger at the planet and made some minor trades. With both Gillsam's log and the details of Grausol's aliases it's painfully obvious that this was the man posing as "count" di Helena. His concept of cautious behaviour is laughable.

I took the liberty of retrieving records and logs from Belisimar through our Ordo's agents, and it shows that Doraff di Helena transferred from Lady Serena to a shuttle to the Belisimar Santana Resort. According to the booking list of the Lisbon Hotel, Count Doraff di Helena has a room booked from (going by the Terran calendar, with segments noted) the 30th of Primus (090) to the 14th of Secundus (135), making for a quite long stay at the resort.

From my observations of Inquisitorial records, Istvaanians seem to often go for the most obvious targets in the least obvious way... the easiest way to destabilise the Cadian Gate would be to strike at Cadia's military command, or at the production facilities of Agripinaa or the nearby Forge Worlds. I agree that Belis Corona is a lynchpin, but it is definitely not the most obvious of targets.

If Inquisitor Grausol is as dangerous as has been proposed, his visit to Belisimar will only be a cover to scout the orbital dockyards of Belis Corona itself. However, the type of weapon needed to disrupt a production system of that kind would be far beyond a simple warhead or torpedo, and I sincerely doubt that he was able to bring a weapon of this magnitude with him on his transport.

Your devoted servant,

Interrogator Jotees

+ INQ
FILE DATABASE +
Name: Castor Valt Grausol
Listed Aliases: Astor Carul, Doraff of Helena, Staf Elecor, Lias Ostrom
Rank: Inquisitor [cf: Field Operative]
Ordo: Hereticus
Gender: Male
Birth: 904.M41
Birth Planet: Gliese
Status: Active, in field
Threat Level: [998M41] CONSIDERABLE (c.ref. Istvaanian)
Crossfiled: Imperial Navy Database – Listing of Human Rogue Elements
Listing of Human Interstellar Pirates – Gliesan Maximum Security
Prisoners Index

Grausol's career first came to the attention of the Inquisition when he served as captain of a Sword Class Frigate in the "Admiral" Kessler's

+ INQUISITORIAL M
FILE: /CIG/casefiles/GL
INQ BEDARR: Welcome
INQ GRAUSOL: What is
B: Simply a... discussion.
G: Discussion?
Completely informal.
Imph, I know what inform
te a seat.
rr, I have little patience f
CIUS: Sit down, Inquisi
Vacius, to what do I ow
s insolence, young Gr
there anyone else in t
this is about. I have

B: Your service in the Internal Guard is no
G: What?
V: [cough] You will no longer act on the beha
Cadian [cough] and all Inquisitors of these gr
G: This is absurd! I've done nothing to warrant
: Recent choices by you indicate an ideological
: We are not asking you to leave. [cough] If you
ctor within six months an official Carta will be
You can't do this, you have no authority over m
st be lost.
Hive Carina on Albitern. Five billion [cough] live
e billion lives on you, a man who has served with
r claims, the choice of which side to

Record of Heresies

Derek Gillespie is the Editor-in-Chief of Dark Magenta, which involves a fair amount of sitting in front of a computer and getting other people to do the real work. He has long been the moderator of The Conclave internet forum, and has written for Fanatic studio Inquisitor publications ever since the days of Exterminatus magazine. He lives in Bristol, England, dabbling with a variety of dangerous chemicals.

Ruaridh Dall is a dental student at Glasgow University, but is actually not that twisted a person! When not looking at teeth, he can be found lurking on the Specialist Games forum and on The Conclave under the guise of Van Helsar.

Jeremy Lowe is a long-term player of all Games Workshop games, and has been turning his hand to Inquisitor ever since it was released, both as a player and a very vocal GM. He lives in Edinburgh, where he can be found taking on all comers across the astro-granite of a Blood Bowl pitch with ruthless efficiency...

Robey Jenkins is Features Editor for Dark Magenta. As well as Inquisitor, he is working on a Cult of Mórr army for Warhammer, and Imperial Guard and Space Marine armies for Warhammer 40,000.

Dave Knowles has been involved with the GW hobby on and off for more years than he cares to remember. He started painting and converting Inquisitor models about 18 months ago and won both the 'Conclave Hobby Competition' with his Inquisitor Kaled model, and the 'Specialist Games - Inquisitor Character Competition' with his Haemovore Cultist.

Phil Weston is 39 years old (making him officially the "old man" of Dark Magenta) from Ryde on the Isle of Wight and works as a Lifeguard Instructor. He became interested in Inquisitor Models because of the detail in each model. His other hobbies include writing and photography and he's just finished writing his first book! He has a series of books in the pipeline, all action adventures.

