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CODIX SUPPLEMENT

SALAMANDERS



SALAMANDERS

THE SONS OF VULKAN

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome, honourable fire-born. The tome in your hands has been wrought into the definitive guide to the Salamanders, the Sons of Vulkan. Within you will learn of the storied victories and strategic disposition of these stoic warriors, and gain the strength you will need to forge your own Salamanders force. Into the fires of battle!

The Salamanders are Space Marines born of fire, seeing themselves as craftsmen forging a future through the furnace of war. As an honourable and highly respected Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes, they are champions of Humanity, dedicated to the stoic defence of the Imperium and the crushing of traitors, heretics and aliens. Inheritors of the fiery legacy of their Primarch Vulkan, the Salamanders are terrifying to look upon, and as they advance behind sheets of burning promethium, their coal-black skin and burning red eyes are the last sight many foes see. For all their towering strength, the Salamanders are shaped by a deep regard for Humanity and Vulkan's tenets of self-reliance and personal trial, and wear their heroism humbly. Purging the Imperium's enemies with their mastery of fire or crushing them with weapons of exceptional craftsmanship, the Salamanders fall like a hammer upon those who beset the Emperor's realm.

The Salamanders Chapter presents an exciting prospect for collectors, painters and gamers alike. Though truly devastating in close-range firefights, they utilise a wide variety of Adeptus Astartes weapons and tactics, enabling them to overcome sweeping hordes or the mightiest monsters and war engines. Access to the full range of Space Marines Citadel Miniatures ensures that no Salamanders collection need look the same. Whether you choose to recreate the bold colours of the Salamanders themselves or muster one of their successor Chapters, the sons of Vulkan present an engaging painting challenge that befits their reputation as master artisans.

The information within this book, alongside that found in *Codex: Space Marines*, provides all you need to collect a Salamanders army and field it upon the tabletop.

FORGED IN BATTLE: Here you will find the history and organisation of the Salamanders, an overview of their volcanic home world and details of the Chapter's most notable feats of arms.

THE ART OF FIRE: Here you will find a showcase of beautifully painted Citadel Miniatures that display the heraldry and brands of honour the Salamanders bear, as well as example armies to inspire your own collection.

LORDS OF NOCTURNE: This section contains datasheets and points values for the unique units available to the Salamanders.

THE CRUCIBLE OF WAR: This section provides additional rules for armies drawn from the Salamanders and their successor Chapters— Warlord Traits, Stratagems, Relics, psychic powers and Tactical Objectives – that allow you to forge your collection of Citadel Miniatures into a noble Salamanders army.

To play games with your army, you will need a copy of the Warhammer 40,000 rules and Codex: Space Marines. To find out more about Warhammer 40,000 or download the free core rules, visit warhammer40000.com.





In the depths of Sellas Hive, where the city's ruined suburbs meet the sulphurous geothermic plain, Captain Adrax Agatone and an Aggressor Squad prepare to unleash a torrent of flames against an incursion of the Farsight Enclaves.





FORGED IN BATTLE

The Salamanders are the Imperium's burning blade and guardian mantle both. They stand amongst the greatest champions of Humanity, a brotherhood of warrior-craftsmen who make an art form of deadly battle. They are enduring scions of a volatile death world, who turn their volcanic strength and mastery of fire upon the myriad foes assailing Mankind's dominions. Tempered by war and ritualistic trial, the Salamanders' determination and refusal to yield are legendary.

As the heirs of the Primarch Vulkan, the Salamanders are bearers of cleansing fire and possess the strength to hammer their adversaries into ruin. To them is entrusted Vulkan's genetic and cultural legacy; through their expertise in flamecraft and their implacable resolve to resist the foe, they make war in the manner their gene-sire perfected. Indeed, the Salamanders now recruit from the same fiery orb on which Vulkan himself was raised – the charred and unforgiving death world of Nocturne. This planet shapes the mettle of the Chapter's tenacious warrior-smiths, amplifying the inheritance that burns through their veins. With superhuman strength and resilience the Salamanders stride the terrifying battlefields of the galaxy like noble gods of war, fully worthy of the high praise they quietly accept.

THE FIRST EMBERS STIR

The Salamanders were one of the original Space Marine Legions of the First Founding, created on Terra by the Emperor of Mankind at the very beginnings of his stellar empire – a time haunted by myth and the spectre of truth. As the XVIII Legion, the warriors who would later be known as the Salamanders were stoic and indomitable, though all but fragments of their exploits have been lost to history, preserved only as fable upon the worlds they reclaimed for the nascent Imperium. Though counted among the smaller of the Emperor's Legions, the XVIII numbered many thousands of Adeptus Astartes. Because of this, the Legion was known to engage in asymmetric warfare, drawing enemies into situations where their foe's larger numbers were no longer an advantage. Despite this, there were instances where their resolve to fight to the bitter end, refusing to step back from waves of overwhelming adversaries, was very costly. Though this cemented the XVIII Legion's reputation for uncompromising dedication, the losses they incurred took a heavy toll.

When the warriors of the Legion were finally united with their Primarch, he brought to his sons not only vital reinforcements, but also a focus of purpose and a greater wisdom in the pursuit of battle. Securing their future, Vulkan took command of the Salamanders Legion, and his adopted home world became theirs.

CRADLE OF FIRE

The Salamanders' home world of Nocturne is a rugged and mountainous planet of ferocious volcanic activity. Subject to enormous tectonic stresses, its very surface is a malleable and ever-changing landscape scarred by lava channels and bubbling calderas. This geological upheaval breeds incredibly hardy inhabitants able to survive not only Nocturne's high levels of natural radiation, but also the dangers of its monstrous saurian life forms. It was from these savage predators that the Salamanders took their name, adopting as their Chapter icon the stylised skull of the very largest beast, felled by Vulkan's own hand.

The culture and values of Nocturne's people were instilled in Vulkan as he rapidly rose to maturity under their care. The Primarch in turn passed the ways of Nocturne to his Legion, and to this day the Salamanders and their human cohabitants consider themselves two parts of a single people, linked by ties of blood, adversity and endurance.

INFERNAL INHERITANCE

All Salamanders Space Marines have skin so ebon black that they resemble living statues carved from unpolished obsidian. Their eyes are a strikingly similar shade, except that the centres are red and glow like lit coals; an unsettling sight even to hard-bitten warriors. Like all Adeptus Astartes, the Salamanders are more than human in many ways, and these menacing details only highlight the difference further. Indeed, the Salamanders understand

'What use is an untempered blade? A false and faithless companion. A weapon whose veneer of embellishment cannot hide the weakness within. Such arms are the mark of traitors and oath-breakers – those for whom haste and inconstancy are virtues. The tempered blade does not shatter. It endures and it slays.'

- Chapter Master Tu'Shan

how terrifying their appearance can be to ordinary Imperial citizens; more than one insurrection has been quashed in its infancy by the sight of an unhelmed Salamander advancing upon the conspiring ringleaders, his blood-red eyes glowing in pitch-black sockets. Despite infrequent demands that they be denounced for mutation, the Salamanders have never shied away from their heritage or hidden their features from outsiders, for they are a reflection of the physical attributes of noble Vulkan, whose name they hold above all others save the Emperor himself.

Lord Vulkan was said to possess immense personal strength. His incredible feats of endurance were also renowned, so much so that the Salamanders believe he lives still, awaiting the day when he will return to his sons. Whether their gene-sire still fights on somewhere in the darkening galaxy, it is without doubt that the Salamanders share his immense physical power and the fortitude to shrug off even the most horrific wounds. Especially notable is their resistance to heat and the caress of crawling fire. Thus they can stride through roaring infernos, endure the ritual carrying of red-hot metal, or walk barefoot upon burning coals.

EYE TO EYE

To face the Salamanders upon the field of battle is to suffer the wrath of Vulkan himself. Combining genetically enhanced physiques and the finest Imperial technology, they overcome their foes even when severely outnumbered, standing firm in the martial tenets of their Primarch.

Salamanders strike forces often feature fewer rapid reaction units than those employed by other Chapters. Nocturne's fierce and fluctuating terrain may explain this in part, restricting the scope for training with assets unsuited to volcanic environments. To counter this, the Salamanders maintain extensive grav-stabilised training vaults upon Nocturne's massive moon, Prometheus. Bearing the glassy sheen of their melta-bored construction, these gyro-chambers allow the Salamanders to thoroughly train squadrons of bikers and rapid assault vehicles, which they readily deploy when a mission calls for it.

Even before Vulkan took command of the XVIII Legion, their doctrine favoured close range assaults. Millennia of constant warfare have further honed this skill, from the hellish grind of warship boarding

actions to storming the sulphurous confines of mining complexes. The Salamanders excel in short range firefights, where the rapid staccato of bolter fire and the reek of promethium accompany the destruction of even the fiercest enemy advances. When the fighting becomes an eye to eye melee, the Salamanders wield finely crafted chainswords alongside pistols filigreed with toothed maws and blossoms of flame. Other warriors swing ancient thunder hammers crackling with barely suppressed energies, bringing them down with fatal inevitability to smite their foes.

The Salamanders' skill with short-ranged incineration technology is unsurpassed, and rightly feared throughout the galaxy. Wielding intricately embellished flamers, the fire-born weave sheets of roaring flame that engulf the enemy from every angle, leaving them no place to hide.

Others carry deadly meltaguns, tailored over many centuries by successive gunners in the ember-lit alcoves of the Chapter's Armoury. Weapon and warrior working as one, they carve through the void-hardened bulkheads of warships or detonate the ammunition hoppers of speeding vehicles, honouring the fiery spirit of Nocturne itself.



Defending thousands of workers constructing the Shrine of the Infant of Bhaerren, Salamanders of the 2nd Company drive back the Evil Sunz warband of Ghurk Skullcleaver. As the Orks' ramshackle vehicles are destroyed by melta-fire, the xenos engage in deadly firefights.



NOCTURNE

When the Salamanders describe themselves as fire-born, it is often misunderstood by those outside the Chapter. The name speaks to the Salamanders' warrior culture, their origins and perhaps their ultimate fate. Often, however, it evokes a subtle facet of their home world of Nocturne, for that planet has shaped the Chapter as surely as a blade is shaped upon an anvil.

Nocturne is a world aflame, a cauldron of fiery tempests strung with millions of interlinked volcanoes. It is a planet of dark mountain ranges, black sandplains and small, sulphurous seas. Nocturne never knows true darkness, for as it rotates away from its star, volcanic eruptions light the night sky. Molten ejecta bejewels its vertiginous cliffs, while jets of burning gas illuminate the radioactive ash-clouds above. Salamanders Apothecaries sometimes refer to Nocturne's high levels of natural radiation as the Furnace Invisible. Though the origin of this radiation is unknown, its interaction with Vulkan's gene-seed is thought to have caused the Salamanders' unique colouration.

Not for its inimical conditions alone is Nocturne categorised as a death world. Monstrous predators stalk its flatlands and haunt its blighted depths; most infamous amongst them are the giant reptilian hunters that claim the highest ridges. These are Nocturne's original salamanders, and for many unwary mountaineers, the rasp of scales and the click of sabre-long talons on rock are the last sounds they hear. But Nocturne itself poses a far graver test for its inhabitants to endure.

THE TIME OF TRIAL

Nocturne and its oversized moon, Prometheus, share a complex and eccentric orbit. Once every Nocturnean year (fifteen Terran years), Prometheus approaches Nocturne so closely that the gravitic battle between the two threatens to tear Nocturne apart. Known as the Time of Trial, it is a period of worldwide upheaval.

Seismic ruptures rip through the planet's land masses and immense thunderheads boil in the skies, while forests of lightning ravage the plains, creating pools of black glass that shatter as soon as they form. During the Time of Trial, Nocturne's radiation fluctuates rapidly in strength and can become a deadly scourge even to its naturally acclimatised native peoples. Several thousand volcanoes erupt in concert from the Arridian Plain to the Dragonspire. Calderas fracture and crack as the planet's very structure is crushed by the titanic forces at work.

The Salamanders view this cataclysm as a trial for the planet as well as themselves. Their world is moulded and shaped anew, each time emerging stronger, before cooling in the void as Prometheus once more retreats.

For all its devastation, the Time of Trial also brings great boons to Nocturne. New veins of ore and minerals are revealed, and the world's meagre soils are enriched with nutrients. Many of Nocturne's people rely on the fabric of their planet for survival, and this bounty benefits them greatly. Miners hit fresh reserves of raw materials to ship to Adeptus Mechanicus forge temples, while metalworkers and jewel-smiths craft precious objects from newfound treasures, from quinquartz-encrusted scabbards to ignite-chased medallions.

The Adeptus Mechanicus pays handsomely for the rare deposits unearthed from Nocturne's heart, and trade contracts with the Salamanders are viciously contested by nearby forge worlds, sometimes spilling into aggressive and direct negotiations.

Nocturneans long ago discovered islands of stability upon their planet that could withstand the wrath of renewal. Considered sacred, the strange geology of these areas allowed for the establishment of seven large settlements known as sanctuary-cities – scattered bastions of solace which shelter the populace during the Time of Trial.

THE PROMETHEAN CULT

Imbued with a deep sense of duty and a mastery of form and function, the Salamanders are warrior-craftsmen who view their existence as a continuation of the black-smiths and metal-shapers of old Nocturne. The collected body of belief and wisdom by which Salamanders live is referred to as the Promethean Cult; a creed shaped by both their Primarch and their home world.

Honouring Vulkan – who was raised by the black-smiter N'bel and taught the skills of metalworking – each Salamander learns to craft and maintain their own arms and armour. Many go on to become incredibly talented weapon-smiths and artisans capable of forging deadly artefacts of great beauty. In this way, a practical ability directly affecting a battle-brother's deeds in war combines with a way of thinking designed to promote patience and relentless determination.

The Promethean Cult places great emphasis on self-reliance, loyalty and sacrifice, while haste and impetuosity are deeply frowned upon. The Chapter's close ties to the people of Nocturne

perhaps explains why the Salamanders hold in high esteem many of the human values that other Space Marines have distanced themselves from or simply forgotten. Their Chaplains teach that no objective worth obtaining is easily taken and that hardship and adversity are inevitable ingredients in a warrior's life. Standing one's ground no matter the odds, advancing into the fiercest of engagements and weathering the tempest, as Vulkan's own anvil withstood his mighty blows, are held up as virtues all Salamanders should embody. Trials of mind and body are a frequent and recurring theme of Nocturnean culture, for only by fire is the blade tempered.

Hope is a difficult fire to stoke since the Great Rift tore through the stars. But it was Vulkan's conviction that, once the galaxy had been reclaimed for all of Humanity, there would come a time when his sons would be able to set warfare aside. However far that goal appears to have retreated, the belief that the Cicatrix Maledictum constitutes the greatest test of the Salamanders' mettle is gaining currency among the fire-born, kindling hope.

A PEOPLE UNITED

Unlike many Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, the Salamanders do not remain aloof from the human population of their home world. When not at war or engaged in training or Chapter rituals, most Salamanders warriors live amongst the people of Nocturne. While the veterans of the 1st Company lodge in the Chapter's fortress monastery upon Prometheus, every other company maintains barracks within Nocturne's sanctuary-cities. Here, the Space Marines act as elders of their people, providing guidance and wisdom as well as mentoring prospective novitiates in the Chapter's ways. Mindful of Vulkan's own compassion for those he protected, the Salamanders see this leadership as an extension of their duties to the Imperium as a whole. By living amongst their people, conversing with them and personally shepherding their survival, the Salamanders learn the humility and understanding that permeates their Chapter's culture.

PROMETHEUS

Although Nocturne is the Salamanders' home planet, the Chapter's fortress monastery is based on its large moon,

Prometheus. The moon is denser and far less vulnerable to the Time of Trial than its malleable parent world, making it an ideal stronghold. Airless and void of native inhabitants, Prometheus is home to the Salamanders' Chapter command and Armoury, along with extensive bastions, weapon arrays and astropathic choral cloisters.

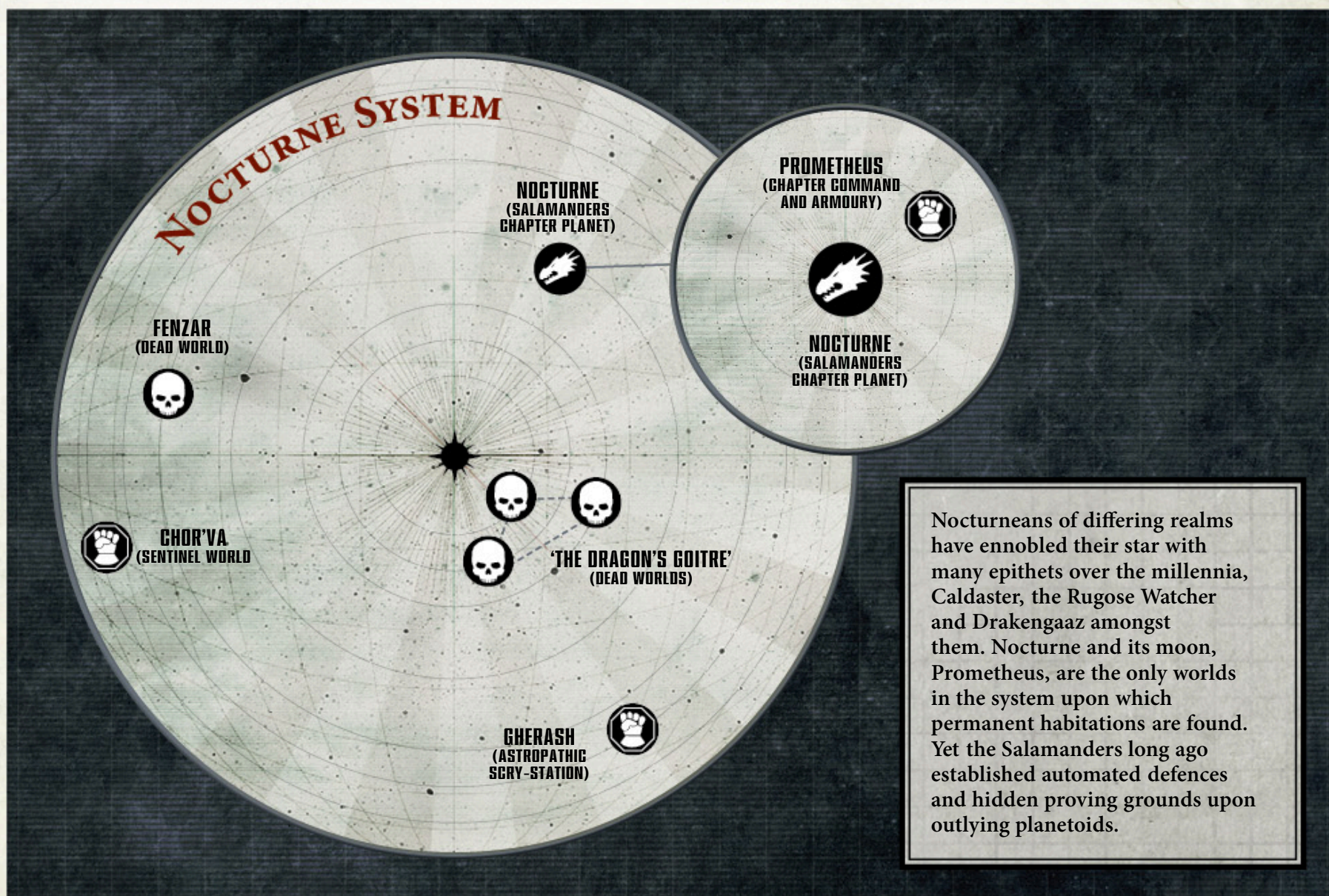


The Salamanders' fortress monastery is a sprawling and impregnable edifice. Below ground, its miles of hallways and sconce-lit chambers echo to the steps of ceramite boots. Chapter serfs and bondsmen weather the artificially high temperature as only native Nocturneans can, while banks of servitors commune silently with logic-engines under the dull glare of data-streams. Despite the extensive presence of unaugmented humans, there are many private cells and forbidden courts that are the demesne of the Salamanders alone.

Barely lit by the ruddy glow of bronze braziers, their atmosphere oppressively hot and cloying, these are places of meditation and private ceremony.

Orbital docks and repair stations surrounding Prometheus harbour the Chapter's fleet of strike cruisers, battle barges and rapid reaction vessels. These are the means by which the Salamanders take the Emperor's retribution out into the void. The jewels of this encircling coronet, however, are two legendary artefacts crafted by Vulkan himself. The first of these marvels is the forge ship *Chalice of Fire*, which produces many of the Salamanders' superlative and unique pieces of technology. The Adeptus Mechanicus view this vessel with envy and acquisitive intent, their mechadendrites eagerly clutching at any nugget of information pertaining to its operation.

In contrast, forging nothing but death, the *Eye of Vulkan* is a defence laser of immense destructive power. Using barely understood power sources and mag-field lensing beyond anything the Masters of the Forge can replicate, this laser array is able to unleash searing lances of incomparable fury that skewer enemy vessels with fire.



CHAPTER ORGANISATION

The Salamanders adhere to many of the organisational tenets of the Codex Astartes – the sacred tract penned by Roboute Guilliman in the anarchic days after the Horus Heresy. Yet it was Lord Vulkan's wish that the structure of his Legion should also continue to honour its close ties to Nocturne; a legacy that shapes the Chapter still.

At the time of Vulkan's coming, seven ancient tribes known as Great Houses wielded power on Nocturne, and under his leadership and protection they united. To honour their fealty, Vulkan organised his Legion into seven Great Houses also, each forging bonds with one of these kindreds. To this day the Salamanders Chapter retains its unique structure of seven companies – each is still known as a Great House and maintains ceremonial ties to a settlement on Nocturne.

While the Salamanders' squad-level organisation closely follows that espoused by Roboute Guilliman's epic treatise, their companies are larger than those in a truly Codex-compliant Chapter, each comprising twelve squads to better withstand the attritional pressures the Salamanders often face in war.

In a further break from orthodoxy, the Captain of the Salamanders 1st Company also serves as Chapter Master, bearing the noble title Regent of Prometheus. Upon him rests the responsibility for ensuring that the flame of Vulkan's legacy is never extinguished. Beneath the Regent, the stoic heroes of the Chapter's specialised institutions stoke the fires of the

Salamanders' mental and physical resolve. Members of the Librarius, Apothecarion and Reclusiam go to war alongside their battle-brothers, bolstering their resilience with psychic might, surgical support and catechisms of hate. Meanwhile, the Armoury provides the Chapter with the battle tanks, gunships and artillery their fiery battles demand.

The 1st Company comprises the most experienced and accomplished warriors in the Chapter. These Veterans have faced decades or centuries of front-line action, enduring every horror the enemies of the Imperium can conjure. They are often attached as individual squads to strike forces, supporting their brothers with superior skill and specialised wargear. Since the Ultima Founding, a number of Primaris Space Marines have advanced into the 1st and earned their place many times over.

The 2nd to 4th Companies are the Battle Companies, and these three Great Houses form the primary fighting component of the Chapter's campaigns. Drawing upon the specialised squads of the Battle Companies, Salamanders commanders forge carefully crafted strike forces to meet the threats facing each mission. These

strike forces can be deployed thousands of light years apart, enabling the Salamanders to fight dozens of wars simultaneously.

The 5th and 6th Companies are Reserve Companies. Uniquely, their battle-brothers do not specialise in close support roles. Skilled with every weapon in the Chapter's arsenal, they are trained to fulfil any function in order to replace all losses the Battle Companies might suffer. Until that time, the Salamanders of the 5th and 6th Companies are charged with upholding their Chapter's doctrinal values and continuing to hone their reputation for devastating firefights.

The Chapter's 7th Company is its Scout Company. These warriors provide reconnaissance and disrupt the enemy through shock assaults. While the neophytes who fight as Salamanders Scouts are few compared to the Scout Companies of other Chapters, their number is bolstered by twelve squads of experienced Vanguard Space Marines. Forming the backbone of the 7th Company, these warriors utilise advanced and flexible patterns of armour and weaponry to stalk the enemy before descending suddenly upon them, wrath burning in their blood-red eyes.

FIRE-SIGHT

Vulkan's genetic legacy manifests in ways both overt and subtle. One inheritance known to few outside the Chapter is the Salamanders' visual sensitivity to infrared emissions. As this trait develops in novitiates, the Chaplains describe it to them as fire-sight, a gift from the Primarch to every inductee. This additional band of perception is only narrowly focused towards particular heat signatures, and consequently the Salamanders continue to rely upon the auto-senses of their power armour and auspex scanners in battle. Like so many aspects of Chapter life, fire-sight instead serves a practical purpose of the Salamanders' own crafting.

Millennia ago, Salamanders artificers perfected the manufacture of a material that could generate minute pulses of heat at the specific signatures detectable by their modified eyes. Ever since, this material has been layered into the dermis of their ceramite armour and woven in electro-tapestral strands through the fabric of robes and standards. As enduring as all the works of Vulkan's sons, the substance is even applied to weapon casings and the

flanks of battle tanks. When connected to noospheric power sources, it generates enough heat to be seen by Salamanders, while remaining unseen by those not attuned to its presence. To an outsider, the Chapter's arms and armour are indeed beautifully crafted; to the Salamanders, however, they are much more.

With a steady blaze or a timed pulse, luminous iconography flares to life. Glowing images of flames flicker upon vehicle glaxis plates, and vibrant geometric lines emblazon the fields of ancient banners. Decorative details that appear bold and striking even to those outside the Chapter become further accentuated with dazzlingly complex designs. Within this artifice, sub-levels of strategic designation can be communicated. Hidden tactical markings trace the air with liquid fire, shining with an inner light alongside symbols of honour that define a Marine's position within the Chapter, and his bonds to his brothers. So embellished, Salamanders warriors go to war illuminated with the majesty of the Nocturnean night.

Strategic disposition of the Salamanders Chapter before the liberation of the Largos System



ARMOURY

Masters of the Forge
Argos
Kor'hadron
Rhoshan

Techmarines
Servitors
Battle Tanks
Land Raiders
Gunships
Warsuits



APOTHECARION

Chief Apothecary
Sul Dra'Nerr

Apothecaries



1ST COMPANY

Veteran Company
'The Firedrakes'

GREAT HOUSE
Chapter Master *Tu'Shan*
Regent of *Prometheus*

Forgefather Vulkan He'stan

Veterans
Dreadnoughts
Land Raiders



RECLUSIAM

Master of Sanctity
Leotrak Esar

Reclusiarch
T'Kell Komm

Chaplains



LIBRARIUS

Chief Librarian
Vel'cona

Epistolaries
Codiciers
Lexicaniums
Acolytum



2ND COMPANY
Battle Company
'Defenders of Nocturne'

GREAT HOUSE
Master of the Watch
Captain N'kelm

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

7 Battleline Squads
3 Fire Support Squads
2 Close Support Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles
Land Speeders
Bikes



3RD COMPANY
Battle Company
'The Pyroclasts'

GREAT HOUSE
Master of the Arsenal
Captain Adrax Agatone

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

7 Battleline Squads
3 Fire Support Squads
2 Close Support Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles
Land Speeders
Bikes



4TH COMPANY
Battle Company
'The Branded'

GREAT HOUSE
Master of the Fleet
Captain Xavus

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

7 Battleline Squads
3 Fire Support Squads
2 Close Support Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles
Land Speeders
Bikes



5TH COMPANY
Reserve Company
'The Drake Hunters'

GREAT HOUSE
Master of the Rites
Captain Mulcebar

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

8 Battleline Squads
4 Fire Support Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles
Land Speeders
Bikes



6TH COMPANY
Reserve Company
'The Flamehammers'

GREAT HOUSE
Master of Relics
Captain Nehr Ur'Venn

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

4 Battleline Squads
8 Fire Support Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles
Land Speeders
Bikes



7TH COMPANY
Scout Company
'Sons of Nocturne'

GREAT HOUSE
Master of Recruits
Captain Sol Ba'ken

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

12 Vanguard Squads
Scouts

Bikes
Transport Vehicles
Land Speeders

THE 1ST COMPANY

THE FIREDRAKES

The warriors of the Salamanders 1st Company are the personification of the Chapter's soul. As their training prepares them for the rigours of command, they are looked to by their battle-brothers as exemplars of what it means to be a son of Vulkan. Comprising the fire-born's most lauded fighters, the 1st Company's glorious deeds add to a legacy millennia in the making.

Many Chapters promote battle-brothers to their Veteran Company purely on the grounds of combat experience and skill. Certainly, each member of the Salamanders 1st Company is a lethal warrior, drawn from the most accomplished brethren of the Battle Companies, but to aspire to the vaunted ranks of the Firedrakes, a Salamander must also be a paragon of the values the Chapter holds in highest esteem. The 1st Company's warriors are neither impetuous nor prone to anger. Able to stoically endure dire injuries, their deep reserves of wisdom and strength

elevate them in their brothers' eyes, as the Firedrakes emerge from the sorest of trials victorious and unbowed.

The 1st Company comprises tempered Veterans of many different abilities, each finding their place amongst warriors of similar tendencies. Unparalleled snipers and Sternguard Veterans are heavily equipped for any contingency. They fight as the honoured brothers of fiery close combat specialists and pilots of ancient Dreadnought chassis, who have ground enemies beneath their metal heel during

many long campaigns. The Salamanders also maintain an unusually large store of Tactical Dreadnought armour, including many rare patterns. Thus, many Firedrakes go to war as dreaded Terminator Squads. They wade through firestorms in the lea of sculpted storm shields, swinging immense thunder hammers as did their namesakes thousands of years before – the original Firedrakes of Vulkan's elite, named after the greatest of the fiery salamanders hunted upon Nocturne.

Like all Salamanders companies, the Firedrakes keep ceremonial ties with a settlement upon Nocturne, but they are unique in maintaining no barracks on the planet, and descend to its surface only rarely for important Chapter rituals. Instead, they dwell in the fortress monastery on Prometheus. Here, the Firedrakes are responsible for some elements of Chapter command, directing training cadres or coordinating security protocols, honing their leadership skills even as they train in practice cages against blade-limbed servitors. When attached to larger strike forces, squads of 1st Company Veterans are valued as much for their leadership and tactical advice as for their sheer destructive power. In this way, the Chapter prepares the Firedrakes for later roles as Veteran Sergeants, officers or masters of the Salamanders' warships.

According to their unique traditions, by virtue of being the 1st Company's Captain, Tu'Shan is also the Salamanders' Chapter Master. Tactical oversight of the Firedrakes falls to his Lieutenants when wider matters of Chapter command draw him away. The prestige of forming Tu'Shan's own company is not lost on its warriors. When the Regent of Prometheus grants audiences to commanders or diplomats from outside the Chapter, it is from the ranks of the 1st Company that his honour guard and equerries are drawn. Those chosen for such duties serve with a sense of deep and quiet satisfaction. Knowing that they present visitors from the wider Imperium with what may be their only glimpse of Vulkan's warriors, it contents them to know that the Chapter will be seen at its very best.



THE 2ND COMPANY

DEFENDERS OF NOCTURNE

Protection of the weak and selfless heroism have never known greater champions than the battle-brothers of the 2nd Company. They have forged a glorious record of victories in battle, fighting alongside numerous Imperial allies in the most far-flung galactic war zones. It is the 2nd Company's deeds which have ensured this Chapter's renown is most widespread.

The measured compassion the Salamanders display towards the Imperium's more vulnerable citizens has often been scorned. There are those who say the sons of Vulkan waste their immense strength and the Emperor's ammunition saving the weak, and that the Imperium has survived only thanks to those with the fortitude to grasp a different attitude to the Imperium's civilian resources. Indeed, the Chapter's actions have even attracted condemnation from certain High Lords of Terra on occasion. The Salamanders 2nd Company's roll of honour quietly offers a different view.

The Defenders of Nocturne are the Salamanders' foremost Battle Company, their many battle honours ranging from pacifications and last-gasp defences to invasions of xenos strongholds. The 2nd Company strive to embody the self-sacrifice and ideals of guardianship often associated with their Primarch. Yet they often do so with a wider goal unseen by detractors. In campaigns where Salamanders have rescued grime-stained workers that the Imperium at large would never miss, the 2nd Company sees itself as ensuring the survival of vital skills required to boost the flagging munitions production in the next war zone. Similarly, where their squads have fought rearguard actions aboard failing Imperial ships, their lives are sold to allow more desperate fighter crew

time to clear the ship. Such displays show the attitude grasped by the 2nd Company is more tactically sound than that of the more callous Imperial zealot.

The Salamanders have always evinced a readiness to ally themselves with other Imperial forces, to the extent that they are often the first Chapter to extend diplomatic overtures. Though many other Chapters take part in wars alongside Astra Militarum regiments, or the lances of knightly houses, they do so on their own terms. Some enter war zones secretly or ignore requests for coordination, while others invoke horror in their allies by their reputation alone. However, the Salamanders 2nd Company have entered into countless alliances, fighting as saviours alongside grateful warriors of the Imperium's other forces.

Where the 2nd Company deploy, bloated coalitions that would otherwise fracture and devolve are instead coordinated with supreme precision. The leadership they supply amplifies the abilities of disparate Imperial armies, as the Salamanders officers understand how best to utilise allied assets and when to reassign incompatible commanders. By their presence, the Defenders of Nocturne safeguard the Emperor's worlds and usher his armies through the darkness that grips the galaxy.

This was seen in action during the war in the Carsis Sector, where a task force of the Indomitus Crusade had stalled. Tensions rose while Astra Militarum regiments from Parain'h fought hordes of looting Orks upon the forge world of Ultima Ketch. At odds with the low-tech savagery of the Scalp-Marshal commanding the Parain'hi regiments, the Tech-Priests of Ultima Ketch had ordered their Skitarii into several counter-productive forays that left them surrounded. When the Salamanders 2nd Company broke warp, Captain N'kelm acted quickly to heal the rift. The Tech-Priests he treated with respectful diplomacy, issuing data-packets of unassailable logic; the Parain'hi Scalp-Marshal he met in person, N'kelm's scarred face sealing his dominance over the grizzled human as they shared tumblers of amasec.

The 2nd Company then orchestrated aggressive manoeuvres with their allies, helping them to misdirect the Ork assaults and thus buy time for Captain N'kelm's hammer blow. The Salamanders deployed en masse via drop pods, revealing themselves to their allies in their full might and leading by example. Pride at fighting alongside such post-humans inspired the Skitarii and guardsmen to feats of legend, and despite high casualties amongst all Imperial forces, the Orks were finally defeated.

THE TOME OF FIRE

The Salamanders keep many relics of their past which they hold in the uttermost regard, many of them wrought by Vulkan's own hands. To possess objects into which the Lord of Drakes poured his skill places the warrior-smiths of today's Chapter in Vulkan's presence, at the door of his workshop.

One such inheritance is the Tome of Fire – not merely a single book, but an enormous archive of diverse objects shaped by Vulkan's peerless craftsmanship. There are indeed written works amongst these items: books formed of compressed drake-skin, scrolls of sheet metal so fine they move like silk, and ancient dataslates whose crystal faces display unknown runes. But the collection also includes physical mechanisms and weapons: sealed crystalflex cubes containing flickering forms, curiously shaped ingots of brushed alloy – seemingly inert and without function

– and items whose complexity has so far defied understanding. Taken together, these relics constitute the Tome of Fire. The Salamanders refer to all of them as 'texts', for they believe each to contain messages and hidden writings, even if no script is visible.

These items are the responsibility of the Chapter's Forgefather. To him falls the task of searching the Tome's objects for clues regarding the locations of the Nine Artefacts – four of which remain lost. Each succeeding Forgefather examines the items afresh, seeking patterns in new arrangements from untried angles, for it was well within Vulkan's power to craft objects that reacted only in certain places, at certain junctures. Thus, there may yet lie upon some undisturbed shelf of the Tome of Fire an object that bides its time, awaiting only the correct alignment before activating and revealing its secrets.

THE 3RD COMPANY

THE PYROCLASTS

The Salamanders' expertise with promethium weaponry is ancient and well-founded. Combining lethal technology with intuitive ability, they are able to reduce the most dug-in enemies to cinders. The 3rd Company displays a particular talent for such actions, yet the aftermath of their deeds hangs over them as a shared burden the entire company must bear.

Commanded by Captain Adrax Agatone, the Salamanders 3rd Company fully live up to their epithet. The Pyroclasts are fiery angels of death, purging the enemy in violent conflagrations.

As a Battle Company, the 3rd undertake missions of varied parameters and objectives, but always endeavour to close with the foe and put their flamers to devastating use. With searing waves of fire, the Pyroclasts scour the blackened corridors of garrisons and cleanse strongholds of defenders. They are equally adept in their weapons' subtler applications, and use controlled bursts of flame to tactically corral the enemy.

As a result, the Pyroclasts are the Chapter's foremost answer to entrenched adversaries, superbly equipped to fulfil front line siegecraft, boarding actions or hive cleansings. Whether their enemies squirm in underground bunkers or are embedded in unsuspecting host societies, the warriors of the 3rd Company unearth them and illuminate their evil with Nocturne's fires.

In this duty, the 3rd Company are as unforgiving towards the coward and the

sluggard as they are towards the traitor. In some war zones, it is impossible to distinguish heretics or xenos sympathisers from those whose laxity has made them complicit, or the innocent who clamorously claim to have railed against their own people. Condemned by their inaction, many perish even as they profess their loyalty. Though the Pyroclasts are far from the likes of the indiscriminate maniples the Adeptus Mechanicus dispatch to cleanse the dead and dying, their retribution is no less ruthless when it arrives.



Since the opening of the Great Rift, the 3rd Company's skills have never been in greater demand. Blasphemous Chaos cults, scrapcode-infected forge worlds, or even direct xenos interference in civilian populations, create such a morass of misplaced loyalties that total eradication is often the only option left to the Imperium. 3rd Company execution teams

have incinerated entire clans of nobility, along with loyal retainers protesting their innocence. In such cases, the Marines risk no heretics surviving, and stand vindicated by the discovery of whatever cults the nobles have allowed to take root. The company's flamers have also destroyed hundreds-strong mobs of factorem rioters, knowing that in their midst might lurk indoctrinated infil-traitors, or carriers of warp contagions. In this instance, they deem those free of corruption to be acceptable casualties.

The tenets of the Promethean Cult speak of the protection of the weak as a noble cause, an important trait of the wise guardian every Salamanders battle-brother strives to be. The 3rd Company do not turn from these teachings, but strive also to embody Vulkan's pragmatism. They understand that for the good of the wider Imperium, innocent lives must sometimes fall to the flames of duty. As 3rd Company battle-brothers progress through the Chapter's hierarchy, the weight of this burden stays with them. Having shared in the Pyroclasts' deeds, the Salamanders' veterans, officers and even the Chapter Master himself are all bound by a shared sorrow.

The flames consumed all as the Aggressors advanced. An inferno of death poured from their paired flamestorm gauntlets, the promethium fed through high-pressure valves which could unleash walls of flame or send focused blasts into the smallest alcoves. The fire ate the shabby uniforms it touched. Faded Imperial eagles curled and disintegrated. Sealed within their fully enclosed helmets, the Aggressors watched the destruction they wrought with dispassionate eyes.

Destruction? This was slaughter.

Sergeant Tor'vek walked ahead of his two battle-brothers, the servos of his heavy Gravis armour whirring as he strode over the groaning deck plates of the Wayfarer. In the two hours since the Salamanders had boarded the crippled ship, Tor'vek and his squad of Aggressors had worked their way down towards its warded enginarium, and had discovered the mutating Gellerpox virus running rampant.

A glancing blow from a large arc-driver clanged from Tor'vek's pauldron. It was enough to draw his attention and he turned, slowly. The arm, chest and half the head of a

deck officer protruded from the wall, flaking skin merging with rusted metal. The face grinned wide, the corners of its mouth tearing as the officer's arm raised slowly to strike again. Tor'vek ended the wretch's misery with fire. As the heat intensified, questing rivulets of burning liquid flowed through the wall panels, searing the foul growths they found there.

Tor'vek and his squad entered the enginarium, and were at once attacked by more of the former crew, mutated almost beyond recognition. Two Nightmare Hulks, swollen with energies radiating from the ship's Geller field generator, were crushed by blows from Tor'vek's powered gauntlets, but not before their writhing appendages had pulled down one of his battle-brothers. Everything else burned.

The Sergeant signalled his commander that the enginarium was clear – no surviving crew. The commander acknowledged the report; all Salamanders understood the grim consequences of the 3rd Company's duties.

Tor'vek considered the flailing arms vainly clawing at the flames. They were human arms, even if their bearer was not.

THE 4TH COMPANY

THE BRANDED

Taking their vows and oaths with them to battle, the warriors of the 4th Company bear reminders of their promises upon their obsidian skin. Of all the Salamanders Battle Companies, the Branded are tied most closely to the Chapter's Reclusiam, drawing strength and inspiration from the legendary pledges fulfilled by other Salamanders through the millennia.

Assignment to the 4th Company is a moment of great import in a battle-brother's life. It is the first Battle Company most Salamanders serve in, and it is here that they meld their experience from the Reserve Companies with new links of brotherhood forged with the Chapter's heroes. Admittance to the 4th Company is a recognition of a battle-brother's experience, and marks Chapter command's faith in his abilities. The ceremonies accompanying this elevation include a series of binding vows and geas made to the Chapter and its warriors. Indeed, the taking of oaths is an intrinsic aspect of the 4th Company's character; many of these professions of intent are seared directly into the warriors' flesh as a permanent expression of their duty.

Within the Salamanders' fortress monastery live a clade of honoured Chapter serfs known as brander-priests. These highly skilled men and women attend to their Astartes masters in moments of quiet and personal reflection, and it is they who burn a Salamander's pledges into his obsidian skin with branding irons. These intricately crafted instruments have ancient pedigrees, and the marks they leave record

a Salamander's vows to uphold the values of the Promethean Cult, to vanquish particular enemies, or to endure trials of mind and body.

Salamanders often instruct their personal brander-priests to mark them before battle, but the battle-brothers of the 4th Company engage in extensive scarification that borders on obsession. Some have covered almost their entire bodies in branded oaths, save only their face, the branding of which remains the preserve of 1st Company Veterans. Some brands may be as large as a handprint, while others are microscopic and achieved with insectile, grav-stabilised armatures, whose red-hot needles glitter like stars.



Wherever possible, the 4th Company's strike forces endeavour to engage in close assaults and short range firefights. This is because in the fires of confined battle, in close reach of the enemy, the warriors of the Branded can be sure of fulfilling the vows they bear upon their skin. Inceptors and Assault Marines dive into the heart of enemy battle lines, swiftly followed by Intercessors taking ground and Aggressors incinerating their foes with goutts of promethium. Even the battle-brothers who serve the 4th Company as Hellblasters and Devastators engage their heavy weapons from shorter ranges than the Codex Astartes dictates, eager to meet their flesh-borne oaths.

The 4th Company maintain especially close links with the Chapter's Reclusiam, its Chaplains relating tales of Vulkan's own vows and the manner in which he met them. The zealous oath-keeping of the Branded draws many Chaplains to fight alongside them; on rare occasions the entire Reclusiam has been known to do so. Through their extensive brands, the company's warriors see themselves as honouring the Chapter's history and the fallen of ten millennia.

'The weapon you carry today is as much a part of your squad, your company, as the warriors who stand shoulder to shoulder with you in the crucible of battle. Honour its victories, maintain its warrior spirit, dedicate oaths of brotherhood to its name. The weapon you carry today has been forged in fire as you have. It has been crafted with consummate skill, has endured the anvil of war and has thrown down the Emperor's enemies as you have. The weapon you carry today is feared by our foes, for it is a harbinger of death, as you are.'

- Veteran Sergeant Ghol'kwe



THE 5TH COMPANY

THE DRAKE HUNTERS

With a rightful reputation as peerless destroyers of towering enemy constructs and alien horrors, the warriors of the 5th Company coolly stare down assaults from the largest adversaries, exuding a calm menace before laying them low.

As a final rite of induction into the Chapter, all Salamanders neophytes must undertake the ritual hunting and slaying of one of their namesakes – the deadly reptilian salamanders which themselves hunt among Nocturne's mountains. The battle-brothers of the fire-born's 5th Company raise this practice to an art form, seeing in the striding and hulking giants of the battlefield an extension of the hunts of their youth.

As one of the two Reserve Companies of the Salamanders Chapter, the Drake Hunters have a vital responsibility to reinforce the strike forces of the three Battle Companies. This duty is carried out not through the dry logistical transference of battle-brothers to replace those lost upon the anvil of war, but by direct support of Battle Company actions in conflicts fought all over the galaxy. Whether supporting elements of a Battle Company or deploying at company strength in their own right, 5th Company battle-brothers fight in a mix of battleline and fire support roles, engaging the foe at both mid-range and long-range.

The Drake Hunters are also charged with an additional duty for which their flexible fire discipline makes them ideally suited. Towering xenos or mutant monstrosities, lumbering armour-clad engines of war and all other hostile colossi are the preferred game of the 5th Company, who treat the galaxy's myriad battlefields as their hunting grounds.

Rather than engaging in static defence, Salamanders of the 5th Company advance fearlessly alongside battle tanks and weapon platforms, all dedicated to tracking down their mighty prey. Even fallen heroes of the company, interred in the sarcophagi of Dreadnoughts, eagerly join the hunt. Their heavy weapons fire spears of energy or deafening streams of high-calibre shells into their quarry's monstrous flanks, while smaller foes are crushed beneath their merciless tread.

No one has done more to further the Drake Hunters' reputation for fearlessness than their current commander, Captain Mulcebar. Grim and remorseless, there is little room in Mulcebar's strategic vocabulary for subterfuge and infiltration. He leads his warriors steadily into the open furnace of battle, bearing

down upon his chosen prey with calculated intimidation while brandishing his power axe *Cindaera* – an executioner's blade of stunning artistry. Captain Mulcebar's company advance at his side, eliminating emerging threats with violent storms of bolt fire and punishing heavy weapon salvos.

The Drake Hunters make extensive use of attack craft and heavy gunships, using their blistering speed and firepower to weaken especially large targets with strafing runs, and eradicating enemy support with interdiction missions. With their prey so isolated, the 5th Company then face it down with unflinching intensity.



Interweaving fire arcs are cast about the target like snares, sapping its strength with precision shots and baffling its senses by shattering lense arrays. Gunships criss-cross overhead, spitting shells and transmitting Ignis-class comm chaff so that the beast or its crew know that death is encroaching from every angle. Alongside his finest warriors, Captain Mulcebar charges forward to deliver the unstoppable killing blow with *Cindaera*.

The Drake Hunters practise their singular way of war in every theatre of battle they enter, whether they run mutated abominations to ground over blood-drenched peaks or track possessed amalgams of flesh and machine into orbiting chem refineries. Whatever the quarry, every adversary recognises in 5th Company battle-brothers the mien of a relentless predator.



SQUAD MARKING VARIANTS

These examples display some of the ways in which the hunters of the 5th Company mark their armour. Individual squads will adapt common motifs from Chapter lore, the myths of Nocturne and even the Codex Astartes.

This practice is seen throughout the Chapter and such works are never discouraged. Some will commemorate glorious victories, honoured fallen or bonds forged with allies. Certain arrangements of symbols carry more esoteric meanings.

THE 6TH COMPANY

THE FLAMEHAMMERS

Though tempered by a patient wisdom, and often characterised by their expertise in blazing firefights, the Salamanders are nonetheless as capable of sudden, shocking assaults as any other Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes. The 6th Company's warriors form the Chapter's meteoric hammer, striking with a momentous velocity that amplifies their strength.

The people of Nocturne cherish many of the values also held in high esteem by the Salamanders. To survive on the planet requires the patience and wisdom to consider the future stability of the landscape, and the dangers that exist outside the sanctuary-cities. This explains in part why Nocturneans make ideal candidates for induction into the Chapter; their level temperaments greatly aid their transition into the Salamanders' warrior society and help them to adapt to the Chapter's diverse battlefield roles. This is not always the case, however, and there are some amongst the Salamanders whose aggressive and impetuous natures must be quenched in the bloody rush of close assaults, before they can be properly tempered. It is within the ranks of the 6th Company that the honing of such warriors is turned to tactical benefit.

The Flamehammers are a Reserve Company of the Salamanders, comprising a large number of fire support squads and several battleline squads. Although

it is uncommon for the entire company to deploy as one, when they do so their combined firepower is enough to utterly annihilate their enemies with waves of cataclysmic thunder.

Yet, unlike the fire support assets of many Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, the Flamehammers regularly speed into battle in fast-moving transport vehicles, or descend upon the screaming jets of plummeting Drop Pods. Squads of Aggressors barrel out of Repulsor hatches into the heart of the enemy, as Suppressors descend from tortured skies. Their flamestorm gauntlets and accelerator autocannons combine to create a deafening and red-hot fusillade of roaring flames and armour-piercing projectiles. In this way, the Flamehammers' headstrong desire for immediate action is somewhat assuaged, while the nature of their wargear, and their wider responsibilities to the battle-brothers they support, serve as a powerful reminder of the need for restraint and measured calm.

The 6th Company is usually the first company to which Salamanders progress as full battle-brothers, and time spent in its ranks steadies the warriors' tempers, binds them as a brotherhood, and instils in them the wisdom they will need to instantly switch tactical doctrines as the need arises.

The Flamehammers never allow their enemies time to regroup or consolidate. Devastator Squads embarked in Rhino transports race forward to take up firing positions. Once the foe is destroyed or neutralised and the proper observances of honour are made to their loyal weapons, they re-embark and surge towards the next grid reference. More patient warriors pilot hulking Centurion warsuits to secure ground and sweep reeling foes from existence, while Eliminators calmly execute kill-shots from the shadows of smoking wrecks or nests of promethium relay pipes. Working in concert, the warriors of the 6th Company keep their shaken adversaries wrong-footed and unsure of where and when the next dreaded fusillade will erupt.

Ghresk the Leashmaster surveyed his line of blunt-prowed siege engines through grimy lenses. Their combined ordnance was devastating. Massive shells rained down on his enemies, each pause allowing them a brief breath of hope before the next salvo dashed any thoughts of reprieve. Beside Ghresk's artillery tanks crouched multi-limbed Daemon Engines. Claws the size of Space Marines spasmed as bestial growls laden with malefic intent leaked from the constructs' oily emitters.

The Iron Warriors artillerist suddenly turned as a blossom of fire erupted behind his tanks – an ammunition store for his thundering siege engines had been hit. The aftershock still rolled as he made rapid contact with the rearguard tasked with shielding the vulnerable supplies. Sounds of a violent firefight crackled over the vox before an angered Iron Warrior replied.

'The scum have heavy weapons and refuse to engage... wait, they're retreating! Cowardly little lizards!'

'Do not follow up,' Ghresk ordered his underling. 'They will await close support, attempting to draw you out. They are slaves to their doctrines. Ready combat weapons and prepare for close assault.'

As he turned back to curse the crew of a siege engine for breaking his firing sequence, a clamour of engines and

tumbling masonry cut through the roaring barrage. A drake-scaled Land Raider tore through the remains of an Arbites precinct-house, its Godhammer lascannon mounts flashing ruby lances of energy at a Daemon Engine, which shrieked in pain. Ghresk immediately ordered his siege tanks to reform and engage at point-blank range, but the lumbering behemoths were slow. Too slow. Salamanders warriors leapt out of the Land Raider's side hatches and engaged an Iron Warriors Vindicator with hissing multi-melta beams. The attack ignited the tank's incendiary shells, wrecking it along with its spike-covered neighbour.

Ghresk's line was in tatters. Flashes of plasma bolts from behind confirmed the fate of his rearguard as his vox buzzed wordlessly. The Salamanders were advancing and redeploying too rapidly for his forces to react. Daemon Engines howled as their tormentors remained out of reach.

The sudden sound of jump packs made Ghresk look up. Bulky silhouettes dropped out of the sky as long-barreled autocannons spat accelerated shells into the Daemon Engine nearest to him. Conduits and connective tissue came apart in sprays of sticky ichor as the construct reeled and stumbled. Then it fell, its sculpted faceplate bearing down on its master. The Daemon Engine's spasming claws cracked Ghresk's war plate, bisecting his body before crushing him under its bulk.

THE 7TH COMPANY

SONS OF NOCTURNE

Manoeuvrable and deadly, the Sons of Nocturne provide the Salamanders with the ability to reach far into the enemy's lines and cause havoc in a cascade of blades and bolt shells. The 7th Company provides a vital service to the Chapter, not only in its shepherding of the Salamanders' future, but also in the specialised tactics and wargear its warriors bring to bear.

The warriors of the 7th Company are far from the lightly armoured, fragile formations that fulfil reconnaissance roles in many forces. Beneath their flexible armour and reinforced bodygloves, gene-crafted musculature and dense fibre bundles swathe iron-hard bones. Inherited from the Salamanders' gene-sire, these physical traits raise the neophytes and battle-brothers of the 7th Company far above the endurance of even the elite corps of many enemies.

The Sons of Nocturne are the Chapter's Scout Company. Wielding weapons not carried by any other company, they execute unique strategies that complement the strike forces they fight alongside. Infiltration, intelligence gathering and

assassination operations conducted by the 7th Company are vital components of many of the Chapter's missions. They ensure that the lower numbers the Salamanders regularly deploy to war zones are not pitted against unknown foes.

The 7th Company includes twelve squads of Vanguard Space Marines. These experienced warriors go to battle in varying patterns of Mk X Phobos armour and deploy in a number of roles. The violent disruption that even small numbers of Vanguard battle-brothers can cause neutralises the enemy's long-range firepower and their capacity to respond swiftly to the Salamanders' main attacks. This allows the rest of the strike force to deploy into the heart of battle and put their

lethal close assault weaponry to full effect from the moment of contact.

The remainder of the 7th Company's warriors are neophytes who fight in Scout Squads or as Scout Bikers. These units are usually attached to larger strike forces under the guidance of experienced Sergeants, so that it is uncommon for the 7th Company to fight as a single tactical formation. Though they occasionally train amongst Nocturne's mountains with the company's Vanguard Space Marines, the neophytes are expected to patiently accumulate wisdom from fighting alongside a wide variety of Salamanders battle-brothers.



Master of Recruits is no mere ceremonial title for the Captain of the 7th Company. To this commander falls the responsibility of ensuring that the Salamanders continue to have a future. The neophytes under his leadership mature not only as fully fledged Adeptus Astartes, but also as Salamanders, true heirs of Vulkan's teachings and embodiments of his nobility. It is with Captain Sol Ba'ken that the final decision rests as to whether a neophyte should progress to full implantation of the final organs necessary to become a Space Marine. The exacting standards of the Chapter and their relatively slow induction of battle-brothers owes much to his meticulous process of assessment, and have meant that those Salamanders who do eventually don power armour are exemplars of the Salamanders' creed.

ARMOURY

The Salamanders Armoury is located upon Prometheus; the large moon whose orbit around Nocturne causes the Time of Trial. Within its sweltering forges and weapon-shops are crafted the superlative arms and engines of war used by the Salamanders, the moulding of the Chapter's battle-artifice overseen by a triumvirate of Masters of the Forge.

During the Time of Trial, as Prometheus looms large in Nocturne's sky, a glowing ember appears to sweep across the moon's face. For millennia, Nocturneans have ascribed fanciful names to this ruddy spot – the Pyreglare, the Trialspark, the Roving Burn – though they are well aware of its true nature.

Operating miles deep, through the bedrock of Prometheus, the Salamanders Armoury appears from orbit as a red-lit pit, akin to some portal leading to an ancient and fiery underworld. Its enormous circumference is ringed with city-sized macro-exhaust stacks and crackling void shield generators, together giving off charged fumes laced with exotic particles that flux through competing fields. Gunship pilots lowering their vessels through the Armoury's rim see the red glare intensify as the incredible heat and din of industry increases also. The aperture is great enough to admit the largest of dropships, providing their machine spirits whisper the necessary binharic prayer-keys to its invisible guardians. This domain of the Techmarines descends far beyond mortal sight, becoming a labyrinth of cells and alcoves, vaulted, echoing voids and cramped networks of super-heated techno-arcana fizzing with bizarre energy.

Dangerous and claustrophobic, the Armoury is not safe for unaugmented Chapter serfs. Even the sooty, oil-stained forms of the Techmarines' bonded servitors must be specially adapted before entering, lest they suffer severe damage to their remaining biological systems. Within the Armoury's immense chambers, the Techmarines repair the Chapter's machinery. These adepts of Mars undo the damage wrought upon carefully calibrated systems whose machine spirits have been offended, and seal rents in inch-thick plate before blessing the wounds with sanctified oils.

Salamanders Techmarines are not significantly more numerous than those of other Chapters, but their efforts are regularly supported by other battle-brothers of the Chapter working amidst the cacophony of falling hammers. Many

Salamanders warriors keep a personal anvil and esoteric tools with which to repair and embellish their own wargear. This enables the Techmarines to focus on the care of larger war machines and the creation of technological artefacts of great beauty and perfect function.

Commanding these keepers of secret knowledge, the Armoury is led by three Masters of the Forge. They direct the issuing of the Chapter's armoured vehicles and artillery to its strike forces, moving amongst their faceless mechanical thralls as ebon giants lit by the glow of hundreds of open furnaces.

'I have witnessed the exceptional performance of the Salamanders' armoured vehicles, the exquisite calibration of their brothers' arms and the adamantine integrity of their cuirasses.

The Salamanders' fascination with ornament is endemic, yet does not invalidate the conclusion that the function of the Chapter's materiel is almost flawless.'

*- Sergeant Korel Tyr,
Iron Hands Chapter*



CHAPTER COMMAND

The commanders of the Salamanders Chapter constitute a pantheon of heroes. Though it has been long since they last congregated as one, the assemblage of honour, wisdom and towering strength that they collectively represent unites the Salamanders. In Vulkan's name, these heroes embody a perseverance to overcome the trials of the Era Indomitus.

The command structure of the Salamanders Chapter was laid down, it is believed, in the sorrowful days following Vulkan's final disappearance. There existed already a council of advisors to the Primarch, though the term hardly does justice to the strategic genius and tempered wisdom its members possessed. Together, these councillors led the Chapter forward without Vulkan, ensuring it did not fracture or fall prey to political vultures. Their successors continue to do so to this day. The Captain of the 1st Company is ceremonially granted the honorific of Regent of Prometheus, and it is under this title that he assumes ultimate responsibility as Chapter Master. The title is a telling one, for the Salamanders continue to believe that Vulkan will one day return to his sons. Until then, the Chapter Master exercises his authority under the terms of a steward.



One of the Salamanders' revered Chapter banners, this standard presents many of the recurring elements of the Promethean Cult and pays homage to the Chapter's heritage as a Legion.

The ruling body of the Salamanders, the Pantheon Council, is composed of the seven company Captains along with other holders of high office, though membership is not fixed and its structure is reshaped for different circumstances. The council forges the direction of the Salamanders, organises its strike forces and appoints lauded warriors to senior positions, including that of Forgefather. Yet the Salamanders are ever a practical Chapter, and although the councillors may speak freely as equals, final decisions are made solely by the Chapter Master.

In recent years, however, full gatherings of the council have become virtually impossible. The increased incursions from the Great Rift and the dangers of warp travel and astropathic communication have meant that Chapter Master Tu'Shan has not seen many of his councillors for some time, and does not know if all his Captains

yet live. Tu'Shan has therefore taken on a more solitary rule, with 1st Company Lieutenants assuming ever wider command. When not exercising his titanic might upon the battlefield, Tu'Shan abides within the Salamanders fortress monastery upon Prometheus, aided by Firedrakes acting as his equerries among the myriad duties of command.

The zeal and passion of the Salamanders is understated, but no less determinedly acted upon as a result. The Reclusiam's Chaplains, under the authority of the Master of Sanctity, are guardians and teachers of the Salamanders' culture and beliefs, and their duties have a special focus on the values embodied by Vulkan. To the Reclusiarch are entrusted the sacred relics which reflect the Primarch's ideals and which influence the Chapter's soul. The Reclusiam is also responsible for the conduct and training of the serf caste known as brander-priests, and it is the duty of each battle-brother's Chaplain to assign him a brander-priest retainer.

Deep within the Salamanders fortress monastery lies the Apothecarion. One of the most secure locations in the Nocturne system – its stasis vaults driven deep into Prometheus' crust to ensure the survival of the Chapter's sacred stocks of gene-seed. Vast generatoria powering cryo-crypts and heat sinks the size of hab-blocks surround forbidden chambers accessible solely by the Chief Apothecary. When this august warrior-surgeon sits on the chapter council, he wears simple robes that are white except for the left sleeve and left side of the hood, which are stained crimson. This heraldic practice is said to honour the battlefield deeds of a single nameless Apothecary from the Chapter's earliest history.

The mystics of Nocturne's past would have recognised much in the manner and role of the Salamanders' Librarians. These battle-psykers are greatly honoured within the Chapter, but remain a brotherhood apart. Librarians draw upon the terrifying imagery of Chapter myth to send coiling, spitting horrors of fire and ash through the ranks of the enemy. They also play an intrinsic role in the regular trials the Chapter sets for its warriors, psychically screening and testing both neophytes and full battle-brothers. This testing includes recreating psychic trauma and assessing their resilience to warp-borne attack, just as the Apothecarion assesses their bodies.

The Forgefather also sits on the Chapter council, a revered individual tasked with seeking out hidden objects from the Salamanders' past. His authority is such that he can requisition forces from across the Chapter, including assets from the Armoury and the Salamanders fleet – whatever support he deems necessary to overcome the manifold dangers of the dark regions of the galaxy.

Practical to the last, the Salamanders' Chapter command includes fewer overlapping layers of administration than many Chapters. Even so, split between the fortress monastery and their outposts throughout the rest of the Nocturne System are many orders of Chapter serfs and bondsmen. Some were founded millennia ago, their inductees serving the sons of Vulkan in multitudinous roles.

Smoke coiled in the stifling air of the sealed sanctum. Resinous materials burned in the brazier below it, and the absence of any other light in the room meant the smoke's curls glowed a dull orange before disappearing into the black recesses of the ceiling. Tu'Shan imagined it a protean thing beyond his closed eyes, first one thing and then another. Malleable, he thought, but ephemeral and inconstant.

The brazier made hardly a sound, for the substances it burned had been refined to a degree only the craftsmen of Nocturne could achieve. The exceptionally thick walls also masked the noisy preparations for battle beyond the chamber. Far louder was the breathing of Ne'mib. The aged serf stood at a respectful distance, carefully shifting his weight.

Tu'Shan's hands rested upon his skin and felt the shape of brands there. Each was as familiar to him as the faces of the Captains now fighting at his word, and each more meaningful than the engravings he had spent years perfecting upon his weapons. Each brand brought back the vivid fire of battle, a vow made on the eve of war. There, the angular corner of a cuneiform mark under the third finger of his right hand...

...valley floor rocked by an immense explosion. He kept his feet, armour servos bracing against the shifting earth. Sergeant Tu'Shan's squad advanced through the rain of rock fragments, towards the Ork transport bearing down on them, swaying on its creaking suspension. He thumbed the flame-shaped activation rune on his chainsword and its responsive shudder shot up his arm. Orks roared as they vaulted from the vehicle's chassis and charged towards the Salamanders of the 5th Company. Their wild sprays of bullets chipped and cratered Tu'Shan's Mk VII plate, but none found a weak point. The Sergeant slammed into the nearest braying xenos, crushing its face in a splatter of blood. Side-stepping, he swept the chainsword's hungry teeth across the eyes of a second. As Tu'shan and two of his battle-brothers met the Orks' barbarity with steel, he barked orders to others to set charges on the greenskins' transport. At Brother Vasen'xi's signal Tu'Shan moved his squad on, and the charges exploded...

The memory passed. The Regent of Prometheus inhaled slowly and heard Ne'mib stiffen. The serf adjusted a control on his bronze cuff plate, and the brazier flared as it greedily fed on

the added airflow. The raised heat on Tu'Shan's exposed back tightened the obsidian skin around dozens of his branding scars. There, the curve of the drake's jaw as it followed his left shoulder blade...

'...cannot do that, Captain! I beg your forgiveness, but they are my troopers and-' Colonel Bey Baeren stammered into silence before the inhuman red eyes that stared down at him.

'You do not dictate what I may do, Colonel. These men and women ceased being your troopers when they gave up their oaths to garrison this installation. And forgiveness? They relinquished the protection and the forgiveness of Terra when they declared themselves servants of an alien power. Who on this ship knows what deviancy or evil has been planted in their blood or their souls by these T'au? You understand as well as I the necessity of my actions. I have been charged by the master of my Chapter to prevent the spread of this heresy, and the 3rd Company stand ready to answer my word.'

'Captain Tu'Shan, please, I-'

'The garrison at Imhathok will burn, Colonel. I will see it done myself...'

'My Lord?'

This was the second time Ne'mib had politely sought permission to proceed. The brander-priest had been bound to Tu'Shan for over seventy years, and the Regent of Prometheus was grateful for the ease the old Nocturnean felt in his presence, though they hardly ever conversed. Tu'Shan nodded, his eyes still closed, and Ne'mib rolled his uneven gait across the black octagonal stones. The Chapter Master heard the serf's bulky protective suit sweeping soot over the floor, then the rustle of solid fuel in the brazier, and finally the metallic scrape of the branding iron across the brazier's rim as it was withdrawn from the fire.

Tu'Shan smelled the exhaust pumped from the old serf's suit – a mix of sweat and fumes – as the Nocturnean worked the controls on the iron's handle. A breath of the stale air trickled past his face and across the ridges of the brands worked upon his cheeks. There, the vertical ridge of a hammer's handle plunging down to his jaw...

...blood streaked the heretic's war plate where Tu'Shan's blade had pierced it. The armour's power systems were failing; holo-images of lightning no longer played across its surface, and its ancient servos groaned as the traitor moved with a heavy gait. Around them, Salamanders desperately battled the remaining traitors.

The Night Lord slashed his chainglaive forward without warning, almost faster than Tu'Shan could follow. Suddenly, the midnight-clad traitor was spinning effortlessly, his movements fluid. 'Feigning injury? Is that what your kind have stooped to?' asked the Chapter Master. His own blade wove around the chainglaive's attacks and bright sparks flashed as churning steel teeth met powered blade.

'We are not slaves to boundaries,' said a gruff voice emanating from the traitor's skull-framed helmet. 'It is rare to have enjoyed a plaything for so long, cousin. I would tarry further, but this ends now.' The Night Lord bypassed Tu'Shan's guard, the chainglaive missing his face by a hair's breadth and biting into his shoulder as he tore away.

'Impatient to return to your rat's hole, cur? Or are you eager to embrace your murderous kin encircling us? You have not heard from them for sixty-eight minutes.'

Their blades clashed and locked. The Night Lord snarled, then paused, his hesitation suggesting he was listening to direct vox transmission.

'But you will tarry with me, betrayer, now that you receive word your fleet is shattered...'

The red-hot iron pressed into Tu'Shan's skin – a new vow. The battle to come would remain a part of him.

HISTORIES OF THE SALAMANDERS

During the earliest days of the nascent Imperium, when the Emperor and his armies spread out from Terra to reclaim Mankind's dominion, the Salamanders were among them. The Legion fought with great honour under Vulkan, their victories marked by his unswerving morality and loyalty. Yet that same loyalty was to mark the Salamanders for death.

The moment of union between the XVIII Legion and their gene-sire came at a time of great need. The Legion's Terran-born warriors were engaged across a cluster of colony worlds, overrun with hundreds of thousands of Orks. As they fought deadly rearguard actions to allow as many citizens as possible to flee, they were determined that what might be their final action would be a testament to their skill and courage. Eventually, the Legion's warriors were forced to withdraw their remaining strength to the dead world of Antaem, where they held out through sheer resolve.

Drawn by the prospect of violence, more and more Orks descended upon the surrounded Legion. The green-skinned xenos were more eager to test themselves against their green-armoured nemeses than to plunder empty cities, and the Space Marines knew that each day they held out stalled the greenskins from their wider rampage. Learning of his sons' plight, Vulkan was adamant that they would not fall. The Primarch came to the Salamanders' embattled position and fell upon the Orks, bringing with him newly forged reinforcements from Nocturne. Caught between the hammer blow of Vulkan's descending strike force and a resurgent XVIII Legion inspired by their Primarch's sudden appearance, the Orks were broken and eradicated.

Vulkan was deeply moved by the XVIII Legion's selflessness; their refusal to yield had saved countless civilian lives. Nonetheless, he recognised in their roll of honour an emergent fatalistic streak that needed to be reshaped. The Primarch tempered what had sometimes become a rush into costly engagements, and the Legion's headstrong spirit was kept in check by stoicism and patience. But the Legion remained a formidable force when roused for war. Now led by their Primarch, the Salamanders took their place at the forefront of the Great Crusade, the heat of their battle fury mirroring that of their volcanic home world.

After ten thousand years, many records of the Great Crusade have fallen prey to time, to war or to some more subtle

thief. The Salamanders undoubtedly fought as important contingents of many expeditionary fleets. Liberating dark worlds under the sway of alien empires, they fought alongside many of their fellow Legiones Astartes, and the massed ranks of the Imperial Army. Dedication to the Emperor and his vision for Mankind was evident in all the Legion's recorded actions, as was their civil treatment of defeated human populations. The Salamanders held the petty kings and tyrants of these worlds responsible for the wars the Legiones Astartes were forced to prosecute, but strove to treat their unwilling subjects with a modicum of compassion. It was a policy that often put them at odds with more ruthless and absolutist Legions.



The Emperor's goal of a unified galaxy under Man's dominion was not to be realised, however. At the Great Crusade's peak, the Warmaster Horus, favoured son of the Emperor, broke faith with his father. Along with three other Legions, the Warmaster's own Sons of Horus turned traitor and callously purged their ranks of loyalists. Vulkan's Salamanders were part of the reprisal fleet sent by Terra to bring Horus and his conspirators to justice for their crimes. Among the commanders of the seven Legions so tasked, Vulkan's was the voice of restraint, urging the fleet to stay together when more tempestuous minds sought to break ranks and rush to confront Horus.

Alas, his wisdom was ignored. Along with the Iron Hands and Raven Guard, the Salamanders formed the first wave to strike

down upon the planet of Isstvan V, where the traitors had their base. Ten millennia later, this world's name remains redolent of unprecedented betrayal.

The Salamanders had unknowingly entered a trap. Bombarded mercilessly by the traitors, they strove to secure a beachhead for the second wave of the reprisal fleet. It was then that the jaws closed. The four Legions of the second wave revealed their turncoat colours as they unleashed the full fury of their weapons upon the Salamanders, Raven Guard and Iron Hands. Caught between eight traitor Legions, the Salamanders and their allies were sundered. Gods of war clashed, vaunted heroes were felled and the openly displayed treachery across Isstvan V drowned the world in blood.

That any loyalist Astartes made it off the surface of Isstvan V was a miracle. Many Salamanders died in fireballs as their escaping orbital landers were shot down, or were killed in the frozen void of space by the blockade of hundreds of enemy vessels. Injured and betrayed, the remnants of the three once-powerful loyalist Legions limped away, their small craft risking deadly warp jumps while pursuers were deflected by many deeds of noble sacrifice.

The survivors of the Salamanders, Iron Hands and Raven Guard were scattered. Some tried to contact others of their Legions who had not been at Isstvan, or reach their home worlds, though such feats were difficult in the face of warp storms and hunting packs of traitor cruisers. Instead, many remnants of the shattered Legions found common cause. Banding together, they combined their pragmatism, their grief and their hate to strike back at those they once called brothers.

Though they were spent as a single force capable of opposing Horus' armies, the Salamanders continued to bleed the traitors in a hundred smaller conflicts, leeching their strength and contributing to the Imperium's ultimate, though immeasurably costly, victory. It would be long before the Salamanders would regain their strength, but patience was ever their virtue.



THE HUNT FOR BILE

In the aftermath of the Horus Heresy, victorious but bloodied Imperial defenders boiled outwards from Terra in a wave of vengeance, seeking reprisal for deeds of black treachery and betrayal. But hidden amidst the clash of armies and demigods had been other crimes, whose architects had yet to be punished. One such perpetrator was the dreaded Fabius Bile.

In the wake of Horus' defeat the Great Scouring poured from Terra, a crusade of revenge that drove back traitors and pulverised rebels wherever they could be found. Severely depleted as they were by the events upon Istvan V, the Salamanders took part in few of these actions, but there was one instance Vulkan could not ignore. He recognised a single traitor Space Marine who would corrupt and slaughter entire sectors if allowed to escape.

Upon Terra, the colossal destruction at first hid one of the truly horrific crimes of the Heresy. When the Emperor's Children Legion had assaulted Terra, alongside the other followers of Horus, they took little part in the attack on the Imperial Palace, and instead fell upon the Throneworld's population. They hunted and killed the lowly scribes and adepts of the Administratum in idle moments of pleasure, and slaughtered uncounted

souls simply to render their bodies down into an array of stimulants and drugs. The orchestrator of this horror was the infamous Apothecary turned gene-torturer Fabius Bile, who had afterwards escaped Terra with a small retinue of surgically altered warriors. When Vulkan learned what had taken place, his usually controlled demeanour came close to erupting. Here was a reprisal the depleted Salamanders could undertake, and Vulkan vowed to bring Bile to justice.

The Salamanders traced Bile's ship to one cauldron of insurrection after another. Vulkan forced himself onwards, having to ignore pleas from systems that still fought and suffered. Nothing would be gained by throwing his limited forces into the anarchy that reigned, and he pressed on in pursuit of his quarry. Legends say that it wounded Vulkan deeply to pass by such cries of suffering, and that

doing so deepened his hatred of Bile. The Salamanders followed rumours of rampaging genetic abnormalities and missing shipments of hormone stimulants intended for agri worlds. Bile had built up huge covert supply networks catering to every disturbing whim. Eventually, a trail of covens belonging to his parasitical devotees led to the way-station Deltos 4 Corporis, in the Gellden Sector.

Records indicated this transport hub had gone dark during the Heresy, yet the Salamanders found it undamaged and operational. Troop transports intended for distant war zones hung lifeless in the void, like the remains surrounding a spider's lair. As soon as the Salamanders' ships broke warp, a fusillade of missiles from servitor-crewed turrets revealed Deltos 4 Corporis' heretical allegiance. Led by Captain Fal'vek, a Salamanders force tore across the intervening void in assault boats, intent on



During the dark days of the Horus Heresy and its aftermath, those Salamanders who had survived the massacre at Istvan V fought against many traitor forces, pitting their craft, determination and the flames of their wrath against vile plots and faithless butchers.

crippling the station's offensive capabilities. Fal'vek knew he had to capture it intact; if Bile was not at the station, the Salamanders would need its data-stacks and logic-engines undamaged to continue the hunt.

Deltos 4 Corporis should have been little more than a warehouse, but the boarding Salamanders found themselves under attack by maniples of cybernetic Skitarii and Servitors grafted with immense weapons. The Salamanders fought their way through the station level by level. Each junction saw a tempestuous firefight of bolt explosions and galvanic discharge, with the Salamanders' deadly close assault abilities magnified in the labyrinthine confines.

The Salamanders boarding teams converged on the power core where they deployed teleport homers, and the actinic flash of ancient technologies heralded the arrival of Vulkan's Firedrakes. The Terminators smashed aside the remaining resistance with their thunder hammers. At the core, a bloated Magos desperately tried to initiate a reactor overload before he was gunned down. When Techmarines accessed the station's cogitator arrays, the ancient engines blurted condemnatory data-packets: ++Arden IX++Bile++

On Arden IX, Bile was supporting the excesses of the world's rebellious planetary governor. The governor's palace lay at the heart of a vast industrial plaza, from where Bile conducted his fell experiments in exchange for genetic material. Miles of chem silos, cloning vats and flesh refineries coughed their foulness into poisoned skies. Dominated by Bile's retinue, the governor's planetary defence force manned factorum roofs and fortified villas. Half these troopers were terrified levied soldiers who had witnessed their world's descent into vileness. Others had been subjected to perverse surgical alteration and pumped full of psychon and gene-altering drugs.

Vulkan himself led the night assault on Arden IX, his warriors making planetfall in streaking Stormbirds that withstood the desultory defence fire from the ground. The Salamanders attacked from two directions, aiming to crush Bile's allies between them. Vulkan led his Firedrakes in a blunt strike on the governor's palace, hoping to draw the foe's attention away from his sons, who were making their way in from the east. As they forged forward, the Salamanders destroyed Bile's hateful machineries, and the tainted factorums burned to the ground during the night.

Vulkan's Captains led composite squads through disturbing pleasure districts. Fanes to excess and perfection became chem-streaked charnel pits as Vulkan's warriors came up against Bile's new breed of super soldiers, and the Emperor's Children veterans who had escaped Terra with him. Bile himself fought surrounded by his loyal creations, their enormous strength and stumm-induced tenacity surprising the Salamanders. Nor had Bile neglected to augment his own body, and fought with drug-fuelled speed and strength. Surgical tools that had once saved Marines were now their bane, and many Salamanders fell clutching small wounds that bubbled and frothed with noxious fluids.

Vulkan then led a final charge through the altered warriors as Bile fled, sacrificing his retinue and releasing a flood of half-formed creations to stall the pursuing Salamanders, and enable him to reach a hidden ship. Vulkan's fleet surged in pursuit and chased the twisted traitor down, catching his vessel at the system's edge as it powered up its warp drives. Taking a critical hit, the ship disappeared in a vortex of sickly light, leaving nothing visible but a tear in the fabric of space, seething with the immaterium's energies.

Captain Kel'nir drove his burnished blade through the torso of one of the governor's soldiers. Almost as large as warriors of the Adeptus Astartes, the brutes frenziedly turned mangled firearms upon anything their red-rimmed eyes could perceive.

The Captain saw Fabius Bile some distance away, backing up with broad steps, away from Vulkan. Each slash of Bile's bonesaws, every jab from his steel armatures cut down a Salamander striving to reach him. Kel'nir was wounded by each death he witnessed but could do nothing to prevent. Those brothers had survived Isstvan V; they did not deserve to die like that.

Kel'nir leapt forward in the wake of Vulkan's thunderous charge, up the palace steps. The Salamanders crushed many of the vat-grown warriors fighting there, but there were so many. Vulkan's bellowed challenge to Bile across a sea of perversely altered bodies received a sour glance in reply, as the fallen Apothecary entered a series of rapid commands into a wrist-mounted array. The gene-twister was suddenly hidden by a wave of deformed flesh, as lurching abominations rose from hatches that led beneath the palace.

A hulk of meat and bone crashed into Kel'nir's armour, driving him back. His attacker's violet-tinged skin throbbed as sub-dermal implants sparred for space with vials of viscous liquids. The thing swung its only upper limb at the Captain, but its asymmetrical body staggered. Kel'nir severed the limb before ramming his sword through his foe's chest. The flare of the blade's power field boiled the creature's distorted interior,

finally ending whatever life it had.

Kel'nir's gaze was arrested by a symbol tattooed on the fallen mass, almost hidden by a fold of flesh – a regimental icon of the Imperial Army, the same one seen on the emptied troop transports at Deltos 4 Corporis.

'We were too late,' he thought. 'Bile will burn for this!'

A transmission from the fleet cut through his thoughts.

'Prioritis extremis! Teleportarium flare detected from your position, Lord.' The flagship's human master addressed Vulkan, but the message was broadcast to all senior officers. 'We have traced it. A ship is emerging from behind the nearest moon. It is powering up and making for the jump point. The Gothic-class Lacert intercepting, Lord.'

'That ship must not escape, Captain,' replied Vulkan. Kel'nir saw the Primarch crush the skull of a purple-clad legionary as he spoke.

'Firing solutions being formed.' The ship-master's rising voice was overlaid with the shouts of his crew. Kel'nir heard him address his deck officers. 'Enemy vessel is powering warp drives. Now! Fire now!'

'Please, let that foul creature be atomised,' Kel'nir hoped.

'A hit! Warp drive detonation, Lord! Augurs detecting localised rift spreading from last recorded location.'

'What of the wreckage?' Vulkan demanded.

'Disintegrated, Lord. Fragments may have been drawn into the rift, but that deton—'

'I want those fragments found! Search every channel they could have drifted into – all ships! We have to be certain.'



DEFENDERS OF ARMAGEDDON

Armageddon. A world whose name is known through sermon and apocryphal tale throughout all the far segmenta of the Imperium. It is a world synonymous with fire, with bloodshed and with never-ending war. Yet, Armageddon is renowned also as a world upon which the Imperium has secured mighty victories, in which the Salamanders were instrumental.

The Salamanders first came to Armageddon in response to a cry for aid. That call came not from the planet's governor, Herman von Strab, but from Commissar Yarrick. A vast Waaagh! led by the Goff Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka had fallen upon Armageddon, and von Strab's response had been criminally lax. So began the Second Armageddon War, a conflict that pushed the planet's defenders to the very brink.

By the time Chapter Master Tu'Shan led a strike force to Armageddon, the planet's defenders were stricken and scattered in disarray. Hive Infernus had been overrun, its demoralised defenders surrendering to the xenos invaders. Hive Hades' fate hung by a thread, the fires of defiance kept alive only by the presence of Yarrick himself. The coastal hive of Helsreach had been ravaged by greenskin invaders, and the Iron Skulls Titan Legion had

been all but annihilated after a panicked von Strab hurled them into the teeth of overwhelming Ork forces. Armageddon seemed doomed to fall.

It was the Blood Angels Chapter that reached Armageddon first, launching a headlong combat drop upon the Orks besieging Hive Acheron. Even as that greenskin onslaught was blunted by the Blood Angels' fury, so strike forces of Ultramarines and Salamanders reached Armageddon and drove into the fight. Chapter Master Tu'Shan, leading elements of the Salamanders' 1st, 2nd and 5th Companies, read the strategic situation quickly and deployed his forces where they could do the most good. While belligerent Ork warbands funnelled into the Blood Angels' kill zones, and Ghazghkull spent his fury against the tenacious defences of Hive Hades, Tu'Shan led his warriors to stabilise the defences along the Stygies

River. Using gunships and armoured transports to repeatedly relocate their forces, the Salamanders bolstered the Imperial lines wherever they wavered. The Relief of Fort Charonar, the Battle of Saint's Gulch and the Boarding of the Krushfort all saw the Salamanders arrive to aid Steel Legion forces, just as their lines were about to collapse. They transformed defeat into victory and threw the Orks back in dismay.

Salamanders casualties mounted as they strove without pause to stem the green tide, but their renown swelled amongst the inspired Imperial soldiery until the merest whisper of the Space Marines' arrival raised cheers and stiffened spines. The Salamanders' proudest moment came when Tu'Shan and his Firedrakes held the Martyrs' Bridge against a vast Ork horde for four days and nights, enduring horrors and hardships uncounted as they bled the xenos horde until, at last, it broke and fled.

A WORLD OF FIRE AND BLOOD

Armageddon is a vast planet, far larger than Holy Terra, its much-contested surface covered in incredibly large continental landmasses and roiling oceans. It is also an Imperial stronghold of great importance, renowned across the galaxy. Though the records of Armageddon's settlement are long lost to the dust of ages, there are those who claim that the planet has been in the hands of the Imperium for millennia, perhaps even since the days of the Great Crusade. Ancient hive cities tower over the harsh continents of Armageddon Prime and Armageddon Secundus. Immense manufactora and industrial macro-shrines rise like cathedrums to the Machine God from amongst the planet's inhospitable ash dunes. Vast docklands churn out cargo haulers by the thousand to ferry the planet's bounty of metalwork and blessed fuel back and forth, while the hellish equatorial jungles are studded with Imperial fortifications, listening posts, barracks, defence laser silos and other, more classified facilities.

Foes of every stripe have attempted to wrest Armageddon from the Emperor's grasp. Always, they have failed. The Daemon Prince Angron, monstrous master of the World Eaters Traitor Legion, launched a ferocious invasion of the planet before ever the name Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka was known. Only the combined forces of the Space Wolves Chapter and the secretive Daemon-hunting Grey Knights were able to end the incursion by banishing Angron himself – a feat not achieved without horrific Imperial losses.

Twice since that day have the Orks come against Armageddon's defences in Waaagh! strength. Yet, in truth, after the Second War for Armageddon these xenos invaders never truly left. Once greenskins have set foot upon a world, only the most thorough purgation stands any chance of wholly eradicating their presence. Amidst the vast and, in many places, still war-torn environs of Armageddon, such a purge was never a possibility. Thus have the planet's defenders battled a near constant, if substantially lower level, greenskin threat for many years. Speed Freeks tore out of the ash wastes to raid and ravage before vanishing again once the Imperial defenders brought their punishing big guns to bear. Regiments of Armageddon Ork Hunters duelled with wily warbands of greenskin Kommandos in the steaming jungles. Even within the hives themselves, Arbites and scum-gangers alike found themselves beset by sporadic Ork uprisings from the darkest corners of the underhives.

It was a bloody status quo, but one the Imperium could continue to manage. Then came the Great Rift, and with it everything changed. Hairline cracks in reality, left behind by the traitor Primarch Angron's failed invasion, have shuddered wide. Through them spill the legions of the immaterium, daemonic cohorts whose onset has, in turn, spurred invasion from within and without by Chaos cults and warbands of Heretic Astartes. Now, more than ever, Armageddon is a world beset.

The final battle of the war took place before the walls of Hive Tartarus, Tu'Shan and his surviving warriors fighting side-by-side with Commander Dante and his Blood Angels. There the Waaagh! was broken and Ghazghkull's towering spectre thought banished, though the Warlord's corpse was never found. Dante himself praised Tu'Shan for his heroism in that last conflict; the Salamanders left Armageddon bearing the bodies of many fallen brothers, but also the respect and honour of their fellow Space Marines. It was not long, however, before they were forced to return to the world they had thought saved.

RETURN OF THE BEAST

All too soon Ghazghkull Thraka returned to Armageddon at the head of a Waaagh! that dwarfed his previous invasion. Though his Chapter was heavily committed across multiple galactic war zones, Master Tu'Shan wasted no time in committing a force equal to three-and-a-half companies to the fight for Armageddon.

Leading this strike force himself, Tu'Shan was horrified to discover the scale of the greenskin invasion, and the catastrophic damage it had already done. Ghazghkull had hammered Armageddon with Rokhs – rocket-propelled asteroid assault craft that plunged down through the atmosphere and impacted with devastating force, before disgorging tides of bellowing xenos directly into the lines of the traumatised defenders. Many of these crude behemoths had slammed down along the line of the Hemlock River, annihilating the Imperial fortifications and laying bare the underbelly of an immense civilian sprawl that was now under threat.

Tu'Shan and his warriors attacked the Rokhs at closer quarters, closing rapidly to within the minimum effective range of the asteroids' huge artillery turrets. They boarded each Rok as they would a hostile space hulk or fortress, Terminators and Assault Centurions leading each fiery purge. One by one the Rokhs were scorched from the inside out, no less than nine of the greenskin fortresses reduced to blazing husks along with the Orks and Grots that fought to defend them. It was a costly action, but it blunted the Ork invasion long

enough for the local civilian labour force to be fully evacuated. The Hemlock River campaign characterised the Salamanders' involvement in the Third War for Armageddon, Vulkan's sons concerning themselves with the salvation of the civilian population, while other Imperial forces sought final victory over Ghazghkull. From protecting refugee camps and escorting relief convoys, to protecting medicae facilities, Tu'Shan and his brothers did what they could to shield Armageddon's people from the wrath of the Beast.

'THE WARRIOR SONS OF NOCTURNE APPEAR AS FEARSOME DEVILS TO MOST. YET THEIR VALOUR, THEIR STRENGTH, AND THEIR SKILL AT ARMS SPEAK LOUDER THAN ANY DISPARAGING VOICE. THEY CRAFT WAR LIKE NO OTHERS, FORGING VICTORY WITH BURNING CONVICTION TEMPERED BY HONOUR AND PATIENCE. THEY ARE RIGHTEOUS FIRE MADE FLESH, AND THEIR FLAMES WILL NEVER DIE.'

- Vulkan, in *The Nature of War*





THE CLEANSING OF YBRANNIS

The enemies of Humanity were quick to seize upon the terror and confusion that engulfed the Imperium in the wake of the Great Rift's opening. Abaddon the Despoiler's bitter and hate-filled forces spread like spilled ink from the depths of the Eye of Terror, but his harbingers were already at work, tainting the Imperium from within.

The Ybrannis System was a keystone in the Imperium's defence of the sector. The system's two highly efficient agri worlds – Ybrannis Primus and Ybrannis Secundus – were a bread basket for the region, feeding millions of hive workers in the promethium fields of Fhangrey, and supplying the numerous Astra Militarum regiments stationed in the region. For centuries, guardsmen had forged their way through the sector to bolster the Imperium's defences in the galactic north, their stores replenished by the two planets.

Ybrannis' importance had not gone unnoticed. Within the warp, traitor Space Marines of the Death Guard looked upon the agri worlds' true value with rheum-crusted eyes, and their corrupted minds calculated the vectors along which

Ybrannis connected to other worlds. The Death Guard fell upon Ybrannis while the galaxy still reeled from the Great Rift's genesis. Issuing from a warp tear at the system's edge, which burst like a boil, heavy ships gravid with hundreds of corrupted Heretic Astartes warriors ploughed towards the agri worlds. The scions of the Daemon Primarch Mortarion bore gifts, like the generous visitors they believed themselves to be.

The maladictum which attacked Ybrannis was drawn from the Death Guard's 4th Plague Company, and its ships transported thousands of vials containing the same Eater Plague its diseased warriors carried in their bloated bodies. Racks of these bronze cylinders filled the ships' holds, each vial graven with stomach-churning

runes. The Plague Company's gestalt Daemon overlord, the Eater of Lives, had diverted part of its consciousness to lead the attack personally. It rode within its sub-commanders' pox-ridden forms, eager to witness through their tainted, flesh-bound senses the spreading of its influence. The Eater of Lives intended to implant its gift into the Imperium's byzantine supply chain, and thereby to every world and warrior which Ybrannis touched. By claiming a single system, the Death Guard would be able to infect millions.

Ybrannis was not without defence, but its orbital arrays were intended merely to deter piratical raiders who sought to steal bulk haulers. Facing the forces of a Traitor Legion, the system sent out a wide-field distress call through the ether,



Striding through swirls of hot ash, the Salamanders strike force and remaining god-engines of Legio Ignis close in on the Death Guard's positions. As infernos on both worlds burn ever more fiercely, the gruelling war of attrition becomes ever more bitter and hard-fought.

SALAMANDERS BOLTGUNS

All boltguns carried by Salamanders Space Marines are fashioned in the Chapter's Armoury upon Prometheus. Every weapon is unique, the skill of the Marine who forged and embellished it showing in the strength of its construction and the accuracy of its shot. Symbols of the Promethean Cult are recurring features of design – the smith's hammer and anvil, the fanged maw and scales of predatory reptiles and the bloom of flame.

Each of these weapons has a storied past. Forged by the Techmarine Tu'kor three centuries ago, the boltgun Furos took a year to construct, but Tu'kor spent a further fifty years refining and embellishing his work before he was satisfied. Furos has since served many worthy hands and is rightly feared by the enemies of Mankind.



and the desperate plea was heard by the Salamanders Chapter. Though they were not the only ones to answer.

When the Salamanders strike force arrived at Ybrannis, they found the remnants of an earlier response to the invasion; an unidentified Imperial ship drifted as a burning hulk towards the system's star. Scattered signals flared from the surface of Ybrannis Primus, and it was clear that an Imperial force of some description still resisted the Death Guard. No contact could be made, however, and the Salamanders proceeded to make planetfall.

On Ybrannis Primus, the Salamanders targeted the rancid warriors infesting the feed-processing cities. These titanic factorums slowly moved around the planet on motorised treads like mechanical bovines, their hovering clouds of waste gases still not enough to mask the stench of the Death Guard. Beyond the moving factorums, the Salamanders discovered the remnants of the Imperial force.

Titans from the Legio Ignis bestrode the coastal areas, attempting to bring the Death Guard to open battle. But the Heretic Astartes were too experienced to be baited in this way, and had established themselves within the feed-processing cities like immovable growths. Sorcerers summoned Daemons to torment and infest the Titans as the Death Guard fired controlled volleys. Several of the ancient engines had already been overcome, left as rapidly rusting behemoths coated with films of grime.

As the Salamanders conducted savage short-range firefights through Ybrannis Primus' feed-processing cities, the battle upon Ybrannis Secundus had become an agonising test of endurance and will. The Salamanders unflinchingly weathered the foul sorceries flung at them, while the Death Guard stubbornly ignored hideous wounds where melted armour and flesh had run together like filthy wax. Neither side yielded any ground, and the once verdant plains that circled the planet were churned into leagues of black mires – stinking pools of spoiled waste and charred forms that were no longer recognisable as the warriors they once were.



The Salamanders made repeated efforts to break the stalemate upon each world and inflict crippling blows to the Death Guard, igniting vast areas to try to drive the enemy out. Nocturne's warriors believed they had assassinated the Plague Company's commander more than once, only to be faced once again by the Eater of Lives. Every time the deed seemed done it would manifest its hungering presence in another of its warriors, to direct the battle anew. Horrific casualties mounted on both sides and the entire Ybrannisian defence force were eventually wiped out, proudly defending their system to the last alongside the Salamanders.

After three months of gruelling war the Salamanders eventually started to gain ground, as ash from the infernos they had lit formed blizzards. The Death Guard abandoned Ybrannis Primus and threw their forces upon its contested neighbour, and the Salamanders helped to redeploy the two surviving Titans of Legio Ignis. Salamanders Terminators and Assault Centurions torched entire swathes of contested battlefield. They pried open the Death Guard's leech-like grip on the system with fire, corralling them into ever narrower areas of control. With a coordinated melta strike, the Salamanders' final reserves detonated the Death Guard's remaining siege engines; the cordon of the enemy's lingering forces was now penetrated. Terminators embarked on Land Raiders lanced through the breach, striding from their holds as assault ramps thudded down upon the abused world's surface. The Eater of Lives saw the futility of remaining, but was content with what it had considered an experiment. Using the prodigious blessings of Grandfather Nurgle, it extracted its remaining hosts and warriors through a seeping rent in reality.

After the Death Guard had retreated, Salamanders Scouts discovered some of the bronze vials that had been secreted across both worlds. The strike force now understood the enormity of the threat they had averted. They dedicated themselves to purging this lingering taint, yet doing so required yet more despoilment of the once fertile system, and left the Salamanders despondent at their role in its violation.

THE TORCH-BEARERS OF LARGOS

When the warp storms of the Great Rift sequestered the Largos System in the Noctis Aeterna, its people believed their end had come. Nightmares of drowning in the black void as the stars went out drove many to take their own lives rather than see their fears realised. But it was the intent of Khorne's servants that Largos should drown not in darkness, but in blood.

The maelstroms of the Great Rift plunged countless systems into darkness. One of these was the Largos System; cut off by warp storms, its peoples cried out in their isolation – and their terror was felt by those who dwell within the immaterium. Upon the worlds of Largos riots flared, showers of boiling rain sprang from nowhere and dormant volcanoes rumbled into life. But these were just the first signs of the brutal fate that awaited the denizens of the system.

When the warp storms engulfed Largos, the clarion call of brass war horns sounded, and reality was rent with tortured screams. The Blood God sent forth his Rage Legion under the lash of Khaz'khul, a Bloodthirster whose matted black fur constantly dripped with gore. Khaz'khul had sworn to slay every living being across the Largos System; with its scores of hive cities swollen with millions of inhabitants, the offering of blood and skulls would surely please the Lord of the Brass Citadel. The Rage Legion

materialised from ragged wisps of howling nothingness and began the slaughter.

Khorne's Daemons revelled in their unbound fury, and each hive city was soon awash with blood. It flowed down from the noble villas at the cities' peaks to the foetid depths where livings were scraped from the bedrock. Those not killed were enslaved. They toiled to create sites of ritual while chained together with barbed links of black iron, and were flung into hellish fire pits when no longer useful. The brave planetary defence force had held out in pockets of resistance, but these were under severe pressure from repeated Daemon assaults. They would not last long.

At Saint Eghan's Mount, the system's capital, Largos' Astropaths huddled in their chorispyre, weeping and screaming. It was not long before Khaz'khul and a pack of growling Flesh Hounds detected their hated presence. Breaking through the tower's psychic wards, the Daemons hacked and tore apart all those inside. The Astropaths' psychic death-scream was channelled skyward by the arcane architecture of the chorispyre – a final desperate plea for aid.

Upon Nocturne, the Librarians sensed the scream from Largos. Filled with agony, the message carried visions of what had befallen the system, and the Librarians took the dire news to Chapter Master Tu'Shan. The tale of woe angered the Regent of Prometheus to his core. He vowed to free those who suffered if they yet lived, or to avenge them if not.

It was with multiple companies that Tu'Shan departed Prometheus to turn back the tide of Khorne's fury. His Librarians and the fleet's navigators were able to make out the echoes of the scream that had speared from Largos. Faint and fading, the psykers used it to anchor their path through the storms, though two Librarians perished maintaining their focus upon the psychic spoor while buffeted mercilessly by empyric tempests. The Salamanders fleet translated into realspace on the outer fringes of Largos; battered, having lost ships, but determined to free the system.



In the spires of Hive Rhene, the Salamanders discovered the debased industrialisation of slaughter. Tu'Shan's Aggressor Squads razed each of the horrific blood factories to the ground, even the torture implements of black iron melting under the conflagration.

Tu'Shan slammed his armoured boot down upon the snarling, skinless head of the last Bloodletter. Horns and teeth crumbled. From within, something wafted away as a red mist, the remaining messy substance boiling into nothingness before his eyes.

Updates flooded Tu'Shan's helmet display, each alert clamouring for attention on his vox bead. The Salamanders had suffered severe losses. Warriors whose deeds were lauded even outside the Chapter had been sliced apart by hellish swords and crushed by brazen hooves. Yet his battle-brothers had emerged the stronger. Across the Largos System, the abominations were being hammered and incinerated on every front. Here at Saint Eghan's Mount, there remained but one foe.

Around Tu'Shan stood his Terminator-armoured Firedrakes and two Librarians, their boots mired in the pulverised bone and blood that silted every street in the system's capital. Ahead lay the ruined shell of a cathedrum. The broken spars of its curving roof curled like black claws over a yawning gulf. Within that space was a shifting cloud of black smoke, as if the ruin still burned.

'Are you prepared for your end, creature?' Tu'Shan bellowed towards the churning, dark gulf. 'You should be. Your works are destroyed, your minions crushed, but I will see you die for your crimes here!'

The black vapour bulged, moved down from the shell of the cathedrum. A carpet of swarming insects appeared to precede it, until Tu'Shan realised it was a spreading pool of dark blood. As the vapour cleared the last broken ribs of ferrocrete, the

wisps of matter which formed it coalesced, and a towering form emerged.

The Bloodthirster stalked forward, every step crushing skulls and charring stone. Its black fur was sodden with gore, and blood washed over every limb, rivulets running from the joints of its immense brass armour. In one clenched fist it carried the body of a Salamanders Space Marine, head and chest reduced to a compacted ruin.

The Librarians grunted in pain at the waves of undiluted rage radiating from the baleful Daemon. Storm bolters opened fire, but the Bloodthirster threw the dead Salamander with unnatural power into the Terminator Squad, knocking two of them back. An axe taller than Tu'Shan flashed into existence in the Bloodthirster's claws. With a single beat of its pinions it leapt, a flick of the great weapon severing a Firedrake in two and sending the bloody pieces through a crumbling wall. The Bloodthirster jabbed the blunt end of the axe at a Terminator, shattering the face plate and neck of its target, before sweeping the weapon in a wide arc that peeled against the suddenly braced storm shields of the warriors who now encircled the Daemon.

One of the Librarians suffered the full force of the axe's overhead sweep, the psyker exploding in an eruption of gore and shredded armour. But the Bloodthirster had overstretched to reach him. Uniquely crafted bolts shredded its wings. Perfectly sculpted thunder hammers shattered armour and limbs. Without further word, Tu'Shan's masterwork blade cleaved the Daemon's horned head in two.

Chapter Master Tu'Shan was at the forefront of the Salamanders' meteoric landings upon the overrun worlds of Largos. Experienced squads of Vanguard Marines deployed from aircraft, using their grav-chutes to silently drop into position, while Inceptors fell like blazing comets to the land with thunderous impact. Tu'Shan made the halting of the abattoir rituals his first priority. These rites were intended to further weaken the warp's barrier. Pulsing with blood-fuelled power, they were painfully discernible to the Salamanders Librarians, and the battle-psykers directed Tu'Shan's forces to destroy each one.

Every site of death the Salamanders destroyed loosened the Daemons' grip on the system a little more. Some packs started to lose their martial cohesion, surrendering themselves to baser instincts of rage. Seizing the initiative, Hellblasters and gunships from the 5th Company goaded and then destroyed one of Khaz'khul's vassal Bloodthirsters, blinded as it was with pride and apoplectic fury.

Tu'Shan's masterful stratagems saw the sons of Vulkan clash with blood-slicked Daemons in dozens of simultaneous engagements across the system's planets

and in the ore processing stations on their moons. The Salamanders even fought brass-armoured Daemons in the launch bays of their own ships, after Khaz'khul sent one of his eight cohorts to materialise in orbit. In each engagement, Tu'Shan's forces suffered serious losses, and every battle-brother that fell seemed to revitalise the Daemons. The Chapter Master linked up with the remaining planetary defence forces, knowing that together they would need to deny the Daemons the sustenance of their slaughter.



The Salamanders fought methodically from hive to hive across each planet. They systematically burned the Blood God's minions from every lair upon the moons

and orbital stations, and tore them from dark arcologies and blinding glacial algae farms. Upon the upper levels of Hive Rhene, blood factories built from the gore-stained bones of its victims were finally demolished. The Salamanders used waves of Repulsor gravitic tanks to ram their way through the grisly walls, followed by massed Aggressor Squads whose flamestorm gauntlets cleansed every surface with purifying fire. The factories' foul production ceased, though the Salamanders were too late to save the untold thousands already rendered down.

Their grip on realspace failing, packs of Bloodletters snarled defiance as they melted into nothing or sank into spatters of old blood. Khaz'khul alone remained defiant, or perhaps unwilling to face the reality-shattering wrath of his master that awaited him in the immaterium. Confronting the Bloodthirster, Tu'Shan, his Firedrakes and remaining Librarians smote the creature's form and cast his spirit back to Khorne.

The fires the Salamanders had lit upon Largos' worlds burned brightly. The conflagrations were a torch of hope in the darkness being spread by the Great Rift.

LEGENDS OF NOCTURNE

Ardent defenders of Humanity since their inception, the Salamanders have achieved incredible things over the long and brutal millennia. Amongst the many rites new initiates must undergo is to learn by rote these mythic tales of their forebears, the majority of which revolve around the Salamanders' legendary perseverance against impossible odds.

M30-31 DAWN OF THE IMPERIUM

The First Meeting

When the Primarch Vulkan first meets the XVIII Legion, he does so in their hour of need. The Legiones Astartes of the XVIII are making a last stand against a horde of Orks – buying time for civilians to flee to safety, even at the cost of their own lives – when Vulkan arrives with reinforcements and drives into the attacking greenskins, a hammer to his Legion's anvil. In the victorious aftermath, amidst burning mounds of Ork corpses, the Legion at last meet their Primarch. Even as they kneel as one, Vulkan bids them rise. Saying that all his sons are his equals, it is the Primarch who kneels, in honour of the lives his Legion had saved.

The Drop Site Massacre

When Horus' betrayal comes to light, the Salamanders and six other full Legions are ordered to attack the Warmaster directly on the planet of Istvan V. With four of those Legions having secretly turned traitor and joined Horus' nascent rebellion, the Salamanders – along with their fellow loyalists, the Raven Guard and the Iron Hands – are ambushed by their supposed allies, and the greater portion of their forces are annihilated in a bitter, tragic conflict that is later termed the Drop Site Massacre. The Salamanders spend the remainder of the Horus Heresy rebuilding their shattered Legion.

M35-M40 THE AGES OF APOSTASY AND REDEMPTION

The Ire of the Imperial Cult

More concerned with the safety of civilians than with following the dictates of the Imperial Cult, the Salamanders draw the ire of tyrant Goge Vandire's right-hand man, the Arch-Cardinal Perigno. It is he that declares the Promethean Cult as heretical. In the ensuing War of Flames, five companies of the Salamanders are tracked down and attacked on the world of New Folly by a massive army of faith. At first fighting only to defend themselves, the Salamanders are at last drawn fully to battle when the armies of faith strike New Folly's

hives. Thankfully, news of Perigno's death at the hands of the Inquisition arrives and the Ecclesiarchal forces dissipate.

The Quelling of Nightmares

Drukhari raiding bands fall upon the hive world of Parshamesh. Loosing Mandrakes into the flicker-lit depths of the hive cities, the xenos spread waves of panic and terror that they savour as a heady brew. The Parshameshi defence regiments are reduced to virtual paralysis until the arrival of a strike force of Salamanders. The Adeptus Astartes divide into small tactical groups which accompany the Parshameshi soldiery into the depths, acting as beacons of unwavering courage around which their allies can rally. Given heart by the Salamanders' presence and aided by their combat prowess, the Parshameshi bring their numbers and firepower to bear and drive the nightmarish alien invaders out of their cities, one twisted raiding party at a time.



The Fires of Phaistos

All seven of the Salamanders' companies muster to defend the cardinal world of Phaistos and the imperilled Osiris Sector. Ork waves break against the well-prepared defences, while in orbit the Salamanders' fleet engages the greenskins' space hulk flotilla with raw firepower and Terminator boarding actions. A final trap on Phaistos floods promethium into the course of the main Ork assault, and it is set alight while the Salamanders launch their counter-attack. The flames and smoke plumes can be seen from space – a testament to a great triumph.

M41 THE TIME OF ENDING

The Badab War

The Salamanders join several other Chapters to halt the depredations of the renegade Astral Claws. Although few in number, their contributions to the conflict are considerable. The Salamanders are moved to a rare but implacable fury by the lies that have turned loyalist Chapters renegade, and by the cruelties that Lugft Huron and his secessionists inflict upon the populations of the worlds they have claimed as their own. That fury is turned upon the Badab renegades, to their short-lived shock.

The Butcher's Pyre

When the Cult of the Innerwurm dig their fleshy tendrils into the agri world of Slathergraft, a strike force led by elements of the Salamanders 3rd Company responds to the planet's cry for aid. Captain Agatone and his brothers make planetfall unopposed, finding the grazing plains and corral-hives of Slathergraft ghostly and deserted. When they descend into the subterranean abattoiria, however, the Salamanders discover a populace enslaved by mass parasitism, caked in stinking gore as they cull the world's entire livestock quotient – and no small part of its human garrison – in a single apocalyptic act of macro-butcher. Revolted and angered beyond words, the Salamanders launch a merciless cull of their own, targeting every living thing they find below Slathergraft's surface. Firestorms billow through the abattoiria, engulfing flesh-aproned mobs of neophyte militia. Like insects erupting from macabre cocoons, Purestrain Genestealers burst from within hanging carcasses to fall upon the Salamanders with claws flashing. Casualties mount rapidly as Captain Agatone's Pyroclasts drive onwards, but the 3rd Company warriors know their duty as purifiers, and discharge it despite their losses, braving the sanity-ravaging horrors of gristle and gore that await them around every corner. When Agatone emerges from Slathergraft's gloomy abattoiria he leads barely a quarter of the battle-brothers with whom he arrived, and all have the same haunted cast to their bloodstained features. Yet

behind them they leave only mountainous subterranean pyres, and a stench of burning meat that will taint the planet's atmosphere for years to come.

The Brazier

A mighty warband of Death Guard and Iron Warriors Chaos Space Marines attacks the fortress world of Shen'tzi Vo. The planet's defensive shrines are corrupted by the Gellerpox, while its vaunted maniples of Legio Bombastor Titans fall prey to a devastating Iron Warriors ambush and are annihilated. Forced back to the Bastion Primus, a combined force of Salamanders and Battle Sisters from the Order of Our Martyred Lady are all that stand between the heretics and a crushingly swift victory. Recognising that their situation is untenable, the defenders slight their own defences to lure the foe deep into the Bastion Primus, before unleashing a conflagration of fused munitions, burning promethium and searing holy fire. Many Imperial warriors are consumed along with the attackers, but many more survive, whether by their sheer endurance to heat or by the impenetrable shield of their faith. The attackers are less fortunate; scorched heretic survivors stage a last stand in the fortress' western gatehouse before being crushed by the combined assault of the Adeptus Astartes and Adepta Sororitas.

Ill-met Allies

Salamanders Captain Shoen'lo leads a strike force to the industrial world of Hesper II. He and his brothers deploy alongside regiments of the Voltern Cuirassiers and the Death Korps of Krieg to pacify a separatist insurgency that has crippled the world's infrastructure. From the first, the Salamanders are perturbed by the attitude of the Death Korps, both towards their own lives and to those of the insurgents. Captain Shoen'lo desires punishment and repatriation for all those rebels that can be shown the error of their ways, but it is clear from the callous brutality displayed by the Death Korps that they have no interest in such solutions. Matters come to a head when Death Korps artillery companies reduce a hab-complex to ruins even as the Salamanders are leading a sweep-and-capture operation through its tangled corridors. Emerging bloodied but unbowed from the wreckage, Captain Shoen'lo proceeds directly to the Astra Militarum command Leviathan and demands entry. When the Salamanders Captain departs, Voltern onlookers bear

witness to a sight they never thought to see – genuine terror amongst the Krieg officers. The remainder of the campaign is prosecuted according to the Salamanders' strategic stipulations, and they and the Krieg part on mutually frosty terms.

Borzog's Revenge

A strike force drawn from the Salamanders' 2nd and 5th Companies responds to frantic distress calls from the Imperial naval base at Thrastos. Breaking warp, the Salamanders find the base beset; multiple Ork kill kroozers are already lashed to its superstructure by macro-grapnels, while greenskin boarding parties rampage through its corridors and scuttle the docked warships. The Salamanders rush to reinforce the beleaguered naval base, but in their haste fail to detect the sizeable Ork fleet concealed amongst a nearby asteroid field. The moment the Salamanders are fully committed, the Orks pounce mercilessly. Led by Blood Axe Warboss Borzog – a survivor of the war on Phaistos – the greenskins and their Freebooter allies catch the Salamanders in a brutal trap from which only a bare handful manage to fight free. The Salamanders are forced to flee, escorting a few badly mauled Imperial warships out of the combat zone but leaving behind dozens of Space Marine dead and a naval base entirely overrun. Like Borzog before him, Captain Mir'san vows that he will have vengeance upon his foes for this cruel massacre.



The Second War for Armageddon

The Salamanders fight with great distinction upon Armageddon, where Chapter Master Tu'shan and his 1st Company Veterans heroically stand against overwhelming odds for many days and nights to hold back the Ork onslaught. At the end of the bloody campaign, Commander Dante of the Blood Angels praises Tu'shan in front of the assembled Imperial forces – a supreme gesture, for the Salamanders hold no honour in greater esteem than the respect of their brothers in arms.

M41 THE ERA INDOMITUS

The Cost of Compassion

The darkness of the Noctis Aeterna strands a band of Salamanders on the world of Warsylask. When a Nurgle-worshipping cult arises on the planet and spreads a hideous warp contagion through the populace, only holy sites remain free of the disease. Unwilling to see Warsylask's people besieged and exterminated by their heretic attackers, the Salamanders eschew the safety of the shrines and cathedra in favour of striking at the cultists time and again. As the Noctis Aeterna recedes, so too does the warp plague, allowing the planet's defensive regiments and Adeptus Arbites to at last take the fight to the cultists. They find the heretics a spent force, their morale broken and their strength winnowed by the brave actions of the Salamanders. Not a single one of Vulkan's sons has survived the plagues, however; all have made martyrs of themselves by fighting on even as the warp sickness corroded their bodies and souls. The governor of Warsylask commemorates their sacrifice by raising the Cathedrum of the Nine Heroes upon the site of her warriors' final victory over the cult.

The Trials of He'stan

With the opening of the Great Rift and the sundering of the Imperium, it appears that Vulkan He'stan's efforts to gather the legacies of his Primarch must surely be doomed to failure. But the Forgefather is undeterred. Rather, he asserts that the increased difficulty of his task is a sure indication that he is nearing his goal, and that the Primarch merely wishes his sons tested and tempered to the fullest before he will rejoin them in battle. So saying, He'stan gathers fresh forces and strikes out towards a distant world known only as Zero, veiled in the shadows far beyond the Astronomican's light.

A Light in the Darkness

The warp storms that emanate from the Great Rift darken the whole Largos System, and in the ensuing maelstrom, the Bloodthirster Khaz'khul and his Rage Legion materialise to slaughter and enslave the worlds' dense populations. It is the Salamanders, in Chapter strength, that arrive to halt their abattoir rituals. Smashing through the walls of the blood-factories are waves of Repulsor tanks followed by massed Aggressor Squads who wash all with purifying fire. The Salamanders work their way hive by hive, planet by planet, freeing those who can be liberated and avenging those who cannot.





VULKAN HE'STAN

FORGEFATHER

According to ancient lore, the Primarch Vulkan scattered nine artefacts across the galaxy, both to prevent them from falling into the hands of Mankind's enemies, and because he knew that even the grandest prize is as nothing should it be seized without challenge. As Forgefather, it is Vulkan He'stan's quest to find and reclaim these heirlooms.

Since the Primarch Vulkan's disappearance, the Salamanders have ever appointed a Forgefather to seek their gene-sire's lost legacy. This title is far from a simple honorific; only truly exceptional heroes of the Salamanders are chosen to serve in the role, for the Forgefather's sole duty demands a focus, endurance and unassailable determination possessed by few even amongst Vulkan's scions. The Forgefather cannot simply be a skilled battlefield strategist; he must possess so versatile a strategic mind that he can respond to trials and dangers no warrior

could prepare for in advance. He must also be surpassingly resilient of mind and body, able to endure whatever tests his quest imposes on him. With an ironclad spirit, the Forgefather must accept the possibility that his whole life may be spent in pursuit of a goal never attained, and yet still live always in hope. In short, the Forgefather must be the best of the Salamanders in all things.

At the close of the 41st Millennium, the burden of such expectations lies firmly upon the shoulders of Forgefather He'stan.

He'stan had served with distinction for nearly a century when the Chapter's ruling Pantheon Council commanded he set aside his duties as leader of the 4th Company and don the mantle of Forgefather. As He'stan relinquished his old titles and responsibilities, so too did he cast off his forename without hesitation; the ancient rituals of the Salamanders dictate that he who shall follow in Vulkan's footsteps shall proudly bear the Primarch's name in place of his own.

He'stan has walked a crooked path through the galaxy, guided from system to system by clues found within the Tome of Fire. Many of the worlds He'stan has visited have been in the hands of traitorous humans, xenos invaders or worse. Such places can only be investigated once they have been scoured clean by fire and blade, and the warriors of Nocturne do not hesitate to bring their full might to bear against such targets when required. Believing that Vulkan will return to lead them again once his nine artefacts have been recovered, the Salamanders would endure any woe and suffer any loss to retrieve the Primarch's gifts.

Only four of the nine relics remain for He'stan to find, the others having been recovered by previous holders of his illustrious position. Of the five artefacts retrieved, He'stan himself keeps three, whilst the other two are space-bound relics in orbit around Prometheus – the forge ship *Chalice of Fire* and the defence laser known as the Eye of Vulkan. The remaining artefacts are as yet known only in name – the Engine of Woes, the Obsidian Chariot, the Unbound Flame and the Song of Entropy.

In the wake of the Great Rift's opening, many believe that the devastating empyric disruption to communication and travel have rendered He'stan's quest impossible. Yet it is in this darkest hour that a fresh clue has revealed itself; an ember burning bright in the dark of the Imperium Nihilus, upon a world named Zero. An ember that hints at the location of the Unbound Flame...



ADRAX AGATONE

NOCTURNE'S HAMMER

Just as the duties of the Salamanders 3rd Company place an exceptional strain upon the noble and compassionate warriors who must discharge them, so an exceptional leader is required to ensure that this burden never becomes too great for even Vulkan's sons to bear. Adrax Agatone is that leader.

Adrax Agatone is a contradiction wrought in post-human flesh and bone. In some ways, the Captain of the 3rd Company is said to be the most akin to his gene-sire of any Salamander in centuries. He is stable and considered, even when the steadiest of his comrades teeter towards wrath or alarm, yet unrelentingly ferocious in the pursuit of his foes. Agatone is also as skilled a craftsman as any of Vulkan's inheritors, working with the same quiet but abiding pride that shows in his conduct as a warrior and a Captain.

In his sheer merciless pragmatism, however, the Captain of the 3rd Company could not be further from the compassionate and introspective Vulkan of legend. Agatone lives by a simple creed: if something must be done for the greater good of the Imperium and its people, no matter how callous or cruel that deed might seem, he will see it done. Countless Imperial despots have claimed this justification for their brutal actions over the millennia; what separates Captain Agatone from them all is his unshakeable moral certitude. The Captain knows well that a weapon is only as noble as the cause in which it is wielded. He knows too that he and his battle-brothers are living weapons all, and that their willingness to engage in the most merciless of the Salamanders' campaigns might be exploited by the powerful and the unprincipled.

Indeed, Agatone has seen this very perversion of trust at work upon countless battlefields. In every cruelly manipulated peoples' militia, in every horde duped by demagogues or made the puppets of xenos mind-thieves, Agatone recognises honest ideals twisted to violent and heretical purpose. Thus he has sworn that no matter how dark the deeds of the 3rd Company must be, he will never suffer his warriors to become the tools of tyrants and oppressors.

Since assuming his captaincy, Adrax Agatone has led the Pyroclasts into some of the most horrific bloodbaths witnessed by the Salamanders in millennia. Yet

always they have remained a weapon true to the Chapter's noble purpose, never once taking an innocent life without feeling the proper weight of remorse for the deed.

As a warrior, Captain Agatone is a tightly focused force of destruction. Every swing of Malleus Noctum, the mighty hammer crafted by his own hands, is expertly directed and backed by ferocious strength. Every fiery blast of his hand-flamer, Drakkis – also born from the forge of the 3rd Company Captain – is aimed to engulf the greatest number of foes, or else to

blind, madden or wear down his assailants. Always Agatone keeps his mission foremost in his mind, delivering terse orders to his battle-brothers while driving a relentless path towards whatever quarry or strategic goal he has set his sights upon. Just as when at the anvil, Adrax Agatone strikes hard and true in battle, never tiring, never relenting in his ambitions. In this way has he burned out the cankers of countless rebellions and cults across the galaxy, his bloody victories sparing the wider Imperium from far more costly and tragic wars.



They came after the lights died, scuttling through the industrial darkness of rusted pipes and overhanging gantries. The underhive was their dominion and they had used it to spread unopposed, colonising like an ideological cancer until all who dwelled in that benighted subterranean world had sworn allegiance to the four-armed god.

The answer was simple. Purgation.

The tunnels lit up with beacon brightness, like a second sun had dawned beneath the earth.

'Bring them fire!' bellowed Agatone.

Three Aggressors strode ponderously into his sight line, their Gravis armour filling up the mouth of the sewer pipe with its bulk. Flamestorm gauntlets flared to life, and a fiery cascade hurtled into the cultists. They shrivelled and burned.

Scrappers and miners wielding drilling tools and low-grade weapons, the surviving cultists had no choice but to retreat. Ineffectual snapshots from their lasguns and auto-carbines barely scratched the Aggressors' armour, the meagre salvo drowned out by roaring flames. A few tried to put up a fight, bringing out a stand-mounted cannon. They had just about got the weapon into position when a rasp of fire wiped them from the earth. The cultists fell back in poor order after that, shrieking warnings deeper into the sewer tunnels, prompting a rush of hurried movement from the more distant shadows.

The weapon exchange ended swiftly, the cultists either routed or turned to ash-boned corpses.

Agatone passed through the tunnel in the wake of the Aggressors, his respirator filtering out the stench of charred meat. A fire-blackened hand stuck up out of the carnage, clutching feebly at the air. He crushed it under his boot, declaring, 'None survive.'

A second cultist yet lived, having ducked into an alcove to escape being burned alive. It was dying, though; a ricochet had punched through its flak vest, and crimson welled thickly around the chest wound.

Agatone rested his boot on the wretch's neck. It looked pale like the others the Salamanders had destroyed, bald with a slightly ridged forehead. It could pass for human in the darkness of low-hive, but the fangs, the slightly purple colouration of its skin and the deformed shape of the skull betrayed its true nature.

'Where are they?' Agatone growled.

Its violet tongue was sharp as an arrow and lolled from its mouth as it fought to breathe.

'The governor and his household. Where?'

No answer came, only a dull sort of fear. It knew nothing. It thought it was a liberator, breaking the yoke of oppression. The only thing that broke was its neck, a loud snap of bone ending its suffering. Agatone felt his Nocturnean blood run hot. They were running out of time. He gestured to Sergeant Ignox. 'We delve deeper – find the masters.'



The percussive ring of steel against steel echoed through the forge. Adrax Agatone stood before its only anvil, shiny with sweat. He was stripped to the waist, the rigours of crossing the Rubicon Primaris writ painfully across his muscular body. He had lost his old scars, the marks of the brander-priests that had once described his deeds for the Chapter. It was fitting, he supposed. He had been reborn – should he not then begin anew? He focused on the work, on the forge, trying not to lament the erasure of past glories.

Seven strikes against the anvil to temper the metal. Allow to cool and then seven more. It was ritualistic, methodical. This was the creed of Prometheus, the way of the Salamanders Chapter. Every weapon must be tempered thusly, lest it break under strain.

He had already made the haft. It was lengthy, even a little unwieldy for a hammer, but the sheer power it would generate was worth the trade-off. The hammer's head lay on the anvil, shaped by repeated blows, hardened by the tempering. Taking up the tongs in his bare hands, he quenched the beaten metal and filled the forge with its hissing steam.

Then, with the metal still cooling, Agatone fixed the separate parts together. First the haft, bolted into place. He struck the anvil with three heavy blows to ensure the join was strong. Satisfied, he let it cool then connected a disruption field generator, cables, power conduits.

The thunder hammer shone in the sodium light when it was finished. A shaping tool, a killing weapon. His fuller still glowed with the fury of its master-crafting.

'Malleus Noctum,' he uttered aloud, voice echoing. Night Hammer. Holding it one-handed, Agatone fed a crackling burst of energy across the weapon's face. The brief flash lit up his features, turning the ember-red of his eyes to azure ice. He swung the hammer, enjoying the heft, longing to unleash it in battle.

The Aberrant's skull cracked like an eggshell and Agatone hurled the creature aside. More were coming, drawn by the smell of blood and the sweat-drenched heat of violence. The Aberrants had a darker pallor than their lesser brethren and were utterly inhuman. Monstrous, grotesquely muscled, they lumped flat-headed mining hammers and sickle-bladed picks in their oversized claws.

Agatone was assailed on every side by the creatures, but Malleus Noctum reaped a bloody toll. He whirled the thunder hammer in a wide arc, feeling its crushing impact against limbs and ribs. It drove the Aberrants back into the dark, their retreat lit by the blue afterglow of energy discharge.

It was a brief respite, but he used it to gather his warriors together.

'Regroup on me,' he breathed, feeling his new physiology compensating, adjusting. The parts were there, but they were consolidating slowly. Tempering. He needed to get used to this augmented body, but could begin to appreciate its phenomenal potential.

'They attack again, Brother-Captain,' announced Sergeant Ignox, having brought the Aggressors into a wedge around Agatone.

It was a horde, scurrying through the ruins of low-hive, scuttling across the ceiling like arachnids. They screeched and chattered and grunted, a cacophony of hungry voices. A tide of unforgiving flame met them. The Aberrants burned, skin sloughing off their bones, the sclera of their eyes turning runny like yokes – but they did not stop. They hit the Aggressors like a pneumatic hammer and

the defence line held. Just.

'There are too many to fight through,' said Agatone, lashing out with his hammer. 'How much deeper does the hive go?'

Ignox indicated one more level.

Agatone looked to his feet. He saw deck-plate and a ragged accretion of girders and collapsed metalwork.

'Make way and then hold this breach,' he snarled, seizing Malleus Noctum in both hands. Roaring, he smashed it into the ground. The floor cracked. Ignox and the others had already advanced clear, and Agatone struck again. Then the deck-plate and detritus gave way and he fell into darkness.

The pistol frame glowed hot from the furnace. Agatone held it up to the light, appraising the casting. Satisfied, he set to work filing and grinding by hand. Sparks flickered across the workbench. Once he had achieved the desired shape, he began to attach the barrel, trigger and guard. The pieces slid together smoothly, his earlier efforts now paying off in the seamless assemblage of the weapon. Agatone affixed the muzzle last of all, and to this he added the igniter, inflow pipe and promethium storage tank. It had taken hours but he was pleased with the work.

The flame pistol was unique, an artificer weapon. Agatone nodded. It would serve, and serve well.

'Drakkis,' he anointed it, imagining the inferno it would unleash.

A spit of flame lifted the abject darkness, but only for a moment. In its light Agatone saw each of the victims suspended in some kind of hardened, biological cradle.

He stepped through the smouldering carnage of the hybrids, ignoring the hollow crack of bone as he stamped over their burned carcasses. They had not died without a fight. Agatone's torn and acid-seared war-plate was evidence of their resistance.

Far above, the low thrum of battle resonated as the Aggressors fought on. Ignox had kept the horde at bay, now Agatone needed to finish it. The chamber he had landed in was small and crescent shaped. It didn't feel like metal or anything man-made. It was organic, emanating heat and dripping viscously with xenos matter.

Something loomed out of the

shadows, hunched at first but unfurling to its full abominable height as it rushed Agatone.

He roared, 'Vulkan!' and a gout of fire erupted from Drakkis, setting cloth aflame and scorching muscled carapace. The Abominant barely slowed, its reckless charge catching Agatone in the midriff and heaving him off his feet. He felt something punch into his side, penetrating ceramite and the mesh underneath. A glancing blow from his thunder hammer rocked the Abominant on its heels, its grossly lumpen head snapping back, blinking dully at the sudden pain. It was huge, its swollen bulk easily a match for the Captain's genetically enhanced frame.

Chains shackled to its ankles scraped noisily as it lunged for him. Agatone swept the hammer low, snapping a shin bone and turning it into splinters. The beast howled, lashing out with a misshapen claw. It gored Agatone's chest, and the Captain let out a grunt of pain before ramming Drakkis into the Abominant's mouth and pulling the trigger.

'Taste fire!' he snarled, pouring burning promethium into the beast's gullet until the pistol's tank was almost empty. It thrashed out an arm, hurling Agatone back. He sprawled, but came quickly to his feet. The Abominant

staggered, smoke spilling from every orifice, blood oozing from its distended mouth.

'Vulkan's mercy...' breathed Agatone, 'just die.'

The Abominant took a single faltering step and fell forwards.

Wary, Agatone made certain there were no more cultists to clear, then approached the victims. Despite the sticky, membranous material enclosing them, the bodies were definitely those of the governor and his household. Thirteen in all; male and female, adults and children. Waxen, emaciated, they had taken on the purplish cast of the Genestealer Cult, and their milky eyes stared blankly. But they were alive, after a fashion. The governor tried to speak when he saw his rescuer. The words would not come at first, but he eventually croaked out a broken utterance.

'Please... end it.'

Even before the Salamanders had entered the underhive, it had been too late. The victims were already incubators, foul alien life gestating within them.

Agatone levelled Drakkis. He burned everything.

Returning to the breach, heavy with the weight of mercy, he remembered something from the forge.

Every weapon must be tempered thusly, lest it break under strain.



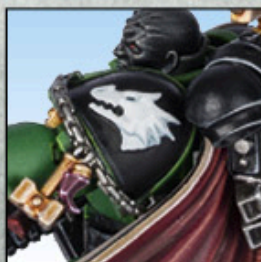
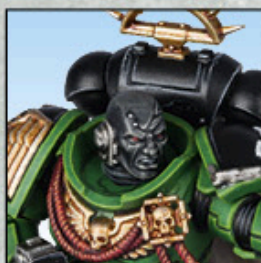
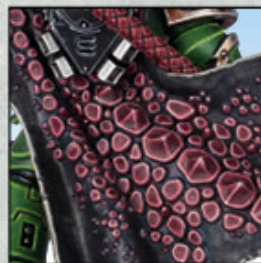
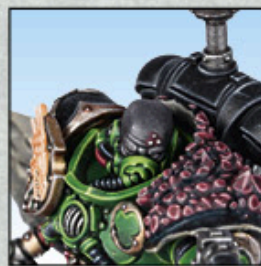


THE ART OF FIRE

The Salamanders are renowned for the quality of their craftsmanship. When they go to war, their warriors don skilfully forged armour, embellished with the flame, hammer and drake icons central to the Chapter's tenets and borne alongside the simpler trappings of their volcanic home world. These pages contain photographs of expertly painted Citadel Miniatures displaying the Salamanders' unique heraldry.



Adrax Agatone wielding Malleus Noctum and Drakkis



Primaris Captain with master-crafted auto bolt rifle

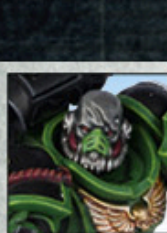




Before the burning hab-blocks of Erkender Hive, the Salamanders of Strike Force Hammerfall root out the stubborn Orks of Waaagh! Wazkrumpa, the Space Marines' armour glowing with the reflected light of the fires of war.



Unafraid of the heretics' sorcerous flames, Intercessors and Aggressors follow their Captain's curt battle-signals to unleash a storm of bolt-fire and waves of promethium. The harvesting of Monai Landing's schola progenium ends here.



Intercessor Sergeant with hand flamer and thunder hammer



Intercessor Sergeant with auto bolt rifle



Intercessor with auto bolt rifle and auxiliary grenade launcher



Intercessors with auto bolt rifles



The Stormtalon Gunship *Ashwalker* engages its hover jet and rapidly negotiates the Titan-sized chunks of collapsed buildings upon Gheldor X. Its weapons rain fire upon enemy positions mercilessly, paving the way for the advancing transports.



Incursor with occulus
bolt carbine

Infiltrator Helix Adept



Eliminator Sergeant with bolt sniper rifle

‘There remain five populated systems behind us, containing billions of the Emperor’s subjects. There yet remain hundreds of these T’au, seeking to enslave them under the pretence of unity. I see the fire in your eyes, my brothers, you who have endured the heinous firepower of the foe. It is not an easy path we tread, not a simple objective we strive for, but it is the one we choose. For Vulkan! For the Emperor!’

- Chaplain Ra’Tsen,
Sermons at the Defence of Moyneaux



Primaris Chaplain



Primaris Lieutenant with power sword and bolt pistol



Company Ancient



Company Champion



Apothecary



Vulkan He'stan



Captain Adrax Agatone and his strike force drive their foes before them with promethium and bolt-fire. They stoically advance through the blackened devastation left by their orbital strike, unperturbed by the abused Terzari crust giving way to lava flows.



Aggressors and Intercessors of the Salamanders 2nd Company defend the entrance to the hive city's hydrothelium plant from the ghost warriors of the Asuryani, prepared to give their lives if necessary to protect those taking refuge within.

'I have engraved upon my gauntlets the name of every battle in which they fought with me, that I might honour their trust. On every world, through every crusade, their spirits have proved as enduring as those of my brothers.'

- Aggressor Ba'rrent



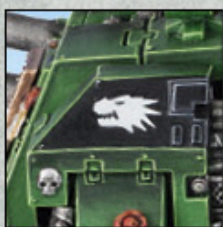
Suppressor with accelerator autocannon



These Aggressor Sergeants have been modified using parts from the Salamanders Primaris Upgrades frame.



Aggressors with flamestorm gauntlets



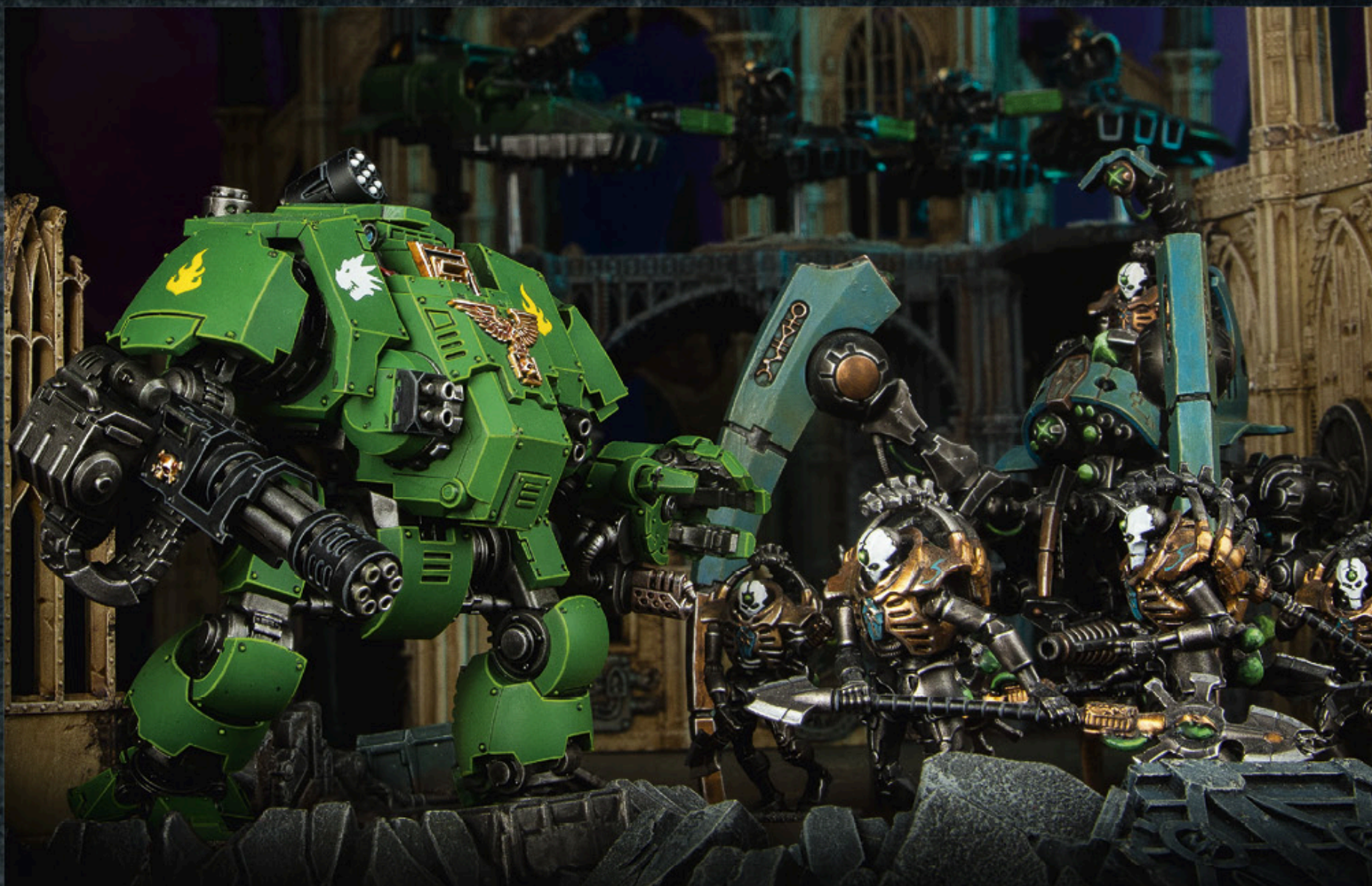
Dreadnought with twin lascannon and heavy flamer



Venerable Dreadnought with heavy plasma cannon and heavy flamer



Techmarine Gherr oversees his brothers of the Armoury making final preparations to the firing patterns of their Thunderfire Cannons. Their heavy shells have been calibrated to shatter the basalt plains on which their enemies march, consuming them in the world's fiery heart.



Reclamation protocols flash in the eyes of the mechanical warriors of the Nihilakh Dynasty, but against the hails of shot spat from the glowing barrel of Brother Krantar's heavy onslaught gatling cannon and the crushing grip of his fist, they cannot prevail.



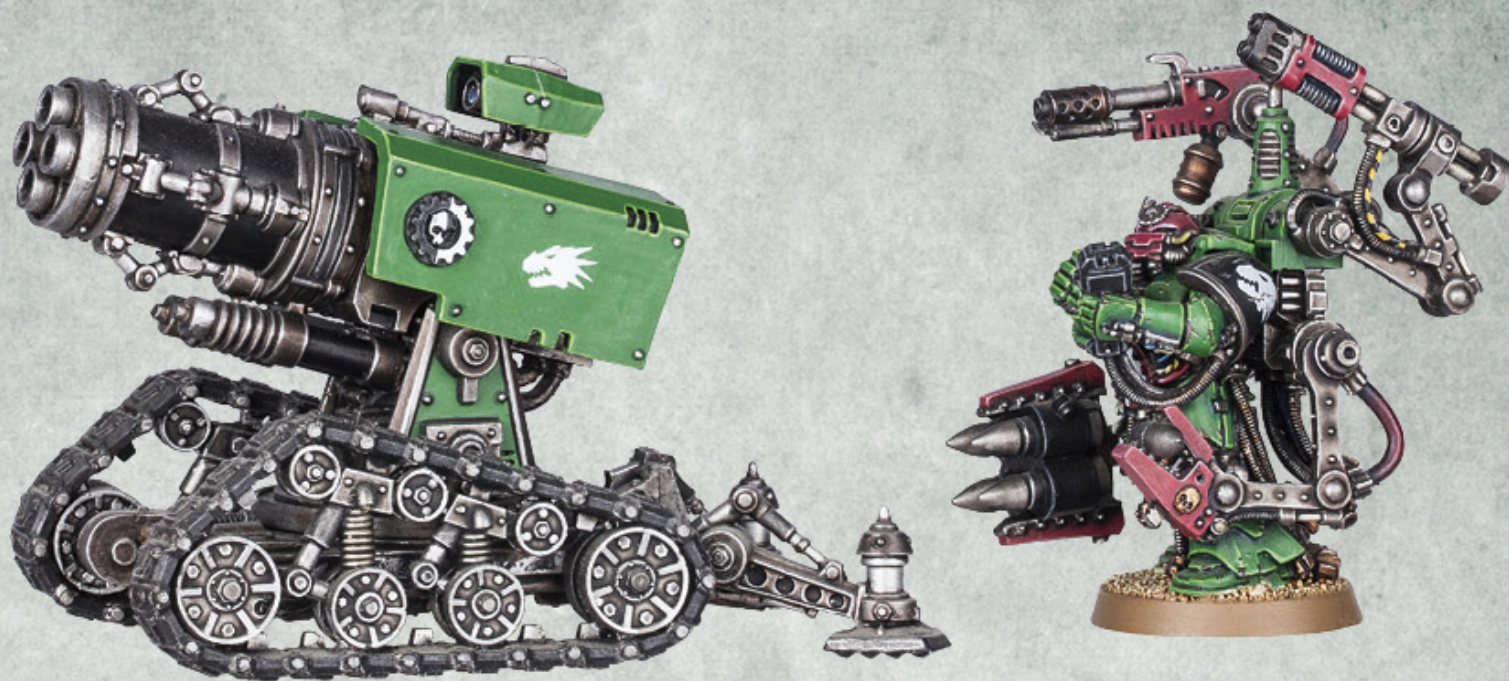
The main body of this 2nd Company Redemptor Dreadnought has been fitted with an Icarus rocket pod and storm bolters.



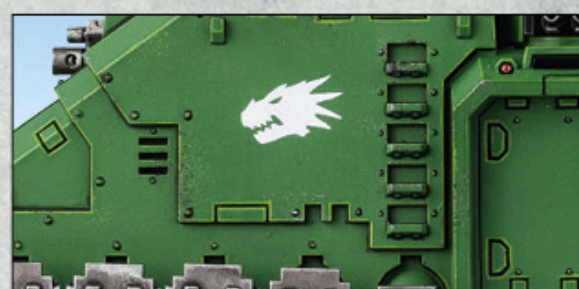
One of this Redemptor's arms is fitted with a heavy onslaught gatling cannon...



...while the other ends in a mighty fist, a heavy flamer attached beneath it.



Thunderfire Cannon and Techmarine Gunner



The Salamanders icon is borne in multiple places across this vehicle's hull.

Repulsors can be fitted with a fearsome range of weaponry, including the armour-destroying las-talon mounted on the turret above.

KINDLING THE FLAME

The Salamanders Chapter boasts a vast array of tools with which to wage its wars for the Imperium. From battle tanks and heavy walkers to elite infantry bearing finely crafted weaponry, the Salamanders' specialist wargear is capable of forging victory from any situation. Seen below are two starting forces to inspire your own collection.

The first of the forces below is formed around a backbone of two squads of Intercessors. These Space Marines are exemplars of the endurance and devastating short-range firepower the Salamanders are renowned for. Leading the strike force is Captain Adrax Agatone who, along with an Aggressor Squad, advances to bring his fearsome weapons into range. Alternatively, these warriors could skim over battlefield defences in the inviolable hull of a Repulsor; it has an impressive range of weaponry capable of shredding enemy infantry or destroying lightly armoured vehicles from afar. Together, the strike force is Battle-forged and forms a Patrol Detachment, rewarding the player with a number of Command Points to spend on Stratagems.

The second collection is commanded by the Primaris Captain N'kelm, who directs the warriors of his highly specialised and compact Battle-forged army. Two fallen heroes of the Chapter pilot Dreadnought chassis towards the enemy, their potent weapons able to destroy heavily armoured targets while the Sternguard Veterans' multiple flame weapons will be the bane of lesser hordes. With one HQ, and three Elites choices, this collection represents a Vanguard Detachment, giving the player a number of Command Points.

These two forces are only two of many ways to start a Salamanders army from the huge range of Space Marines miniatures available.



Adrax Agatone directs squads of Intercessors and Aggressors forwards as the Repulsor hovers on its gravitic up-wash, ready to redeploy the 3rd Company Captain's warriors at a moment's notice.



The ground trembles beneath the tread of the Salamanders' Dreadnoughts. The two heavy war engines provide supporting fire for Captain N'kelm and their Veteran brothers as the strike force advances to its objective.



UNTO THE ANVIL OF WAR

By adding further units of Citadel Miniatures to a starting collection, it can quickly grow into a powerful and versatile force, drawn from the large number of stunning models available to a Salamanders army. The assemblage shown here combines the two smaller armies on the previous page and builds on them, and is an excellent example of the Salamanders at war.

This Salamanders strike force fought to defend the vaulted catacombs of Saint Mhorr's Sleep. Adrax Agatone led the warriors of his Chapter as they defended the barricades against insurrectionists to protect pilgrims within the catacombs' warrens.

On the tabletop, this expertly painted collection gives the player different options to be able to take the fight to their opponent across the whole battlefield. Adrax Agatone is supported in his command by Captain N'kelm, and together these indomitable champions of the Chapter are the fulcrums around which are crafted strategies and battle-plans.

The Intercessors of Squad Tar'Shol unleash blistering salvos of auto bolt-fire while stoically advancing into the teeth of the enemy. They are supported by the Veterans of Squad Va'konn, whose centuries of experience with their flame weapons make them a terrifying prospect to face in battle. Intercessor Squad Beqer, meanwhile, roars towards more distant objectives within the hold of the Repulsor grav-tank, *Hammer of Fury*, whose array of weapons is ready to eliminate any threats to its occupants. Dreadnought brother Xa'nev provides fire support with his twin lascannon, even while Techmarine Gunner De'kir inputs firing solutions into *Nocturne's Roar*.



Lieutenant Dessen has field command of the army's other elements. Alongside Chaplain Fo'Baran, whose litanies bolster his battle-brothers, Squad Sha'nev unleashes torrents of promethium from their flamestorm gauntlets. Ancient Be'Zhan, Champion Gh'erva and Apothecary Nevvekh uphold the honour and ensure the future of their Chapter. Bestriding the battlefield like gods of war, the hulking Redemptor Dreadnought Hal'taros and the Venerable Dreadnought Kark'ta wield their intricately crafted weapons and lifetimes of knowledge to devastating effect, while the Land Speeder *Drake's Breath* outflanks the foe and brings its multi-melta to bear.

This strike force meets the requirements for both a Patrol Detachment and a Vanguard Detachment. The command benefits provided by these Detachments enable the player to use a wide range of evocative and potentially game-changing Stratagems that exemplify the Salamanders' way of war.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Adrax Agatone | 10. Primaris Chaplain Fo'Baran |
| 2. Primaris Captain N'kelm | 11. Company Ancient Be'Zhan |
| 3. Intercessor Squad, Squad Tar'Shol | 12. Company Champion Gh'erva |
| 4. Intercessor Squad, Squad Beqer | 13. Apothecary Nevvekh |
| 5. Sternguard Veterans, Squad Va'konn | 14. Aggressor Squad, Squad Sha'nev |
| 6. Dreadnought, Brother Xa'nev | 15. Redemptor Dreadnought, Brother Hal'taros |
| 7. Thunderfire Cannon, Techmarine Gunner De'kir and Nocturne's Roar | 16. Venerable Dreadnought, Brother Kark'ta |
| 8. Repulsor, <i>Hammer of Fury</i> | 17. Land Speeder, <i>Drake's Breath</i> |
| 9. Primaris Lieutenant Dessen | |



LORDS OF NOCTURNE

This section contains the datasheets that you will need to fight battles with your Salamanders miniatures, as well as points values for those datasheets. Each datasheet includes the characteristics profiles of the unit it describes, as well as any wargear and abilities it may have.

POINTS VALUES

If you are playing a matched play game, or a game that uses a points limit, you can use the following list and the lists found in *Codex: Space Marines* to determine the total points cost of your army. Simply add together the points costs of all your models and the wargear they are equipped with to determine your army's total points value.

UNITS		
UNIT	MODELS PER UNIT	POINTS PER MODEL (Including wargear)
Adrax Agatone	1	140
Vulkan He'stan	1	130

'The Imperium is a vast domain. There may yet be Chapters, having fought in darkness for millennia to protect pockets of Mankind, in whose veins runs Vulkan's vital strength. Who knows, too, if amongst the lauded Ultima Founding we have kin? Though they are not Nocturne-bred, my hearts lift at the thought of distant foes brought low by resolute warriors of noble mien.'

- Apothecary G'Narr





VULKAN HE'STAN



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	
Vulkan He'stan	6"	2+	2+	4	4	5	4	9	2+	
Vulkan He'stan is a single model equipped with: bolt pistol; Gauntlet of the Forge; Spear of Vulkan; frag grenades; krak grenades. You can only include one of this model in your army.										
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES			
Bolt pistol	12"	Pistol 1		4	0	1	-			
Gauntlet of the Forge	8"	Assault D6		5	-1	1	When resolving an attack made with this weapon, do not make a hit roll: it automatically scores a hit.			
Spear of Vulkan	Melee	Melee		+2	-2	D3	-			
Frag grenades	6"	Grenade D6		3	0	1	-			
Krak grenades	6"	Grenade 1		6	-1	D3	-			
ABILITIES	Angels of Death (see <i>Codex: Space Marines</i>)						Forgefather: You can re-roll hit rolls and you can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made with flame or melta weapons (see <i>Codex: Space Marines</i>) by models in friendly SALAMANDERS units whilst their unit is within 6" of this model.			
	Rites of Battle: Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by models in friendly SALAMANDERS units whilst their unit is within 6" of this model.									
	Kesare's Mantle: This model has a 3+ invulnerable save.									
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ADEPTUS ASTARTES, SALAMANDERS									
KEYWORDS	CHARACTER, INFANTRY, CAPTAIN, VULKAN HE'STAN									



ADRAX AGATONE



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	
Adrax Agatone	6"	2+	2+	4	4	6	5	9	2+	
Adrax Agatone is a single model equipped with: Drakkis; Malleus Noctum; frag grenades; krak grenades. You can only include one of this model in your army.										
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE			S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Drakkis	12"	Assault D6			4	-1	1	When resolving an attack made with this weapon, do not make a hit roll: it automatically scores a hit.		
Malleus Noctum	Melee	Melee			x2	-3	4	When resolving an attack made with this weapon, subtract 1 from the hit roll.		
Frag grenades	6"	Grenade D6			3	0	1	-		
Krak grenades	6"	Grenade 1			6	-1	D3	-		
ABILITIES	Angels of Death (see <i>Codex: Space Marines</i>)							Arridian Drakehide Cloak: When resolving an attack against this model, reduce the Damage characteristic of the weapon used by 1, to a minimum of 1, for that attack.		
	Unto the Anvil: Add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by models in friendly SALAMANDERS units whilst their unit is within 6" of this model and if that unit made a charge move, was charged or performed a Heroic Intervention this turn.							Rites of Battle: Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by models in friendly SALAMANDERS units whilst their unit is within 6" of this model.		
	Iron Halo: This model has a 4+ invulnerable save.									
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ADEPTUS ASTARTES, SALAMANDERS									
KEYWORDS	CHARACTER, INFANTRY, PRIMARIS, CAPTAIN, ADRAX AGATONE									







THE CRUCIBLE OF WAR

In this section you'll find rules for Battle-forged armies that include SALAMANDERS Detachments – that is, Detachments that only include SALAMANDERS units. These include unique Warlord Traits, Stratagems, Relics, psychic powers and Tactical Objectives that help to reflect the tactics and strategies used by the sons of Vulkan on the battlefield.

ABILITIES

If your army is Battle-forged, then in addition to the Detachment abilities gained from *Codex: Space Marines*, units in your army with the Combat Doctrines ability (see *Codex: Space Marines*) gain the Promethean Cult ability so long as, with the exception of UNALIGNED units, every unit from your army is a SALAMANDERS unit or every unit from your army is from the same Salamanders successor Chapter (see below).

PROMETHEAN CULT

The Salamanders and their successor Chapters adhere to the teachings of Vulkan and his codes of battle, displaying a remarkable affinity for weapons that burn the foe to ashes in a blast of searing heat.

Whilst the Tactical Doctrine is active, when resolving an attack made with a flame or melta weapon by a model with this ability, add 1 to the wound roll.

SUCCESSOR CHAPTERS

When you include an ADEPTUS ASTARTES unit in your army that has the <CHAPTER> keyword (see *Codex: Space Marines*), you must decide what Chapter that unit is from. Unless you choose one of the First Founding Chapters available to you (White Scars, Imperial Fists, Iron Hands, Ultramarines, Salamanders or Raven Guard), then your Chapter is a successor Chapter, and you should decide which of the aforementioned First Founding Chapters it is a successor of.

If the successor Chapter you have chosen is one established in the background of our publications, its founding Chapter will often be known. If the successor Chapter you have chosen does not have a known founding Chapter but has the Inheritors of the Primarch Successor Tactic, and you selected the Chapter Tactic of a First Founding Chapter, your chosen Chapter is a successor of that

First Founding Chapter. Otherwise, choose a founding Chapter that best fits your successor Chapter's character.

If your Chapter is a successor of the Salamanders, the following rules apply:

Warlord Traits

If your Warlord is a CHARACTER model from a Salamanders successor Chapter, you can use the Salamanders Warlord Traits table opposite to determine what Warlord Trait they have. Replace the SALAMANDERS keyword in all instances in that Warlord Trait (if any) with your Warlord's <CHAPTER> keyword.

Chapter Relics

Salamanders successor Chapters have access to the Special-issue Wargear Relics (pg 59); Relics of Nocturne cannot be given to a CHARACTER model from a successor Chapter unless you use the Trust of Prometheus Stratagem (pg 61).

Stratagems

All units from Salamanders successor Chapters are considered to have the SALAMANDERS keyword for the purpose of using Salamanders Stratagems.

Psychic Powers

LIBRARIAN models from Salamanders successor Chapters can know psychic powers from the Promethean discipline (pg 62) in the same manner as LIBRARIAN models in SALAMANDERS Detachments. When such a model uses one of these psychic powers, replace the SALAMANDERS keyword in all instances on that power (if any) with that model's <CHAPTER> keyword.

Tactical Objectives

Units from Salamanders successor Chapters are considered to have the SALAMANDERS keyword for the purposes of using Salamanders Tactical Objectives.

'The Storm Giants' ways are ancient, though their origins are lost to the ravaging inferno of time. I witnessed their neophytes on Torquar being led in what their sergeant called the Doctrine of Ash, and felt a sliver of recognition. My old sergeant of the 7th was as patient and wise, and I knew then the strength of our allies.'

- Brother Rheshhan,
Salamanders 4th Company



WARLORD TRAITS

The greatest champions of the Salamanders are not just those with great courage and compassion, but those whose souls burn with the fires of Nocturne itself – white hot and deadly.

If a SALAMANDERS CHARACTER model is your Warlord, you can use the Warlord Traits table below to determine what Warlord Trait they have. You can either roll one D6 to randomly generate one, or you can select one.

1 ANVIL OF STRENGTH

Vulkan was renowned as the strongest of the Primarchs, and his genetic heritage lends this son of Nocturne great physical might.

Add 2 to the Strength characteristic of this Warlord.

2 MIRACULOUS CONSTITUTION

This Salamander's body seems able to recover from injuries that should prove fatal to even a Space Marine.

When this Warlord would lose a wound, roll one D6; on a 6, that wound is not lost. In addition, at the start of your Movement phase, this Warlord regains 1 lost wound.

3 NEVER GIVE UP

This warrior is dogged in the extreme, refusing to yield even in hopeless situations. Such stoicism in the face of adversity inspires fellow Salamanders to do their duty.

At the start of the battle round, you can select one friendly SALAMANDERS unit within 6" of this Warlord. Until the end of that battle round, that unit has the Defenders of Humanity ability (see *Codex: Space Marines*).

4 FORGE MASTER

Like many Salamanders, this champion has personally crafted his own armour, and it provides far greater protection than normal battle-plate.

Add 2 to the Toughness characteristic of this Warlord.

5 LORD OF FIRE

There are no secrets of flame and fire unknown to this Salamander, and he uses them in battle like no other.

You can re-roll the dice to determine the number of attacks made with flame weapons (see *Codex: Space Marines*) by friendly SALAMANDERS models whilst their unit is within 6" of this Warlord.

6 PATIENT AND DETERMINED

This commander places great value on patience, and his every action is measured and determined, his every blow placed with perfect precision.

Once per Shooting phase and/or once per Fight phase, when resolving an attack made by this Warlord, do not make a hit roll: it automatically scores a hit.

'If our appearance sows fear, then let us reap a harvest, brothers. If the enemy quails before our ashen visages, then let it be a foreshadowing of their blackened corpses. And if they tremble at the embers of our eyes, let their terror overwhelm them as we strike, our combat knives slicing through their kin like drake teeth. Our distance to Humanity is no burden, but a tool, crafted for duty.'

- Reiver Brother Dek'Naru

NAMED CHARACTERS

If one of the following characters is your Warlord, they must have the associated Warlord Trait shown below:

CHARACTER

Adrax Agatone
Vulkan He'stan

WARLORD TRAIT

Lord of Fire
Anvil of Strength



RELICS OF NOCTURNE

Each Salamander is a master artisan in their own right, their armouries filled with items of wargear as ornate as they are effective. Some of these, however, are superlative examples of their craft, weapons of great power or armour of unparalleled protection. These treasures are not locked away, but borne into battle on the front lines against the enemies of Mankind.

If your army is led by a SALAMANDERS Warlord, you can give one of the following Relics of Nocturne to a SALAMANDERS CHARACTER model from your army instead of giving them a Relic from *Codex: Space Marines*. These are considered to be Chapter Relics for all rules purposes. Named characters (such as Adrax Agatone) and VEHICLE models cannot be given the following Relics.

Note that some Relics are weapons that replace one of the model's existing weapons. Where this is the case, you must, if you are using points values, still pay the cost of the weapon that is being replaced. Write down any Relics your models have on your army roster.

VULKAN'S SIGIL

Vulkan's personal sigil, carried throughout the Great Crusade, was in the form of a blacksmith's hammer and engraved with the words 'For he smote the Emperor's enemies as a hammer striking an anvil'. It is a valued artefact of the Chapter, and its safekeeping has always been entrusted to one of the Salamander's most distinguished champions.

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of a model with this Relic. In addition, once per battle, at the start of the Fight phase, a model with this Relic can hold aloft Vulkan's Sigil. Until the end of that phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of models in friendly SALAMANDERS units whilst their unit is within 6" of that model (note that the Attacks characteristic of the model with this Relic is therefore increased by 2 until the end of the phase).

DRAKE-SMITER

Legend has it that Drake-smiter can shatter the diamond-hard skull of a void-dragon with a single blow. It is presented to heroes of the Chapter, who wield it in battle to sunder battle tanks, monstrous behemoths and even the armour of traitorous Titans.

Model equipped with thunder hammer only. This Relic replaces a thunder hammer and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Drake-smiter	Melee	Melee	x2	-4	3
Abilities: When resolving an attack made with this weapon, subtract 1 from the hit roll, and on an unmodified wound roll of 6 add 3 to the Damage characteristic of this weapon for that attack.					

WRATH OF PROMETHEUS

This expertly crafted bolter has been used to wage war for centuries, bringing death to the enemies of the Imperium from the time of the Heavenfall Massacres. Traitors and aliens alike have fallen to its fury.

SALAMANDERS model with a boltgun or master-crafted boltgun only. This Relic replaces a boltgun or master-crafted boltgun and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Wrath of Prometheus	30"	Rapid Fire 1	5	-2	3

THE TOME OF VEL'CONA

An opus of the Salamanders' Chief Librarian Vel'cona, this tome contains many of his teachings. A Librarian that studies from the book before battle will gain greater understanding of the nature of his inner flame, and how best to turn it against enemies of the Chapter.

LIBRARIAN model only. A model with this Relic knows one psychic power from the Promethean discipline (pg 62) in addition to any other powers it knows. When a Psychic test is taken for a model with this Relic that is attempting to manifest a psychic power from the Promethean discipline, you can add 1 to the total.

THE SALAMANDER'S MANTLE

This heavy-scaled mantle is made from the dense hide of one of Nocturne's massive salamander lizards, which live in the deepest lava flows of the planet's volcanoes. In battle, this cloak can turn blades and bolts aside in a shower of flame, mimicking the durability of the fire-breathing beast it was made from.

When resolving an attack made against a model with this Relic, subtract 1 from the wound roll.

NOCTURNE'S VENGEANCE

The shattered pieces of the famed flamer, Nocturne's Fury – destroyed during the Indomitus Crusade – were salvaged and brought back to the forges of Nocturne, where a dozen artificers laboured to revive the weapon's vengeful machine spirit. Reborn into a new adamantium form, the machine spirit rages hotter than ever, and it is said its flames burn the enemy with the ferocity of Mount Deathfire itself.

Model with combi-flamer only. This Relic replaces a combi-flamer and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Nocturne's Vengeance	When you choose this weapon to shoot with, select one or both of the profiles below. If you select both, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with this weapon.				
- Master-crafted boltgun	24"	Rapid Fire 1	4	-1	2
- Master-crafted flamer	12"	Assault D6	4	-1	2
Abilities: When resolving an attack made using the master-crafted flamer profile of this weapon, do not make a hit roll: it automatically scores a hit.					

HELM OF DRAKLOS

Forged by Chapter Master Tu'Shan from thousands of individual scales, this helm is entrusted to a mighty hero of the Chapter. It bestows the wearer with great fortitude, whilst its fearsome appearance sees his foes quake before him.

PRIMARIS model only. Add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of a model with this Relic. Subtract 1 from the Leadership characteristic of models in enemy units whilst their unit is within 6" of a model with this Relic.

SPECIAL-ISSUE WARGEAR

The highly developed skills of Vulkan's heirs at their anvils means their Chapters have access to great vaults filled with unique and beautifully crafted equipment. Each blade is a deadly work of art, each engraved pauldron a canvas of war, lavishly embellished by these warrior-smiths and as enduring as their creators' fiery spirit.

If your army is led by an SALAMANDERS Warlord or a Warlord drawn from an Salamanders successor Chapter (pg 56), you can give one of the following Special-issue Wargear Relics to an SALAMANDERS CHARACTER model from your army, or a CHARACTER model from your army that is drawn from a Salamanders successor Chapter, instead of giving them a Relic from *Codex: Space Marines*. These are considered to be Chapter Relics for all rules purposes. Named characters and VEHICLE models cannot be given any of the following Relics.

Note that some Relics are weapons that replace one of the model's existing weapons. Where this is the case, you must, if you are using points values, still pay the cost of the weapon that is being replaced. Write down any Relics your models have on your army roster.

ADAMANTINE MANTLE

These flowing cloaks are laced through with threads of braided adamantine. When combined with armour and energy fields, it has been shown time and again that these symbols of office are proof against even the very strongest attacks.

When a model with this Relic would lose a wound, roll one D6; on a 5+ that wound is not lost.

ARTIFICER ARMOUR

Crafted by the finest artificers of the Chapter, these ornately detailed suits of armour provide superior protective capabilities that rival even Terminator plate. All who set eyes upon the wearer know that an honoured champion of the Imperium stands before them.

A model with this Relic has a Save characteristic of 2+ and a 5+ invulnerable save.

MASTER-CRAFTED WEAPON

Within the armouries of each Space Marine Chapter, the finest artificers seek to fashion weapons of ornate magnificence and utter lethality. Whatever their provenance these weapons are deadly in the hands of a skilled wielder.

When you give a model this Relic, select one weapon that model is equipped with (this cannot be a weapon whose profile includes the word 'master-crafted'). Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of that weapon. That weapon is considered to be a Chapter Relic.

DIGITAL WEAPONS

Digital weapons are concealed lasers fitted into finger rings, bionic implants or the knuckles of a power-armoured gauntlet. They lack the power to be used at range, but can be triggered in the close environs of melee to take advantage of an exposed weakness while the enemy fends off the main attack.

When a model with this Relic fights, it can make 1 additional attack using the close combat weapon profile (see the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook). When resolving that attack, if a hit is scored the target suffers 1 mortal wound and the attack sequence ends.

OBSIDIAN AQUILA

Carved from jet-black volcanic stone, these icons stand proudly mounted upon backpacks or banner poles, or else set within the bearer's own battle plate, proclaiming the unbreakability of the sons of Vulkan.

When a friendly <CHAPTER> model within 6" of a model with this Relic would lose a wound, roll one D6; on a 6+ that wound is not lost.

PROMETHEAN PLATE

Crafted using ancient secrets passed down from the master armourers of the Salamanders Chapter to their successors, it is said that these suits of armour can remain unblemished even in the heat of the greatest infernos.

When resolving an attack made against a model with this Relic, an unmodified wound roll of 1, 2 or 3 always fails, irrespective of any abilities that the weapon or the model making that attack may have.

DRAGONRAGE BOLTS

The Salamanders and their successors are the creators of the fiery bolts whose mysteries they passed to the Deathwatch. Yet, the scions of Vulkan kept the secret of the explosive dragonrage bolts to themselves. Each bolt contains a liquid promethium core that erupts with fury.

When you give a model this Relic, select one bolt weapon (see *Codex: Space Marines*) that model is equipped with. When the bearer shoots with that weapon, you can choose for it to fire a dragonrage bolt. If you do, you can only make one attack with that weapon, but if that attack hits, make D6 wound rolls instead of one (each successful wound roll results in a wound that must be allocated). When resolving that attack, the target does not receive the benefit of cover to its saving throw, and that weapon has a Damage characteristic of 1 and an Armour Penetration characteristic of -1 for that attack.

DRAKEBLADE

These blades are crafted in the heart of certain volcanic death worlds, their adamantine forms quenched in the blood of the great fire-breathing drakes that dwell therein. Though they appear to be ordinary swords, they radiate a fierce heat that carves through armour and causes those that feel their scorching bite to burst in flames.

Model with power sword, master-crafted power sword or combat knife only. This Relic replaces a model's power sword, master-crafted power sword or combat knife, and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Drakeblade	Melee	Melee	User	-4	2
Abilities: When resolving an attack made with this weapon, on an unmodified wound roll of 6 the target suffers 1 mortal wound in addition to any normal damage.					

STRATAGEMS

If your army is Battle-forged and includes any SALAMANDERS Detachments (excluding Auxiliary Support Detachments), you have access to the Stratagems shown here, and can spend Command Points to use them. These reflect the unique strategies used by the Salamanders on the battlefield.

2CP

FLAMECRAFT

Salamanders Stratagem

No warriors can coax the searing spirits of flamers to brighter or more destructive life than those from volcanic Nocturne.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase, when a SALAMANDERS unit from your army is chosen to shoot with. Until the end of that phase, when a model in that unit shoots with a flame weapon (see *Codex: Space Marines*), do not roll to determine the number of attacks made with that weapon; instead, the maximum number of attacks are made with that weapon (e.g. 6 attacks are made with a Heavy D6 weapon).

2CP

rites of vulkan

Salamanders Stratagem

The Salamanders are well practised in blistering, short-range firefights, each step forwards echoed by bursts of gunfire.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Movement phase if the Tactical Doctrine is active. Until the start of the next battle round, when resolving an attack made with a Rapid Fire or Assault weapon by a SALAMANDERS model from your army, on an unmodified wound roll of 6 the Armour Penetration characteristic of that weapon is improved by an additional 1 for that attack. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

1CP

THE CRUCIBLE OF BATTLE

Salamanders Stratagem

Only where the battle is fiercest and the enemy can be faced eye to eye can the Salamanders truly be tested.

Use this Stratagem in the Shooting or Fight phase, when a SALAMANDERS unit from your army is chosen to shoot or fight with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made by a model in that unit, add 1 to the wound roll.

1CP

DESPITE THE ODDS

Salamanders Stratagem

Invoking Vulkan's practicality, the Salamanders are adept at reshaping mission priorities.

Use this Stratagem at the end of your turn if a SALAMANDERS Warlord from your army is on the battlefield and you did not achieve any Tactical Objectives this turn. Generate one new Tactical Objective. You can only use this Stratagem if the mission you are playing uses Tactical Objectives.

1CP

STRENGTH OF THE PRIMARCH

Salamanders Stratagem

When facing the largest enemies, Vulkan's sons draw upon their gene-sire's titanic might, their strength terrible to behold.

Use this Stratagem at the start of the Fight phase. Select one SALAMANDERS unit from your army. Until the end of that phase, add 1 to the Strength characteristic of models in that unit, and when resolving an attack made with a melee weapon by a model in that unit, on an unmodified wound roll of 6 double the Damage characteristic of that weapon for that attack.

1CP

IMMOLATION PROTOCOLS

Salamanders Stratagem

Even in the press and whirl of close combat, the fires of Nocturne are undimmed, a roaring inferno consuming the foe.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase, when a SALAMANDERS unit from your army is chosen to shoot with. Until the end of that phase, change the type of all flame weapons (see *Codex: Space Marines*) models in that unit are equipped with to Pistol (e.g. an Assault D6 flame weapon becomes Pistol D6).

1CP

THE FIRES OF BATTLE

Salamanders Stratagem

The Salamanders' expertise with weapons that recall their volcanic heritage is unmatched.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase or in your opponent's Charge phase, when a SALAMANDERS model from your army shoots with a flame or melta weapon (see *Codex: Space Marines*). Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made with that weapon, on an unmodified wound roll of 4+ the target suffers 1 mortal wound in addition to any normal damage.

2CP

SELF SACRIFICE

Salamanders Stratagem

The Salamanders are amongst the most noble and selfless of the Adeptus Astartes, laying down their lives in others' defence.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your opponent's Shooting phase. Select one SALAMANDERS INFANTRY unit from your army. Until the end of that phase, enemy units cannot target any other INFANTRY units from your army that are within 6" of the selected unit, unless that unit is the closest enemy unit to the firing unit and visible to it.

2CP**RISE FROM THE ASHES***Salamanders Stratagem*

The sons of Vulkan have always evinced a tenacious hold upon life while their enemies yet live.

Use this Stratagem in any phase, when a **SALAMANDERS CHARACTER** model from your army is destroyed. At the end of that phase, roll one D6; on a 4+ return that model to play with 1 wound remaining, placing it as close as possible to its previous position and more than 1" away from any enemy models. This Stratagem cannot be used on the same model more than once per battle.

1CP**VENGEANCE FOR ISSTVAN V***Salamanders Stratagem*

Never will the Salamanders forget the black well of treachery they helped uncover on Isstvan V, or those who perpetrated it.

Use this Stratagem in the Fight phase, when a **SALAMANDERS** unit from your army is chosen to fight with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made with a melee weapon by a model in that unit against a **WORD BEARERS**, **IRON WARRIORS**, **NIGHT LORDS** or **ALPHA LEGION** unit, you can re-roll the hit roll.

1CP**STAND YOUR GROUND***Salamanders Stratagem*

Such is their famed endurance that the Salamanders are able to stand firm amidst storms of small-arms fire and lesser blows.

Use this Stratagem in any phase, when a **SALAMANDERS INFANTRY** unit from your army that is not a **SERVITOR** and did not Advance in this phase or your previous Movement phase is chosen as the target for an attack. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made with a weapon that has a Damage characteristic of 1 against a model in that unit, add 1 to the saving throw. This does not effect invulnerable saving throws.

2CP**BORN PROTECTORS***Salamanders Stratagem*

The bonds of the Salamanders' brotherhood run deep.

Use this Stratagem in your opponent's Charge phase, when a charge is declared against a **SALAMANDERS** unit from your army. Select one friendly **SALAMANDERS** unit that is more than 1" away from any enemy units and within 12" of the unit that is the target of that charge. The selected unit can fire Overwatch at the charging unit as if it were a target of that charge; if the selected unit is a target of that charge, it instead fires Overwatch as normal. In addition, if that charge is successful, the selected unit can perform a Heroic Intervention as if it were a **CHARACTER**; if it does, it can move up to 2D6", but must end that move closer to the unit that charged and cannot move within 1" of any other enemy units.

1CP**RELENTLESS DETERMINATION***Salamanders Stratagem*

The Salamanders' focus on victory is unwavering and uncompromised.

Use this Stratagem at the end of your Movement phase. Select one **SALAMANDERS** unit from your army that did not Advance that phase. Until the start of your next Movement phase, that unit is treated as having remained stationary during its Movement phase for all rules purposes (such as firing Heavy weapons). In addition, if that unit has a Damage table, then until the start of your next Movement phase, double the number of wounds it has remaining for the purposes of determining what row to use on that damage table.

1CP**EXEMPLAR OF THE PROMETHEAN CREED***Salamanders Stratagem*

The greatest heroes of Nocturne are embodiments of Vulkan's tenets and living monuments to his nobility.

Use this Stratagem after nominating a **SALAMANDERS** model that is not a named character to be your Warlord. You can generate one additional Warlord Trait for them; this must be from the Salamanders Warlord Traits table (pg 57). Each Warlord Trait in your army must be unique (if randomly generated, re-roll duplicate results). You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

1CP**MASTER ARTISANS***Salamanders Stratagem*

Even amongst the rank and file of the Salamanders, artefacts of peerless craftsmanship can be found.

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Select one **SALAMANDERS** model from your army that has the word 'Sergeant' in their profile. That model can have one of the following Chapter Relics, even though they are not a **CHARACTER**: Master-crafted weapon, Digital Weapons, Drakeblade, Dragonrage Bolts (pg 59). All of the Relics your army includes must be different and be given to different models.

1CP**TRUST OF PROMETHEUS***Space Marines Stratagem*

The respect of the Salamanders is not easily earned, but the trust so forged is sealed by the giving of powerful artefacts.

Use this Stratagem after nominating a model drawn from a Salamanders successor Chapter to be your Warlord. You can give one Relic of Nocturne (pg 58) to a **CHARACTER** model from your army that is drawn from a Salamanders successor Chapter instead of giving them a Special-issue Wargear Relic (pg 59) or a Chapter Relic from *Codex: Space Marines*. If you do, replace the **SALAMANDERS** keyword in all instances on that Relic (if any) with that model's <CHAPTER> keyword. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

PROMETHEAN DISCIPLINE

The reek of ash, the searing heat of the volcano and the terrifying visage of monsters from Nocturnean myth – these are the hallmarks of the psychic powers used by those Librarians descended from Vulkan. Channelling the Chapter's infernal heritage, these warrior-mystics defend their battle-brothers like true Salamanders.

LIBRARIAN models in SALAMANDERS Detachments can know all of their psychic powers from the Promethean discipline instead of the Librarius or Obscuration disciplines (see *Codex: Space Marines*). Before the battle, generate the psychic powers for PSYKER models that know powers from the Promethean discipline using the table below. You can either roll one D6 to generate each power randomly (re-rolling duplicate results), or you can select which powers the psyker knows.

'Vulkan's fire lies at the heart of every battle-brother of the Chapter, indeed at the heart of what it means to be a Salamander. I have learned to use my mind to draw upon this fire, to shape it as I shaped my sword on the anvil. And like my sword, the fire at my heart is a weapon in service to the Imperium, a burning brand to sear our enemies or a torch to guide my brothers.'

- Lexicanium Bev'tharn



1. FLAMING BLAST

The Librarian condenses the roiling energy of the warp into a great ball of raging fire before casting it at the foe.

Flaming Blast has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one point on the battlefield within 24" of and visible to this psyker. Roll one D6 for each enemy unit within 3" of that point; on a 4+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

2. FIRE SHIELD

Extending his hand, a great sheet of flame bursts from the Librarian's palm. With a sweep of his arms, he creates a towering wall of flame to protect his battle-brothers.

Fire Shield has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one friendly SALAMANDERS unit within 18" of this psyker. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, when resolving an attack made with a ranged weapon against that unit, subtract 1 from the hit roll. In addition, when a charge roll is made for a charge that unit is a target of, subtract 1 from the result.

3. BURNING HANDS

The Librarian's gauntlets glow bright before bursting into flames. Each strike from these armoured fists blasts the unfortunate victim into ashes.

Burning Hands has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, then until the start of your next Psychic phase, when resolving an attack made with a close combat weapon (the profile for which can be found in the Warhammer 40,000 core rules) by this psyker, if a hit is scored the target suffers 1 mortal wound and the attack sequence ends.

4. DRAKESKIN

The Librarian summons a shimmering layer of translucent scales around his allies, harder even than the impervious hides of the great drakes of Nocturne.

Drakeskin has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one friendly SALAMANDERS unit within 12" of this psyker. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, add 1 to the Toughness characteristic of models in that unit.

5. FURY OF NOCTURNE

The Librarian channels his powers into the ground around him to create a microcosm of Nocturne around his foes. The earth darkens and begins to split, before towering flames and boiling magma spew forth to burn the enemies of the Salamanders to cinders.

Fury of Nocturne has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one enemy unit within 18" of and visible to this psyker. Roll 2D6; if the result is greater than the highest Toughness characteristic of models in that unit, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

6. DRACONIC ASPECT

Summoning the wrath of the indigenous creatures of Nocturne, the Librarian takes on the appearance of a great fire-breathing drake. With burning eyes and flame streaming from his nostrils, the Salamander sends his enemies fleeing in panic.

Draconic Aspect has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, then until the start of your next Psychic phase, subtract 2 from the Leadership characteristic of models in enemy units whilst their unit is within 12" of this psyker.

TACTICAL OBJECTIVES

The Salamanders earn crushing victories across the breadth of the galaxy by cleaving to the values of their Primarch. In countless battle zones, their armoured forms march determinedly forwards, wreathed in the ashes of their foes.

If your army is led by a SALAMANDERS Warlord, these Tactical Objectives replace the Capture and Control Tactical Objectives (numbers 11-16) in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. If a mission uses Tactical Objectives, players use the normal rules for using Tactical Objectives with the following exception: when a Salamanders player generates a Capture and Control objective (numbers 11-16), they instead generate the corresponding Salamanders Tactical Objective, as shown below. Other Tactical Objectives (numbers 21-66) are generated normally.

OGG TACTICAL OBJECTIVE

- | | |
|----|-----------------------|
| 11 | The Promethean Creed |
| 12 | Legacy of Isstvan |
| 13 | Weather the Storm |
| 14 | Vulkan's Task |
| 15 | Look Them in the Eyes |
| 16 | Fires of Nocturne |

11

THE PROMETHEAN CREED

Salamanders

No objective worth obtaining is easily taken.

When this Tactical Objective is generated, your opponent must nominate one objective marker. Score D3 victory points if you control that objective marker at the end of two consecutive turns.

14

VULKAN'S TASK

Salamanders

*Four of the Artefacts of Vulkan remain lost in the galaxy.
Investigate every clue to their whereabouts.*

Score 1 victory point if you control more objective markers at the end of your turn than your opponent does.

12

LEGACY OF ISSTVAN

Salamanders

Stand your ground and hold the line no matter the odds, just as your forebears did upon Isstvan.

Score 1 victory point if at least three SALAMANDERS units from your army remained stationary in every phase of this turn whilst wholly within your deployment zone, and at least one enemy unit was destroyed as a result of an attack made by one of these units.

15

LOOK THEM IN THE EYES

Salamanders

Prove the superiority of Vulkan's sons by sundering your foes when they can see your fury writ clear in your face.

Score 1 victory point if at least one enemy unit was destroyed this turn whilst it was wholly within 6" of one or more SALAMANDERS units from your army. Score D3 victory points instead if three or more enemy units were destroyed in this way this turn.

13

WEATHER THE STORM

Salamanders

The Salamanders do not falter in the face of the enemy's attack – they endure only to emerge victorious.

Score 1 victory point if this Tactical Objective has been active at the end of two consecutive turns. Discard this Tactical Objective immediately if at least three SALAMANDERS units from your army are destroyed in the same turn.

16

FIRES OF NOCTURNE

Salamanders

*The Salamanders are renowned for their mastery of flamecraft.
Burn the foes of the Imperium to ash.*

Score 2 victory points for each enemy unit that was destroyed this turn as a result of an attack made with a flame or melta weapon (see *Codex: Space Marines*) by a SALAMANDERS unit from your army (to a maximum of 6 victory points).

"Temper your haste with wisdom, brothers. Should mission priorities suddenly change, we adapt without shattering. We advance and endure where it is required. We strike as a burning comet to sunder their works and we roar our drake-breath from Nocturne's heart at the moment the inferno is called for. This foe in all their nefarious variety will not long last."

- Inceptor Sergeant Ta'Ghel

SALAMANDERS NAME GENERATOR

As part of retaining bonds to their more humble origins, when Nocturneans ascend to the ranks of the Salamanders, they keep their mortal names. Different regions of Nocturne have different traditions in name structure. Some use only a single forename, while others combine one or more with a surname. Unlike much of the Chapter's craft, the Salamanders' names are simple and free of any hidden meaning, shared with the people of their world. If you wish to randomly generate a name for one of your Salamanders warriors, you can roll a D66 and consult one or both of the tables below. To roll a D66, simply roll two D6, one after the other – the first represents tens, and the second represents digits, giving you a result between 11 and 66.

D66	FORENAME
11	Dak'Lyr
12	Kerbius
13	Sho'Tan
14	Sul
15	Tsu'Gar
16	Hek'Ulon
21	Fugean
22	Ko'Tan
23	Xavus
24	N'Varr
25	Nubari
26	Amfell
31	Vorr'n
32	Xuv'sar
33	Sholta
34	Nehr
35	Xa'Vor
36	Bresh'o
41	Leotrak
42	Da'Zel
43	Hezonn
44	Kareldek
45	Zeqh
46	Talea'z
51	Them'Sire
52	Gnirra
53	Menerr
54	Siadh'Var
55	Aksspen
56	Dhirr'Ane
61	T'Kell
62	Rhene
63	Cikar
64	Kenda'r
65	Ta'Varr
66	Piret

D66	SURNAME
11	K'Gosi
12	Sar'Tath
13	Dallor
14	Byrell
15	Jurr
16	Fel'kohn
21	Mir'Shan
22	Fal'yn
23	Shenn
24	Arkos
25	Ta'Phor
26	Kahr'kedr
31	Rhoshan
32	Ralkan
33	Antanar
34	N'pann
35	Shal'Dar
36	Tes'ssen
41	Gar'Dos
42	Kuttai
43	Iegan
44	Vulgis
45	Pre'Tir
46	Konn
51	Ekshor
52	Ur'Venn
53	Hasdar'Get
54	Preshkur
55	Amann
56	Bandi'Sha
61	Furan'Te
62	Corr
63	Hera'Stan
64	Esar
65	Irae'Gan
66	Dra'Ner



EXPLORE THE DIGITAL RANGE

RULES AND SUPPLEMENTS

Get started in the dark millennium with the rulebook and codexes to help you turn your collection into an all-conquering tabletop army, or explore the massive events that shake the universe in a range of campaign expansions.



WARHAMMER 40,000 RULEBOOK

**There is no time for peace. No forgiveness.
No respite. There is only war.**

After more than forty thousand years of war and strife among the stars, Humanity stands on the brink of extinction. Beset on all sides by hostile aliens and threatened from within by traitors, Humanity's only chance for survival rests with the continuation of the cruel and bloody regime known as the Imperium.



CODEX: SPACE MARINES

Fear the angels of death!

The Adeptus Astartes are Mankind's greatest defenders and champions. Genetically enhanced, post-human super-soldiers, these elite warriors go to battle armed and armoured with the best wargear the Imperium can provide. Each Space Marine is worth dozens of lesser foes; they are stronger, faster, cleverer and more resilient than any non-enhanced human could hope to be, and they know no fear. Though often vastly outnumbered, Space Marine armies strike hard and fast using a bewildering array of transport vehicles, battle tanks, hurtling gunships, orbital drop-craft, light combat skimmers and suits of armour to ensure their foes are overwhelmed swiftly and completely. Where the indomitable warriors of the Adeptus Astartes direct their guns and deliver their blows, there does the enemy feel the full fury of the Emperor himself made manifest; few live to tell the tale.



CODEX SUPPLEMENT: IRON HANDS

From the perpetual gloom of Medusa strike the Iron Hands, a Space Marine Chapter driven by cold logic in their quest for martial perfection. Clad in armour of deepest black, they are among the Imperium's most ruthless and relentless defenders, cogitating every minute detail of logistical information ahead of battle to formulate the most devastating strategies.



CODEX SUPPLEMENT: WHITE SCARS

The Space Marines of the White Scars are the Imperium's hunting spear: swift as the wind, diving towards the enemy's heart. Clad in power armour, these fierce warriors excel at lightning assaults and daring feints. With their jagged heraldry and barbarous warrior finery, their savage appearance is at odds with the devastating wargear they bear and the cunning hunters' tactics they employ. Hailing from the sweeping steppes of Chogoris, these genetically-enhanced warriors further the legacy of their Primarch, Jaghatai Khan, with each foe they annihilate.



CODEX SUPPLEMENT: ULTRAMARINES

The Ultramarines are the foremost defenders of Humanity, paragon heroes of the Emperor's realm. Standing between Mankind and its numberless foes without fear, the wardens of Macragge are inheritors of a heroic legacy ten thousand years in the making. This proud Chapter of Space Marines are the gene-sons of the Lord Commander of the Imperium, Primarch Roboute Guilliman, and strict adherents to his strategic masterwork, the Codex Astartes.