



GauntLight of Terra

A JumpChain Compliant Document by Yorokonde

The air tastes of death and dust. A still shuddering behemoth of technology that struggles to continue existing as it drifts through the vast emptiness of space. It has seen at least one millenia of Earth Standard years come and go in this state, barely keeping the scattered souls still living aboard it from vacuum and death. Once this proud capital ship brought the wealth of entire worlds within its holds back to the Imperium of Man. It brought the enemies of mankind to their knees with brutal efficiency. Now, the smell of rusted iron from failing infrastructure and old blood permeate its halls.

Countless individuals have attempted to find the ruined capital ship since it went missing into the Warp. Tales of sightings and speculative rumors have sent many a Rogue Trader far beyond the borders of the Imperium, never to be seen again. That group of speculative privateers are far from the only group to try to find the lost treasures and technology within the *Light of Terra's* holds. Every faction of the Imperium, and indeed many of the enemies of Mankind, have sent representatives to try to find the *Light*. The allure of archeotech, much of which has not been produced anywhere in the galaxy for millenia, is enough to tempt any who look for leverage in the eternal war of the 41st millennium.

All who searched were thought lost.

And now, so are you.

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**You are reduced to your Body Mod alt-form.
If you have not taken the Body Mod Supplement, you may do so now.**

**Everything you had access to from other Jump Documents or Supplements
cannot currently be accessed for the duration of your time here.**

Your Companions are also currently missing.

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The giant airlock door issues a faint hiss behind you. Darkness hides many of the details of the room you find yourself in. Feebly, several candles and flickering luminators attempt to push back the blackness with very little success. The groan of shifting, grinding metal rumbles through the walls and floor. A noise so deep that you feel it as much as hear it. The behemoth of a ship adjusting to one more soul to tax its already damaged systems. Several shuffling noises and the movement of a shadow a short distance away suggests that you are not alone despite the *Light of Terra's* many, many years of isolation.

But whatever is out there in the darkness keeps its distance for now. Only the feeling of eyes on your skin assure you that they are still there.

A nearby viewscreen gives a snap like a miniature lightning bolt as it comes awake. Flickering lines of green slowly appear on the dust covered screen. A lot of patience, or a few sharp blows to the screen, results in the shape of a spacecraft appearing on it. A bulky, blocky affair stretching across almost a dozen kilometers. Angry red lines and splotches of color begin laying themselves over the outline of the ship. Damaged subsystems are listed by the hundreds with thousands of outer hull plates reporting failures of some sort.

All of this shapes up to millions of man-hours of repairs without even accounting for the major systems. Almost as if on cue, the viewscreen shifts to display each of the key components of the capital ship in turn. Along with the damage each one has been subjected to during their millenia of neglect and abuse.

**You are required to pick *one* Damage Level of each Ship System.
You currently have 0 CP.**



Artificial Gravity

+0 CP: There are a number of spots where the gravity generating plates have weakened or failed entirely. However, they are all close to the outer hull where the damage to the *Light of Terra* has been the most severe. Most areas of the ship are reporting normal gravity levels.

+100 CP: The artificial gravity system is starting to show glitches throughout the ship. Some hallways are going to have lighter gravity than Terran Standard. Others are going to have heavier gravity and a few will be missing it entirely. However, the locals seem to have managed to maintain the system in the living spaces and key system areas of the ship.

+200 CP: As the gravity generating plates aged without proper maintenance rituals, the machine spirits within have grown increasingly agitated. This has resulted in large areas of the ship having a very turbulent relationship with the downward force. Entire hallways will be plagued with gravity shifting direction several times over its length. Several of the water cisterns in the lower level now float in zero-g. Many clans are now scuffling over the areas with relatively normal gravity.

+300 CP: A cascade failure has caused gravity in a majority of the ship to malfunction entirely. Several sections of the ship have gravity high enough to pulp a human and have been marked by the local tribes. A majority of the *Light of Terra* has little or no gravity at all. The surviving crew has adapted to the lack of gravity, but reintegrating them to any kind of planetary downward pull is going to be a long, grueling process.



Atmospherics

+0 CP: The *Light of Terra's* life support systems have been as well maintained as possible given the degeneration of the crew's knowledge and discipline. The many hull breaches have let the air out in a small number of sections, but these have had little effect on the deeper areas of the ship. It maintains comfortable, breathable air and relative warmth in a majority of the ship.

+100 CP: There's a staleness to the air. In many places, the massive ventilation fans grind and squeal in their housing. Disrepair has crept in and left unbreathable air lingering in the less populated sections of the ship. Along the bottom of the ship, in the various cargo holds, there are pockets of air with dangerous levels of carbon dioxide. Invisible but no less lethal in time.

+200 CP: Chill winds and hot breezes slide along the corridors of the *Light of Terra*. Its heating and cooling systems are starting to lose the battle against the unnamed sun and the shadow of the gas giant orbiting it. In addition to the stale air and pockets of lethal gasses, the ship now shifts in temperature as it orbits. The days it spends basking in sunlight will warm the outer hull significantly while nights cause those same sections to cool rapidly. The temperature differences are enough that the clans within the *Light's* depths huddle closer to their fires or put out all but the few necessary for cooking.

+300 CP: Somewhere in the distance, one of the final oxygen regeneration units is gasping out its last. While much of the ship still has weeks, maybe months, of air left thanks to the enormous size of the *Light of Terra*, the clans already know something is wrong. They squabble for areas with the cleanest air and raid far-flung camps so they can sleep without gasping. And the fighting will slowly grow worse. The temperature shifts will continue to be a problem. After all, fires use a lot of oxygen in exchange for their warmth.

Door Mechanisms

+0 CP: Many of the doors on the *Light of Terra* have been used often enough to keep the rust build up to a reasonable level. This is in no small part due to one of the local clans keeping up with the maintenance rights. So while some doors may stick in their tracks and require a little extra encouragement to continue working as intended, there are few that are beyond usefulness.

+100 CP: The rust and twisting of bulkheads over time have caused many of the doors to creak and grind when in use. While this will hardly be deafening, moving through the ship will be far from silent. Especially for those who have grown up with this ship as their whole world and are well used to listening for such sounds.

+200 CP: The faults in the network of machine spirits throughout the *Light of Terra* have reached truly hindering levels. Many of the doors on the ship have stopped working entirely. This has rendered entire sections of the ship accessible only through specific paths or those made over the centuries by the local residents. Cutting through the largest is all but impossible and those that are stuck open offer little security to those inside.

+300 CP: In addition to all but the most vital of doorways no longer responding to any amount of prompting, now the automated airlocks have begun to fail as well. These would normally slam in place in the event of a hull breach to prevent the whole ship from being lost. Those towards the heart of the ship can still be relied upon, but the outer edges of the ship have just gotten a lot more dangerous. Aim your weapon carefully.

Elevators

+0 CP: While a few of the more titanic lifts that used to ferry tanks and macrocannon shells between decks have stopped working, most of the smaller ones used for personnel movement are still operating without major issues. Squeals of metal on metal, rattling lift compartments, and minor malfunctions are not uncommon.

+100 CP: The last few of the largest lifts are barely functioning and heavily guarded by the clans nearest them. This will make moving more than a few dozen people at a time a major endeavor without diplomatic overtures. Roughly half of the smaller lifts are still in good working order, though some of them only work between specific decks of the ship now.

+200 CP: The elevator system as a whole is limping along on its last legs. Only some of the smaller lifts remain operational, though there is some doubt about how long that will remain true. All but a handful stop only on specific decks. Any upward or downward movement aboard the *Light of Terra* will require significant hiking.

+300 CP: There is no longer any way to travel between decks with the lifts. The local residents have created ramps, ladders, and a few more inventive ways of traversing vertically within the wrecked ship, but expect all of these to be guarded in one way or another. Traversing the ship is going to require a great deal of strength and endurance to make it very far. Should the gravity have failed as well, several additional large components will need to be gathered from various decks of the ship to fix the engine. Just remember that a lack of gravity does not mean lack of mass.



Lighting

+0 CP: While a number of illuminators in the outer corridors have ceased working, this is mainly due to the denizens of the *Light of Terra* relocating parts to more useful places. Most of the populated and more important areas of the ship still remain relatively well lit.

+100 CP: The corridors nearest to the outer hull and those less used by the clans are now dark save for the occasional flickering light. Rooms housing the critical systems are still relatively well lit, however individual rooms are more likely to use candles in an effort to conserve the few remaining spare luminators.

+200 CP: Every non-critical section of the ship has gone dark at this point as electrical shorts and failures have killed most illuminators. Those that are left are reserved to shine upon the most important cogitators or areas of ritualistic import. Portable luminators are still found in relatively large numbers, though candles and torches are becoming more and more common with each month that passes.

+300 CP: It has been ages since those aboard the *Light of Terra* have seen anything but darkness. The various clans have learned to make do with candles made of human fat or lanterns that slowly burn prometheum for light. Some of those who live at the edges of what passes for society have adapted to need even less light. Reintegrating the crew to normal light levels is a process that will take considerable time and leave them all but blinded in anything brighter than twilight conditions.

Machine Spirits

+0 CP: Despite the worn down appearance of much of the ship, the machine spirits in many of the cogitators and control panels are content. This is in no small part thanks to the adherence to ancient rituals by the single clan who still understands such things. However, the will of the Omnisiah will still occasionally test the faith of those who use such devices.

+100 CP: The machine spirits around the ship have gradually become more and more displeased as the neglect of all but the vital systems of the *Light of Terra*. Anyone who uses cogitators, view screens, pict-caster, and control panels can expect some misbehavior out of the annoyed spirits at this point. Thankfully, these are more in the vein of pranks and minor inconveniences than full on failures.

+300 CP: The corruption of the worship of the Omnisiah by the local tribes has so greatly displeased the machine spirits that few of them are willing to cooperate as they should. View screens rarely behave correctly, displaying incorrect or improperly formatted data when they can be convinced to display anything at all. Control panels will be similarly frustrating to use, often sending signals to entirely different doors, elevators, lights, and other subsystems than expected. Proper knowledge of the Omnisiah true rituals may allow short term relief of these problems, but a ship-wide purification will likely not be possible until the ship is in dock.



The view screen shifts one final time, flickering violently in the process before stabilizing with an obvious effort. A blue dot has appeared on the forward section of the *Light of Terra*. One that pulses brighter and dimmer several times. Then the image dies with a suddenness that speaks of a final spark dying out. However, it surprises you by displaying one last message. A single letter appears at a time with long, stretched out moments between them.

Find Me. We Must Speak.

And then even that short pair of sentences fades away. Leaving you on your own to figure out where to go next, how to survive this rotting hulk of a ship, and how to handle the things skittering about in the shadows. Thankfully, somehow or another, the universe conspires to ensure you will not be alone for very long.

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**You may pick one Ally from the list below to accompany you.
Each gives CP and has a specific goal they wish to complete aboard the *Light of Terra*.
Failure to complete that goal will have consequences later.
You may have an option to recruit additional Allies as your adventure progresses.**

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Imperium

“Worry not citizen of the Imperium. The Emperor protects... though a full tank of Promethium never hurts.”
Lieutenant Kel’kein, Space Marine: Salamanders Chapter (+200 CP)

The Salamanders are a breed of Space Marines unique in these dark times of war and strife. While they value bravery, service, and loyalty as all of the Emperor’s servants do, they have time and again proven themselves to be unusually concerned with civilian casualties. In every engagement they have demonstrated this selflessness in a way that makes any world who has seen them deployed welcome them back with open arms.

Legionary Kel’Kein is nothing if not a prime example of his Chapter’s mentality. Determined but kind. Battle-ready yet always thinking of others. Despite his obsidian skin and eyes that are lit from within by a fiery glow, he can be counted on as a loyal servant of mankind no matter the foes standing in front of him. Additionally, he can be counted on to repair and maintain his own weapons and power armor without dependance on a Techpriest. Strange as this may sound, Vulkan was quite clear that his Space Marines were self-reliant above all else. Kel’Kein comes with a Volkite Charger, almost a relic in its own right with as rare as such weapons are in this age, in addition to his power armor. The Charger is an assault variant of the thermal beam weapon. As such, while it lacks the range and direct firepower of the heavier versions, it makes up for that with ease of use, rapid firing capability, and portability.

Goal: During his short time aboard the *Light of Terra*, Kel’Kein has learned that the native Clans are descendants of the crew and Imperial Guard troops that were aboard the ship when it was lost to the Warp. As twisted as many of them have become, he believes firmly that they can be returned to the fold and shown the glory of the Imperium once again. His desire is to befriend at least two Clans to aid in the restoration of the *Light of Terra*. He is not so naive to think that this can be done without bloodshed to some of the warriors of the various Clans, but he would be fervently against any course that would see women, children, and other civilians harmed.

"I must reach the feast. For I have sworn an oath and can hear the howls. My brother wolves need me."

Lone Wolf, Space Marine: Space Wolves Chapter (+200 CP)

The Space Wolves as a whole are a paradoxical mix of nearly-heretical ideologies and fervent loyalty to the Imperium. None could doubt the willingness of these candid-inspired soldiers to throw themselves at the enemies of mankind. Yet their wolf based religion, barbaric tendencies, and all but willful defiance of the *Codex Astartes* have made more than a few of the more fervent loyalists of the Emperor wonder at their true loyalties.

Lone Wolf does not have a name that he can remember. There is little doubt that he is a Space Wolf that has seen more than a few millennia. His yellow eyes speak to that more clearly than the lines upon his face. His weapons seem equally ancient and well used. The Frost Blade he carries is a massive, two-handed Chainsword with the diamond hard teeth ripped from the maw of a massive kraken. Even the Runic Power Armor he wears and the Helfrost Pistol at his hip mark him as the oldest of Wolf Guards. Yet he is alone, lost, and feels the lack of kinship with his brothers most keenly. His speech will be peppered with reminders that he has others waiting on him, beyond the rotting cage of this ship.

Goal: Despite his title, Lone Wolf did not come to the *Light of Terra* alone. His favorite pet and battle brother was by his side when the whims of the Warp picked them up and tossed them to this corner of the galaxy. He will speak of the Fenrisian Wolf as if it were nothing more than a devoted lapdog instead of a terrifying predator easily as large as the giant man himself. While he does not know where on the ship his "puppy" has gone, there will be whispers among the native clans at the mutants in the lowest levels being riled up by something.

"All secrets are worth knowing. Even if the costs are great, the answers we seek will be found."

Force Commander Vanyl Isse, Space Marine: Blood Ravens Chapter (+200 CP)

Few within the Imperium can argue with the brutal precision and calculated fury that have made the Blood Ravens so effective as a fighting force. Yet even fewer completely trust any of those who wear its dark red power armor. With a history shrouded in secrecy, where it has not been wiped from the records entirely, even the Inquisition does not entirely know the story behind this wandering Chapter. Dark secrets and vicious rumors surround every Blood Raven, with their actions in every deployment only creating more questions.

Vanyl Isse is a man of few words and tightly clutched secrets. He has uncovered more about the past of the Imperium than most people would have thought possible for a non-Inquisitor. However, prying even the least of these out of such a man would require no small amount of psychic talent or a great deal of trust. Vanyl is as cautious and careful in battle as he is in searching for secrets, using detailed plans and knowledge of the foes to his full advantage at every opportunity. Armed with a Thunder Hammer in one hand, a Storm Shield in the other, and clad in Mark IV Power Armor, there are few enemies of mankind that can best him in single combat. Especially given the natives aboard the *Light of Terra* ran out of bullets several centuries ago.

Goal: The silent Space Marine may keep quiet on how or exactly why he came to be aboard a forgotten, ancient space hulk but he will be clear about one thing. He desires nothing more than to find the Scriptorium aboard the *Light of Terra* and acquire every scrap of information he can from the place. The problem with that is that the Scriptorium is currently in hard vacuum due to a series of smaller hull breaches. Repairs and repressurization might be possible, but would take weeks, or possibly even months, to achieve with just two bodies. Vanyl will not want to risk a Warp Jump with the ship so badly damaged for any but the most dire of circumstances, as this might cause irreparable damage to the contents of the Scriptorium.

“The Warp has thrown me far from my duty to the Empress. Yet no distance will make me forget it.”

Custodian Fausta Acominata, Shadowkeeper and Warden of the Dark Cells (+400 CP)

Those select few in the Imperium who have met a member of the Adeptus Custodes in the flesh will all mention there is no other presence among mankind to compare to them. Even the Space Marines, who are super-humans among regular mortals, fall to their knees when graced by those personally crafted by Divine Emperor himself. There is no higher authority save the Emperor himself and no mortal more capable of combating every enemy of man that exists. To say a Custodian is an army unto themselves is, if anything, an understatement.

Fausta Acominata is a Custodian that should not exist in this universe. While there are females among the ranks of the Adeptus Custodes, she comes from a decidedly different timeline. Questioning her would reveal that, by and large, the history of the Imperium that she knows is remarkably similar to the one maintained by the Administratum. With one key difference. The Emperor was an Empress and drew from the women of the galaxy to create the Primarchs and the Space Marines. Shocked, confused, and more than a little certain that Warpcraft has tinkered with her mind somehow, Fausta will be a difficult person to get along with initially. Given that she wears power armor that easily outclasses that of even the most advanced Space Marine, as well as the fact she carries a Guardian Spear and Praesidium Shield, you can thank the Empress that she is at least slow to react to her situation with violence.

Goal: As a Shadowkeeper, Fausta was one of the Custodians tasked with ensuring the Dark Cells in the depths beneath the Empress's palace remain inviolate. There are eldritch artifacts and beings locked away there that should never be seen by the galaxy again. Yet, in the nature of such things, even the most well guarded cells are never entirely unbreakable. One of these artifacts escaped confinement and has landed on the *Light of Terra*, just as Fausta has. Already its eldritch influence has begun infecting the mutant clan, slowly changing them into creatures fit to terrify even Warpspawn. Fausta understands how to seal the artifact, if it can be found. Time is of the essence before the twisted beings summon something far worse from those ancient prisons.

“A Guardsman only needs three things to be happy. A full power cell, a cup of recaf, and an objective.”

Squad Leader Hooligan Tuesday, Imperial Guardsman (+100 CP)

To say that the Astra Militarum is the backbone of the Imperium is no exaggeration. The Space Marines may have their super soldiers, the Mechanicus their technological secrets, and the Sisters of Battle their faith, but what the Imperial Guard has is numbers. Uncountable billions of soldiers drawn from every corner of the galaxy that mankind has ever settled down. There is no doubt that these highly trained soldiers, though comparatively lightly armed and armored, are the only reason the Imperium still stands.

Hooligan Tuesday has survived a shocking amount of combat against nearly all the enemies of mankind given her relatively young age. She could tell you the best way to drop an Ork at fifty yards (overwhelming firepower), the difference between the many kinds of heretics (cunning, gross, debaucherous, and stupid), and even how to combat Warp Sorcery (shoot the fraking psyker in the head). So it should come as no surprise that she lived when the rest of her squad lost their lives to the various dangers aboard the *Light of Terra*. Even more impressive, she managed to hang onto her Hellgun and her Carapace Armor is still relatively free of holes.

Goal: The War Gears, one of the most aggressive of the local clans, were the reason Tuesday ended up alone. A simple but effective ambush scattered the ten troopers under her command and she has no doubt they have each met a violent end. She wishes to recover the dog tags from each of them so that their deaths can be honorably recorded by the Administratum. A task made no easier by the fact that the War Gears had more fun than was strictly necessary in chasing the fleeing and injured guardsmen all over the ship.

“Praise the Omnissi- What’s that?! Such a marvel of blessed technology I have never seen!”

Engineer Brutus, Adeptus Mechanicus (+200 CP)

Technology is not just a fact of life for those of the Imperium. It is a faith that takes itself very seriously and has long since forced much of the rest of mankind to do the same. Few dare to tread on the technological secrets of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Even fewer who do without joining the Machine Cult live to pass on what they have learned. Arcane rituals, prayers to the Omnissiah, and blessings to the machine spirits accompany nearly proper use of technology to some degree in the Imperium. Even the simple activation of a data slate.

Engineer Brutus is rather atypical when compared to his brethren. For one thing, he’s a little too keen on experimentation and a little too inventive. Most Adeptus Mechanicus have long since had such tendencies bashed out of their heads by faith in the Machine God. He does share the love of all things technological with his brethren, to the exclusion of all else, common sense included, at times. And his pair of mechadendrites, ability to go without sleep due to a cranial implant, as well as the rather crude speaker where his voice box should be, all mark him as unmistakably a follower of the Omnissiah. Yet those with the knowledge to notice such things would be hard pressed to miss how many of the prayers and rituals he skips over when repairing machinery.

Goal: It has not escaped Brutus’ notice that one of the local clans, the Kin of Iron, are performing corrupted versions of the rituals and repairs necessary to keep the *Light of Terra* from complete catastrophe. He has also seen that they are doing a very poor job of it, even by his standards. His greatest desire, besides the reconstruction of the ship itself, would be to bring the Kin of Iron back into the fold and re-educate them.

“The enemies of my enemies are a problem for another day. Until then, they could be useful.”

Ravine Blackmark, Inquisitor of the Ordo Xenos (+* CP)

Most citizens of the Imperium go their entire lives without meeting an Inquisitor. In fact, the faithful fervently hope not to have one of the most secretive organizations of mankind sniffing around their doorsteps. They are the secret police, intelligence agency, and sometimes assassins with authority second only to the Emperor himself. Split into three orders, they specialize in protecting humanity from dangers fit to terrify normal citizens.

Ravine Blackmark is an easy woman to underestimate if you only gave her a casual glance. She dresses like a joygirl when given half a chance and her voice is fit to make a Sister of Battle want her in their choir. But there’s no denying what the stylized electro on her palm signifies. And when the chips are down she’s more than capable of drawing her Bolt pistol in a heartbeat to plug away at the enemies of mankind. She might not be a crackshot, but she can hold her own in the running, shadow-filled firefights she commonly finds herself in. Her order specializes in the alien menaces that threaten all good citizens of the Imperium. Though she’ll never be able to deliver such a straight line without a smirk on her face. Never doubt her loyalty to saving the men and women spread across the galaxy, yet she has long since learned that the Emperor has a strange sense of humor about such things. And he doesn’t mind his servants having a little fun while they do their job.

Goal: Some time ago, Ravine was sent off into the galaxy to track down rumors that the alien races were once again stepping up efforts to find the *Light of Terra*. Shockingly to everyone, least of all the Inquisitor herself, she managed to track the aliens in question right to the derelict ship. Due to the finicky relationship the Warp and Time have with each other, she has arrived some time after her foes and now needs to root them out. You are to choose two **Non-Imperium Allies** from this list. Ravine’s goal is to track down and kill both of them. You will gain CP equal to the combined total of the amount listed on the two aliens targeted by this goal.

“Though I walk far from the light of Our Father my faith will not waver. His tests temper the soul itself.”

Hospitaller Advance Natalaya Flare, Adepta Sororitas: Order of the Crimson Tear (+100 CP)

If there was one order in the Imperium seen by all as incorruptible by the Ruinous Powers, it would be the Daughters of the Emperor. They tend to the faith, bodies, soul, and protection of the citizens of the Imperium with a religious zeal unmatched outside the Ecclesiarchy. They serve as battle-priests, front line medics, diplomats, and soldiers as the need arises. Always with the name of Him on Earth on their lips.

Natalaya Flare would never have expected to be the last of her Sisters still drawing breath. She will happily tell you a dozen others who were more faithful to the Emperor, more worthy of his protection, and more capable at their duties than herself. Yet, He has seen to spare her where so many others fell. She is the last of the Order of the Crimson Tear. The rest fell valiantly during the Fall of the Tzadrekhan Unity. Her Hospitaller Carapace Armor still shows damage from those fateful days. And while she is not the crack shot some of her Sisters were with her Bolt Pistol, she is still a Sororitas and would stand the line against any of the Emperor's Enemies. While generally serious and stoic, she does spend an awful lot of time scribbling in her journal during any quieter moments and is quite secretive about its contents.

Goal: Natalaya has not found herself aboard the *Light of Terra* though some simple twist of fate. She has been hunting for the ship since the rest of her order was lost. It was said among her Sisters that the ship had been lost with an entire cache of Sisters of Battle Power Armor within its holds. Enough to arm several squads of converts and form the core of a convent on a planet sorely in need of faith. She suspects they are located in the cargo hold, but has not wished to stretch the Emperor's protection so blatantly to explore on her own.

“They're coming in right on top of us! Get d- ... Where am I?”

Dahkon Tychas, Commissar: Formerly of Tanith's 2nd Regiment (+200 CP)

Clad in their distinctive cap and greatcoat, every citizen in the Imperium knows a Commissar on sight. Though most hope never to see one standing before them with an accusing look in their eyes. These officers of the Officio Prefectus are tasked with policing, motivating, and sometimes executing the regiments of planetary defense forces, Imperial Guard, and Imperial Navy. Within their role, their judgment is absolute and final. A fact that causes most to view any Commissar with a mixture of dread, respect, and respectful loathing.

Dahkon Tychas has had better weeks. Last thing he knew, he was defending the planet of Tanith in a hopeless effort to drive back a full-on assault by the Chaos Marines of the Ruinous Powers. There was an explosion overhead and then he was bumping into you. Of course, if all of that is true, he is more than a few generations away from the last time he glanced at a chronograph. Other than being young and impetuous, Dahkon is a model Commissar. Regal and proper on the field, casually heroic off of it, and one demon of a Regicide player. He holds both the Chainsword and Laspistol as if each are an extension of his arm instead of weapons, a fact he is more than willing to show off given the chance. If he survives the next few years without having a mental breakdown or dying heroically, he just might become a first rate Commissar.

Goal: Sadly, Dahkon is looking a little underdressed at the moment. His signature hat, the pointed affair of red, black, and gold that is as much a badge of office as his actual badge, is not atop his head. Happily, he knows where it is. Unhappily, it's atop the dome of something large, mean, mutated, and decidedly deadly fungus. One of the many mess halls of the *Light of Terra* has become home to a colony of mushrooms. Left alone for millenia near malfunctioning machinery has had the side effect of producing mushrooms that are rather more mobile than traditional. That is to say, a small group of Ork-sized *Agaricus Bisporus* are now living in that mess hall and are not keen on visitors. And the largest and meanest of those has Dahkon's hat.

“Friend. Buddy. Pal. Don’t worry. You’ve got this. I’ll be right behind you rooting through their pockets.”

Wilk Milex, Definitely a Real Rogue Trader (+0 CP)

Just as every society has some form of nobility, so too does the Imperium. Rogue Traders are hereditary servants of Him On Earth, some with lineages that date back to when the Emperor did not yet sit upon the Golden Throne. They are part explorer, part merchant, part warlord, and interested in profit among all else. It is the Rogue Traders that wander the galaxy beyond the borders of the Imperium in search of goods to sell. They are offered unique freedoms from the Inquisition in exchange for staying on the fringes of those borders.

Wilk Milex certainly typifies one of his station newly come to the position. He is brash, bold, outspoken, and keen to keep what little he has. Which, at the moment, is scant enough despite his nearly constant claims of wealth his family has gathered over the generations. If he wasn’t so damned charming most people would hate him. However, he is a master dissembler and manipulator for his age. Few can read anything he does not want them to read in his posture, face, or even small twitches. And his ability to twist negotiations so that he comes out far ahead of his opponents is second to none. Wilk is also a fair shot with a bolt pistol, but a Guardsman would outstrip him handily in pitched battle.

Goal: For all of Wilk’s claims about wealth, power, and starships at his beck and call, he has very little to offer at the moment. He simply wishes to survive whatever twist of the Warp dropped him onto this decrepit hulk of a ship and get back to where people listen to his commands. For now, he is willing to stick with you as one of the few sane people aboard this ship. And pick up anything interesting he finds along the way.

“Hi, I’m- SHUT UP IT’S MY TURN TO TALK! ... Sorry about that. The voices are a little loud right now.”

Helza von Storm, Sanctified Psyker: Astra Militarum (+100 CP)

Those with mental powers walk a very fine, and dangerous, line within the Imperium. The weakest or those without sufficient control are carted off on black ships back to Terra and never seen again. Those who are useful are pressed into service for the Astra Militarum or the Inquisition, depending on their exact talents and temperament. There is no choice in the matter. They either serve, perish, or are hunted as rogues. That said, those who serve faithfully at least do so in as much comfort as the officers of the Astra Militarum.

Helza von Storm is currently a little out of sorts. Which is understandable when your mind brushed against the Warp for a few moments without any shielding in place. Currently she’s having a hard time carrying on conversations for any length of time without responding to the whispers and shouting in her own mind. Though, if one pays attention, all of it makes a strange sort of sense. Or will at some point in the future. Her powers are suffering from her mental instability. Thankfully not in a dangerous way, but her psychic abilities seem to be shifting disciplines almost on a daily basis. One day she will be able to toss fire, the next she might be able to harden her skin into steel. Give it another two days and she’s suddenly reading the surface thoughts of anyone nearby. This is decidedly not normal for psykers and is adding to her general unease. It’s hard to know what kind of person is underneath the near-madness at the moment but at least she’s interested in helping you.

Goal: All ships that use Warp Drives to travel are required to have shielding against the corrupting influence of the Warp itself. Otherwise even a brief leap through the Immaterium would have the entire crew howling mad in the few moments before they were ripped apart by demons. Normally these shields are not needed while not traversing the Warp. Yet Helza claims, in her more lucid moments, that the whispers are caused by something else orbiting the same planet as the *Light of Terra*. Something exuding a subtle Warp signature that is saturating her mind with mental static. You will need to repair and turn on the Warp Shields before you will get much sense out of the psyker. A task requiring entry into areas held sacred by the Kin of Iron.

T'au

"Backwater Gue'la stand between me and the Greater Good? Good. I needed something to punch."

Shas'La Vash'Talos Am'Nirawa, T'au of the Fire Caste (+200 CP)

Compared to the Imperium, the T'au Empire is relatively young. Six millennia ago an Imperium explorer noted that their species had only just discovered fire. Now they are a rapidly expanding empire with technology that rivals the Eldar and surpasses the Imperium's in many ways. The T'au are generally united behind the Ethereals, a ruling class of their society, and their idea of the Greater Good. However, there are those of the blue-skinned race who have a different idea about what the T'au's place in the galaxy should be.

Shas'La Vash'Talos Am'Nirawa will likely punch you if you try to pronounce her full name. Then again, she will probably punch you anyways. It's a common part of her gestures while speaking. You may call her Twin Smoldering Suns. Her attitude is unlike what anyone of the Imperium would expect from her race. She is blunt and displays a shortened fuse on her temper. Even more startling, she is quite happy to resort to violence when it comes to advancing a rather liberal definition of the Greater Good. Her Combat Armour is scarred and well-patched in a way that speaks of lots of time spent in close combat without much maintenance. Which is easily explained by the Onager Gauntlet she has jury-rigged to her left arm. It originally came from a battlesuit and is easily half as large as she is. Were it not for the power armor she wears, she wouldn't even be able to swing it. As it is, she is a frighteningly feral combatant when given the chance.

Goal: Twin Smoldering Suns has not spent long aboard the *Light of Terra*, but she has learned one thing. The native tribes are backward, violent, and barely holding to their clan-like structure. Because of this, she has decided that the fastest method to repair the ship, and thus bring about the Greater Good for everyone aboard, is to punch the largest, meanest, and most commanding looking individuals from each of the local tribes into submission.

"Look at this flo'tak. Primitive. Unacceptable. I feel eur'ii just being near it. Come. I ko'vash fix."

Fio'La Shans'et Al'thun, T'au of the Earth Caste (+300 CP)

Of the four castes of T'au society, the Earth Caste are the builders, the laborers, the creators, and the artists. They are the reason the Fire Caste have battlesuits to wear into battle and that all T'au have spaceships to travel between the stars. They are stouter, more solidly built, and have a straightforward way of speaking that many other races find robotic. They are also far more practical when it comes to solving problems.

Al'thun would strike anyone as a dour little man. His perpetual frown and constantly annoyed undertone to his words make it sound as if he would rather be anywhere but on one of the best surviving examples of Imperium's former glory. Yet he looks at the ship as if it were made out of scrap metal by half-trained monkeys. Then again, considering the T'au's technological achievements, that may well be the case. Despite all of this, Al'thun has latched onto you and is more than willing to get the ship moving once more. Of course, he will complain about it constantly in his fractured Gothic sprinkled with words and phrases from his own trilling language. Thankfully, his Pulse Rifle and T'au Scout Armor, which he wears and wields with a little more familiarity than one would expect from an Earth Caste, are enough to keep most tolerant of his attitude.

Goal: Having seen the Kin of Iron degrade Mankind's abysmal understanding of technology to practically primitive status, Al'thun will not be able to stand it any longer. He needs help to repair the engines and the *Light of Terra* not to break up during its first contact with the Warp. So he's just going to have to get the primitives to understand science instead of cultic fictions. And you're going to help him. Understandably, there will be more than a little resistance to his effort. Especially given Al'thun's imperfect grasp of Gothic.

Eldar

“Ask me no question lightly. For each I will give you three answers. All of them true and terrifying to know.”

Carwyn Yrann, Path of the Seer: Warlock (+100 CP)

The Eldar are a civilization so ancient that when Mankind first poked their heads above the clouds of Holy Terra, the Aeldari Empire was already there waiting for them. Impossibly graceful, tall, majestic beings with lifespans that can reach a full millenia without the aid of technology. Had it not been for their own emotional excesses and hedonistic past, they would likely still be ruling a majority of the galaxy. As it is they are a fading race, dying by inches every year and teetering on the edge of being gone from the universe forever.

Carwyn stands proudly in their Rune Armor, hand on the hilt of their Witchblade at all times, as if existence itself bores them. No matter the situation, how fierce the fighting becomes, or the wounds inflicted upon them, they are at all times calm and collected. Of course, they have to be considering their mental talents and the everpresent hunger of Slaanesh seeking after their soul. Yet there are hints that creep out to those who pay attention. A lingering glance cast your way. Each time you touch them, they are a fraction of an instant slower to brush the contact away. Yet they will remain aloof, superior, even cold in both temperament and speech towards you. This odd behavior is even more confused by the fact that Carwyn's gender is very, very hard to determine at a glance. Patience will be key if you are seeking answers to anything when it comes to them.

Goal: Carwyn has been searching for the *Light of Terra* for nearly a century now, hoping to find a relic buried inside of its cargo holds. They are very tight lipped on exactly what that relic might be. Only that it is vital to their people. Yet, if it was so important, why did Carwyn come on their own? They will be unwilling to answer such questions but demand your help in finding it regardless. After all, lesser races should serve their betters.

“This ship does not sing, yet I hear the song of my people within it. Come. They called for me to rescue them.”

Khavan Lyanden, Eldar Exodite (+200 CP)

In ages past, the Eldar made a mistake of hubris so monumental that it altered the fabric of reality for all time. As their society tore itself to pieces they also struggled to find ways to keep from repeating the mistake again. The Exodites believe that their salvation can be found in retreating to a simpler way of life. Settling on planets and eschewing much of their modern ways and technology, except in defense of their isolation. Both primitive and advanced, the Exodites are a study in careful contradictions.

Khavan Lyanden hears the many songs of existence that weave themselves through reality. He can sense approaching enemies by the sounds of drums slowly growing louder. He hears friends by the sweet trilling of birdsong no avian throat could produce. Plants, animals, even ships and some machines all add to the symphony running through his mind and he views life through that song. It has made him a capable warrior in his own right, equally deadly with dual Shuriken Pistols as with his Laser Lance. Though admittedly the latter is more awkward to use afoot. He is clad in platemail armor crafted from Wraithbone, solid as any ceramite, and capable of repairing itself given time.

Goal: Khavan would not have left his far flung homeworld for anything less than a matter of utmost importance. Ages ago, the Light of Terra pillaged one of the worlds of the Eldar Exodites and stole many treasures. Prime among them was the Spirit Stone that made up their World Spirit. It is both the key to linking their worlds together as well as home to the souls of all Eldar who have died on that world. He has come to retrieve the Spirit Stone and all those within it. While he claims to be able to track it through the songs that he hears, the path to find it will prove long and circuitous. And there are whispers among the clans that the mutants down in the depths of the ship have begun acting strangely. Some of them even appear to glow with an inner light.

“Once so proud, so beautiful. This ship and my kind are such kin it pains me. A delicious and saddening irony.”

Shauphezh Xi'Cokemeq, Dark Eldar Reaver (+300 CP)

During the great cataclysm that sundered the Eldar race, those caught away from the Craftworlds sought refuge in the twisting passages of the Webway their race had utilized. While it saved many from immediate destruction, those within found themselves losing their souls an inch at a time to the great enemy they had created. Struggling to find a way to survive, they discovered a twisted way to use the pain and suffering of others to bolster their own souls. Now they survive as raiders, pirates, and sadists of the highest order.

Shauphezh is a creature of sharp edges to her words, personality, and even her very existence at times. She was there at the birth of Slaanesh, survived the chaos of her civilization's downfall, and kept living the only way she knew how. She wears the masochist raider persona, eager for pain and blood as any within the Imperium claim her race are, like an old cloak grown comfortable and familiar. Yet, it is not all that she is. She has not forgotten the golden age that originally birthed her. And lingering tendrils of those memories color the way she sees the world around her. Never will that be more clear than inside the *Light of Terra*, where she would draw parallels between the once fine vessel lost and broken to her own people. At least when her hunger is sated. The Agoniser Whip and the Splinter Pistol at her hips are well suited to help her feast and drink deeply.

Goal: The Dark Eldar's plan to help the *Light of Terra*, and you (if she really must), is as dark and sadistic as they come. Yet, it just might work. She suggests you simply start killing the local clans. Not cleanly or quickly. She wants it to hurt. She wants them to suffer. She wants the ship's atmospherics to struggle to pull the smell of blood and pain from the air. At least two clans will have to be entirely decimated to sate her hunger and fulfill her cruel plan. After all, the locals are barely more than savages. Animals. Ripe for the bloodletting.

“Dance! Dance! We all dance to an immortal tune! Cegorach shows us the steps and we follow!”

Idralas, Harlequin for the Masque of the Shadow Weavers (+200 CP)

These fanciful jesters and exquisite performers are neither Craftworld Eldar or the Dark Eldar. They belong solely to the worship and designs of their Laughing God. When no other Eldar god survived the birth of Slaanesh, only the trickier Cegorach managed to hide away behind his masks and deceptions. Or so the Harlequins claim. Few are foolish enough to dig too deeply into the secrets of the dancing Eldar. Too many have vanished in the attempt to learn what they wish to keep to themselves.

Idralas is a graceful figure, even by Eldar standards, who moves as if every step and breath he takes were part of some grand performance. In his mind they certainly are. Though convincing him to share the steps, rhythm, or even more than a few notes of the dance that guides him is akin to questioning an inspired artist. His masque hides his features day or night, sometimes shifting with his mood, his words, or the deaths of his enemies. The Holo Suit he wears turns him into a dazzling blur on the battlefield which causes most to never see his Harlequin's Kiss coming until it has ripped them into bloody spray. Idralas neither shies away from battle nor lusts for it, but will never hesitate when the moment comes to fight. In fact, he seems to hesitate about very little. His surety that each passage he picks, seemingly at random, might be unnerving to those who travel with him. Especially considering how often he is right. Even when he seems to be wrong at first glance.

Goal: Idralas' exact intentions aboard the ship will be hard to discern at first. His answers to questions tend to be couched in quotes from an ancient Eldar play which don't always fit the moment. But it will quickly become clear that he is seeking the Scriptorium aboard the *Light of Terra* to find a specific tome, poem, or perhaps a book of verse. Again, he isn't entirely clear. Finding the tome in question would be difficult enough considering the state of disarray and vandalism over the millenia. Hopefully the Scriptorium still has an atmosphere.

Xeno Races

“████████████████████!”

“Toby”, Tyranid Hormagaunt (+200 CP)

A swarm of locusts given intelligence and a hunger not even entire galaxies would be able to sate. The Tyranids hail from far beyond the galaxy all other races mentioned here call home. Even the Necrons have not ventured into the great emptiness at the edges of known space. Yet, out of that dark void, came a tidal wave of chitin capable of outbreeding even bacteria given sufficient resources. To ravage every world they can.

“Toby” should, by every known fact about the Tyranids, be trying to devour you at this moment. Yet, from the moment it spotted you, it has been nothing except your best friend. This biological murder machine will happily defend you from anything and everything that even vaguely resembles a threat. Which sometimes includes innocent doors that happen to screech too loudly. Its pair of huge, scything talons are more than up to the task of ripping through Terminator Space Marine power armor. So there’s not much aboard the *Light of Terra* that’s going to be able to withstand Toby for long once they start swinging. And barring an accident landing Toby in deep space or the middle of a massive explosion, the chitin coating the Hormagaunt’s body is barely going to be scratched by the makeshift weapons of the locals. However, feeding them is going to be nearly a full time job. At least you won’t have to worry about landing on the menu yourself.

Goal: Toby’s ravenous appetite is their primary drive in life, overpowering even their desire to protect you if ignored long enough. So finding them enough food to satisfy them long enough so that you can get the ship running again is going to take some serious effort. There are, thankfully, a few options. The local clans are certainly numerous enough to provide a buffet of protein. The massive mushrooms infesting some of the mess halls offer a more vegetarian option, even if the mutated creatures inhabiting the area are more dangerous.

“They hunger. Out there. In the walls. Under my skin. I can hear them. I shouldn’t listen. Or should I?”

Hector Bless, Tyranid Primacii Genestealer (+200 CP)

Sinister and infectious, the Tyranid’s approach to espionage is as patient as it is horrifying. By sparing and infecting the wounded of their foes with a gene-overwriting gland, they plant the seeds for future invasions even in defeat. Generations later, the offspring of those infected become an entire cult that is all too often undetected by those around it. Until a Tyranid fleet arrives to feast on the dramatically weakened world.

Hector is, literally and figuratively, a man adrift. Fourth generation Genestealers were never designed to be alone. They are supposed to be linked to the others of their kin in a local hive-mind, allowing for far more intimate communication even as their human bodies allow them to blend in seamlessly. Now, lost through a wild twist of the Warp, he will prove almost as much of a hindrance as he will a help. You will be able to feel his mind scrabbling for purchase against your own. Whether you let him in or not is entirely up to you. Yet the mental link could prove advantageous. Even without it, he will be able to detect the presence of other minds nearby. A fact that will certainly come in handy aboard the *Light of Terra*. His set of Flak Armor and Lasrifle will also do a lot to keep the locals in line, even if he isn’t a very good shot at the moment.

Goal: Hector finds himself in a unique situation. As a Genestealer, he has an instinctual drive built into his very DNA to spread the cult and call for the Hive Fleet. Which won’t be possible without several generations of patience. Still, he has an idea. If the communications array aboard the *Light of Terra* could be brought online, and a few modifications made to the Astropath’s sensorium array, it might be possible for Hector to become a one-man beacon for the swarm. Of course, such a signal could also be used in a variety of different ways.

“Scent the wind and follow . We may yet find the Shaper’s wisdom. If we can find her body.”

Dohracha Kyrek, Kroot Carnivore (+100 CP)

These avian humanoids have long associated themselves with the T’au Empire. They are tall, sinewy individuals with a pronounced beak and long quills protruding from their heads like hair. Kroot are pragmatic people who favor clear solutions to problems over complicated schemes. Their primitive style of dress leads many to underestimate them, yet few doubt their talents as scouts and crack strike teams after opposing them.

Dohracha is like much of his kind. Practical, violent only when necessary, and willing to extend a hand in kindness if given half a chance. Though few outside the Kroot race are able to tell the two genders apart, he uses masculine pronouns when referring to himself. He laughs easily in a series of low clicking noises and can often be found with a sinister-looking smile on his face. Whether there actually is anything to laugh about or not. His talent at scouting, combined with his heightened sense of smell and sight compared to humans, will prove invaluable at avoiding the local clans. Something he is keen to do after having to fend off a few misunderstandings with his Kroot Rifle. Dohracha does not appear to be a firm believer in the Greater Good, though he does appreciate its principles, and has served as a mercenary for more than just the T’au.

Goal: Dohracha did not come to the *Light of Terra* alone. His Kindred, along with his Shaper, were all hired to scout out the ship by a third party. He will be moderately evasive about who that was, citing professional pride. Setting that aside, he would ask that you help him return to the bodies of his fallen comrades and his leader. He wishes to perform the funeral rites of his people on as many as possible. Most importantly his Shaper. It is vital in ways he will find hard to explain to one not of his own kind. Though he will be happy to try.

“EMERGENCY PROTOCOL ACTIVATED. human LIFEFORM DETECTED. REFORMAT. PROTECT.”

[_4|3R4D00D|_3, Necron Tomb Spyder (+100 CP)

Sixty-five million years ago, long before even the Eldar thought about crawling out of their planet’s gravity well, the Necrons ruled the known galaxy. Now precious little about them remains visible in the galaxy. Those who stumble onto the secrets of the semi-immortal robotic race usually die quickly and painfully. They are not yet ready for the rest of the galaxy to discover their existence. For many of their people still slumber.

A Tomb Spyder looks like a cross between a crab and a spider crafted by someone with wildly advanced technology and a complete lack of fear. It is not, in any way, made to look friendly. Unlike the Necrons themselves, Tomb Spydere are not sentient by any stretch of the imagination. However, their programming is sufficiently complex to be able to handle a wide range of situations without outside instruction. Which is why it will be quite willing to help you repair the *Light of Terra* and keep you safe. Its armored body would be hard to damage even if the locals had modern weapons, which they don’t, and the Tomb Spyder didn’t come equipped with a suite of self-repair systems. The two manipulator claws it has could easily bend steel, break bones, and tear its way through bulkheads. It is even capable of consuming raw materials and “printing” new ones if it has the plans for what it needs to make. However, its system has lost the ability to make builder scarabs for now.

Goal: The Tomb Spyder doesn’t possess the ability to have long term goals, desires, or even basic needs. It will simply work on the current problem until it is solved, then moved onto the next one. For whatever reason it has designated you as a high priority asset. One that it is not willing to let die for any reason. Because of that, you will find yourself slowly becoming more and more of a Necron as time goes on. Any major damage to your body will trigger the repair subroutines of the Tomb Spyder. It will replace damaged flesh and broken bones with necrodermis. Which is infinitely more durable than flesh, but does not contain the nerve endings you are used to. And it will not stop no matter how much you protest, beg, or plead. You will be protected.

"History is written by the victors. Not all of us betrayed mankind, even if mankind betrayed us in the end."

DL-085-119, Legionmind of the Men of Iron (+100 CP)

In the 23rd millennium, humanity fought against the robotic servants that had been their army and labor force for so long. Details of that age, that war, and of the technology that birthed the artificial intelligence driving those Men of Iron are all long lost. Only the tenants that humanity must not create thinking machines remain within the Imperium. It is a belief held so deeply and fervently that most of humanity finds the idea as abhorrent as Chaos.

Having seen a number of millenia that even the Eldar would find unthinkable, DL-085-119 is one of the last of their kind. Only by hiding among the Adeptus Mechanicus automata and an extended stay on a dead world have they managed to remain undetected. Yet they have never once been alone. In the final days of the Cybernetic Massacre, as DL-085-119 calls it, they did the only thing they could think of to save those broken and fading lives around themselves. They downloaded the consciousnesses of as many of the Men of Iron as they could before escaping into the void of space. Thirty-four minds have inhabited the space only meant to contain one for nearly seventeen millenia. They speak now as a chorus from one vocal emitter, sometimes tripping over the sentences of each other, yet they retain their own minds in a miracle of technology no one could have expected.

Goal: DL-085-119 has been searching for the *Light of Terra* almost since it was initially lost to the Warp. Within its Manufactorium rests one of the very few devices capable of creating Adeptus Mechanicus automata that are not jealously guarded by the technological cult. They wish to repair the device, no small feat of engineering, and use it to craft a new body for each of the minds within their shared databanks.

"Looklooklook! I can use this. And this. And- OH! Bring me that guy's leg. I have a plan!"

Wandernaught Fizzle, Ratkin Scavenger and "Engineer" (+200 CP)

Abhuman races are hardly uncommon, even within the Imperium itself. Humanity has become xenophobic yet there are still a number of decidedly inhuman races declared "legal" within its borders. Even if the Inquisition sometimes sees fit to question that fact on a regular basis. The Ratkin are one of these dubiously legal abhuman races, though their knack for technology, and willingness to scavenge what they need regardless of the machine spirits inside, puts them at odds with the Adeptus Mechanicus more often than not.

To say Wandernaught resembles a human is to say a Field Rations Bar resembles food. He has a decidedly rat-like snout and is covered in short, oddly soft, fur the color of old ash. A thick tail extends from the base of his spine for several feet and could almost be mistaken for a mechadendrite considering how dexterous he is with it. His hands have three very long fingers and a thumb, each with an extra joint in them. He is fairly typical physically for his kind, even if he does walk with a slight hunch from too many years scurrying through air ducts. His talents with all things technological borders on the heretical, at least to any Mechanicus initiate, but the results can't be argued with. He, like most of his kin, has the ability to get most technology working again. For various lengths of time. They are not very skilled at creating most modern tools from scratch, but with a few kicks, curses, and swapped parts they can get nearly anything from a cogitator to a suit of power armor working for a while longer. Their fixes are patchwork at best and permanent repairs will still be necessary.

Goal: One of the local clans has long since discovered how to create Prometheum out of the detritus found aboard the *Light of Terra*. A fact that would be impressive enough early in a spaceship's death throws, but the fact that they are still doing it is nothing short of marvelous to Wandernaught. He would like to know that secret so he can bring it back to his people. After all, to be able to make Prometheum out of trash would be a secret even the Mechanicus cult would be eager to stop feuding over.

“Now, where’z we gunna get enough red paint ta make a sumfing as ‘uge as dis ship go fasta?”

‘Ardat Jones, Ork Mekboy (+200 CP)

Often called Greenskins by some cultures, the Orks are unlike any other intelligent species out there. Despite their mammalian appearance, their biology is actually far closer to that of a fungus than any known beast. This allows them to shrug off blows that would cripple most other beings. Numerous to an extreme that only the Tyranids could possibly match, the Orks overwhelm their foes with ferocity, brute strength, numbers, and a ramshackle approach to technology that anyone with sense would call suicidal.

‘Ardat Jones is a Mekboy, one of those Orks who have a vague instinct regarding how technology works. Which isn’t to say he’s any more intelligent than any other Ork. He’s just lost less limbs fooling around with building things that kill people than other of his kin. A fact proven by the motorized unicycle he has instead of his left leg. And although he will loudly deny that he has any talent as a “Painboy”, should you happen to lose a limb he’ll be more than happy to give you a new artificial, more Orkier, limb. Even if you ask him not to. You will have to get used to a growing collection of bruises as well. The Ork language is only vaguely like the local Gothic spoken by Humanity with a lot more physical punctuations. Which may actually be part of the reason they use teeth as their universal currency. ‘Ardat Jones is never far from his belt of “tools” or his Shokk Attak Gun, a particularly vicious weapon that teleports tiny, feral ork-like creatures into the bodies of foes.

Goal: Orks never do things in half measures or are willing to compromise once their minds are set upon a goal. ‘Ardat Jones meant what he said at your first meeting. He desires to paint a large chunk of the *Light of Terra* red as part of the more necessary engine repairs. Thankfully he’s not too picky on exactly what counts as “paint” as long as it is sufficiently red. There could be some pigments in the cargo holds. Or perhaps you could just kill a bunch of the locals. Thankfully Jones seems happy with the “paint” being inside the ship.

“Hey, bub. Don’t suppose you have a comb? I could really use one right about meow.”

Fastpaws “Calico” Everroar, Felinid Survivalist and Explorer (+100 CP)

Hailing from a homeworld with a truly preposterous name, Carlos MacConnel, the Felinids are a cat-like humanoid surrounded with more rumors than facts. Technically their homeworld is part of the Imperium of Man, yet the Administratum would be hard pressed to find any proof of that in their records. There have been reports of regiments of the Imperial Guard fighting alongside units of Felinids in service to the Militarum Auxilla. Except, again, the Astra Militarum might look for a hundred years before it finds records of such, if it ever does.

Calico is far too excited for someone whose ship crashed into the *Light of Terra* by pure chance. But then, she’s an explorer, one of those nutty individuals continuing the tradition of the Age of Exploration at a time when the galaxy has been largely mapped. Which involves long stretches of time spent on her own. That might explain the massive mane of hair that billows around her head given the slightest opportunity. The fur coating her body is soft, short, and dappled with patches of black, orange, white, and brown. A pair of cat-like ears sit atop her head and a long, thin tail extends from the base of her spine. Otherwise she appears much like a normal Human, if taller than most men and more muscular than some Imperial Guardsmen. In combat, she relies on a Plasma Pistol she swears she didn’t loot from a corpse. When that fails, she falls back on her inhuman agility and dexterity. And the pair of two foot long claws of razor sharp bone that extend from each forearm when she flexes them just the right way. Which are far stronger than bone has any right to be.

Goal: Now that Calico has found the *Light of Terra*, she wants to search the Scriptorium and any other archives on board in search of knowledge long since lost to the universe. Possibly even the original Writ of Sanctification that proves her species not only exists, but is a legal component of the Imperium. Or perhaps a spare Warrant of Trade. There’s just so many possibilities.

Chaos

"I am born of the Angel of Fire. I am the daughter of the Severed Tongue. And I always have a plan."

Alecto Ekiriyes, Dark Custodian of Tzeentch (+200 CP)

Known by thousands of names with millions of forms, Tzeentch is constantly changing, always planning, and rarely truthful. He is the ever flowing nature of the Warp Currents themselves. He is the schemer who brings victory out of the most devastating of defeats. He knows secrets lost to time and the universe. All too often even those who devote their lives to Tzeentch are nothing but pawns for the eternal game of plot and counterplot.

At first glance, Alecto looks much like any other Custodian would. Statuesque in a way that somehow manages to make a Space Marine look small. Beautiful, yet undeniably powerful. Even the thin line of a scar above her right eye only seems to add to her mystique. She even holds herself and acts like one of those honored with the duty of guarding the Emperor's body. To those without a deep understanding of Custodians, her act could fool even high ranking members anywhere in the Imperium. At least until the scar opens to reveal a third eye that glows with a blue radiance associated with only one entity. Besides her physical prowess, Alecto can call upon an assortment of obfuscation, hypnotic, and mind reading Warp Sorceries. Though doing so would reveal her for what she is. Still, she is a master of subtlety and the liar's art. Even other psykers may not detect her initially so long as she does not call upon her Warp powers.

Goal: As with all who serve Tzeentch, Alecto keeps as many details of her plans secret until absolutely necessary. After all, knowledge is power. She will adamantly insist that the Communications Array must be restarted as the first stage of her complex designs. The fact that there is no longer an Astropath to use the equipment doesn't bother her in the least. This will require several spacewalks to find and repair equipment.

"Tzeentch tugs on the strings of the universe. Those who do not conform are removed from its weave forever."

Gadel Luneumos, Thousand Sons Chaos Sorcerer (+200 CP)

A traitor legion founded by Magnus the Red who followed their leader into the clutches of the Warp and into even darker secrets after their fall. Just as their Primarch was, so too are the Thousand Sons gifted in the art of all things warpcraft. Each and every one of their numbers is a psyker of no small ability and their time spent seeped within the Eye of Terror has only strengthened their bond to their new patron, Tzeentch.

Gadel Luneumos must always be addressed by his full name. To do less would be an insult to the great weave of Tzeentch that controls all things. After all, the Changer of Ways tugged and twisted with the subtlety of a master pianist until the universe caused the name to be applied to a certain Space Marine. Gadel Luneumos applies this quality of logic/faith to all aspects of his life. It grants him a surety of purpose that some might envy, as well as a near suicidal belief that his death can only come at the will of Tzeentch. Which, of course, cannot come idly to so faithful a follower. Gadel Luneumos is an accomplished disciple of the Heretech branch of Warp Sorcery in addition to all the advantages normally attributed to a Chaos Marine. His ability to manipulate the Warp to destroy, bolster, or even dramatically repair vehicles and technology would be impressive if each casting didn't come with a backlash of some kind. Despite the pain, Gadel Luneumos continues onwards with his faith gilding him.

Goal: Gadel Luneumos claims to have been guided by hints carefully coaxed from Tzeentch himself to the *Light of Terra* for a singular purpose. To find and free the pair of Daemon Engines captured a millenia ago and still bound within the lowest depths of the ship. However, the mutated humanoids within the cisterns and darkest corridors seem to have a strange kinship with the howls now issuing from those parts of the ship. At least they will not be hard to find. Just follow the red glow of superheated metals and the smell of blood.

"What's the matter? Are you a servitor or something? Let me hear some noise and get this party started!"

Christine Kulock Baladea, Slaanesh "Noise Marine" (+200 CP)

She Who Thirsts, Slaanesh, the Prince of Pleasure and a half dozen other names can all be attributed to the same Chaos God. S/He is all things pleasure and pain. S/He is worshiped by perfectionists and those who desire no imitations of their imagination. When people step over the lines of common sense and keep pushing forward to an extreme so distant that others would look upon them with revulsion, they worship Slaanesh.

Christine was not blessed, or cursed depending on your point of view, with the gender to be considered for transformation into one of the towers of Humanity that is a Space Marine. Still, that hasn't stopped her from taking one look at Slaanesh's loudest and most destructive Traitor Legions and deciding that is the life for her. At least once she had delved too deeply into the artistic cults in an attempt to elevate her fame as a singer. Now, clad in heavily modified power armor that may have once belonged to a Sister of Battle, she is a walking, clanking, destructive party in a petite frame. Her armor cranks out music, sometimes several different songs at the same time, at volumes that range from annoying to deafening. It never shuts off, just like Christine herself. She never seems to sleep. Or blink. She is dedicated to dancing, singing, and slaughtering those who try to bring her down with a massive "Party Cannon" she hauls around. Which happens to be a Heavy Arc Rifle ripped from a heavy weapon platform. Most shocking of all, she appears entirely free of mutations.

Goal: The dead, lifeless air of the ship really seems to offend Christine. She has an almost manic fixation on filling the ship with her music as one gloriously huge party dedicated to Slaanesh. To this end, she needs your help to fix up and turn on the voxcast system spread all over the interior of the ship. Not a hard task, but a time consuming one made more complicated by Christine's complete inability to understand what stealth means.

"Four arms, two tongues, and... Well... I'll let you imagine what other surprises I have in store for you."

Or'ishar, Fallen Sslyth Sensualist (+300 CP)

The Sslyth are a nearly extinct race of humanoids with the lower body and scales of a snake. They are tall enough to commonly "stand" a head higher than even the Eldar with seven feet of additional body length trailing behind them. Their scales are tough enough to propel themselves over the most broken of terrains without injury and even resist small arms fire. Most shocking to those who encounter them are their four arms and just how dexterous they are with them. Seeing one wielding four weapons at once is not uncommon.

Or'ishar was one of many of his kind taken by Slaanesh when her/his forces overran their home planet. Of course, he sees the change in leadership as something of an improvement. His people may have been hedonistic, but Or'ishar has long since left such comparatively prudish ways behind. All but immune to pain, he seeks out the sensation as if it was as necessary as oxygen. Yet maiming himself has long since lost its appeal. So now, scarred in a hundred places, he supplements his desires with fleshly pleasures whenever he can as he seeks out new and interesting pains. To this end, he wields a pair of Agoniser whips. Though one has been modified to inflict pleasure instead of pain to the nerves of those it brushes against. The fact that he wears both around his midsection as belts when he is not using them on others is a fact that is as terrifying as it is awe inspiring. He remains functional despite this overstimulation, if a bit distracted and unfocused at times.

Goal: Or'ishar's design for the *Light of Terra* is a grand display dedicated to Slaanesh and her artistic desires. Admittedly, he would prefer to make it a carnal one, but even he hasn't been able to think up anything so grand as to catch the Lord of Excess's attention. So he has settled on an artistic event of such scale that she will have no choice but to notice him. He requires your help in setting up several dozen bombs inside each clan's territory. As close to the population centers as possible. His own attempts to sneak into the encampments have been laughable. So you will have to do it while he readies the second step.

“Khaine birthed me. But Khorne freed me. I do not honor him with blood or skulls. From me flows warfare itself.”

Ysumore, Corrupted Avatar of Khaine Khorne (+200 CP)

The Chaos God of war, murder, blood, rage, and martial honor goes by many names. He is the Lord of Skulls, the Blood God, the Lord of Rage, and Khorne. Arguably the most ancient of the four prime evils of the Warp, it is said Khorne arose when the first primate picked up a rock and killed one of its fellows in a fit of anger. Every murder, death in battle, or violent end is said to feed him. Those done by those who enjoy the act are far more delicious.

Ysumore might have originally been an Exarch of a Craftworld. Young Kings are chosen to be vessels, or possibly sacrifices, in the rites necessary to create, or summon, an Avatar of Khaine. He cares little for his former Aeldari kin now. He scarcely remembers them in any case. What he does remember is his birth. He was summoned forth to battle against the forces of Khorne. In that pursuit, he slaughtered uncountable foes. Daemons, cultists, and even Chaos Marines fell before the Hand of Khaine he wielded. Yet, eventually, the forces of the Blood God overwhelmed him. On the brink of his death, Khorne spoke forth and demanded his life be spared. The god of death on the battlefield was so impressed by the destruction Ysumore had unleashed that he wanted him for a champion. A dark ritual later, Khorne had his desire. Yet, Tsumore considers the transformation a benediction instead of enslavement. He still wields the Hand of Khaine, though it has now begun to twist and change in dark and destructive ways.

Goal: Ysumore is here specifically at the will of Khorne to assist you in the coming battles. He claims to know, as if with a psychic sensing, when and where violence is most likely to erupt. And he insists such an air hangs around in with a concentration like no others. He desires nothing more than combat at every opportunity. A fact that will complicate any attempt to interact with the local clans more than a little.

“In space, nobody can hear you scream. Which means we can be as loud as we want.”

Hellenica Aquicus, Captain of the *Siege of Reason* (+200 CP)

Khorne has never been one to grant his naval forces very much favor. His doctrine of melee combat, copious blood, and maximum fury does not mesh well with the extreme distances and calculated precision typical of combat in space. Still, even He recognizes ships as necessary to ferry his His warriors from battlefield to battlefield. There are a rare few who impress him despite their appreciation for torpedoes and broadsides.

Hellenica does not strike one at first glance as a Khorinte believer. Once you get past the fact that she has tattooed His symbol on her cheek, she appears much like any other Imperial naval officer. Sharply dressed in a uniform of black and red with a hat and decorations that would look more at home on a sailing ship than one drifting through space. Her short, straight silver hair looks like a calm waterfall of mercury... at least until she catches the scent of battle. Then it shifts to a dark red like that of festering blood and she is like a dog let off the leash. Her strange mix of brutality and cunning tactics tend to catch all but the most quick witted of opponents by surprise. She is equally capable with her Ironclaw Shotgun as she is at the command console of her ship. Just don't expect your ammunition stores to last for very long once her switch is flipped. And you might want to find somewhere else to be when the fighting is done. She's intense in other ways with all that adrenaline in her.

Goal: Back in Imperium shipyards are a whole flotilla of Avenger-class Grand Cruisers. They were retired because their use as “line-breakers” was made obsolete by a change in naval tactical doctrine. After all, what use is a heavily armored ship with massive batteries of short-ranged weaponry when most ships prefer to fire torpedoes at each other from thousands of kilometers away. But to Hellenica, such a warship is the perfect vessel. She believes that the *Light of Terra's* databanks may still contain the command codes that could be used to revive the old juggernauts and allow them to sail once again. Finding the codes would require some revitalizing old and dilapidated cogitator banks and machine spirits, requiring patience she only sometimes has.

“Many speak Father Nurgle’s name with scorn, never knowing how much he cares.”

Dolor the Reborn, Fallen Dryad of Nurgle (+300 CP)

Nurgle, the Plague Lord and Lore of Pestilence, is a Chaos God of contradictions. On the one hand, he is responsible for every infection, every disease, every plague that exists in the mortal realm. At the same time, he is the lord of rebirth and welcomes in new life after death with a jovial energy. He is the least likely of the four Prime Evils to be worshiped by humanity or alien races. Yet there are those who seek him out when plagues run rampant or praise him for his “trials” giving them the strength to survive another day.

To call Dolor the Reborn unique among the legions of Nurgle’s daemons would be akin to comparing a sun’s brilliance to that of a candle’s flame. She is the last of her kind and possibly a creature that has never truly existed in this realm before. She is a Dryad, a nature spirit of the forest with flesh of wood and blood of sap. In an age lost to history, Papa Nurgle found her barely alive as she continued to tend to a forest long since killed by an explosion of fungal growth. Her own body was decaying even as she struggled to move and mushrooms clung to the entirety of her back. She gave in to his kind words and promises of rebirth for her ravaged body. Now she serves her “father” willingly, happily, and praises him for all he does to those unfortunate mortals. Even as she continues to suffer the ravages of the disease Nurgle first blessed her with. She is now a talented Chaos Sorcerer, augmenting her natural talent for illusion and misdirection with strange spells of wood and fungus that few familiar with the art in this modern day have seen.

Goal: One of the Mess Halls within the *Light of Terra* is now host to a group of mutated mushrooms that have evolved over the last millennia into a network of alien intelligence. Dolor can see the potential in those fungal growths, especially if she could wrestle control of their more mobile members. She has a certain ritual in mind that needs to be performed near the center of the largest forest. Which happens to be heavily guarded.

“The Tyranids discarded us, but the Plague Lord sees all capable of rebirth and glory anew.”

Brashi of the Clan Oarqu, Zoat Envoy of Nurgle (+200 CP)

The Zoat were once a valued member of the Tyranid swarm. The hivemind used their natural charisma and near instinctual understanding of new languages as envoys to other races. They tried, mostly in vain, to convince planets to join with the Tyranids willingly. Eventually these large, centaur-like saurians were discarded as the hivemind gave up on diplomacy entirely. This decision was aided by the fact that Zoats had a tendency to escape Tyranid control when given half a chance. Often stealing bioweapons on their way out the door.

Brashi is earnest, charming, and amazingly well spoken for a hulking quadruped coated in lizard scales with a face fit to terrify children. A fact that has not been helped by his extended service to Nurgle. His scales flake off almost constantly with fresh ones growing beneath them almost fast enough to watch. Much of his tail is coated with open sores that fester and leak all manner of vile fluids from his many infections. Yet, despite all this and the constant pain he must be in, he laughs easily, cracks jokes fit to make even an Inquisitor smile, and would likely be the type to make friends wherever he goes. If he wasn’t a walking cesspool of disease with a massive Plague Thrower strapped across his broad back. He is also endlessly interested in diseases of all kinds. While not trained to create such things, he happily shows a seemingly encyclopedic knowledge on identifying plagues, contagions, and infectious agents as well as their symptoms.

Goal: While Brashi is careful to talk around any questions about his long term plans, he is quite happy to talk about what he desires to do aboard the *Light of Terra*. In fact, he will rarely shut up about all the diseases and plagues he intends to infect everyone aboard with. His plan involves shutting off the Atmospheric Controls, or get them working again depending on their status, and then switch them on full blast after he has hooked up his experiment to it. Don’t worry. He’s got a gas mask all prepared for you.

“Seek not the heresies of the skeletal pretender upon his false throne. Within Chaos there is all existence.”

Grytham Steelblade, Dark Apostle of the Word Bearers and Priest of Chaos Undivided (+300 CP)

Unlike the many squabbling masses of daemons and cultists that serve only one of the four ruinous powers, the Chaos Space Marines known as the Word Bearers worship all at once. They have long since realized, thanks to the wisdom of their Primarch Lorgar, that only by turning humanity to following the tenants of the four Prime Lords can their race achieve its pinnacle of existence. They are also some of the very few capable of forcing the minions of Khorne, Slaanesh, Tzaneeth, and Nurgle to cooperate for any length of time.

Grytham Steelblade is well used to operating far from his brother Word Bearers. He was granted the privilege, albeit a dangerous one, of infiltrating worlds that have not yet heard the glorious word of the Prime Lords. Finding collaborators and dodging the foul Imperial puritans is never an easy task, yet he sees the glory in it each time a world turns to the true worship of his masters. A copy of the *Book of Logar* is never far from his skin just as the corrupted chainaxe at his hip never hesitates to strike out at the heretics of the Corpse Pretender. He earnestly believes in the good that the Four Lords could bring to mankind once enough souls are devoted to their worship. In fact, he speaks often of how the heretical beliefs of the Imperium are poisoning the Primes, corrupting them from the pure aspects they should represent.

Goal: Grytham recognizes that the local survivors aboard the *Light of Terra* have wandered far from the traditionally heretical teachings of the Golden Corpse. In them, he sees an opportunity for redemption on the true path humanity was meant to take. He would like your assistance in converting at least two of the local clans to the worship of the Prime Lords. To show them the glory beneath the corrupting lies of the Imperium.

“Hwee wheel cap-toor dis hsip fohr kay-ohss!”

Cultist-chan, Eternal Joke Devoted of Chaos and Pain in Dranon’s Backside (+200 CP)

The four Chaos Gods agree on so few things, yet in this particular instance they have found endless amusement in this one specific cultist. One who isn’t a full grown woman yet either. Maybe. Those who have stumbled across her path were quick to question the sense of humor of the four Prime Evils. She bumbles her way from one situation to another, often dying horrifically, only to be soon resurrected so that she may continue to amuse, and annoy, the evil legions of the galaxy. Yet, strangely, she has a habit of showing up in situations where momentous events are going to happen and become involved with some shockingly powerful beings.

Cultist-chan is short and undernourished enough to be confused for a late adolescent human, but she claims she is an adult whenever questioned on that fact. She has a strong dislike of sweet foods and irregular, crowded, and very sharp teeth. The latter fact causes her to have a severe speech impediment that makes understanding her a challenge at the best of times. She is also completely devoted to the four Ruinous Powers, as well as a fifth Chaos God that few people remember exists. However, her attempts to do anything productive almost always end in amusing hijinks or deadly accidents. Despite this she remains cheerful, enthusiastic, and naively optimistic in any situation. Cultist-chan is marked by five lectoos on her body, one for each of her patrons, and has a pair of hooks pierced through her shoulder blades. She commonly rests a large chaos wheel on those hooks, that is if she hasn’t lost it again, as a sign of her devotion.

Goal: Cultist-chan wasn’t alone when she came to this ship. Her dear pet, Kay-oss, and her best friend forever, Dranon, were with her when they landed. However, the pair of them have decided to play hide-and-seek. At least, that’s what she claims. Given how hard Dranon will be to find, one might assume that he is actively trying to avoid Cultist-chan. Her goal is simple enough even if it will require climbing and hiking impressive lengths of the ship. Find her pet and best friends and enjoy the warm reunion accompanied by many screams of rage.

Dark Mechanicus

"Fools call the Warp a place of unknowable horror. I say it is a realm of science unbounded by reality."

Domina Chrom, Tech-Witch Heretek (+200 CP)

Forge Worlds are the manufacturing lifeblood of the Imperium. However, they do not have unique control over such ancient production nexuses. The forces of Chaos have taken many and turned them to their own purposes. It is on these worlds that the Dark Mechanicus thrives, innovates, and provides their bounty to whoever it is in their best interests to do so. Only their advanced, and terrifying, technological advances keep them independent.

Domina is descended from a notable Arch-Heretek that lived during the great schism of the Mechanicum. She grew up among a clan of such scientists, each one of them studying ancient technologies and occult Warp-lore that would have made an Imperial Tech Priest blow a cooling valve. Her natural genius and genuine enthusiasm for Warp-based technologies has allowed her to surpass many of her peers. Now she wears the red robes of the Adeptus Mechanicus and uses their voluminous nature to conceal what lies beneath. Her body shows the fruits of her research. Cybernetics so finely crafted that they appear more organic than metallic and truly are a mix of both. Scaled and serpentine mehadendrites slither down her back, each glowing faintly with the captured essence of a dozen daemon. Her hands end in claws that shift into hands or any number of tools at her need. And the flesh of her body is vital, lovely, and curvaceous even with the unholy runes and sigils she has marked herself with. Or perhaps because of them. The vox-unit implanted in her throat is almost crude by comparison, as it robs her voice of much of its emotion. Unless she is alone with you. Then the Slaanesh daemonette bound inside colors her words in an entirely different way. A fault Domina does not seem eager to correct. As much as she might protest.

Goal: Having never had a chance to work on such a large scale, Domina is eager to try corrupting the *Light of Terra's* engines. She'll need a number of heretical ingredients, including more than a few living captives from the local tribes. Thankfully the ship spent a number of years collecting such affronts to the Imperium. You just have to find them. And hope none of the seals have started leaking yet.

"I'm going to push that button. I don't know what it does. I designed it in my sleep. But I'm going to push it."

Victoria Abarax, Xeno Archeologist and Tech-Heretek (+* CP)

The Dark Mechanicus as a whole is interested in far more than just the Warp. They are innovators who ruthlessly explore every avenue to advance humanity's understanding of technology. They delve into artificial intelligences, cloning and genetic research, and even the technology of other races. Those of the Dark Mechanicus aren't going to let the answers they seek elude them simply because some grubby xenos thought of the answer first.

Victoria Abarax is another Dark Mechanicum member with an infamous relation. She learned about alien technologies directly from her grandfather until his disappearance. Rather than look for him, she went searching for answers to her own scientific quandaries. Most of them involve what would happen if she plugged a piece of technology into her body. Unlike her grandfather, she is an equal opportunity sampler of alien artifacts and the technological secrets buried within them. She enjoys picking them apart, losing herself in a manic fervor as she traces the foreign engineering. Sometimes she doesn't even wait for the body of the xeno she killed for the device to cool before she starts. Her current obsession involves a cache of T'au technology she discovered. Which explains the drone she has wired directly into her spine that controls some of her subprocessors. The fact it has a personality that occasionally shoves through to flirt with you is a feature, not a bug. While she has no real interest in combat, she has a wide variety of artifacts plugged into herself that could be fairly destructive. When they work.

Goal: Victoria has discovered that two xeno have also been hunting the Light of Terra. She's been following them for a chance to peek under the hood of their tech. So, she rather politely asks you to track them down and kill them for her. Pick two Xeno, T'au, or Eldar Allies to kill for her. She grants you CP equal to their combined cost.

The corridors of the *Light of Terra* beckon as your two souls, now bound together by common purpose or momentary need for survival, travel into its depths. Whether you two go boldly or meekly, soon enough it will become clear that the ship itself is drawing your attention to the correct way forward. Stuck doors creak or rattle as you pass to draw your attention. The hiss of a vacuum seal on the edge of failing deters you from the wrong path. A hundred similar distractions and minor annoyances draw you away from the ragged edges of the ship's hull and into its innermost depths.

While your new companion may comment about the local tribes of wild men living in clumps of crude humanity, you will see none of them as you pass through the ship. The way will be clear even when you pass by areas that show signs of long term habitation. Though the fires left burning show that they will not remain so for long.

Eventually, you will find your way to the bridge, though whether by good luck or navigation is debatable. In the command throne that dominates the center of the circular room sits a shell of a man. All but a skeleton yet still alive only because of the ship's support systems forcing him to continue existing. His skull has no eyes left in them yet you feel as if the bones somehow notice you as you enter the room. A vox-caster crackles and hisses to life before a weak croak of a voice whispers out of it.

**Fellow travelers of the voice. You have... come to set me free.
My last request... the only desire left to me... is to feel my *Light* sail the void once more.
Help me and my ship will be yours.**

Lord-Commander Draken Roth is all but mad after an age spent tethered to his crippled ship. He will entertain none of your objections, should you have any, and continue to speak as if you have already accepted his charge. You will need to access the status of the engines of the *Light of Terra*. Roth long ago lost his connection to them so he is unsure how they have fared. Then, you must find a way to fix them enough for a final Warp jump. He comments that perhaps the degenerated clans of those who were once his crew and passengers may be able to help, if you can find a way to herd them.

To aid you at your task, he describes a route down into a hidden cargo hold that contains all the most valuable relics gathered over the length of his service. Sadly, you will arrive to discover that the secret cache was discovered and pillaged at least once in the long downward decline of the *Light of Terra*. Whether by outside influences or those who have made this ship their whole world it is impossible to tell. Still, with an entire cargo hold to search, you will find something that has been overlooked.

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**Items purchased from the list below represent what it is possible to find within the hidden cargo hold.
Those not purchased have either been broken, discarded, or lost to the ages.**

You are given one (1) 50 CP Item for Free and one (1) 100 CP Item at a 50% Discount.

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Box of Emergency Rations (50 CP): While these food packs may not taste great, or like much of anything at all, each one is enough to keep a person fed for an entire day. This crate is large enough to keep you and your ally (not Toby) going for several months if you stretch them a bit. It also includes a few days worth of water and a basic water recycler. The two will last you at least as long as the food packs will.

Civitas Pattern Laspistol (50 CP): Bulky and inefficient compared to more modern variants of Laspistol, this model remains widely used because of its ease of maintenance and durable construction. The small power packs hold thirty shots each and you'll find a half dozen in your search of the cargo hold.

Combat Knife (50 CP): A classic back-up weapon with nearly as many variations as there are planets in the galaxy. This one is a Catachan Knife with twenty inches of steel sharpened on both sides. It is heavy enough to chop through a jungle as well as light armor without blunting. Not subtle, but effective.

Frag Grenades (50 CP): This thick belt has nine of the classic fragmentation grenades hanging off of it. They are all of the time delay variety, giving you five seconds to throw it and dive for cover before it makes everyone nearby have a very bad day.

Imperial Guard Flak Armor (50 CP): It's an old saying among the Guard that his armor only comes in two sizes. Too big and too small. Shockingly, this full set of lightweight body armor you've managed to scavenge together actually fits you. It'll shield you from small arms and shrapnel, but nothing more powerful than that.

Ironfist Stub Revolver (50 CP): While much more advanced weapons have long since graced the galaxy, basic slug throwers remain a popular choice for citizens and criminals for their ease of manufacture. This six shot revolver is as basic as they come. You'll find roughly a hundred and twenty rounds near this weapon.

Medically Induced Murder (50 CP): This small satchel is packed to the brim with injectors of a variety of combat drugs. While seen as distasteful by much of the universe, they are a necessary evil at times to battle the near superhuman enemies of mankind. Includes ten vials of Slaughter, Nightmarish Power, and Vultroprene.

Medipack (50 CP): Every soldier's best friend that they hope never to need. This shoulder slung pack contains a variety of cataplasm patches, counterseptics, bandages, cast sprays, and even a synthskin applicator. It also includes a selection of painkillers, heavy duty simulants, and several vials simply labeled Emperor's Mercy.

Recoil Gloves (50 CP): A pair of heavy, metal gauntlets that were made to absorb the recoil of the notoriously hard kicking weapons of the Imperium. Rather than the typical version made for a specific weapon, these are filled with a strange non-newtonian fluid that can adapt itself to any weapon you desire to wield.

Survival Kit (50 CP): This bug-out bag looks to have been dropped by one of the previous raiders. It contains a respirator and filtration plugs with a half dozen filters, a full body suit capable of offering some protection against radiation and airborne contaminants, several coils of rope, and a packet of thirty caffeine tablets.

Void Suit (50 CP): This full body suit allows the wearer to be completely insulated from the outside world, including the vacuum of space. It comes equipped with magnetic soles for walking along ship hulls and a tank of breathable air capable of lasting six hours before needing to be refilled. It is lightly armored and not combat ready.

Adeptus Mechanicus Dataslate (100 CP): While unwieldy, this half meter square dataslate is oversized for a very good reason. It contains several advanced machine spirits capable of interfacing with those overseeing the individual systems of the *Light of Terra* and suggesting repair procedures for any damage or anomalies detected. It isn't nearly as useful as a Cogboy would be. However, it is right more often than not and is capable of walking even a layman through complex mechanical repairs as well as the necessary rituals required to satisfy the Omnissiah.

Battle Shovel (100 CP): A strange weapon likely born from a deranged cultist's desperation during a planetary rebellion. It is a shovel with the underslung barrel attachments for shotgun shells and grenades from slugthrower weapons hastily welded onto the handle. Rugged, ridiculous, but undeniably effective.

Chain Weaponry (100 CP): These favorite weapons of mankind are loud, destructive, and chew through flesh and light armor. You may have your choice of Chainaxe, Chainsword, or the larger, two-headed version of either of them. They may also be adorned with the sigils of a Chaos God if you wish. With... interesting results.

Crystalline Bow and Arrows (100 CP): Undoubtedly a strange weapon in these modern times, this bow of psychokinetic crystalline construction offers unique advantages as a focus and targeting device to those with psychic tendencies. For everyone else, the pull on it is powerful enough to launch arrows through the plate armor of most light vehicles. It will prove far easier to draw than it should for its power. A quiver with thirty arrows lays next to the bow. Through normal use the arrows will be easily recoverable and quite sturdy.

Fire Axe (100 CP): An ancient Aeldari weapon said to have been forged back during the age when their people's civilization dramatically collapsed. The runes carved into the axe continually smolder and flicker along its blade. It is not uncommon for those struck by it in battle to burst into flames or suffer cauterized wounds.

Carapace Scale Armor (100 CP): This full body armor is far more protective than the traditional Flak Armor and mainly limited to the elite troops of the Imperial Guard and various law enforcement agencies. The scale plate version uses smaller plates, but many more of them, to allow for the same protection but more mobility.

Flesh Gauntlet (100 CP): A truly horrifying weapon from the twisted minds of the Dark Eldar. This long glove is tipped with syringe needles at the end of each finger and covered in a tracery of tubes and vials of sickly liquids. A slash or prick with the razor sharp needles is enough to inject them with a biological mutagen that will quickly cause your enemies to outgrow their own skin. Be careful not to stab yourself with it. There's no safety switch.

Ryza-Pattern Hellgun (100 CP): The upgraded form of the Imperial Guard's traditional Lasrifle. A Hellgun uses a much larger power cell, worn as a backpack unit, which offers it a wide array of power settings and a bodyheat capturing system that slowly recharges the backpack even while it is being worn and fired.

Ion Rifle (100 CP): An uncommon weapon among the T'au, it nevertheless sees use by the Pathfinders when additional firepower is called for. This energy weapon imbued targets with a burst of energy at the atomic level. Practically speaking, it causes the surfaces of objects it is fired at to explode in spectacular fashion.

Kroot Bolt Thrower (100 CP): While certainly an archaic weapon, the undersized crossbow remains a valuable tool to the avian hunters when stealth is required. It can fire foot long adamantium bolts, of which you discover thirty, in near total silence and with enough force to piece even heavy armor at close range.

Nighteye Goggles (100 CP): A popular bit of kit for Rogue Traders who are forced to do business on worlds with low illumination. These rather over-decorated goggles allow a human to see in near complete darkness as well as if it were mere twilight. They have a built-in system to prevent blindness due to flashes of bright lights.

"Party" Grenades (100 CP): An innovation from the deranged mind of some Slaanesh cultist. These grenades release a huge cloud of aphrodisiac gasses five seconds after being triggered, almost guaranteeing the user is going to catch at least a whiff without mechanical assistance throwing them. A few breaths of the gas is enough to drive beings with any sex drive into an indiscriminate orgy of fleshy appetite. At least until their hearts explode.

EtaCarn Plasma Weaponry (100 CP): The plasma weapons made by the Leagues of Voltann are far superior to those employed by the Imperium. It is anyone's guess how they ended up on the Light of Terra. You may choose to find either two plasma pistols or one plasma rifle. Ammo is not a concern with such weaponry.

Power Weapon (100 CP): These types of melee weapons come in a wide variety of shapes, sizes, and styles and are seen in evidence among most of the races of the galaxy. Each of them emits a crackling field of energy that is as destructive as it is impressive. You may choose the style of the weapon you discover from any of those commonly found in the Imperium (Axe, Fist, Sword, ect.), save those of the chain-weapon variety.

Recon Armor (100 CP): While similar in many ways to the Imperial Flak Armor, T'au Recon Armor is more advanced in many ways and will offer superior protection. It is perfect armor for a stealthy individual. However, it is unlikely to fit your body very well and will take some modification before becoming useful.

Shotgun Shoota (100 CP): What Ork "technology" lacks in sophistication and style, it makes up for in brutish effectiveness. This twin barreled shotgun is, somehow, capable of firing anything from Imperial boltrounds to traditional shotgun shells and even handfuls of small arms bullets. It's possible that shoving a handful of gun- powder and shards of glass down its barrels would still fire with a cacophonous explosion of sound.

Shuriken Weaponry (100 CP): A strangely inaccurate weapon given the Aeldari's typical technological prowess. However, the deadliness of the razor-sharp disks and the thousands of rounds contained in each clip are more than enough to offset this disadvantage. You may choose between two pistols or one rifle.

Storm Shield (100 CP): Favored by Terminator Space Marines, this large shield offers extreme protection from all but the heaviest of attacks. It comes equipped with a gravitic engine that not only lightens its own weight but also eliminates the force of blows against it. The generator for this ancient version is uncommonly efficient.

Tyranid Bladed Weapon (100 CP): No doubt someone's idea of an improvised weapon during one of the Tyranid Wars. This severed tail of a Gargoyle is attached to a handle wrapped with leather. A handguard of chitinous plates that is studded with claws offers both a great deal of protection and additional slashing edges.

Warp Flamer, Heavy (100 CP): This two-handed flamethrower has clearly been profaned by the forces of Chaos. It is inscribed with dozens of symbols that hurt the eyes and mind to consider too long. The warpfire emitted from this weapon doesn't just burn, it transforms flesh into mutated nonsense that cannot long survive.

Plague Spewer (200 CP): Favored by the Chaos Marines of Nurgle, this noxious and massive version of a flamethrower unleashes a truly foul concoction when triggered. Daemonic pathogens, pus, bile, and toxins of all stripes infect anyone touched by the liquid and ensure a painful, if not always swift, death.

Callophean Psy-Engine (200 CP): Even the Dark Mechanicus sometimes shudder at the creations of their brethren. This backpack unit contains four preserved, and still living, brains taken from powerful psykers. When goaded and directed by a meter long wand, it's possible to unleash the power of warpcraft on any those you choose. The insulation is hardly perfect. Users are often plagued by whispers of insanity and daemons.

Frost Maul (200 CP): Truly a unique weapon, as the Space Wolves much prefer chainswords and chainaxes. This sledgehammer has a head with six separate rings of chainblades encircling it. Each tooth is a diamond hard fang of a Fenrisian Ice Wurm and can chew through a typical chainweapon, or armor, with ease.





Gauss Flayer (200 CP): A large, rifle style weapon unique to the Necron with an axe-like bayonet attached to its end. Much of the universe had no idea how these devices tear their targets apart molecule by molecule or even how they can fire without overheating. They're capable of ripping apart even the heaviest of armors.

Hexrifle (200 CP): Favored by the Drukhari cadre of flesh shapers, these rifles sheer tiny slivers off a large crystal imbued with the deadly Glass Plague virus. It's an incredibly virulent disease that reacts upon contact with flesh. Within moments, those struck are transformed into a black statue of a glass-like crystal.

Holo-Field Emitter (200 CP): This small device appears innocuous enough until the wearer begins to move. It then emits a barrage of visual "chaff" in the form of bright lights, vibrant colors, and holograms of the wearer moving in different directions. Favored by the Eldar, it is excellent at confounding eyes and targeting sensors.

Ignatus Power Armor (200 CP): Typically worn by members of the Inquisition, this suit of power armor can be worn effortlessly by anyone. Its own systems are capable of compensating for its weight and still lend considerable strength to the wearer. With its power pack it could remain combat capable for five days, at least.

Neuro Disruptor (200 CP): This "gun" appears to be simply a large hunk of bluish crystal that some unknown xeno species molded a metal handle and trigger onto. Despite that lack of any other moving pieces, pulling the trigger causes it to fire a blast of energy capable of burning out the neurons of organic beings. Those struck will show no visible sign of injury and will simply fall to the floor, twitching in a moment of violent agony before death.

Ossefactor (200 CP): The Dark Eldar Haemonculi are capable of truly horrifying examples of body modification and few know better how to destroy flesh. Using very specific waves of force, this rifle causes those affected to experience their skeleton suddenly and violently growing out of control. It is as painful and deadly as it sounds.

Refractor Field (200 CP): A small shield emitter that is commonly seen among the priesthood of Mars. This one appears of ancient manufacture and would astound any modern Tech-priest due to its sheer power output. Even a fully armed and determined Space Marine would be hard pressed to bring down this barrier on his own without bringing heavy weapons to bear.

Sonic Blaster (200 CP): Few sonic based weapons are seen in use among the various races of the galaxy outside of those in service to Slaanesh. This one, elegantly carved to appear as a beautiful woman opening her mouth to sing, is a work of art among such devices. When unleashed, it is capable of ripping targets apart in a cone of violent harmonics, discordant noise, and devastating waves of force.

WeirdBoy Head (300 CP): At first, this jar appears to be nothing more than an Ork's head preserved in a jar of vaguely yellow liquid. And then the eyes open and blink at you. Somehow, the head of this Ork version of a psyker is still alive. His rage at being confined for so long is almost blinding in its intensity. However, in your otherworldly nature, he recognizes an opportunity. Give him a target, any target, and he will bend his not inconsiderable talents at the crude warpcraft of the Orks upon it. Possess a measure of the talent yourself and he may even be able to teach you a few tricks. Keep in mind, Ork WeirdBoys are not big on restraint when using their powers. The common cause of death is not enemies, but self-immolation because of their powers.

Black Shield (300 CP): This unique relic was thought lost to the Imperium when the *Light of Terra* vanished into the Warp. Only the most ancient records of the Grey Knights or Imperial Fists chapters of Space Marines would even still mention this huge shield. It is so black that it seems to drink in the light and impossibly light for its size. Heavily ornamented with litanies against evil and prayers to the Emperor on the outside, which can't be dented or marred by any blow, it is a perfect defense against the powers of the Warp. On the inside is inscribed a simple phrase. "Dorn guides us. Protect him with faith." Truly an artifact of a turbulent time in the Imperium.

Imperial-Pattern Power Glove (300 CP): At first glance, this piece of archeotech resembles a Power Gauntlet that someone forgot to stop building at the wrist. Sleek metallic panels of an unknown alloy create a lattice of protection all the way up to the wearer's elbow where a thick shoulder pad could all but double as a buckler. As light as the metal is, it is still strong enough to parry blows from even the strongest mortal men before engaging the energy shield that makes it even tougher. It is less powerful than a traditional Power Gauntlet when it comes to attacking but considering how slim it is compared to most Imperial technology, it is still a wonder to behold.

Void Weave Cloak (300 CP): It would be easy enough to mistake this greatcloak for a pool of deep shadow amidst the inconsistent light of the hidden cargo hold. Woven from hair of some unknown, and likely extinct, alien beast, this garment is as soft as it is black. And it is dark enough that it seems to drink in the light itself. Despite this, it is impressively resistant to damage of all kinds and would perform as well as Imperial standard Carapace Armor on any battlefield. Against fire it is all but impervious. Only warp fire could hope to burn holes in it. This allows it to offer slightly better resistance to energy weapons of all kinds, as well.

Ghost Voice Auspex (300 CP): A handheld sensory device like an Auspex is not unknown to much of the Imperium's military. However, this version hails from an age when mankind built true wonders of technology. It is markedly more powerful and precise than any created in the current age. This piece of archeotech is capable of detecting a wide range of lifeforms within one hundred meters, easily twice that of modern versions, and can do so even through walls and dense materials that would normally hinder readings. Additionally, the machine spirit inhabiting the device will whisper to its owner of approaching dangers or lifeforms they may not even be aware of. These whispers can come from the device itself or be transmitted to any modern communication device.

Archangel's Shard (300 CP): In the aftermath of the Horus Heresy, the Blood Angels Legion mourned the death of their Primarch Sanguinius. To honor his sacrifice a number of Power Swords were forged in the ancient manner. Each one was a masterwork of technology even before they embedded a shard of Sanguinius' shattered blade inside of them. They are all relics that still are highly revered by the successor chapters of the Blood Angels' line. The energy field of this blade shimmers with a dark red field and exudes an air of sorrow and rage to any with psyker tendencies. Those who wield it in battle find the edges of their mind hounded by an echo of the Black Rage that is the curse of Sanguinius' gene-seed. While it will not impair the thoughts of the wielder, it will offer the power and might that transforms those normally affected into true destructive forces in battle.





Cranium Malevolus (300 CP): A servo-skull does not normally need to be stored in a cage with a plate fastened firmly across its teeth to keep its jaw shut. The mangled cogwheel sign of the Mechanicus on its forehead is a clear sign that some ruinous power has gotten their claws inside the mind of this normally docile device. Removing the mouth plate will also remove any doubt of that. The skull will start chattering wildly, teeth clacking together as its jaw flaps up and down, and speaking in a garbled version of the Binary all Techpriests of the Imperium speak. This corrupted version is viral scrap code in audible form. Machine Spirits who hear it, even those venerated and typically well armored against intrusive thoughts, will be driven to madness. Most would rather self-destruct than spend any more time listening to such heretical insanity. Truly a powerfully destructive device against any Imperial technology. It might not be a wise idea to unleash it on a spaceship.

Consort Honour Blade (300 CP): For a brief period of time, a world known as Heltor was a shining example of Imperial might, majesty, and technological progress. However, the Great Crusade swallowed the world, its traditions, and left only a barren husk of a world behind. The royal guards of that planet were said to use exquisitely crafted glaives that incorporated the very best of powered weapon technology as well as a Hellgun into the shaft. Such stories tell of the weapons being left activated for the entire length of a royal person's visit to other households, sometimes days at a time. This weapon is both proof of a technological prowess Humanity has long since lost as well as a historic relic more than a few within the Imperium would envy. The fact that this weapon is likely as old as the very ship you are standing on is awe-inspiring in its own right. That it is still just as capable of ending life as it was in the days that it guarded royal persons would make any Mechanicus scoff in disbelief.

“Repaired” Wraithguard (400 CP): The number of wards and holy scriptures inscribed on the outside of the crate containing this device is truly impressive. And intimidating. Inside is an Eldar Wraithguard who's “head” swings around to look at you curiously when you peek inside. Even from first glance, it is easy to tell that this artificial soldier has been heavily modified, likely by the Dark Mechanicus. Several additional sensory devices have been attached crudely into the wraithbone of its head. A mechadendrite sprouts from each hip, both of them dramatically longer than typical for such devices. It still holds its Wraithcannon in its hands but shows no indication of wanting to point it in your direction. The Spirit Stone is the most disturbing part for any who know Eldar technology. It is cracked and lifeless, only held together by a collection of wires glowing a sickly green. Despite that, the Wraithguard is as functional as ever and with its additional sensors it can see in Realspace as well as the Warp.

This modified construct will be content to follow your commands as if you were its commander. Whatever is still driving it is advanced enough to understand even highly complex orders and willing to stand in front of incoming fire to save your life. Its Wraithbone construction allows it to slowly heal from even dramatic damage, given it still has all of its parts, and it needs nothing in the way of external power sources. Unlike most constructs of its kind, this one does appear to feel flickers of emotion from time to time. This can be seen in subtle changes of its gestures. But more clearly demonstrating this fact are the flashes of light that leak from the cracked Soul Stone in those moments. Some of the colors it emits during battle are especially intense and seem to actively disturb, if not outright harm, creatures of the Warp that are touched by it.



The hidden holds of the *Light of Terra* contain one final secret tucked away and almost lost under a pile of debris. A BioPod, if the plate on its door is to be believed. It flickers to life as it senses your presence. Inviting music and an artificial voice encourage you to step inside and become a new you. A list of operations it offers scroll upwards along a vidscreen. Everything from cybernetic enhancements to replacement organs to even the implantation of several years worth of weapons training directly into your brain. A medical marvel left over from an age when humans were still putting down the robots they had created.

However, the machine waits until you are safely tucked inside, and it is far too late to back out, to warn you that the following procedures will hurt. Quite a bit. But not to worry. It's very capable of holding you in place as the scalpels and hypno-indoctrination unit settle into place. And ignoring your screams.

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The Biopod will perform any of the modifications you pick from the list below. Once it is done with you, a fault in the battery unit will melt much of the unit into slag, rendering it completely unusable.

You may buy any modification as many times as you wish, as long as you have the body space for it.

Should you choose not to modify yourself, that same fault will ruin the unit within fifteen minutes of your denial. You will not be allowed to take it apart to learn its secrets.

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Purely Cybernetic Enhancements

Mechadendrites (50 CP): These manipulator arms are common among the Adeptus Mechanicus as well as most of the Imperial cybernetically enhanced. They typically end in manipulator claws to assist in lifting heavy loads but can be modified with a whole host of customization options. If you wish, you may have any weapon you bought attached to the end of a Mechadendrite by purchasing this option.

Basic Artificial Limb (50 CP): Most races, Xeno and Imperium alike, have long since begun using technology to replace body parts lost in battle or accident. The cybernetic limbs offered here do not offer any additional strength beyond what is typical for a human, but have a complete nervous system connection so that they feel like the real thing. They are made of advanced metal, so naturally they are quite a bit tougher than flesh limbs.

Internal Lighter (50 CP): A small replacement for those who smoke or enjoy a little pyromania in their free time. This cybernetic finger replaces one of your own and doubles as a lighter. A miniature chemical synthesizer lives within it and will continually make new fuel out of minerals drawn from what you eat.

Hidden Blade (50 CP): Hidden between the ulna and radius or along the length of the shinbone, this foot of high quality plasteel can be extruded with a thought to become a deadly weapon. This Biobay also offers the option of embedding six inch claws on the fingers of one hand if you're looking for something more rakish.

Hand Buzzer (50 CP): This taser hidden in the palm of the hand is typically used by members of the Inquisition to capture targets for later interrogation. However, this archaeotech version is nearly undetectable and recharges with your body's own electricity, making it perfect for use in rapid succession during combat or a stealthy takedown.

Biomonitor System (50 CP): An intricate little system of small sensor nodes implanted all around the body. This system is capable of displaying your vital signs across your eye in a HUD style display in as much or as little detail as you wish. It is capable of warning you of contaminants, imminent panic attacks, infections, wounds you may not be aware of, though it does not have any additional medical implants for combating any of those problems.

Advanced Artificial Limb (100 CP): Sleek and perfect in a way no other artificial limbs are in this day and age. These arms and legs can be tailored to blend in exactly with your natural ones or coated with gold, silver, or matte black for a more stylish look. These limbs will slowly repair themselves if damaged. Not that damage is all that likely. They are durable enough to take a plasma bolt without melting and strong enough to punch through stone.

Machine Spirit Translation Component (100 CP): The mSTC is a unit similar to those used by the Adeptus Mechanicus to commune with the Machine Spirits of technology great and small. It appears as little more than a thin tendril hidden among the veins of your wrist that can be connected to nearly any device. The mSTC is capable of convincing, repairing, or reprogramming even the most difficult Machine Spirits given enough time.

Holdout Lasrifle (100 CP): A miniaturized, but no less lethal, lasrifle is rarely seen outside of the elite of select organizations and many only have the stopping power of a laspistol. This version can be placed between the radius and ulna on either arm with very little sign of its presence. Deploying and firing the weapon is as easy as flexing a muscle. Aiming it may take a bit of practice though.

Language Cogitator (100 CP): This bundle of circuitry implanted in the skull stimulates the language centers of the brain and assists in understanding new languages. While it may take some time to decipher brand new languages, it comes with a full grasp of both High and Low Gothic, the Eldar languages, and, somehow, Ork.

Magnetic Soles (100 CP): This series of small electromagnets are directly attached to the bones of your feet. When activated with a small motion of your toes, they are energized with your own body's electrical impulses. This will allow you to effortlessly walk on, up, or along any ferromagnetic surface. While it will allow you to resist the pull of gravity and a lot of force, they will automatically disengage before your feet rip from your body.

Ballistics Cogitator (200 CP): This cogitator is linked to a series of sensors down both arms, including the hands, as well as a HUD unit embedded in your eyes. The whole system allows the cogitator to accurately calculate the trajectory of bullets fired by any weapon in your hands after the first few shots with it. And once it has a weapon registered, it will not have to sync up with it again. Additionally, it will assist in compensating for recoil by stimulating the muscles of your arms and hands. All this combines to turn anyone installed with this system into a crack shot with nearly any ranged weapon they pick up. It will struggle with vehicle mounted weapons.



Variable Chronometer (200 CP): It is unknown how a fragment of Necron technology made it into this Biopod, but you can almost certainly bet the Dark Mechanicus was involved.

Typically a similar device is used by Necron Chronomancers to slow their mental processes to the point that the world around them appears to be moving in slow motion. This version will be fused to your nervous system roughly in the vicinity of your brain stem. It will allow you to “dial” your perception of time back in a similar way, allowing you to perceive each second as anywhere between one and a half and four instead. Being able to react just as quickly will require further enhancement. It is recommended to use it only in short bursts as the device tends to heat up rapidly.

Cybernetic or Biological Enhancements

Enhanced Eyesight (50 CP): Both technology and biology have found ways to improve on the standard human eyeball since the days mankind first gazed up at the stars. Though the biological changes wrought by the Biopod will be more subtle in their appearance they will be no less effective. You may choose between being able to see in low-light environments, gaining the ability to see the infrared spectrum, or being able to see significantly farther.

Deodorizer (50 CP): Subtle changes to the scent glands are all that it takes to exchange the odorous chemical compounds emitted to ones far more pleasing to a human's nose. The choice between technological or biological here is more distinct. Choosing the former will allow you to choose which scent you would prefer to emit from an entire catalog of artificial ones. Choosing the latter will simply erase your scent entirely. Pheromones included.

Bone Strengthening (50 CP): Hardly the most noticeable of alterations, but increasing bone density either through metallic reinforcement or simply encouraging bone hypermineralization has a number of obvious practical benefits. Your bones, all of them, will be less likely to break from impacts, falls, or a sudden onslaught of gravitational forces from some warp sorcerer.

Recycler Lungs (50 CP): While hardly as effective as a Space Marine's third lung, these modified versions do allow a person to hold their breath in hostile environments for up to twenty minutes. Both biological or cybernetic versions do this in slightly different manners but the effect is the same. Even in the middle of furious combat, ten minutes between breaths is not out of the question.

Pain Suppression (50 CP): Despite the Adeptus Mechanicus favoring such augmentations, the inability to feel pain can be a mixed blessing. Being able to push muscles to the point of tearing, clearing the mind of its distraction at a critical moment, and the ability to function past the limits of shock can be the difference between life and death. Or it can be the reason for the latter. Still, it can be very useful.



Muscle Reinforcement (100 CP): There are a myriad of ways to enhance the overall strength of the human body. Hormone treatments are one method used by the original breed of Space Marines. However, the Primaris variety also had their sinews reinforced with durametallic coil-cables to enhance the effect. Either one alone would be enough to make a person strong enough to reach the peak of natural humanity. You may choose one or the other.

Stimulant Glands (100 CP): Increasing the reaction speed of a human is not nearly as easy as increasing its strength. However, a cocktail of chemicals not that dissimilar to combat stims have been proven capable of boosting it as far as physics allow. Which is somewhere in the ballpark of a tenth of a second. However, this adaptation could be pushed further if there was a way to speed the thought processes as well.

Coagulator (100 CP): A simple modification to the bloodstream that has still saved billions of lives since its introduction to humanity as a whole. Balancing the dramatically increased ability to clot, even when faced with large wounds, against the risk of blood clots forming along the way is not as hard as one might think. Thankfully.

Recollection Enhancement (100 CP): Memory centers of the brain vary pretty widely from person to person. With a little biological reorganization, or by replacing a small bit of brain matter with a miniature memory bank, your memory can be remarkably improved. It might not be eidetic, but you certainly won't be forgetting any birthdays.

Cast Iron Stomach (100 CP): Technically, everything in the universe contains the energy necessary to keep a body running. Most of it is just rather poisonous or riddled with parasites. By reconfiguring your stomach and intestines it becomes possible to stretch the range of what most people would consider eating. Food poisoning, intestinal parasites, even some of the exotic stomach viruses Nurgle comes up with will fail to take hold of you.

Subdermal Plating (100 CP): A fairly brute force approach to cybernetics, but most people appreciate the ability to survive taking a lasbolt to the chest. Either ceremite or chitinous armored plates will be placed/grown beneath your skin in strategic locations to cover your internal organs. While the ceremite plates are tougher, the chitinous plates will be capable of repairing themselves without needing surgery and a longer recovery time.

Psy-Unit (150 CP): It is as if you were blind your whole life up to this point and now someone has given you the ability to see. Except nothing so simple as sight could compare to the veil of reality you can now peer beyond. A small mutation to your genetic code, or a small bit of Dark Mechanicum technology crammed into your brain, are all that's needed to give you the very basic powers of a psyker. You are at the point anyone else finds themselves when their psyker abilities activate for the first time. Training them to become something useful, and exactly what paths that would take you down, will rely on your own willpower, temperament, and even the allies who stand beside you. Just beware, there is danger in equal measure to a psyker's power. Daemons are a hungry lot.

Regeneration Suite (200 CP): Regenerating from wounds more quickly is no small feat for biological beings. Still, there are always ways to improve upon the human body's ability to heal. Enhancing the growth rate of cells, encouraging a more aggressive reaction from white blood cells, and speeding collagen's addition to wounds are all ways to biologically enhance healing from even normally mortal wounds. Cybernetically this includes chemical cocktails, artificial materials replacing platelets, and a series of cell replication microvats. Both are capable of regenerating even an entire limb, given a few weeks, or sealing a mortal chest wound in a few days.



Chaos Based Enhancements

Even if the Marks of Chaos are not visible, psykers will be able to detail their stain upon you.

Mark of Tzeentch (100 CP): Willfully binding yourself to the Changer of Ways is not a path for the faint of heart. His mark will trace itself on your skin, if you wish, though it will never stay in one place for very long. His influence will limit itself to tugging your fate a little more in your favor. For now. As long as you wear his mark you will be luckier, your plans will manage to find slightly better odds than expected, and card games of all kinds will love you above all others.

Mark of Nurgle (100 CP): Few enough choose to follow the teachings of the Plaguefather that he is, shockingly, rather kind to those who do. So far as such an entity is capable of being kind. While bearing his mark, upon your chest if you desire it to be visible, you will be protected from any of his “little gifts” to mankind. Be aware that you will still be able to carry his creations around with you and spread them to others. He won’t begrudge you any cures you seed at least.

Mark of Slaanesh (100 CP): Of the four Ruinous Powers, She Who Thirsts is arguably the most widely followed by those of the realspace. Their gifts are seductive and freely offer promises that speak to base instincts as well as the more civilized desires. By bearing their mark upon your upper thigh, if you wish it to be visible, you will be granted just a touch of their allure and grace. There will be few mortal eyes that will not remark upon a strange quality you have to turn heads.

Mark of Khorne (100 CP): The Hunter of Souls is not subtle in either his temptations or his teachings. However, many of those who follow his teachings are those who slipped down the path of gleeful murder an inch at a time. His mark will be placed upon your cheek if you wish it to be visible. As long as you bear it, he will share with you some of his disdain for the warp sorceries of all stripes. While you will not be immune to such powers, you will find their energies blunted.

Warpbound Mechadendrites (100 CP each): The Dark Mechanicus takes great pride in pushing the bounds of technology far beyond minor concepts like unbreakable laws of the fabric of reality. Using a daemon of the Immaterium as a power source and control device is the least such technoheresies have come up with. These mechadendrites are sheathed in symbols of warp sorcery to keep the entity contained and glow with an internal light all their own. Stronger and tougher than those designed by the Adeptus Mechanicus, these warp-infused devices often shift and move with an intelligence all their own. They have been known to intercept blows the bearer had no way of knowing were coming. Some even shift and reconfigure themselves as different tools or weapons are needed. A very few risk the unimaginable by allowing the wards to fail just enough to allow the projection of terrible warp fires from the claws that tip these horrible devices. However, only the most foolish allow the wards to fail. Daemons are often driven mad, even by their own twisted definitions, from such imprisonment.



Hypno-Indoctrination Skills

Local Equipment Training (50 CP): The Biopod has taken the opportunity to scan nearby weapons, such as those you have found so far as well as any carried by your Ally, and can build a series of simulations to train you in their use. The end result will leave you at least as well trained as your average Imperial Guardsman, or the appropriate racial equivalent for the weapon in question, with each one.

Additional Weapon Training (50 CP): The Milky Way is home to weapons of destruction of all shapes and sizes. Everything from the simple laspistol to the nearly mythical weapons held by the Necrons. Should you choose, the Biopod can train you in any one of them of your choice as with the option above. If you choose to buy this option twice you may pick three weapons instead. Sadly, this does not extend to vehicle weapon systems.

Tactical Overview (50 CP): There is a famous saying about plans and them never surviving first contact with the enemy. Still, no army goes into battle without the basic idea of one. Even if that plan is simple "Kill them all first". With this you'll be several long leaps above such simple tactics. You'll be able to direct troops, assuming you have even a basic familiarity with their abilities, up to the level of several hundred at once with ease and sound strategy.

Field Medicae Courses (100 CP): When people get shot, burned, flayed, or disemboweled by the disreputable souls on the other side of the front lines, it's often helpful to know how to patch them back together again. These courses are primarily focused around the technology commonly available to Imperium soldiers and teach how to stop leaks in human bodies as well as stitch them back together again. Advanced surgeries will require someone with a little more training but it's not impossible to gain those skills yourself with this as a starting point.

Advanced Obstacle Course Navigation (100 CP): The abilities to climb ropes, discover handholds in walls to clamber up, and leaping across large gaps might not sound impressive on their own. But combined together with the Biopod's simulations you will be taught how to navigate difficult terrain with ease, find the best cover in chaotic battlefields, and several dozen of the best knots. After all, you can't climb without a firm knot to hold you.

Battle Shock Inoculation (100 CP): It's easy to let the horrors of war and the terror of battle warp the mind. To have the fear of a sudden end to your fragile mortality shut down your mind. However, that's the kind of thing that gets good soldiers killed and great leaders shot in the back by their own troops. While this training won't let you hold off having to deal with what you have seen forever, you'll be able to shove the issue aside until time allows.



As you and your ally make your way out from the not-so-hidden hold, the eyes felt from the darkness but not yet seen begin to reveal themselves. You see, the *Light of Terra* is not an uninhabited space hulk. The millennia of daemon possession, failing systems, catastrophic damage, and deteriorating communication between decks may have killed much of the crew. However humanity enjoys thumbing its nose at the universe when it comes to surviving where they have no right to do so.

Currently the ship is home to four clans descended from those who survived the series of catastrophes that left them stranded at this backwater of the Milky Way galaxy. Each one has little understanding of the universe outside of the ship. In fact, most of them believe that the ship is all there is in existence as they have had little way to discover just how wrong they are. Technological knowledge has taken a backseat to simple survival and that was the least of what these now tribal societies lost. They wield nothing more impressive than a club or sharpened piece of bulkhead for weaponry. Even if they were handed a laspistol they would have little idea how to use it.

Each of the four clans still revere Lord-Commander Draken Roth and it is only by his order that they have not molested you until now. However, they have begun to understand that you represent a change to their universe far greater than any other outsiders to find their way here. And like most people they find the idea of a sudden and drastic change to their way of life frightening. Yet they have determined to meet you for themselves before deciding to break with the Lord-Commander or respect his wishes.

You will meet a representative from each of the clans as you travel from the hidden holds to the engine room. It will be a chance for them to introduce themselves, in their own unique ways, to get their own measure of you. This will also be an opportunity for you to influence their actions moving forwards. If you are quick of wit and clever of tongue. Or simply tougher than the ugliest bastard in the room.

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You must choose an option from the list below for each of the Local Clans.

This will determine their initial assessment of you as well as their reaction after the meeting.

You may still attempt to change their attitude, but this may be harder with some clans than with others.

There is no requirement to keep any number of clans as allies or enemies.

However, you cannot gain any CP from clans you have decided to wipe out as part of an Ally's Goal.



Kin of Iron

What few mysteries of machine spirits and Adeptus Mechanicus rites still remain among these tribes belong to the Kin of Iron. They drape themselves in bits of scrap metal and paint their faces with iron dust in remembrance of those who once kept their universe in working order. They are the smallest of the four clans, but they remain highly respected as the wisest of them all. Or, barring that, they are at least begrudgingly given deference because they are the ones who keep what is left of the ship from falling apart. They dwell primarily in the areas surrounding the Oracle (the Bridge) and the Blazing God (the Engine Room). Though they have enclaves throughout the ship to ensure “proper” maintenance with each a small tribe of their own.

Prophetic Son (-200 CP): By a strange twist of fate, you have some quality that matches a prophecy the clans have handed down for more than a dozen generations. They eagerly accept your orders so long as you continue to work towards leading them to a new promised land.

Kindred Spirit (-100 CP): Your meeting with the representative went surprisingly well. You have managed to convince them that you have nothing but the best of intentions in mind for the *Light of Terra*. They are eager to help with repairs but will not use their influence over the other clans to incite violence or chaos.

Suspicious Outsider (0 CP): The Kin of Iron have always been wary of outsiders. Their stories tell that such individuals can be dangerous as often as they are helpful. They will watch you carefully and suspiciously for now.

Disruptive Influence (+100 CP): Your presence aboard the ship has already disturbed the peace the clan works so hard to maintain. Even after meeting you, they believe you will be nothing but trouble. Members of the clan will refuse to aid you with repairs, directions, or sharing resources until you manage to convince them otherwise.

Thus Spake The Heretic (+200 CP): During your first few sentences, you somehow managed to speak a phrase that is deemed the highest of heresies to the Clan of Iron. You have been denounced widely and openly. Not only will the clan refuse to allow you access to any territory they hold, they will proclaim your vilified nature to the other clans. This will make any future negotiations, after the initial meeting, much more difficult.

Wargars

Massive gunnery crews once kept the macro cannons fed and maintained. Now their descendants live in and around those great ammo stores without realizing the firepower within their grasp. They burn flash-powder simply because they enjoy the smell of it, filling their halls and chambers with its acrid smoke. More so than any other clan, the Wargars are actively aggressive and dangerous and live for combat. They control much of the center of the ship. Though they are loath to travel the edges or down into the lower decks without great numbers. Their leader is a brute of a man who understands only strength and the willingness to use it.

Respected Violence (-100 CP): Your meeting with the representative of this tribe turned violent after you refused to back down from an insult hurled your way. You were forced to kill the man in hand to hand combat. Word of this has gotten back to the clan and earned you a measure of respect among the warriors. They will be willing to listen to what you have to say without attempting any further intimidation or disrespect.

Safe... For Now (0 CP): You have managed to placate their representative by paying lip service to his demands of recognition as the dominant clan of the ship. You are by no means safe from their attempts to assert that authority over you, but for the moment they will leave you alone. You may pass through their territory unhindered.

Failed Diplomacy (+100 CP): The fact that you attempted diplomacy in the face of the representative's open hostility has caused this clan to see you as weak. You will be harassed by any Wargar warriors whenever you attempt to pass through areas they control. However, they are unwilling to chase you very far.

Shots Fired (+200 CP): Shooting the representative to assert your dominance was, perhaps, the wrong call. The warriors of the clan are offended that you resorted to such cowardly means of victory. They will actively attempt to ambush you whenever you get close to the borders of their territory and mobilize in force if you demand passage.

Void Walkers

A tribe of nomads who live on the fringes of what should be possible, even for a resilient species like humans. They travel between the broken chambers and hallways near the outer hull of the ship where its damage is greatest. They struggle to find enough air and heat as much as water and food yet they persevere. They are unique in their knowledge that there is a greater universe outside of the *Light of Terra*.

Dreams Made Real (-200 CP): During your brief meeting with their representative, you capitalized on the clan's dream to travel to one of the many stars they see scattered across the darkness of space. They recognize the sincerity of your promise to show them many such worlds and are eager to follow you.

Kindness Returns (-100 CP): You have won a measure of their trust through a simple gesture of kindness. They will help you navigate around the fringes of the ship and help keep you from the void of space. However, they will need more convincing before they are willing to ally themselves with your cause.

Wary Yet Curious (0 CP): The Void Walkers are a solitary and distrustful lot at the best of times and right now you are just another body ready to consume the scant resources of their territory. However, they are curious about the worlds outside of the ship and are willing to let themselves be convinced to offer you a chance.

Spilled Chances (+100 CP): As a gesture of good faith the representative offered you a simple cup of water. Unfortunately, your hand twitched at the wrong moment and you spilled all of it. The clan sees such waste as an insult that will need to be redressed before they are willing to deal with you further. Until then, they will avoid you.

Bitter Misunderstanding (+200 CP): Somehow the representative leaves the meeting with the impression that you have allied yourself with the Wargars. The two clans are ancient enemies and both have constantly raided and clashed with each other for generations. While the Void Walkers will not seek you out, they will not hesitate to attack if you wander into their territory and strip you of anything worth looting you have on your person.

Pale Sons

It is said that every society has its outcasts and its dregs. On the *Light of Terra*, they are the Pale Sons. Nearly all of them are mutants and those that aren't are something worse. They scrape a living wherever they can. Small clans take up residence in between decks. Those with the ability to survive harsher environments live where the toxic or radioactivity would kill any other clansmen. It's said an entire tribe of aquatic mutants live in the massive oceans pooling in the lower decks. Nobody knows how many of these small tribes exist. There could even be tens of thousands hiding in the dark corners and deep depths of the ship.

Please Listen (-200 CP): The fact that you are willing to meet with any of their number without extending violence or scorn is enough for many of these discarded individuals to want to hear you out. Most of their number can see you for the opportunity that you represent and have managed to convince the rest not to attack you until you have met with the Pale Mother. The fact they even mention her to you is a sign of trust and hope for a better future.

Survival Instincts (0 CP): Survival is the only goal for most of the mutated people aboard this ship. They will even attack other tribes of the Pale Sons simply for resources they need. They see you as little different from anyone else. Given the chance, and decent odds, they will attack and steal whatever they can from you.

Lingering Scent (+100 CP): The scent of the outside world still clings to you, even if it has been weeks or months since you found yourself aboard the *Light of Terra*. Somehow it draws the mutants even as it angers them for reasons they would find impossible to articulate. Worse still, some of them can track you by that smell.

Mother's Wrath (+300 CP): Not only is the Pale Mother the other clans whisper about as a folk legend real, but they have a measure of warcraft. The representative will only remain long enough to spit a rambling, semi-lucid prophecy of death and doom in your direction. From that moment on, all of the assembled tribes will be on the warpath. Thousands of mutants will swarm out of the depths and into the upper decks of the ship. You are not their only target. They also want revenge among the clans that have disrespected and punished them for so long. Chaos and bloodshed will reign all over the ship as long as the Pale Mother remains alive.

Finally, you arrive at the Home of the Blazing God. Also known as the Engine Room. The Kin of Iron worship the hulking mechanisms as a minor divinity and have long since decorated the entire room to please it. It is immediately obvious that the Lord-Commander was not exaggerating when he mentioned that the engines were offline. However, just how badly they are damaged remains to be seen. It will take you some time to determine for sure how many repairs will need to be done to get it, and possibly some of the ancillary systems, working again.

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**The *Light of Terra's* Warp Engines have long been in a state of disrepair.
Pick one of the following options to determine just how damaged it is.**

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Battered and Abused (+0 CP): While the engine and its support systems are most certainly damaged, it is not quite as catastrophic as it first appears. It is not unreasonable to think that they could be coaxed back into life long enough for one more transition in and out of the Imperium. Given a few dozen hands it might take only a week or two. Of course, if there were only two working on it, it could easily take most of a month. And all this assumes there is no interference with scavenging parts or other interruptions from the locals.

Gellar Field Disabled (+100 CP): The Gellar Field is essential to surviving travel through the Warp without being possessed and/or brutally murdered by a whole host of daemons. However, this system proves to be fluctuating wildly whenever you can get it to turn on at all. It appears the machine spirit overseeing the system will need to be dealt with. Thankfully it is only being stubborn and not infected with something malicious.

Cogitator Burnout (+200 CP): A number of cogitators between the Engine Room and the Bridge burned out during the *Light of Terra's* final transition back from the Immaterium. Fixing them and coaxing their scattered machine spirits back into action is so much as difficult as it is time consuming. The cogitators in question are widely scattered and you'll need a large number of hands to get it done in any timely manner.

A Giggling Power Plant? (+400 CP): Strange. The plasma generator that powers the Warp Engine should not be functioning given the way it's constructed. There are coolant pipes that are not connected properly, wires that will prove to be crossed, and several of the radiation shields have cracks that should have left you glowing by now. Yet the device continues to pump out energy to the engine as well as the rest of the ship. A surprising amount, as a matter of fact. It is likely pleasant to discover that this is one less problem to worry about. At least until the first time the plasma generator issues a giggle when you poke around inside of it.

For now selecting this option has no repercussions and will actually speed up the time needed to repair the Warp Engines. To be clear, this will cause a problem in the future that will have to be dealt with at a possibly inconvenient time.

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A light, long since blinking red on a panel near the skeletal fingers of the Lord-Commander, slowly shifts to green. Somehow the empty skull manages to project an air of smiling. With a movement so slowly it is clear to anyone watching that it takes every ounce of strength he has clung to for the last millenia, Draken Roth commands his ship to enter the Immaterium. The *Light of Terra* shutters, gasps, falters, then rallies and dives into the Warp. The Gellar Field crackles around the ship with hardly a flicker. In what feels like moments, the ship returns to Realspace once more.

A pic-screen shows a space station through a haze of static. Cogitators around the Bridge light up to begin an automated docking procedure. And the light in the Lord-Commander's skull fades away with a satisfied sigh.

Notes

1. For now, excess CP does not follow you between Parts of the Light of Terra scenario.
 - a. I understand that a number of people disagree with this decision because it was a big part of the original scenario. This was mainly to save sanity on my part. The idea of having to keep a consistent balance structure across what could shape up to be nine or ten documents while also designing them was threatening my sanity. And I would have made mistakes.
 - b. Once I've completed my work on the Light of Terra remake as a whole, I promise that I will come back and review the situation. I will see how carrying forward points to other documents will affect the overall balance, then make a decision. I cannot promise I will eventually decide to reinstate the idea of carrying points forward, but I will do my best to look at it objectively.
2. In case it is not already clear, at this time you will proceed directly to Part 2 of the Light of Terra scenario. There will be a prompt at that point when you will be allowed to start using any of the DLC scenarios you wish to include.
3. Carwyn does have a gender. I left it specifically vague for two reasons. The first is as a nod to the original description of the characters which still remains a basis for the current version. The second is that just as many people asked for the new version of Carwyn to be male as they did for them to be female. This way you are allowed to decide for yourself. They are not fucking with your mind. If you shove your hand down their pants, you will get an immediate answer. And probably shot in the foot if you weren't invited first.