

Sight Unseen

A Dark Heresy Scenario
For
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Introduction

This scenario is about knowing what the most dangerous threat is. When the PC's arrive at a small space station looking for Inquisitor Jezehell and her acolytes, they will be met by country folk who have forgotten the Emperor. These people however are not their real foe. The Inquisitor had barely escaped from a Tyranid fleet while on a recon mission. Just previously, genestealer hybrid's had found refuge here. They attacked the wounded Inquisitorial team and took them out. The cultists are now growing the obtained larval form of a Tyrinad vanguard drone, inside the station. Once it enters its final growth spurt the station will be torn apart. This scenario should also be about defying expectation, never giving the PC's the enemies they expect. Time is of the essence. The vanguard drone is about to burst free.

Backstory

Inquisitor Jezehell and her band of acolytes were able to infiltrate a Tyranid swarm and gain some valuable information, including the foetal form of a vanguard drone, for the Ordo Xenos to study. All went well until their exit was detected and they barely escaped into the warp with their lives. Battered and bruised they found the remains of a barely functioning spacestation orbiting a remote star. Compounding their bad luck a group of genestealer hybrids had also arrived for sanctuary and recognising their kin held captive, they struck with religious fervour. Luckily for the Inquisition, Jezehell was able to send a message via her astropath with a location and basic information before the attack.

First the cultists revived the sample flesh chamber. Jezehell was grafted into the chamber so that her life relies on it. Her mind is barely holding back the corrupting Tyranid DNA, as they attempt to learn more by torture. Meanwhile the flesh chamber is connected to lump of flesh that is a concentrated vanguard drone, a Tyranid scout ship that normally roams space with a deadly cargo of lethal creatures.

Space Station Environment

The spacestation is in an ironic way similar to a Tyranid life form, in that; organic material has been adapted to live in space. The big difference is the station uses vegetable matter instead of flesh to sustain life. Sometime in the past when the inhabitants had some knowledge of technology, a reflector was constructed on the roof of the station that directed light into a circle of glass two kilometres in diameter. Below the glass barrier a sheet of metal moves around to simulate day and night. The station also moves in an ellipse around the sun, allowing for seasonal variation as well. Since the station is horizontal, the light is captured unevenly by the reflectors. So the centre is warmer than the sides, giving of different vegetation and farming methods.

Services and crude manufacturing exist on the outer edge, where land is less valuable. While the poor live outside where no natural light falls. The command deck has been closed off and is non-operational. The back end is where the cultists live, hiding in the dark end where no others want to live.

Player Characters

- A former Commissar, violent, over zealous, recovering from an attempted assassination.
- An Adept, diligent and thorough, works at his own pace. Doesn't like being bossed around.
- A Sister of battle. All actions must serve the emperor. Was sent in as heavy support.
- An Arbiter. Doesn't understand 'investigation'. Gets sent on all the dirty jobs.
- A Pysker. Power crazed, trigger happy spell launcher.
- A Tech Priest. Mediae expert who operates even if it isn't strictly necessary.

Scenario highlights

- Briefing, first sight of ship. The back of the spacestation is bulging. An unidentified, (Jezehell's) ship drifting towards the sun.
- Docking. First combat.
- Meet the natives. Observe how people have fallen from the Emperor's light.
- Various rumours and red herrings to follow.
- Station wide vibrations
- The valid clue is disappearances from the outside the growing area.
- Dead hybrid body show signs of mutation.
- Find the growing chamber that feeds vanguard drone. Group of dying bodies, being processed.
- Inside, Jezehell is graphed to a wall, who briefs them on the enemy.
- Stop the drone growing and secure it.
- Kill the Zoanthrope who is protecting the vanguard drone.

THE SCENARIO STARTS HERE:

Briefing

The characters are a new team brought together from a list of potential acolytes. No Inquisitor wants these volatile people on their well functioning teams. When the astropath message came in they were formed into an expendable squad. They had only met a few days before the mission came through. Since they are untested acolytes they get heavily censored documents. The PC's travel for two weeks into the warp, on a small Imperial Navy vessel, in which time they can come up with a plan. Hand out the briefing document and have the PC's start at their first planning session.

The Navel Frigate

'The Lighting strike' is manned with a crew of five hundred, incl. fifty part time men at arms. The captain will order regular training when time allows, however it will be obvious to the PC's that they are not an experienced fighting force. While the PC's have power as acolytes, Captain Venandious also has his own orders for handling the situation. Which boils down to 1) Deliver them and let them take most of the risks, 2) the PC's are on a probationary mission, so treat them as novice crew. 3) Have the location secure when the full Inquisitorial team turns up. Without an Inquisitor behind them they lack the backing other acolytes take for granted. If the PC's push the captain he will say as much.

The frigate leaves the warp, finding the spacestation, the frigate holds off 100 clicks from it. Scans reveal a ship drifting into the sun. The Captain will send scout ships for a closer look. The spacestation looks to be in very bad shape. The outer skin of metal seems to be more patchwork seals than original plating. They also see the reflector and glass roof. The end away from the reflector seems to bulge slightly.

The Landing Bay

The PC's arrive on a shuttle with 20 men at arms; they will secure the area while the PC's investigate. The landing bay is exposed to space, so the PC's heads will be covered in the void suit. Some dim backup lights are still active. The area is debris filled. A control room two stories up is empty, the glass in the bay has been stripped out. Large lifts that went into hatches in the roof are beyond use. Gaining access to the pedestrian exit on the ground floor will take a mechanics rolls

from the tech priest and some brute force. This work is not subtle and will negate any attempt at stealth. Once opened the PC's have to enter an air lock. The back must close before the front will open.

If they use their grapple hooks to get up to the control room they will find broken coignators. When open the door, they expose the inside to the vacuum of space. They will feel the rush of air and will see that the corridor doesn't exist any more. Instead the metal supports have been cut away to create a big open area that is filled with vegetation. Some of the metal support beams can still be seen, however most constructions are made from organic material. There are many people below. Cries will quickly break out and a group of people who are not happy to see them will be brandishing weapons. The PC's will be able to rappel down if they want to. They should also close the door!

The station rabble

This should be a short easy fight to give the players a feel for the combat system. A group of people who have suffered from the cultists, the previous acolytes, and some pirates have had enough. They have vowed to resist any new comers to protect their way of life. They have a variety of home made slug weapons and melee weapons. They don't come from any of the group's below, but have been whipped up by agitators propelling them into action.

The area between the entrance and the main growing zone is open, with some cover. The collective fire-power of the PC's should be a good lesson on the lethality of their weapons.

After the fight the rest of the people will be in cautious. To get any valuable information some kind of rapport will have to be built up. Otherwise the PC's will wander around lost and finding answers will be more difficult. Try and play with the characters beliefs. Show relics of the past influence from the Imperium, but the people have forgotten the meaning. The PC's are on their home turf, so they have little motivation to change.

Vital Red Herrings!

Depending on who they get to know find a way to feed the following information. People come and go bringing from outside to trade, aka, the space pirates. Strange people came, they were wounded, didn't like the people they met and left. There are strange tales of creatures attacking from the dark parts of the ship. It is harder to get edge livers for work, they seem scared of something. Others say there isn't as many around compared to a year ago. However many think that these tales are superstition. People will also say that they have heard the walls groaning and felt it shaking. Others will say it's nothing new. Later on the PC's should feel that, the people become more scared as it becomes more noticeable.

The Central Area

This large area is a strange mix of farmland, hamlets, trading posts, rivers etc. The ground is earth and apart from some thick metal structures in the middle, it sometimes can be hard to tell that you are on a spacestation. The vital superstructure is often hidden behind vines, sides of houses etc. You have to crane your head to see it reaching to the roof. Feel free to grab any kind of pseudo-mediaeval type look or activity to add to the look and feel of the place. At the edge where most of the manufacturing is done, more of the space station structure remains.

Factions

The sun people take up the bulk of the population. They work and live in the central area. Further the area is subdivided into smaller families that farm food or plants for use in oils, cloths etc. Important relics being casually placed such as a golden throne with a hole in the middle for a toilet.

Some powerful farmer families have grown up and control certain zones and crops. They tend to have the power to hold their own against other forces on the station.

Sample NPC's would be 'insert names' a list of typical families from the poorer farmers/labourers, trades people, on the edge of the growing area have short primitive names like Bruul, Grish, Kar and Strang, for males. Or Garma, Jarra, Mira, Narla and Zekka for females. The big family farms would include a second name to show their importance.

The record keepers keep track of agreements and the flow of goods. They hold their status by having transactions run smoothly, and deal with all of the inhabitants of the station. Around the important inner third of the growing area where most of the light falls, their largest buildings are located; with more leading out to the edge like spokes on a wheel. Here items for sale or trade are made available to the populace, essentially acting as brokers. They do have a central internal authority, but they serve an ideal of free trade, not factions.

Sample NPC's names would be archaic like Cortez, Havelock, Leman and Nixios for men and Ablia, Drustilla, Mercia and Severine for females.

The warrior arbitrators are the closest to the Imperial past, officially keeping laws with iron efficiency. They are a gang more vigilantes than law holders. As the spacestation has no government, they report to no-one. Wealthy farmers come to them when they want action taken against someone. They also put in the appearance upholding peace and so are likely to pick on the acolytes as they are new. Their main rivals are the record keepers who attempt to solve things by negotiation and dialogue.

Sample NPC's character names would be from the low selection such as, Cain, Enoch, Ignace, Lazerus, Solomon for the men and Diona, Isha, Judicca, and Ria for the females.

The machine people are the ones that keep the moving metal dial functional, as well as some other things. They are seen as agents of rest and change and venerated as such. These people do not worship the Omnisi and so pragmatic they would be killed for heresy elsewhere. They are venerated since they keep the artifice that controls life.

Sample NPC's names are hard to find out. Most people refer to them as 'brother of the machine' and in public they call each other by a tool name, like spanner, ratchet, vice-grip etc.

The edge lovers inhabit outside of the area where the sun light falls, live the poor of the society. These try to scarp a living what ever way they can. The lack of light means they don't follow normal day/night cycles that puts them at odds with the rest of the station. They are also soft targets and are now scared of strangers. The sun people will have noted this change in behaviour, manly because it has become harder to hire day labourers. They will be in small armed groups, holding sticks. The PC's will find a badly beaten body with signs of mutation. This was a genestealer cultist.

Sample NPC's character names tend to have one syllable like, eea, kip, ril, zor, hin, bru, gip, oal, which can be used for either men or women.

The pirates are not natives and come here to hide their illicit earnings. They nominally follow the Emperor, especially when facing obvious fanatics. They also have a viable alternative means of escape. They can appear at any time and can explain how things work here in a way the PC's will understand. There are only 20 of them scattered around. They will fight if they are paid off or think

they have negotiated a good deal. They will also flee at the first sign that things are not going well. Among their possessions will be heretical or xenos goods that normally cannot be worn elsewhere. The pirates like coming here because of this freedom.

Sample NPC's names would be informal like Crisis, Grim, Gunner, Mongrel, Scab, Shiv, Stubber, and Verbal. There are no female pirates.

The hybrids are essentially lost children who hit upon the jackpot after being forced to start from scratch. They perceive their purpose is to be reunited with the Fleet, without knowing that the normal fate of cults is to be devoured when the planet is stripped of life. They have constructed a crude way to digest flesh and bone, then feed that via an umbilical cord to vanguard drone. Once the vanguard drone enters its final growth spurt it will crack the spacestation's hull and release a giant fart to propel it forward. The crew don't understand the incredibly slow speeds it will travel at, in galactic terms and that they will essentially be trapped there.

Sample NPC are not important, conversation isn't likely to happen.

The way there

Once the PC's have a fair idea at the culprit they will sense the foul stench in the air and then find the trickle of waste matter that seeps from the digestion room. The corridors and support beams are buckled and straining, creaking and maybe even moving before their eyes. Make the players paranoid that the world is about to fall around them. From now on space will be tight. Things like who is in front and arcs of fire will be important. Near the digestion room a massive claw from the vanguard drone has carved its way into the metal. This will be the first indication of the true enemy so lay the description of this xenos abomination.

The digestion room

The corridor is blocked by a door made of flesh. A series of tendons radiate from the edge to the centre. On the side is a switch that opens the door, by causing the tendons to contract and form an opening. Inside a group of edge livers are dead and dying, they scream since the cultists are feeding off them while still alive. There bodies are being manipulated to produce hormones, enzymes etc for the ship. The remaining victims who can walk are taken out into the drone.

Grafted into the wall of the chamber is Inquisitor Jezehell. She is weak and close to death, however she has managed to survive the torture by keeping them back with her mind powers. She will call them over, knowing they are acolytes, and then ask lots of questions. Either by deduction or her mind powers she will know that they have no Inquisitor in charge and take direct command of the squad. Their orders are to stop the vanguard drone growing and secure it for the Inquisition. She also warns them that a zoanthrope is loose and once the prisoners brought into the ship are digested the ship will grow again.

On the other side is an exit. The collected organic material is being visibly pumped out an umbilical cord beside the exit. If this is cut, DNA ooze will fall out, giving them time before the final growth spurt. Only a portion of the drone can be seen, what appears to be around a giant head. The structure has given way to this creature and it is pressing against the roof of the spacestation. The remaining cultists that are guarding the drone retreat inside.

The vanguard drone

The skin of the ship is beginning to deform, bubbling, then being pushed out and stretched. Pumping ammunition into it will have no effect, apart from a brief impact that heals up quickly.

Looking down they will see down into the layers of the station that fades to darkness.

The door will open like the digestion chamber, after all a few extra bodies is useful. Inside the main corridor of flesh is about 2 metres wide, with smaller branches going off to other parts of the ship. The hybrids will retreat and then loop around to pin them down.

The PC's will find giant nerves and cords that will lead them to the brain. This is a cavernous area with tight tubes to various parts of the brain. The remaining cultist will cheer at the arrival of the zoanthrope. The creature provokes a fear (3) check on the characters. The creature will be annoyed at anybody firing in the brain area and will attack first with a barrage and then single out the wounded to kill. During the fight blood will spray everywhere causing the air to be filled with a blood mist.

The hybrids will retreat from the zoanthrope, into the tubes and snipe at acolytes to trap them in the chamber.

Conclusion

After two days another Navel ship will arrive in the system. A crack team consisting of an Inquisitor, his personal squad and elite marines (not space marines!) will take over and bring what is left back into the Imperium.

If they have achieved victory they will become the new acolytes for Inquisitor Jezehell. Once the main force arrives they will lock down the ship and bring it back into the arms of the Imperium. After Jezehell has made a full report she will be grafted onto a mechanical lower body and then make plans for another infiltration mission to gather more information.

If they barely succeeded due to obvious mistakes, then the Inquisition will clean up and they will be shipped out. Afterwards their actions will be reviewed and then future assignments will given based on this. Over time they may be able to show improvement and put the incident behind them.

If the mission is a failure and any of them manage to survive, then they will continue to be reserve acolytes. After some time of only being used in the direst of circumstances, the survivor's meet an inglorious end, one by one.

Woosly Manask – Former Commissar

Out of character explanation:

In the Imperium a commissar is assigned to an Imperial Guard unit to ensure they are not corrupted by Chaos, or develop heretical views, but overall to maintain a unit's devotion to the Emperor. They do not directly command troops, but can over ride orders if they believe cowardice etc has influenced an order. They normally do this after executing the officer in question. They are the ultimate true believers who keep the army in line.

Bio:

Like many orphans of the Imperium, you were sent off to the Schola Progenium to follow in your parents footsteps and serve the God Emperor on the Golden throne. From the earliest age absolute unswerving loyalty to the cause was your sole motivation. While other boys would have had other interests, for you the cause was all consuming.

Once you became a commissar such considerations for the 'realities of life' as your superior's would call it, was ignored. They are wrong and you are right. You would not bend the slightest rule, as compromise leads to heresy. It is irrelevant that you have survived three attempts on your life by the Imperial guardsmen under your command.

After you were well enough to resume your duties, you were informed that you were being transferred from the commissariat. While your record for diligence in the name of the Emperor was given high praise, your keen sense of detect bullshit told you they didn't want to put you in command of another legion. Instead you were being seconded to the Inquisition's main head quarters on Calixis. This was strange news, as you were never known for your love of paper work.

On arriving there you were put through some basic fitness, intelligence and loyalty examinations. The second two were no challenge to you. You promised the testers that given a few months to heal and train you would also pass that test with flying colours. They just smiled and sent you to live in house with a group of others preparing to be acolytes. A sister of battle, Rotha Sila, an arbiter, Castus Barbosa a pysker, Lupus Novus, and a techpriest, Jarra Trantia. You have all been told that you will be trained and then assigned to other teams when places arise.

The mission:

A messenger arrived and ordered the group to pack everything they had for a mission. Your bags were of course already packed, a commissar is never found wanting. The order was from the Inquisition as a body and strangely refers to the group as a pre-existing team of acolytes. It states full orders will be given on the Navel Vessel. You can only hope that this group can bond as a unit and serve the Emperor.

Castus Barbosa - An Arbiter

Out of character explanation:

An arbiter is like federal police in a modern world. Their training, equipment, methods of operation follow the guidelines laid down by the Adeptus Arbitres on Terra. They do not enforce local laws which vary greatly, but enforce Imperial Law, the glue that unites the Imperium. They can cross borders on a world and are supposed to be outside of local politics. In essence they don't go after the petty thief on the street, but the merchant with a secret horde that hasn't been taxed.

Bio:

You grew up on the hard world of Scintilla, the capital planet for the sector. Everything is on offer, all the opportunities and all the vices. As a young boy the imposing visage of the Arbiters who enforced the peace by their strength and the weight of Imperial law. It was the natural choice as you grew into your teens and understood what traps lay for mankind. Some of your classmates were not so lucky, especially when you informed on them

As a result you had little time for the subtlety of investigation, knowing that giving criminals time was a luxury they often abused. Your name was seen on the lips of your superiors leading riot squads and later against anti-juve squads.

Then you were given teams to hunt tax dodgers that the Adeptus Administratum could not deal with by legal means. Off your services were called in at the last minute to avoid any information leaking. Ironically your current predicament is as a result of someone else's failure during an investigation. A gang with large unaccounted for funds was raided and eradicated in short order. It turns out that they were Inquisitorial agents and a significant operation has been comprised. As the scapegoat you have been transferred to that secretive body. All things considered it's a positive career move.

Upon arriving you were put through some fitness, intelligence and loyalty examinations. These were of no consequence to you. Since your reassignment life has felt more like a holiday. Now you have been sent you to live in house with a group of others preparing to be acolytes. A Sister of Battle, Rotha Sila, an Arbiter, Castus Barbosa, a Commissar, Woosly Manask, a Pysker, Lupus Novus and a Techpriest, Jarra Trantia. You have all been told that you will be trained and then assigned to other teams when places arise.

The mission:

A messenger arrived and ordered the group to pack everything they had for a mission. This was unfortunate as you were in the middle of cleaning your guns. The order was from the Inquisition as a body and strangely refers to the group as a pre-existing team of acolytes. It states full orders will be given on the Navel Vessel. You can only hope that this group can bond as a unit and serve the Emperor.

Rotha Sila - A Sister of battle

Out of character explanation:

The Imperium is ruled by the God Emperor on the Golden throne. For ten thousand years he has sat as a beacon guiding and protecting humanity from the evils of Chaos and Xenos influence. The Adepta Sororitas is divinely ordained to do the Emperor's will and fight to protect the Ecclesiarchy, as well as fight all enemies. A sister of battle is a nun in power armour who lives for fighting.

Bio:

All actions must serve the emperor that is what has been thought to you as a child. What could be of higher service than becoming a sister and giving your life to his cause? Your strength of conviction was noticed early on and you were sent into battle as heavy support.

The definitive moment of your military action came when facing an overwhelming force of cultists. The glory of battle was all consuming, the blazing weapons that cut down the on coming heretic's in scores. The order to fall back was given which was ignored. Your focus was so intense, the feeling that you were in the perfect place, that this moment should never end. All the enemies of the God Emperor should come before you now before you until all were vanquished. Eventually the sound of mother superior shouting through your comm unit was sufficient for compliance.

After the incident a full investigation was begun. It was explained to you that without falling back the civilians in the sister's care would have died. What followed was a series of punishments. Then one day an Inquisitor came by and hearing the story of the battle recommended her for a higher duty in the Imperium.

Upon arriving you were put through some fitness, intelligence and loyalty examinations. These were no trouble to you. Since your reassignment life has felt empty without the daily routines of praying that normally guide your day. Now you have been sent you to live in house with a group of others preparing to be acolytes. An Arbiter, Castus Barbosa, a Commissar, Woosly Manask, a Pysker, Lupus Novus and a Techpriest, Jarra Trantia. You have all been told that you will be trained and then assigned to other teams when places arise.

The mission:

A messenger arrived and ordered the group to pack everything they had for a mission. This was unfortunate as you were in the middle of a three day fast and prayer cycle. The order was from the Inquisition as a body and strangely refers to the group as a pre-existing team of acolytes. It states full orders will be given on the Navel Vessel. You can only hope that this group can bond as a unit and serve the Emperor.

Lupus Novus - A Pysker

Out off character explanation:

A pysker is a double edged sword in the Imperium. They can bring their awesome powers to bear, but they can also be a conduit to the warp and become a daemonhost or become corrupted in many other ways. All psykers are sanctioned after going through training for them to control their powers. Still they are not fully trusted since what they can do is feared by most people.

Bio:

Blah de blah de blah, discovered to have psychic potential as a child, shock horror, everybody is scared of you. Even the tribal shaman is scared of you. They hold you and put you onto those big scary Black Ships. Blah de blah de blah, lots of poking prodding testing. Hum yes we can teach him to control his power and be of use to the Imperium. Blah de blah de blah, lots of training, you pass, then the branding and the release.

Blah de blah de blah, most people just see you as a power crazed, trigger happy, feral, spell launcher. Eh, they're probably right. When you move around people stare, or try not to stare, some people wet themselves. There tends to be a squad of guards coming with you, like they would have a chance of stopping you.

Various groups don't really want you; they keep using this word, trust. Blah de blah de blah, like, whatever, so as your new temporary home you've been sent to live with some other pending acolytes. What a bore, hey you person in charge, just point me at something to blow-up. I mean how hard it can be to find some Chaos or heretics. At least now the inquisition wants your skills. Finally some real action.

Upon arriving you were put through some fitness, intelligence and loyalty examinations. These were all annoying to you. It is so tiresome when ordinary people try to mark you as safe by their puny standards. Since your reassignment the chance has been interesting to say the least. Now you have been sent you to live in house with a group of others preparing to be acolytes. A Sister of Battle, Rotha Sila, an Arbiter, Castus Barbosa, a Commissar, Woosly Manask and a Techpriest, Jarra Trantia. You have all been told that you will be trained and then assigned to other teams when places arise.

The mission:

A messenger arrived and ordered the group to pack everything they had for a mission. This was good news for you, sitting around with nothing to do is not something you enjoy. The order was from the Inquisition as a body and strangely refers to the group as a pre-existing team of acolytes. It states full orders will be given on the Navel Vessel. You can only hope that this group can bond as a unit and serve the Emperor.

Jarra Trantia - A Tech Priest

Out of character explanation:

Technology is very advanced in the 41 Millennium, but to a modern eye it would appear to be bulky and old fashioned. The key to understanding tech is that it is filled with superstition and is highly controlled. Prayers, incense, incantations are daily tools used by a tech priest to appease the machine spirits that inhabit machines. The Ommissiah or the machine god governs machines and knowledge and is held above the God Emperor. The secrets of machines are for the initiates only. Normal people have very little understanding of technology. Tech priests also have little time for the weakness of flesh and over time will replace their body with machines. They also wear rust red robes and carry large tools that can double as weapons.

Bio:

The human body is a kind of a machine. As a teenager your interest in sex was purely mechanical, your parents warned you playing with boys. When most of your time was spent playing with techpriests, playing nurse with real doctors. Often the questions you asked were met with an awkward silence. Asking machines was much simpler to get a direct answer. Once you became a member of Adpetus mechanicus, your appendages were for medical purposes. Then you volunteered at local clinics for the poor and your presence was welcomed. Over time what seemed innocent took a more sinister turn, as operation's you recommended for even simple problems, were questioned.

Eventually the administrators had to have a quiet word in the ear of the tech priests. You were quietly moved to a medical facility where your activities were monitored. At first this seemed to work, until it was discovered you had equipped a secret room and had obtained cadavers to continue your work. This went down none to well as tech priest generally disdain flesh seeing it as weak.

When it was known that the Inquisition needed some help, you were put forward as an ideal candidate for their more unorthodox methods.

Upon arriving you are put through some fitness, intelligence and loyalty examinations. These were of no consequence to her. Since your reassignment life has felt more like a holiday. Now you have been sent you to live in house with other would be acolytes. A Sister of Battle, Rotha Sila, an Arbiter, Castus Barbosa, a Commissar, Woosly Manask and a Pysker, Lupus Novus. You have all been told that she will be trained and then assigned to other teams when places arise.

The mission:

A messenger arrived and ordered the group to pack everything they had for a mission. This was unfortunate as she were negotiating with a local morgue to acquire body parts for experimentation. The order was from the Inquisition as a body and strangely refers to the group as a pre-existing team of acolytes. It states full orders will be given on the Navel Vessel. She can only hope that this group can bond as a unit and serve the Emperor.

NPC Stat's

The station rabble

BS	WS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
20	20	30	30	30	20	30	30	30

Movement 3/6/9/18

Skills Awareness (Per), Common Lore (Home Station, Int), Speak Language (Low Gothic, Int)
Trade (manual labour style work)

Talents None

Weapons 1 auto pistol and a collection of metal rods, knives, axes, a flail.

Gear No armour, basic cloths and shoes

Wounds 10

The pirates

BS	WS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
37	41	39	35	34	37	36	31	34

Movement 3/6/9/18

Skills Awareness (Per) Common Lore (Imp, Int), Speak Language (Low Gothic),

Talents Basic weapon training (SP), pistol training (SP) melee weapon training (primitive)

Weapons autopistol's, stub automatics and a hand cannon. Autoguns for guarding base, melee, etc

Gear Some have flak armour on the chest, most don't unless ready for a fight.

Wounds 10

The warrior arbitrators

BS	WS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
25	45	51	41	30	34	43	37	30

Movement 3/6/9/18

Skills Awareness (Per) Common Lore (local law, Int) Interrogation (WP) Speak Language (Low Gothic),

Talents Basic weapon training (SP) Disarm, Melee weapon training (primitive), takedown

Weapons Baton, combat shotgun

Gear stab vest 3 for melee weapons, 1 for ballistic weapons

Wounds 10

Normal hybrids

BS	WS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
27	28	30	34	38	41	39	43	43

Movement 3/6/9/18

Skills Awareness, Concealment, Deceive, Dodge, Literacy, Silent Move.

Talents Heightened Senses (Sight, Hearing), Psy Rating 1

Traits Dark Sight, Hypnotic Gaze, Hybrid Reproduction.

Weapons Batons, knives, stub automatic's

Gear Basic cloths

Wounds 13

Hybrids in vanguard drone

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
40	34	32	36	45	27	45	40	21

Movement 3/6/9/18

Skills Awareness, Concealment, Dodge, Silent Move, Tracking, Speak Language (Low Gothic), Drive (Ground Vehicle), Deceive, Survival.

Talents Heightened Senses (Sight, Hearing), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (SP, Las), Basic Weapon Training (SP, Las).

Traits Hive Mind, Hybrid Reproduction

Weapons Bolt pistol, autoguns

Gear Flak 3

Wounds 10

Zoanthrope

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
30	-	55	53	30	68	67	68	75

Movement 5/10/15/30

Skills Awareness +30, Dodge,

Talents

Traits Fear 3, Hover, Natural Weapon (Claws, teeth), Dark sight, Immune to perils of the warp, well of power

Weapons Teeth (1D10+3 R, Pen 1, Tearing), Claws (1D10)

To hit special 01-20 head, 21-26 right arm, 27-31 left arm, 32-70, 71-85 right leg, 86-00 left leg

Natural armour 4 head 2 body 1 limbs

Gear None

Wounds 30

Psychic Powers (Psy rating 5)

Force Barrage (10x willpower bonus, 1D10 + 1 + WP bonus, 1 extra for every 5 over the 21TH)

Force Bolt, (10x willpower bonus, 1D10 + 1 + WP bonus, 1 extra for every 5 over the 13 TH)

Telekinetic shield (Extra point of armour, +1 Armour for every 10 over the 17 TH)

IMPERIUM DATA SLATE Model. 75.RT-EI.41K

++ Memorandum ++ ALPHA LEVEL ++
++ Inquisitorial Command ++
++ [REDACTED] ++



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

++ Ref Inq/45784499056/FB ++
++ Date 2.243815M41 ++
++ Urgent++ Respond Immediately++

Attention: [REDACTED]

The following message [[See Ref: [REDACTED]]] was received from Inquisitor
Jezebell's astropath an hour ago. Her mission to [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
appears to have been a partial success. She and her team acquired information
about the [REDACTED], however it appears their departure was noticed and sig-
nificant damage was sustained in the escape.

Her vessel was able to enter the warp and return to the Calixis subsector. The space
station [[ID. Stat098.3457]] her vessel is docked at is reported abandoned. However
the message indicates people on board of a heretical nature. The information and
samples she gathered from [REDACTED] is of the highest importance. It must be
secured for the good of the Imperium.

I have just been told that it will be two days until [REDACTED] can leave for this
mission. That just will not do. I have an Imperial Naval Vessel [[The Lightning Strike]] ready
to leave in five hours. By my authority as [REDACTED] I order that an ad-
vance team be on that vessel with orders to secure the Inquisitorial team, the vessel
and any items related to the mission.

If I hear that a squad of green IG troops has been sent, I'll personally send you to the
eye of terror.

That is all,

++Inquisitor [REDACTED] ++



DARK HERESY

BACKGROUND & NOTES

MELEE WEAPONS

Name: Shock maul	Class: Melee	
Damage: 1D10+1	Type: I	Pen: 0
Special Rules: Shocking		

Name: Club	Class: Melee	
Damage: 1D10	Type: I	Pen: 0
Special Rules: Primitive		

Name: Combat Knife	Class: Melee/Thrown	
Damage: 1D5+3	Type: R	Pen: 0
Special Rules: Primitive		

Name: Brass Knuckles	Class: Melee	
Damage: 1D5-1	Type: I	Pen: 0
Special Rules: Primitive		

HANDEDNESS: Right

ARMOUR

HEAD
(1-10)
3
Type mesh

BODY
(31-70)
4
Type mesh

RIGHT ARM
(11-20)
3
Type mesh

LEFT ARM
(21-30)
3
Type mesh

RIGHT LEG
(71-85)
3
Type mesh

LEFT LEG
(86-00)
3
Type mesh

CHARACTERISTICS

WEAPON SKILL (WS)	
51	

BALLISTIC SKILL (BS)	
51	

STRENGTH (Str)

3	5
---	---

TOUGHNESS (T)

4	3
---	---

AGILITY (Ag)

3	1
---	---

INTELLIGENCE (Int)

3	0
---	---

PERCEPTION (Per)

3	7
---	---

WILL POWER (WP)

3	3
---	---

FELLOWSHIP (Fel)

3	9
---	---

MISSILE WEAPONS

Name: Combat Shotgun	Class: Basic		
Damage: 1d10+4	Type: I	Pen: 0	
Range: 30m	RoF: S/3/-	Clip: 18	Reload: full
Special Rules: Scatter			

Name: Laspistol	Class: Pistol		
Damage: 1D10+2	Type: E	Pen: 0	
Range: 30m	RoF: S/-/-	Clip: 30	Reload: full
Special Rules: Reliable			

Name:	Class:		
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Range:	RoF:	Clip:	Reload:
Special Rules:			

Name:	Class:		
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Range:	RoF:	Clip:	Reload:
Special Rules:			

GEAR

Shotgun, Club, Brass knuckles, knife, Mesh vest, cowl and gloves, uniform, 3 stim shots with injector, ID, chrono, flask of amasec.....
Void suit, incl. rebreather.....
microbead.....

WEALTH

Throne Gelt

Monthly Income

Walk (1/2 Action)	3	Charge	9
Walk (Full Action)	6	Run	18

WOUNDS		CRITICAL DAMAGE	
Total	13		
Current		FATIGUE	
		Max FATIGUE = TB	

FATE POINTS	
Total	3
Current	

INSANITY POINTS	
Insanity Points	
Degree of Madness	
Disorder:	Severity:
.....	()
.....	()
.....	()

CORRUPTION POINTS	
Corruption Points	
Degree of Corruption	
Malignancies:	
.....
.....
.....

DARK HERESY

BACKGROUND & NOTES

MELEE WEAPONS

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Special Rules:			

HANDEDNESS:

ARMOUR

HEAD (1-10)
 Type

BODY (31-70)
 4
 Type FGC

RIGHT ARM (11-20)
 4
 Type FGC

LEFT ARM (21-30)
 4
 Type FGC

RIGHT LEG (71-85)
 4
 Type FGC

LEFT LEG (86-00)
 4
 Type FGC

CHARACTERISTICS

WEAPON SKILL (WS)

53

BALLISTIC SKILL (BS)

50

STRENGTH (Str)

3	6
----------	----------

TOUGHNESS (T)

3	7
----------	----------

AGILITY (Ag)

3	6
----------	----------

INTELLIGENCE (Int)

3	5
----------	----------

PERCEPTION (Per)

3	3
----------	----------

WILL POWER (WP)

4	2
----------	----------

FELLOWSHIP (Fel)

3	3
----------	----------

MISSILE WEAPONS

Name: Laspistol		Class: Pistol	
Damage: 1D10+2	Type: E	Pen: 0	
Range: 30m	RoF: S/-/-	Clip: 30	Reload: full
Special Rules: Reliable			

Name: Lasgun		Class: Basic	
Damage: 100m	Type: E	Pen: 0	
Range:	RoF: S/3/-	Clip: 60	Reload: full
Special Rules: Reliable			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Range:	RoF:	Clip:	Reload:
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Range:	RoF:	Clip:	Reload:
Special Rules:			

GEAR

Commissar uniform.....
 Imperial infantry uplifting primer.....
 Flak Greatcoat.....
 Rations.....
 Voidsuit incl.re-breather.....
 microbead.....

WEALTH

Throne Gelt

Monthly Income

Walk (1/2 Action)

3

Charge

9

Walk (Full Action)

6

Run

18

WOUNDS

Total	15
Current	

CRITICAL DAMAGE

FATIGUE
Max FATIGUE = TB

FATE POINTS

Total	2
Current	

INSANITY POINTS

Insanity Points	Degree of Madness
Disorder:	Severity:
.....	()
.....	()
.....	()

CORRUPTION POINTS

Corruption Points	Degree of Corruption
Malignancies:
.....
.....

DARK HERESY™

BACKGROUND & NOTES

MELEE WEAPONS

Name: Axe	Class: Melee	
Damage: 1D10+1	Type: R	Pen: 0
Special Rules: Primitive		

Name: Knife	Class: Melee	
Damage: 1D5	Type: R	Pen: 0
Special Rules: Primitive		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Special Rules:		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Special Rules:		

HANDEDNESS: right

ARMOUR

HEAD (1-10) Type	
RIGHT ARM (11-20) Type	LEFT ARM (21-30) Type
BODY (31-70) Type	
RIGHT LEG (71-85) Type	LEFT LEG (86-00) Type

CHARACTERISTICS

WEAPON SKILL (WS)

33

BALLISTIC SKILL (BS)

38

STRENGTH (Str)

3 **5**

TOUGHNESS (T)

4 **3**

AGILITY (Ag)

3 **9**

INTELLIGENCE (Int)

3 **7**

PERCEPTION (Per)

3 **0**

WILL POWER (WP)

5 **2**

FELLOWSHIP (Fel)

4 **1**

MISSILE WEAPONS

Name: Compact Las Pistol	Class: Pistol	
Damage: 1D10+2	Type: E	Pen: 0
Range: 30m	RoF: S/-/-	Clip: 30
Reload: full		
Special Rules: Reliable		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Range:	RoF:	Clip:
Reload:		
Special Rules:		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Range:	RoF:	Clip:
Reload:		
Special Rules:		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Range:	RoF:	Clip:
Reload:		
Special Rules:		

GEAR

Void suit, compact las pistol.....

knife.....

dice for divination.....

quilted vest, tatty robe, Psy focus (axe).....

sanctioning brand.....

microbead.....

WEALTH

Throne Gelt

Monthly Income

Walk (1/2 Action)	3	Charge	9
Walk (Full Action)	6	Run	18

WOUNDS	CRITICAL DAMAGE
Total 12	
Current	FATIGUE
	Max FATIGUE = TB

FATE POINTS
Total 2
Current

INSANITY POINTS
Insanity Points 3
Degree of Madness
Disorder: () Severity: ()
()
()
()

CORRUPTION POINTS
Corruption Points
Degree of Corruption
Malignancies:
()
()
()

DARK HERESY™

BACKGROUND & NOTES

MELEE WEAPONS

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Special Rules:			

HANDEDNESS: Right

ARMOUR

HEAD
(1-10)
3
Type mesh

BODY
(31-70)
6
Type carapace

RIGHT ARM
(11-20)
3
Type mesh

LEFT ARM
(21-30)
3
Type mesh

RIGHT LEG
(71-85)
3
Type mesh

LEFT LEG
(86-00)
3
Type mesh

CHARACTERISTICS

WEAPON SKILL (WS)

27

BALLISTIC SKILL (BS)

55

STRENGTH (Str)

5	0
---	---

TOUGHNESS (T)

3	7
---	---

AGILITY (Ag)

2	5
---	---

INTELLIGENCE (Int)

3	0
---	---

PERCEPTION (Per)

3	5
---	---

WILL POWER (WP)

4	0
---	---

FELLOWSHIP (Fel)

30

MISSILE WEAPONS

Name: Laspistol		Class: Pistol	
Damage: 1D10+2	Type: E	Pen: 0	
Range: 30m	RoF: S/-/-	Clip: 30	Reload: full
Special Rules: Reliable			

Name: Meltagun		Class: Basic	
Damage: 2D10+4	Type: E	Pen: 12	
Range: 20m	RoF: S/-/-	Clip: 5	Reload: 2full
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Range:	RoF:	Clip:	Reload:
Special Rules:			

Name:		Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:	
Range:	RoF:	Clip:	Reload:
Special Rules:			

GEAR

.Void suit, carapace, chest armor, mesh head and limbs armor, Laspistol, meltagun, ..
 .aquila, necklace, chaplet, ecclesiasticus, ..
 .vestments, candles, writing kit, rule of sororitas, ..
 .ring of suffrage, ..
 .microbead, ..

WEALTH

Throne Gelt

Monthly Income

Walk (1/2 Action)

2

Charge

6

Walk (Full Action)

4

Run

12

WOUNDS

Total	12
Current	

CRITICAL DAMAGE

FATIGUE
Max FATIGUE = TB

FATE POINTS

Total	2
Current	

INSANITY POINTS

Insanity Points	
Degree of Madness	
Disorder:	Severity:
.....	()
.....	()
.....	()

CORRUPTION POINTS

Corruption Points	
Degree of Corruption	
Malignancies:	
.....	
.....	
.....	

DARK HERESY™

BACKGROUND & NOTES

MELEE WEAPONS

Name: Metal Staff	Class: Melee	
Damage: 1D10	Type: I	Pen: 0
Special Rules: Balanced/Primitive		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Special Rules:		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Special Rules:		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Special Rules:		

HANDEDNESS:

ARMOUR

HEAD (1-10)
Type

BODY (31-70)
4
Type flak

RIGHT ARM (11-20)
Type

LEFT ARM (21-30)
Type

RIGHT LEG (71-85)
Type

LEFT LEG (86-00)
Type

CHARACTERISTICS

WEAPON SKILL (WS)

33

BALLISTIC SKILL (BS)

38

STRENGTH (Str)

3 **0**

TOUGHNESS (T)

4 **4**

AGILITY (Ag)

2 **9**

INTELLIGENCE (Int)

5 **3**

PERCEPTION (Per)

4 **5**

WILL POWER (WP)

3 **6**

FELLOWSHIP (Fel)

3 **5**

MISSILE WEAPONS

Name: Las Pistol	Class: Pistol	
Damage: 1D10+2	Type: E	Pen: 0
Range: 30m	RoF: S/-	Clip: 30
Reload: full		
Special Rules: reliable		

Name: Las Carbine	Class: Basic	
Damage: 1D10+3	Type: E	Pen: 0
Range: 60m	RoF: S/2/-	Clip: 40
Reload: full		
Special Rules: reliable		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Range:	RoF:	Clip:
Reload:		
Special Rules:		

Name:	Class:	
Damage:	Type:	Pen:
Range:	RoF:	Clip:
Reload:		
Special Rules:		

GEAR

Void Suit, Metal staff, Las pistol, 4 charge packs, Las Carbine, 4 charge packs, flak vest, knife, glow lamp, data slate, mechanicus robes and vestments, assorted spare parts (power cells, wires, chronometers, etc), vial of sacred machine oil, microbead, collection of medical drugs, six injector slots, incl. 10 stimm doses.

WEALTH

Throne Gelt

Monthly Income

Walk (1/2 Action)

2

Charge

6

Walk (Full Action)

4

Run

12

WOUNDS

Total	11
Current	

CRITICAL DAMAGE

FATIGUE
Max FATIGUE = TB

FATE POINTS

Total	2
Current	

INSANITY POINTS

Insanity Points	
Degree of Madness	
Disorder:	Severity:
.....	()
.....	()
.....	()

CORRUPTION POINTS

Corruption Points	
Degree of Corruption	
Malignancies:	
.....	
.....	
.....	