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**WARHAMMER**  
40,000

# DAMNATION CRUSADE



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ABNETT - EDGINTON - ANTONIO - RINGUET



# WARHAMMER<sup>®</sup>

## 40,000

It is the 41st Millennium. For more than a hundred centuries, The Emperor has sat upon the Golden Throne of Earth. He is the master of mankind and ruler of a million worlds by the might of his inexhaustible armies.

Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors clad in immense suits of powered armor. These elite fighters are divided into Chapters, with each Chapter possessing its own creed and fighting style. Among the most fanatical of these regiments are the BLACK TEMPLARS.

Hailing from no one homeworld, the Black Templars long ago embarked on a seemingly never-ending crusade to purge the Emperor's dominion of aliens, mutants, heretics -- and worse. The life of a Black Templar is one of constant and bloody war -- and thus their numbers must be constantly replenished. In the arenas of the Templars' planetary Chapter Keeps, the worthy are culled from the weak.

But to heed the call of this brotherhood demands not only incomparable courage, sacrifice, and strength, but a willingness to abandon everyone and everything one knows and loves. Including one's very self...

## Damnation Crusade

Written by Dan Abnett  
and Ian Edginton

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Colored by JM Ringuet  
Lettered by Ed Dukeshire

Mark Powers - Editor

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# BOOM!

**STUDIOS**







...WHO  
WANTS TO BE  
FIRST?

THE BATTLE OF  
CARRION GULF.

THE THIRD YEAR  
OF THE TORMENT  
CRUSADE.





ELSEWHERE...

**KLONK**  
**TAP**  
**KL-KLONK**

**KLONK!**  
**KLANG!**  
**THUMP!**

... ?

BROTHER  
TANKRED?  
CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?

TANKRED  
SLEEPS.

I KNOW,  
I KNOW.  
FORGIVE ME.  
BUT YOU CAN  
SLEEP NO  
MORE.

BROTHER  
TANKRED?

**KLONK-**  
**CLANG!**

BELOVED  
BROTHER  
TANKRED, CAN  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

TANKRED CAN HEAR  
YOUR BLOODY RACKET!  
YOUR BLOODY RACKET HAS  
WOKEN TANKRED UP!

I KNOW, BUT  
I HAVE TO OPEN  
THE CASING AND  
ACTIVATE YOUR  
MOTIVE  
POWERPLANT.



IT IS A  
BLOODY  
RACKET!

I KNOW.

IT HAS  
WOKEN  
TANKRED  
UP!

I KNOW.

TANKRED WAS  
ASLEEP. TANKRED  
LIKES SLEEP.  
TANKRED WISHES  
TO REMAIN ASLEEP.

SO TANKRED  
WILL SAY  
GOODNIGHT.

BROTHER  
TANKRED?  
BROTHER?

DAMN IT! HE IS  
NOT RESPONDING.  
INCREASE THE FLOW,  
AND INTRODUCE AN  
ADRENALIN BOOST.

AS YOU  
COMMAND,  
MASTER.

HAAAAHHH!  
YOU WAKE  
TANKRED WITH  
PAIN! TANKRED  
WILL KILL YOU,  
MOST LIKELY.

TANKRED,  
TANKRED, SWEET  
AND WORTHY BROTHER  
TANKRED, YOU WOULDN'T  
HURT YOUR OLD FRIEND  
ARNULF, NOW,  
WOULD YOU?

ONLY IF HE  
*INSISTS* IN  
BOTHERING  
TANKRED SO.

GO  
AWAY.

OH, HE'S  
GOING TO BE  
TROUBLE TODAY.  
THE MACHINE SPIRIT  
SLUMBERS DEEPLY  
IN OUR BROTHER  
TANKRED.

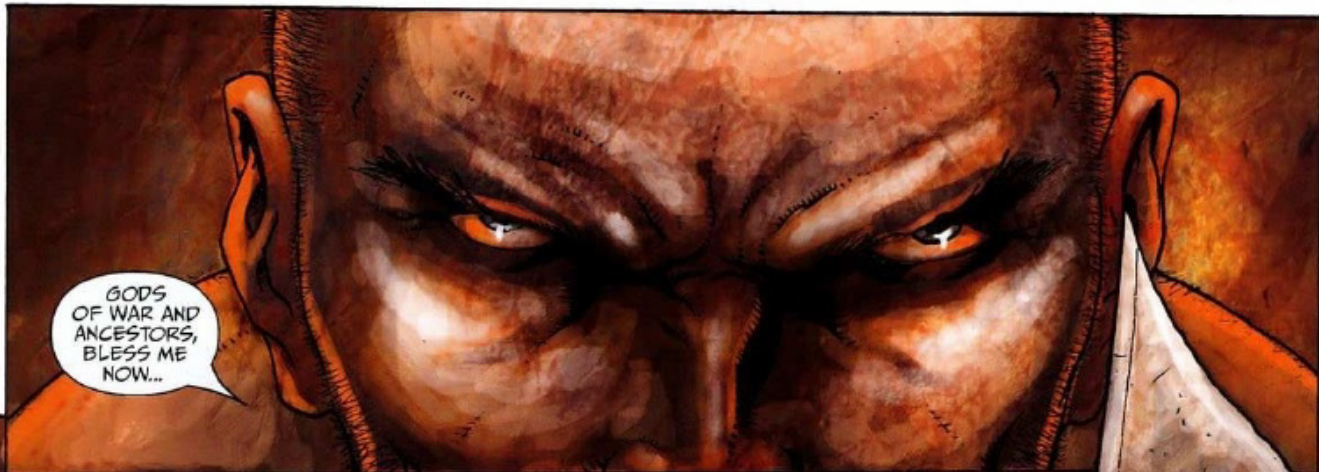
BEGIN  
THE LITANY. AND  
ADD *ANOTHER*  
ADRENALIN  
BOOST.

AS YOU  
COMMAND,  
MASTER.

BATTLE BARGE  
LEVELLER.  
SEPULCHRE  
LEVEL.

THE EVE OF  
THE KASIROTH  
OFFENSIVE.













"HMM. HE'S GOT A GOOD HAND. KNOWS HIS WEAPONS. MAKES THEM EXTENSIONS OF HIS OWN LIMBS. YOU CAN'T TEACH THAT."

"INDEED NOT. I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE HIM. THE BEST OF THE POTENTIALS, IN MY OPINION."

"WHAT WAS HIS NAME?"



"SUBJECT EIGHTY-EIGHT."

"NO, HIS NAME. HIS ACTUAL NAME. HE MUST HAVE A NAME."



"GIVE ME A MOMENT. IT'S LISTED HERE ON MY DATASLATE."

"EARRGH!"

"AH, YES. HERE WE ARE..."

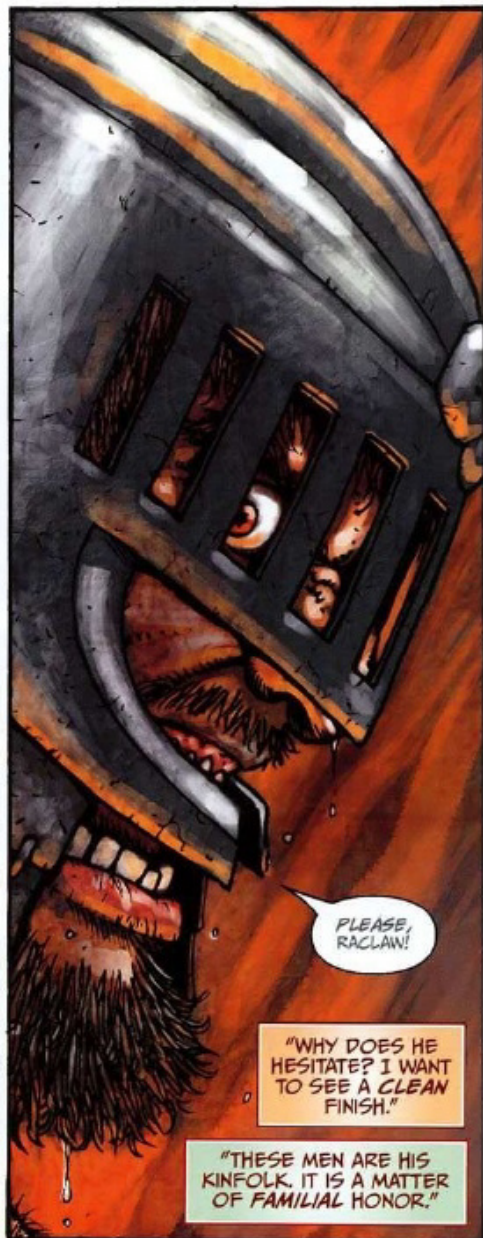




"HIS NAME IS  
RACLAW."

DO IT!  
NHH-HH-HH...  
FINISH ME,  
CLAN-KIN!  
HHH-HH... MAKE  
IT QUICK!

I CAN'T,  
DRAGO, WE  
ARE BLOOD,  
YOU AND I.



PLEASE,  
RACLAW!

"WHY DOES HE  
HESITATE? I WANT  
TO SEE A CLEAN  
FINISH."

"THESE MEN ARE HIS  
KINFOLK. IT IS A MATTER  
OF FAMILIAL HONOR."



OH, DRAGO, DON'T  
ASK ME THIS...

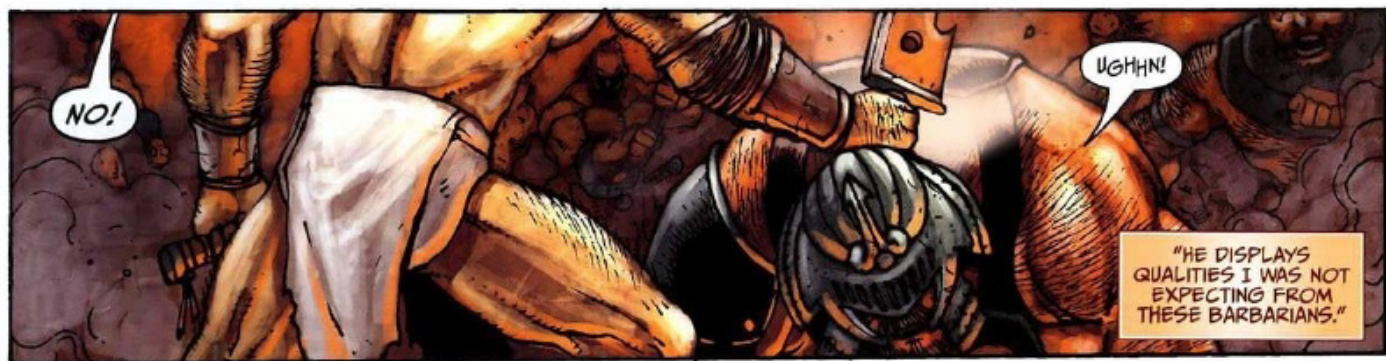
OUR MOTHERS  
ARE KIN! OUR  
BLOOD IS SHARED  
IN THE DRUNKIL  
CLAN.

"SO HE HAS AN HONOR  
CODE? LOYALTY TO HIS  
OWN. THAT'S GOOD. WE  
CAN USE THAT."



DON'T YOU  
GET IT, RACLAW?  
WHATEVER HAPPENS,  
NONE OF US ARE  
EVER GOING BACK  
TO THE CLAN.





NO!

UGH!!

"HE DISPLAYS QUALITIES I WAS NOT EXPECTING FROM THESE BARBARIANS."



"HE HAS QUALITIES, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT."

RACLAW?  
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?  
DO WE KEEP KILLING?  
WE'LL DROWN OURSELVES IN BLOOD!

NO, SARDULC.  
WE'VE BEEN THEIR SPORT LONG ENOUGH.

"OH, WHAT'S THIS NOW?"



THAT'S IT!  
THAT'S ENOUGH!  
WE WON'T FIGHT FOR YOU ANY MORE!

"DEFIANCE! I LIKE HIM MORE AND MORE. BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM PUSHED. I MEAN REALLY TESTED. NO MERCY STRIKES."

"I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT. THAT'S WHY I IMPORTED THE CARNODON."



RACLAW--?

"A CARNODON? BROTHER OTMUND, HE'S NO GOOD TO ME DEAD!"

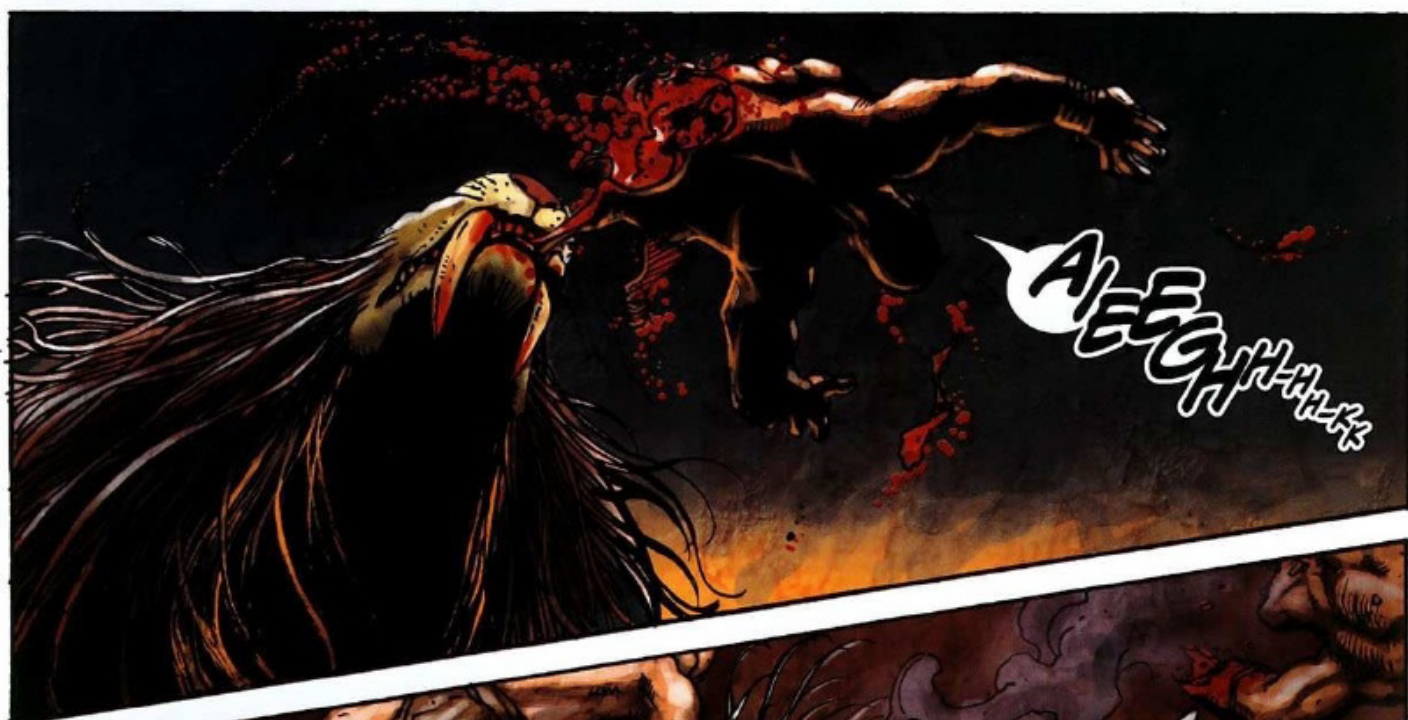
"JUST WATCH..."





RUN!  
RUN!

















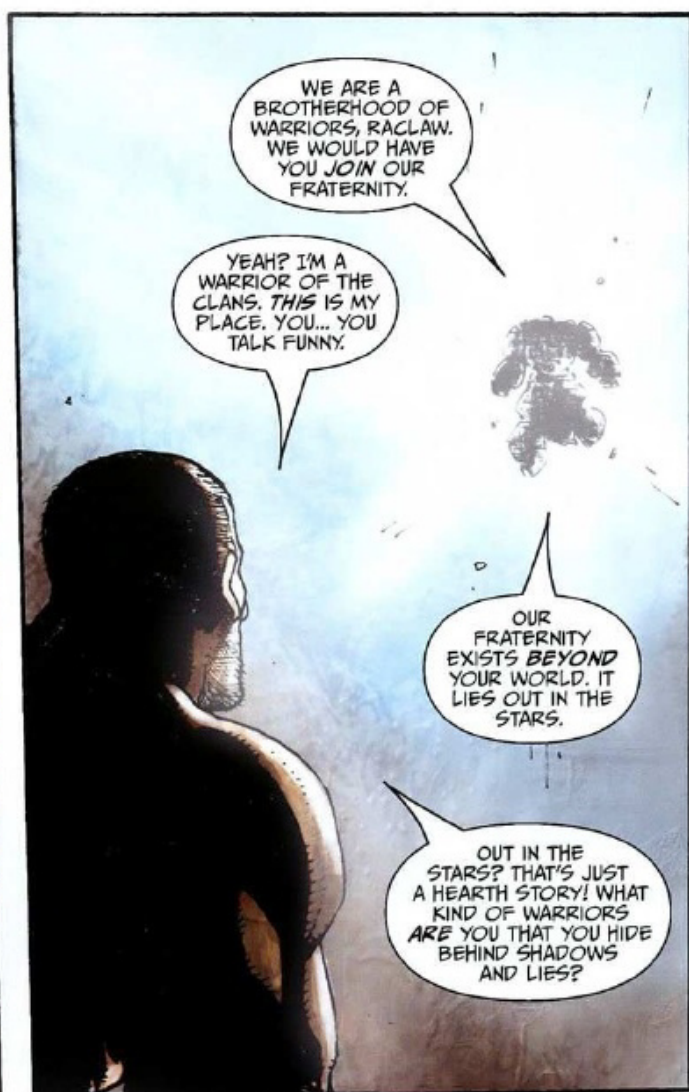
FOR THE  
CHAPTER.

WHAT  
"CHAPTER"?

THE CHAPTER  
OF ETERNAL  
CRUSADE. THE  
CHAPTER OF  
DORN.

THAT  
MEANS *NOTHING*  
TO ME. EXPLAIN  
YOURSELF. *SHOW*  
YOURSELF.

OR COME  
FIGHT ME AND  
GET THIS  
DONE.



WE ARE A  
BROTHERHOOD OF  
WARRIORS, RAELAW.  
WE WOULD HAVE  
YOU *JOIN* OUR  
FRATERNITY.

YEAH? I'M A  
WARRIOR OF THE  
CLANS. *THIS* IS MY  
PLACE. YOU... YOU  
TALK FUNNY.

OUR  
FRATERNITY  
EXISTS *BEYOND*  
YOUR WORLD. IT  
LIES OUT IN THE  
STARS.

OUT IN THE  
STARS? THAT'S JUST  
A HEARTH STORY! WHAT  
KIND OF WARRIORS  
ARE YOU THAT YOU HIDE  
BEHIND SHADOWS  
AND LIES?



THIS  
KIND.





OH MY  
GODS...

YOUR GODS HAVE  
GOT NOTHING TO DO  
WITH IT. I AM BROTHER  
BRUNNER. I AM A  
SPACE MARINE OF THE  
BLACK TEMPLARS  
CHAPTER.

YOU  
WILL OBEY  
ME FROM  
NOW ON.

ANY  
QUESTIONS?





YES, I  
HAVE A DAMN  
QUESTION...

WHAT WARS  
MUST THERE BE IN  
CREATION THAT  
REQUIRE WARRIORS  
LIKE YOU?



GOOD  
QUESTION.  
WARS LIKE  
YOU WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE...



**KILHAVEN.  
THIRTEEN YEARS  
BEFORE THE SANGUIN  
LIBERATION.**

**FIGHTING  
COMPANY STAND  
READY!**

FOGBOUND, LIKE WE'RE  
WRAPPED IN FURS.  
MUFFLED. MY VOICE IS  
THE ONLY SOUND.





STAND  
READY!

A TREMOR  
FIRST, A SLIGHT  
QUIVER OF THE  
GROUND.



BOLTERS!

**RR-CHAKK!**

THEN EVERY  
AUSPEX SCANNER  
IN THE COMPANY  
FLASHES OUT A  
PROXIMITY ALERT  
VIA HELM-FEED.



**RR-CHAKK!  
CHAKKK!**

**CHAKK!  
RR-CHAKK!**

WE HEAR THEM AT LAST,  
OUT IN THE FOG. METAL  
GRINDING ON WET ROCK.  
STEEL SPARKING ON  
STONE. LOUDER. LOUDER.



READY...  
READY...

METAL ON ROCK,  
SCRAPING  
TOWARDS US...



THE SMOG  
UNVEILS THEM  
LIKE A  
SECRET.

THE NECRONS.







THEN THERE  
IS NOISE.

SUCCUBAE  
GATES.

EIGHT YEARS  
INTO THE  
LANDRED  
PACIFICATION.

**ELSEWHERE...**

WHAT  
NOW?

YOU MUST  
WAKE, BELOVED  
BROTHER.

GO  
AWAY!

TANKRED WANTS  
TO SLEEP AND  
KEEP SLEEPING.

HOIST  
HIM.





HELLO,  
OLD  
FRIEND.

WHY DID  
YOU WAKE  
ME?

IT'S  
TIME FOR  
WAR.

IT'S  
ALWAYS  
TIME FOR  
WAR...



"...THERE IS  
ONLY WAR."

**KILHAVEN.**

FOUR,  
UNUSUALLY HIGH  
NUMBER OF  
RECRUITS FOR A  
SINGLE SWEEP.

BUT THEN  
THIS WORLD  
ALWAYS DID  
BREED THEM  
TOUGH.

COME ON  
THEN, YOU. STEP  
FORWARD. IT'S  
TIME TO GO.

AS YOUR  
SLAVES?

NO. NOT  
SHACKLED. IF YOU  
COME WITH US, YOU  
COME FREELY AND  
BY CHOICE.

TO  
WHERE?

TO  
THE END  
OF THE  
WORLD.

AHH!

O-GREAT  
GODS...

THE END  
OF YOUR  
WORLD...





...AND THE  
BEGINNING  
OF ALL  
OTHERS.

TO BE CONTINUED



# WARHAMMER GLOSSARY

Welcome, readers, to the hell that is the forty-first millennium. Mankind has spread his dominion throughout the galaxy. Those entities that threaten the stability of his decaying empire are dealt with in merciless, violent manner. For the Emperor that presides over man's vast Imperium is served by the greatest warriors in history.

The Emperor is served by the legendary Space Marines.

In this series, we'll be exploring the life's path of the Space Marine. For though he begins life as a mere man, he will, in time, evolve into something else entirely...



RECRUIT

## The Space Marines

The Adeptus Astartes, or Space Marines, are the deadliest warriors of the Imperium of Man -- bio-engineered super-human warriors who serve the Emperor with fierce devotion. Divided into distinct chapters such as the Black Templars, these men sacrifice their lives to don colossal suits of power armor and spend the rest of their days in battle.

## The Path of a Space Marine

Space Marine chapters recruit new candidates according to their own distinct methods. Most recruits are drawn from a Chapter's home planet; the Black Templars, who do not hail from any one home world, have established Chapter Keeps on numerous planets of the Imperium. Only the most durable, cunning, courageous individuals are selected -- and few of these recruits survive the extensive training and surgical processes necessary to advance to the next stage of becoming a Space Marine.

## Neophyte

The Recruit, once implanted with the genetic material that will radically enhance his strength, reflexes, and endurance -- called the "gene-seed" -- and having undergone radical surgery, will have to pass a series of tests established by his Chapter. When a Recruit successfully meets these challenges, he is accepted into the Chapter as a Neophyte. As a Neophyte, he will be schooled in the history of the Chapter, the tenets of the Adeptus Astartes, and, of course, will continue to be trained in the art of making war. In addition, he will undergo further surgeries and modifications, and must willingly leave behind everything of the life he once knew.



NEOPHYTE



## Initiates/Sword Brethren

Once a Neophyte's training and genetic enhancement is complete he will be accepted as a full-fledged member of the chapter. In his final test he will be challenged to prove his worthiness. If he succeeds he will become a Battle Brother of the chapter, and will progress to one day become an Initiate or Sword Brethren. On this day he is presented with a Boltgun, the legendary sidearm wielded by the Space Marines, and a suit of immense power armor.

## Dreadnought

For a chosen few, immortality is found within the armored hull of the Emperor's deadliest machines of war. In these rare instances, the life-essence of a deceased Space Marine is enclosed inside a fearsome, tank-like structure called a Dreadnought. For decades, even centuries after their physical deaths, these most venerated Marines will continue to wage war in the holy name of mankind's supreme ruler.

**Next Issue:** Watch this space for an examination of the Greatest Enemies of the Space Marines – which will be preceded by 22 pages of glorious mayhem!



INITIATES /  
SWORD BRETHREN



DREADNOUGHT



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## 40,000

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Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors clad in immense suits of powered armor. These elite fighters are divided into Chapters, with each Chapter possessing its own creed and fighting style. Among the most fanatical of these regiments are the BLACK TEMPLARS.

In their constant quest to replenish their ranks of crusaders, the Templars have seized RACLAW, a young man from a barbaric, backwater planet. Raclaw, having proven himself to be both a courageous and deadly fighter, has been recruited into their ranks. At the foot of his initiate, BRUNNER, his will be a bloody baptism into a more vast, more brutal universe – and many painful tribulations await him before he becomes a full-fledged Space Marine.

Meanwhile, a battle-tested Templar Sword Brethren known as GERHART fought overwhelming odds against mankind's most terrifying enemies. And the Dreadnought TANKRED was awoken from his sacred rest to wage war in the name of the Emperor once more...

## Damnation Crusade

Written by Dan Abnett  
and Ian Edginton

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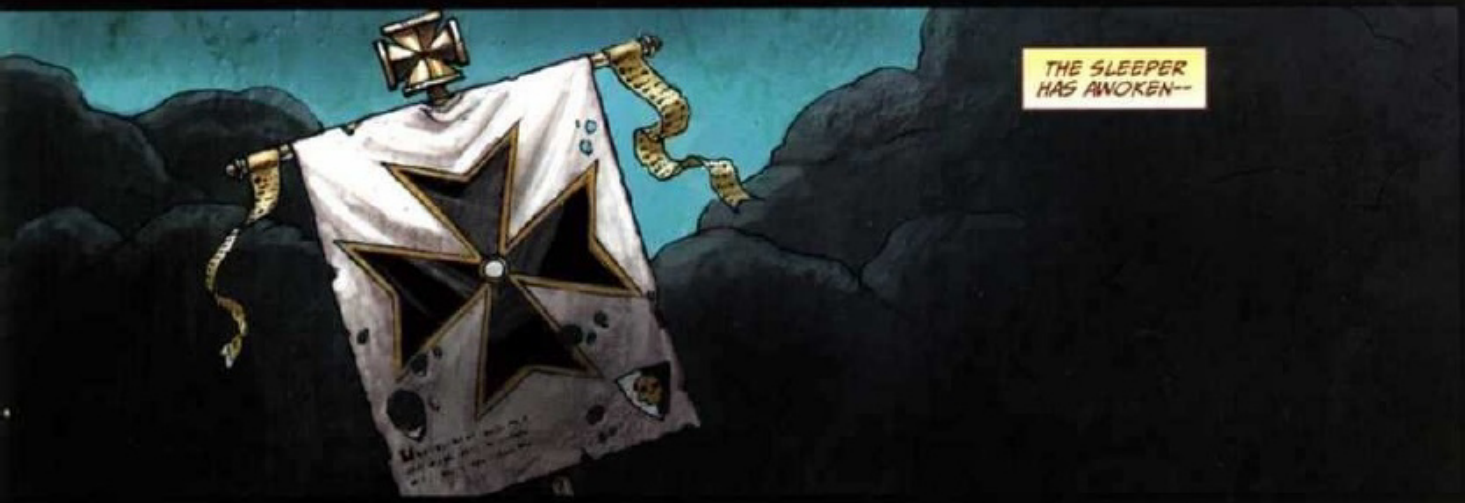
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## STUDIOS

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THE SLEEPER  
HAS AWOKEN--



THE CLARION  
CALL SOUNDED--



THE TIME HAS COME  
TO ROUSE FOR  
WRATH AND RUIN--



WHERE THERE IS CHAOS,  
FIRE AND WAR, THERE  
SHALL TANKRBD BE--



IN THE  
EMPEROR'S  
NAME!

THE KOSGORTH  
OFFENSIVE



UNO  
DRINES!







BLACK TEMPLAR  
KEEP: DOMUS MAGNA

WHAT  
IS HIS  
STATUS?

HE ENDURES,  
BROTHER BRUNNER.  
PHYSICALLY HIS  
BODY IS PREPARED,  
ALTHOUGH THERE WILL  
BE DISCOMFORT  
FOR MANY  
WEEKS.

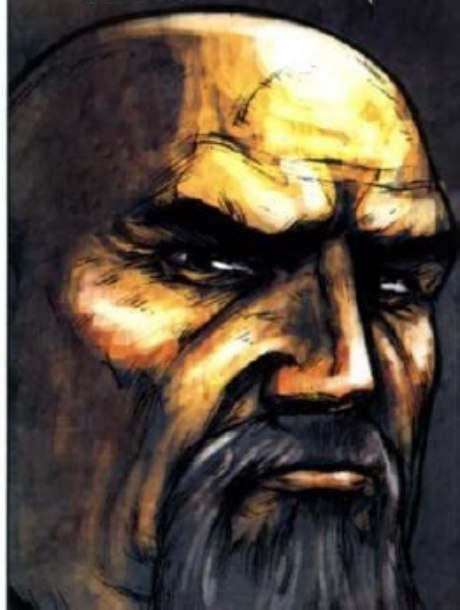
WE DO NOT  
HAVE WEEKS. HE  
HAS FULFILLED THE  
FINAL RITE OF  
INITIATION...HE IS  
READY!

AS YOU WISH.  
ON YOUR FEET,  
NEOPHYTE. GET  
DRESSED.



PAIN IS AN ILLUSION OF  
THE SENSES--DESPAIR  
AN ILLUSION OF THE  
MIND.

NOW  
STAND--  
TALL!







GNNH...  
YOUR WILL...  
BE DONE!



WALK  
WITH ME.



EVERYTHING YOU ENDURE  
HERE HAS ITS *PURPOSE*.  
THE PAIN YOU FEEL IS  
TRANSITORY, THE GLORY  
IT BESTOWS IS WITHOUT  
MEASURE.

YOUR MEAT AND  
MARROW MUST BE  
SCOURGED AND  
SCRUTINIZED TO  
ENSURE IT IS FREE  
FROM THE TAIN OF  
MUTATION. YOUR  
WILL MUST BE  
FORGED AND  
TEMPERED FOR  
YOUR LIFE TO  
COME.



FAITH IN THE  
EMPEROR IS ALL.  
IT IS THE LIGHT THAT  
*GUIDES*. THE WARMTH  
THAT *SUCCORS*.  
THE FIRE THAT  
PURGES.



YOU MUST  
STAND *APART* FROM  
THE RACE OF YOUR  
BIRTH, FROM WHAT IT IS  
TO BE HUMAN. WE ARE  
CALLED UPON TO BE  
SOMETHING *MORE*  
THAN MEN.

WE ARE  
INSTRUMENTS OF THE  
EMPEROR, EXTENSIONS  
OF HIS GRACE AND FURY.  
OUR LIVES ARE SOLELY  
HIS TO COMMAND...AS  
WILL YOURS, IF YOU  
ARE WORTHY.



FALTER, AND THE  
CONSEQUENCES  
ARE DEATH AND  
DAMNATION.

THRONE OF  
TERRA!

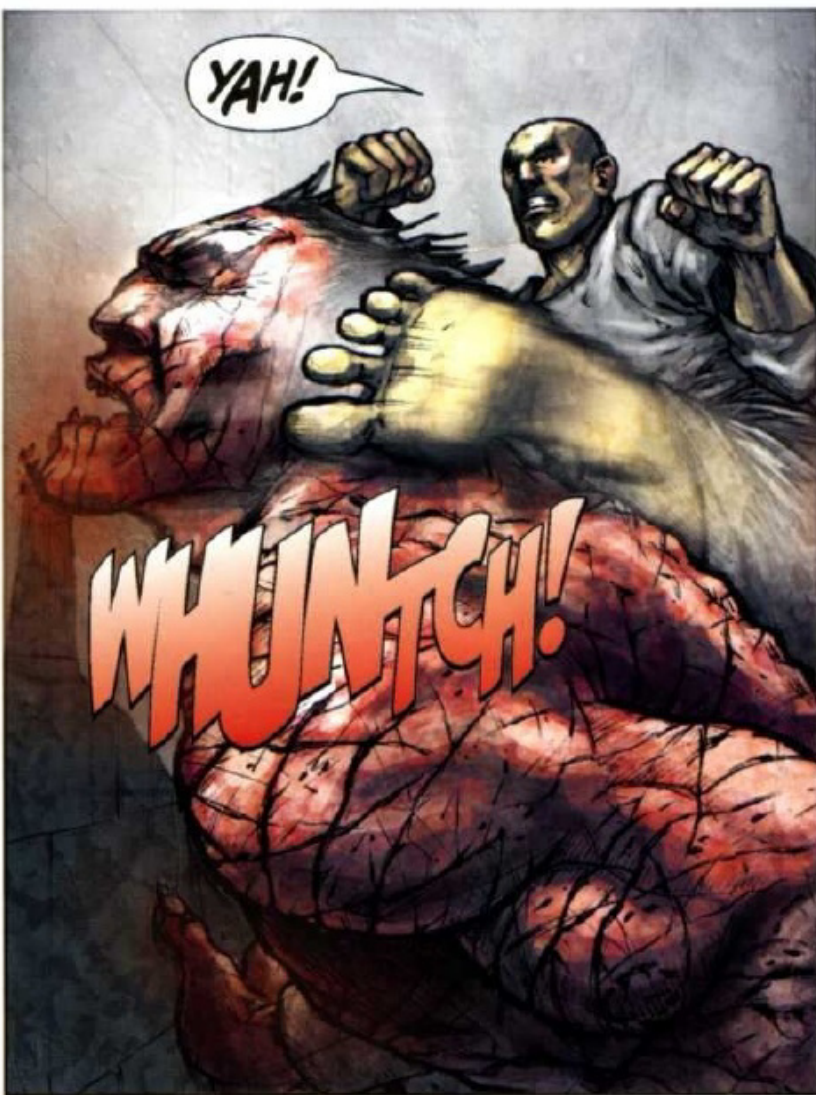














THE KASSIROTH  
OFFENSIVE

THUD...  
THUD...  
TANKRED...



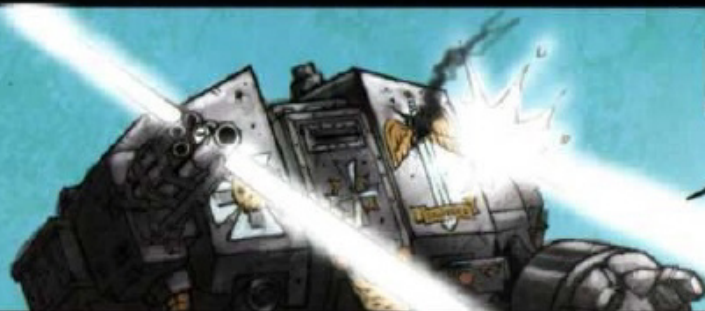
TANKRED  
WILL NOT  
END HERE!



**POOM!**  
**POOM!**



TANKRED  
WILL NOT  
FALL!



TANKRED  
WILL...NOT...  
FALTER!

**THUDUM**  
**THUDUM**  
**THUDUM**









THE VICTORY OF THE  
SUCCUBAE GATES.

"DO YOU IMAGINE THEY  
CAN STILL FEEL FEAR?  
THOSE COLD, HEATHEN  
MACHINES--THOSE  
NECRONS?"

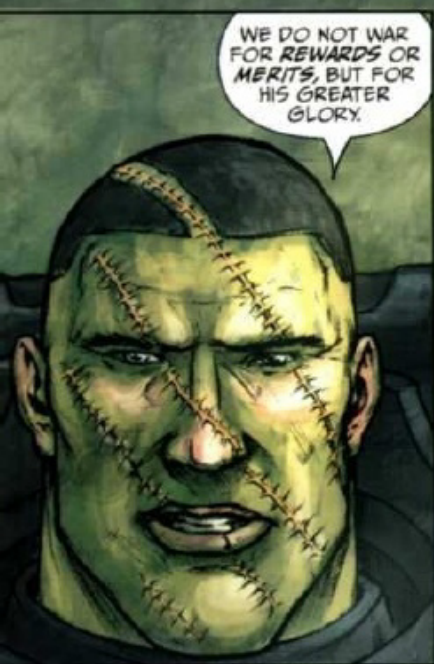
"DO THINK, BURIED DEEP  
WITHIN THEIR GODLESS  
BONES, THEY ARE ABLE TO  
FEEL THE SHRILL SHRIEK  
OF TERROR? AGONY?  
ANGUISH?"

"IF NOT BEFORE,  
THEN THEY SHOULD  
AFTER THIS DAY!"









WE DO NOT WAR  
FOR REWARDS OR  
MERITS, BUT FOR  
HIS GREATER  
GLORY.



I AM AWARE  
OF THIS.

AND YET  
I HAVE HAD  
TO SAY IT.



WHAT ARE  
YOU IMPLYING,  
BROTHER?

BROTHER  
GERHART!

MARSHALL  
KORNELIUSZ!

A  
MOMENT, IF  
YOU WILL.







I GROW  
CONCERNED  
FOR OUR  
BROTHER.  
AS DO  
I.



HE IS AMONGST  
THE FINEST SWORDSMEN  
OF THE BRETHREN, BUT I  
FEAR HIS AMBITIONS ARE  
BECOMING MORE *PERSONAL*.  
HE IS BEGINNING TO VALUE HIS  
OWN GLORIES OVER THOSE  
OF THE CHAPTER.



"THAT HE FAILS  
TO SEE THIS IN  
HIMSELF...DOES NOT  
AUGER WELL."

A GREAT VICTORY HAS  
BEEN WON THIS DAY. THE  
CRUSHING OF THE  
NECRON SCOURGE WILL  
BE A TALE TOLD FAR AND  
WIDE ACROSS THE  
SECTOR.

THANK  
YOU, LORD  
MARSHALL.



I WAS  
UNAWARE YOU  
HAD WON THE  
BATTLE  
ALONE?



I...DID NOT. I LED AS  
ORDERED, BUT WAS ONLY  
ONE OF THE LINE. WE  
HELD FAST AS BROTHERS  
ALL, IN VALOR AND  
VIRTUE.

I MEANT THEM  
NO DISHONOUR.  
OR DISRESPECT  
TO YOURSELF.





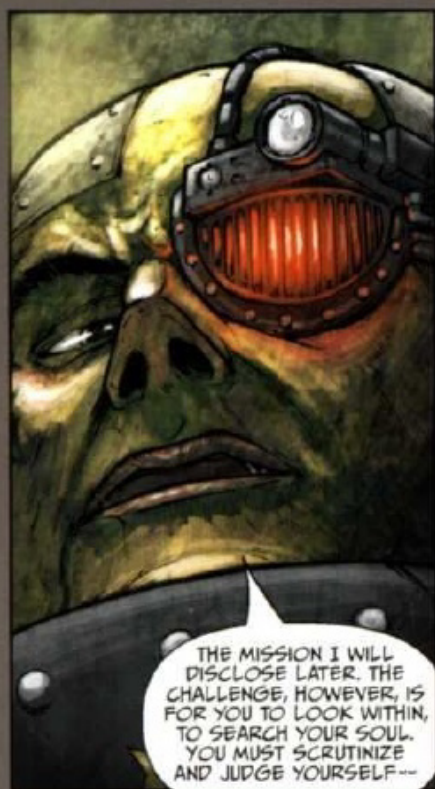
I KNOW. HAD I SENSED THE SIN OF *PRIDE* ON YOUR LIPS, I WOULD HAVE CUT YOU DOWN WHERE YOU STOOD.

I WOULD HAVE DESERVED NO LESS.



INDEED, THEN I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU. ONE OF SIGNIFICANT CHALLENGE AND IMPORT FOR YOU PERSONALLY.

AS YOU COMMAND, MY LORD.



THE MISSION I WILL DISCLOSE LATER. THE CHALLENGE, HOWEVER, IS FOR YOU TO LOOK WITHIN, TO SEARCH YOUR SOUL. YOU MUST SCRUTINIZE AND JUDGE YOURSELF---



--AND ASK WHETHER YOU ARE IN FACT *DESERVING* OF THE HIGH DUTY I AM PREPARED TO BESTOW.



BATTLE BARGE  
LEVELLER,  
SEPOLCHRE LEVEL.

KSHANNING!  
KSHINGG!

STEADY THERE!  
DAMN YOUR SCABROUS  
WEEVIL HIDES! THAT IS A  
PRECIOUS SON OF THE  
EMPIRE YOU HAVE CHARGE  
OF, NOT SOME BAG OF  
BOLTS!

HEH, THE  
MACHINE SPIRIT  
IS STILL ROUSED  
AND RESTLESS.  
THERE'S PLENTY  
OF FIGHT LEFT  
IN HIM!

OPEN HIS CASING,  
CONNECT THE INTEGRAL  
POWERPLANT TO THE  
SHIP'S PRIMARIES. DECANT  
THE ADRENALINE BOOST  
AND REPLACE IT WITH THE  
SONAMBULIN WASH.

AH, NOBLE  
TANKRED. YOU  
HAVE BEEN IN  
THE WARS!

OF COURSE I  
HAVE! WHERE  
ELSE SHOULD  
TANKRED BE?





WITH RESPECT, THE ENTIRE HIP GEAR  
AND GIMBLE ASSEMBLY NEEDS TO BE  
REFITTED. IT WOULD EXPEDITE MATTERS  
IF THE VENERABLE WARRIOR REMAINED  
AWAKE A WHILE LONGER.



WE DO NOT  
CONCERN THE  
HEROES OF AGES  
WITH TRIFLES AND  
TECHNICALITIES, NO  
MATTER THE  
INCONVENIENCE TO  
OURSELVES!



WE ARE  
SUPPLICANTS TO  
**LEGENDS**. TO  
SERVE IS ITS  
OWN REWARD.



IT SHALL  
BE DONE,  
MASTER.



TANKRED...  
ACHES...



THE CURSE  
OF OLD AGE, MY  
FRIEND. NONE OF US  
ARE AS YOUNG AS WE  
ONCE WERE. BUT WITH OUR  
MINDFUL MINISTRATIONS,  
YOU SHALL LIVE ON IN  
RIGHTEOUSNESS  
FOREVER!





TANKRED  
IS WEARY. GO  
AWAY NOW.  
TANKRED WISHES  
TO SLEEP.

AND SO YOU  
SHALL, MIGHTY  
BROTHER.



ALL  
IS READY,  
MASTER.

THEN  
LET US  
BEGIN.



INTONE THE LITANIES!  
GIVE VOICE TO THE  
CHORALS OF SACRED  
SLUMBER, THAT WE MIGHT  
SOOTHE THIS STALWART  
TO HIS REST ONCE  
MORE!



DREAM A  
DREAMLESS PEACE,  
OLD FRIEND. YOUR  
DUTY IS DONE FOR  
NOW...UNTIL THE  
NEXT TIME.





BATTLE BARGE ADMONISHER

NEOPHYTE  
RAGLAW--



--IT IS  
TIME.



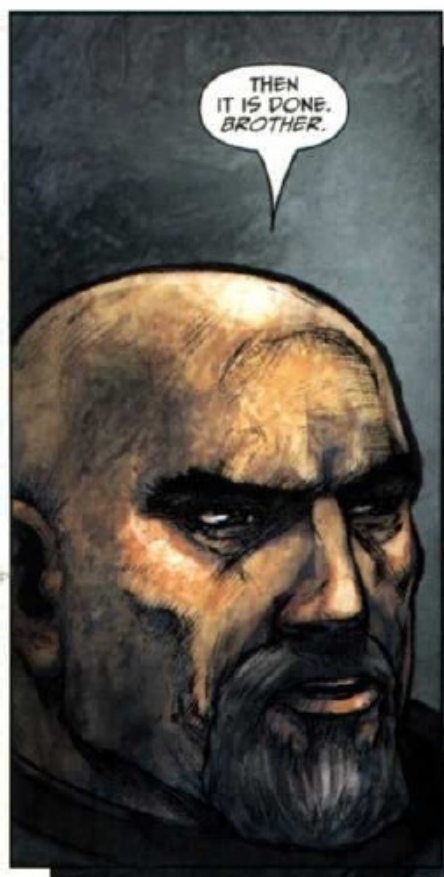


YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE RITES OF INITIATION. YOUR BODY IS PREPARED AND YOUR TRAINING IS COMPLETE. NOW YOU MUST CHOOSE.

WILL YOU FORSAKE YOUR LIFE IN THE PROTECTION OF OTHERS? WILL YOU CRUSH THE ENEMIES OF MAN, UNWAVERING IN THE LINE OF DUTY? WILL YOU SACRIFICE YOUR LIFE AND CHOOSE THE PATH OF THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES?

KILL THE MUTANT, BURN THE HERETIC AND PURGE THE UNCLEAN IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR?

MY LIFE IS IN THE EMPEROR'S HANDS. I TRUST IN HIS GRACE, A STOUT HEART, A STRONG ARM AND A KEEN BLADE. I KNOW WHAT I MUST UNDERTAKE, AND I WILLINGLY GIVE MY LIFE SO THAT IT IS HIS TO COMMAND.



THEN IT IS DONE, BROTHER.



NOW, SACRED SURGERY AND SCRIPTURE, TRAINING AND ROTE HAVE THEIR PARTS TO PLAY, BUT THERE ARE SOME LESSONS THAT CAN ONLY BE LIVED, NOT TAUGHT.

NOW IS SUCH A TIME

THIS DAY, NEOPHYTE RACLAW—





---YOU ARE GOING TO WAR!

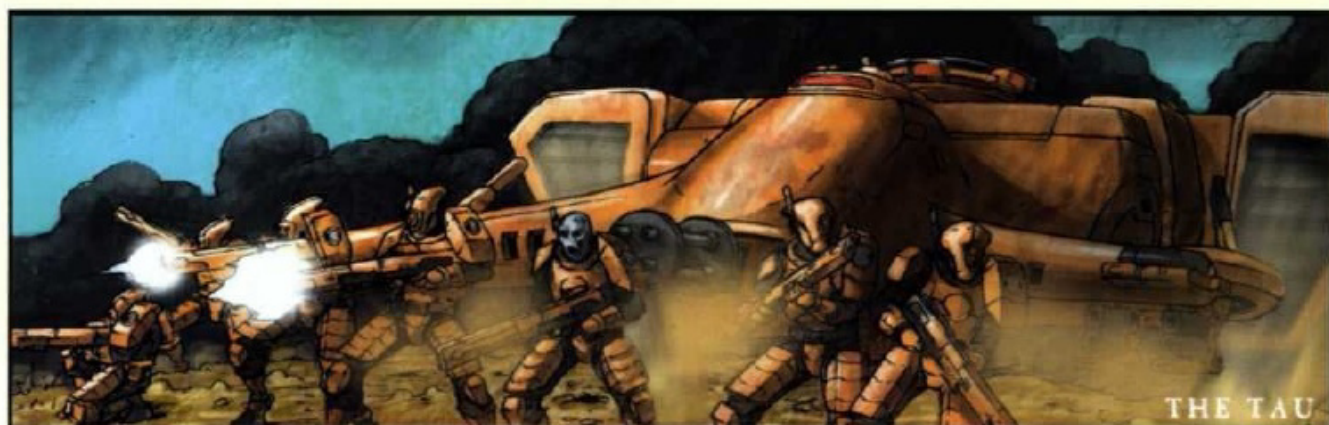
TO BE CONTINUED



# WARHAMMER<sup>®</sup> 40,000

## G L O S S A R Y

Welcome, readers, to the hell that is the forty-first millennium. Mankind has spread his dominion throughout the galaxy, but it is an Empire beset on all sides by unimaginable threats. It is the sacred calling of the Space Marines to stand against these deadly enemies, who threaten the lives and souls of billions...



### The Tau

An interstellar society nearly on par culturally with the Imperium of Man, this race is dedicated to what it believes is the "greater good." Where other races seek dominion over or destruction of other species, the Tau seek peaceful integration of others into their empire. If, however, a race refuses their peaceful overtures, the Tau will not hesitate to absorb them by force, convinced it is their burden, their manifest destiny, to create a just universe.

Tau society is separated into several different castes, each excelling in their assigned societal functions. Though they are a relatively young race, their technology is superior to that of nearly all other known species,



which has often caused the Imperium to speculate that they did not develop it on their own. Their deadly technology, highly organized hierarchy, and seemingly altruistic motivations make them a particularly insidious threat to the Imperium.





## Necrons

The remnants of the ancient race known as the Necrontyr, these beings worship godlike entities known as the C'Tan, who feed on the life energy of the living. Aeons ago, the Necrontyr agreed to have their life-essences housed within shells of living metal, in effect making them immortal, in order to better serve their masters. The Necrons harvested untold billions of souls for the C'Tan, in turn contributing to a drastic reduction in the C'Tan's food supply. Because of this, the C'Tan retreated to stasis, guarded by their metallic slaves, for some sixty million years.

Now, in the forty-first millennium, with their overlords' "food source" replenished, the Necrons have begun to reappear. Feared by all living races, the Necrons seem to materialize out of nowhere, and disappear just as mysteriously. Because of this ability to "phase out" when struck down on the battlefield, or when the tide of battle seems to be turning against them, Imperial forces have never been able to secure a Necron specimen -- alive or dead. In addition, Necrons appear and wage war in total silence, communicating only in the presence of others of their kind.

For these reasons, the Necrons remain an enigma — one feared by humans and non-humans alike, a threat only the Space Marines can hope to vanquish.





## Orks

The Orks plague the galaxy from end to end with their ceaseless warring and strife. They are a race rooted so deeply in war that peace is utterly incomprehensible to them. They are the most widespread, warlike and numerous race of aliens in the Imperium; only their fractured state — split into hundreds of small empires, engaging often in internecine war — prevents them from overrunning all other opposition through sheer numbers.

The brutish nature and violence of Ork warriors unleashed on the bloodstained galaxy of the forty-first millennium is truly terrifying and the ferocity of the Ork "Waaagh!" evokes fear even amidst the holy spires of Terra.

Simply said, Orks exist to do battle — as violently as possible.





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WE HEAR THEM FIRST. TEN THOUSAND EDGED WEAPONS POUNDING A PULSING, PRIMAL BEAT. AN ANCIENT RITUAL, DESIGNED TO INSTILL PANIC AND FEAR IN THEIR FOE.



IT DOESN'T WORK.



THE HORIZON IS A WALL OF VIRIDIAN FLESH. IN THE VANGUARD, ONE OF THEIR COMMAND CASTE; AT ITS BACK A SKULL-STACKED FAN OF BATTLE-LANCES.

THE MAN I ONCE WAS WOULD HAVE FELT FURY AND REVULSION AT THE SIGHT. NOW, I FEEL NOTHING-- EXCEPT DUTY.

IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME!



**DHMM-DHMM-THRM! DHMM-DHMM-THRM!**



IN THE  
EMPEROR'S  
NAME!

IN THE  
EMPEROR'S  
NAME!

**IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME!**



**DHMM-DHMM-THRM! DHMM-DHMM-THRM!**



ENUFF!



KILL 'EM  
ALL!!

**YAH!!**











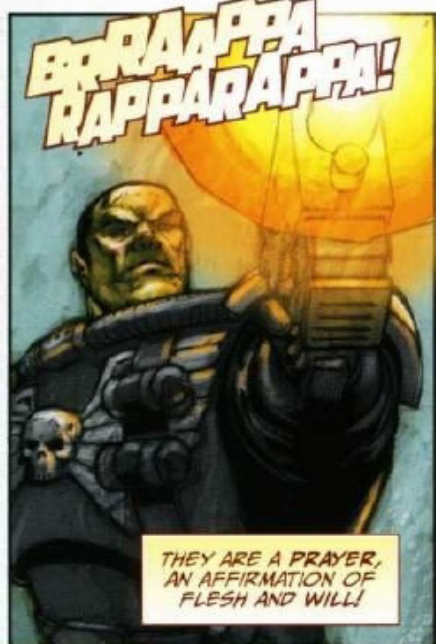
THESE ARE NOT EMPTY ACTS  
OF BLIND ROTE AND SERVICE.

**DATTA!  
DATTA!**



**BORRAAPPA  
RAPPARAPPA!**

THEY ARE A PRAYER,  
AN AFFIRMATION OF  
FLESH AND WILL!



**BORRAAPP  
ARAPPARAPPA!**

WE ARE INSTRUMENTS  
OF THE EMPEROR!



I HAVE BECOME A  
WEAPON OF HIS WRATH  
AND RIGHTEOUSNESS!





BROTHER CASSIUS FALLS BENEATH A  
HEATHEN TIDE. IS IT RIGHT FOR A  
NEOPHYTE SUCH AS I TO RENDER AID  
TO A SWORD OF THE BRETHREN?

BROTHER!

THERE IS NO DOUBT  
IN ME THIS DAY--

BRAPP!  
BRAPP!  
BRAPP!

--AND THERE NEVER  
WILL BE AGAIN!

BRAPP!  
BRAPP!  
BRAPP!

WELL  
MET, BROTHER  
RACLAW!

I AM BUT  
A HUMBLE  
NEOPHYTE,  
MY LORD.





WE ARE ALL BROTHERS IN THE BLOOD.

IT'S TIME TO GO. WE MUST PULL BACK!



RETREAT?

A TACTICAL WITHDRAWAL--OUR WORK HERE IS DONE. WE ALL HAVE OUR PARTS TO PLAY, YOUNG NEOPHYTE. BOTH THE HUMBLE--

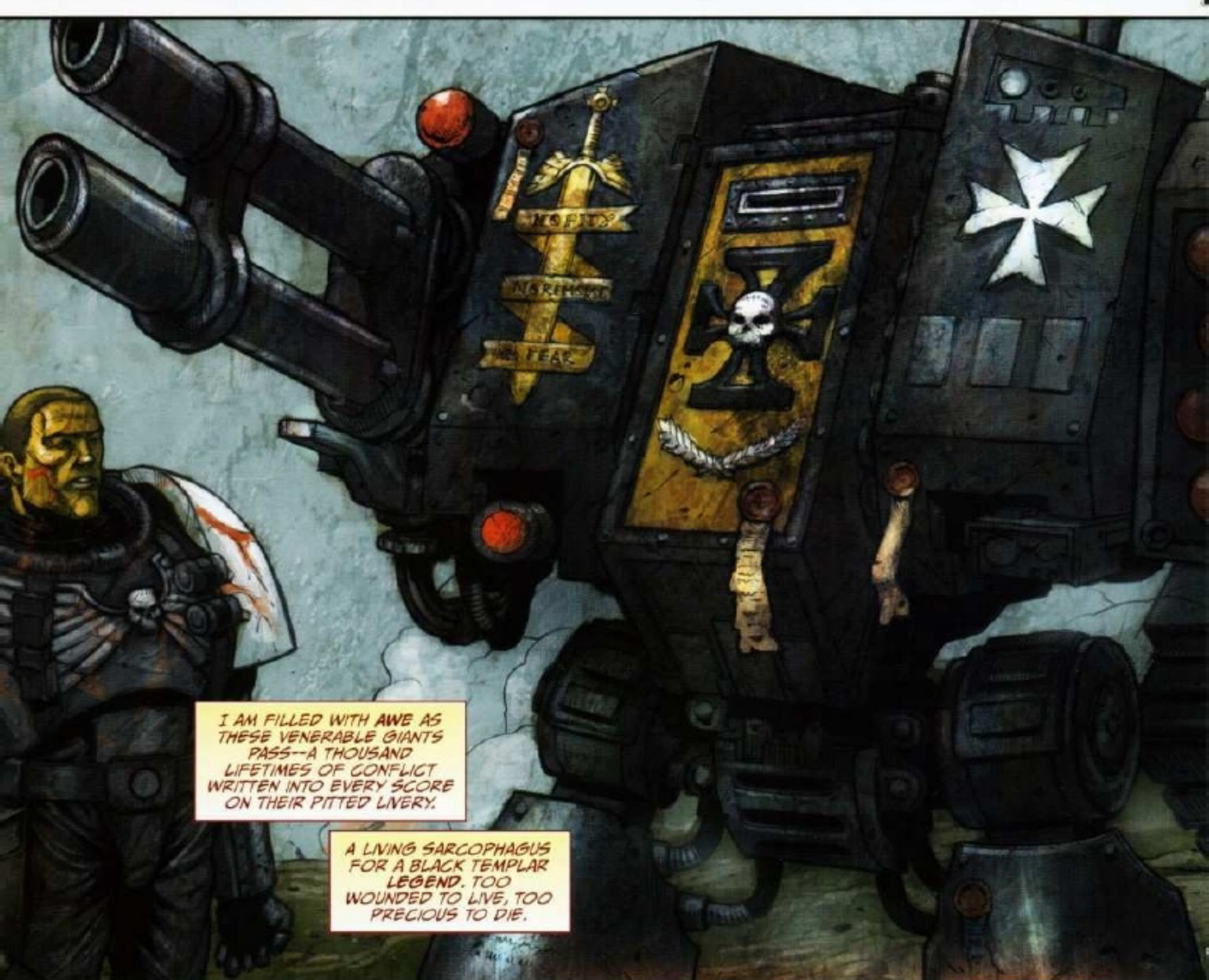


--AND THE MIGHTY!





OUR ACTION WAS  
A FEINT, A LURE  
TO DRAW OUT THE  
XENO SCUM INTO  
OUR HEAVY GUNS.



I AM FILLED WITH AWE AS  
THESE VENERABLE GIANTS  
PASS--A THOUSAND  
LIFETIMES OF CONFLICT  
WRITTEN INTO EVERY SCORE  
ON THEIR PITTED LIVERY.

A LIVING SARCOPHAGUS  
FOR A BLACK TEMPLAR  
LEGEND. TOO  
WOUNDED TO LIVE, TOO  
PRECIOUS TO DIE.



SERVING THE  
IMPERIUM FOR  
CENTURIES TO  
COME.

THE ROUTING OF  
GOLOGOTHA. THIRD YEAR  
OF THE HEPHAESTUS  
CAMPAIGN.



IMPERIAL NAVY  
FLEET BALTHAZAR.



BATTLE BARGE LEVELLER,  
SEMPULCHER LEVEL.

IN THE  
NAME OF THE  
EMPEROR--HE WHO IS  
OUR ALPHA AND OMEGA--  
DO WE ENTREAT THE  
WAR-SPIRITS TO *GUIDE*  
US AS WE MINISTER  
TO OUR MIGHTY  
CHARGE!



WE RECITE  
THE RITES OF  
ACTIVATION AND  
MAINTENANCE! INCANT  
THE LITANIES OF  
PRESERVATION AND  
RESURRECTION!

AS IT IS  
WRITTEN, SO  
LET IT BE DONE--  
CHAPTER AND  
VERSE!



LUHH...

THE GOLIATH  
AWAKES TOO  
SOON! OUR  
WORK IS NOT  
YET DONE!







THE WAR  
DAMAGE RUNS  
DEEPER THAN WAS  
FORESEEN. THE  
GEARING CAM' HAS  
RUPTURED THE  
PRESSURE  
LINES.

HYDRAULIC  
VITAE HAS  
CORRUPTED HIS  
AMNIOTIC FLUID,  
DILUTING THE  
SONAMBULIN!



IF HE ROUSES  
FULLY, HE WILL SUFFER  
THE FULL AGONIES  
OF HIS SURGERIES  
UNANESTHETIZED.

STAND BY TO  
CAP THE HYDRAULICS.  
PREPARE TO FLUSH  
AND TRANSFUSE WITH  
FRESH AMNIOTICS AND  
SONAMBULIN.



ARNULF?

YES...  
MY LORD  
TANKRED?

NO MORE  
SLEEP, FOR  
NOW.



BUT THE  
PROCEDURES,  
MY LORD, THERE  
WILL BE PAIN!





DO NOT *PREACH*  
TO TANKRED!  
DON'T YOU THINK  
TANKRED *KNOWS*  
THE MEANING OF  
PAIN?



I BESEECH  
YOUR  
FORGIVENESS.  
I MEANT NO  
*DISRESPECT*.



NEITHER DID  
TANKRED. TANKRED  
DOES NOT FEAR  
PAIN. IT IS...AN  
ILLUSION...OF THE  
SENSES.

TELL YOUR  
CREATURES TO  
BE ABOUT THEIR  
INDUSTRY.

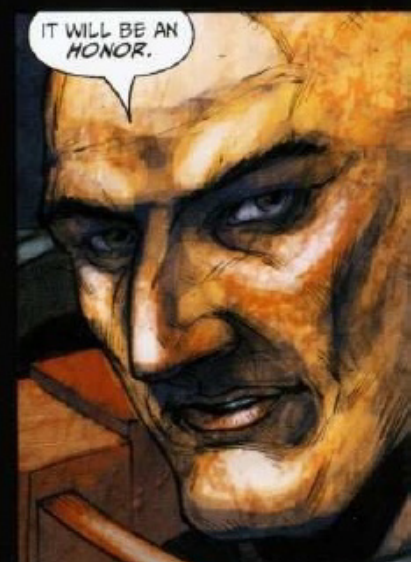
IT SHALL  
BE DONE.



ARNULF?

LORD?

STAY WITH  
TANKRED WHILE  
THEY WORK. LET  
US TALK OF PAST  
GLORIES BEFORE I  
SURRENDER TO  
SLUMBER ONCE  
MORE.



IT WILL BE AN  
HONOR.





"TO THE DARKNESS I BRING  
FIRE. TO THE IGNORANT I BRING  
FAITH. THOSE WHO WELCOME  
THESE GIFTS MAY LIVE, BUT I WILL  
VISIT NAUGHT BUT DEATH AND  
ETERNAL DAMNATION ON THOSE  
WHO REFUSE THEM."



SO IT WAS  
WRITTEN. SO  
SHALL IT BE  
THUS.



CHAPLAIN ECASTUS?  
FORGIVE MY DISTURBING  
YOUR DEVOTIONS, BUT I  
COME SEEKING YOUR  
WISE COUNSEL.



AH, BROTHER  
GERHART! THESE  
HALLS RING AND  
REJOICE AT YOUR  
CULLING OF THE  
HEATHEN.

DO YOU  
COME TO GIVE  
THANKS TO HE  
WHO GUIDES  
US ALL?





I DO. I  
ALSO COME  
WITH...  
QUESTIONS.



INDEED?



COME  
FORWARD,  
TELL ME  
MORE.



I TAKE NO PERSONAL  
PRIDE IN OUR VICTORY.  
IT WAS HARD FOUGHT  
AND WON BY ALL MY  
BROTHERS, AS IT  
SHOULD BE.

YET, WHILE  
I CLAIM NO GLORY  
FOR MYSELF...I  
RELISH THE HONOR  
IT BESTOWS UPON  
OUR CHAPTER.



I GROW CONCERNED THAT IF  
UNCHECKED, I MAY COME TO  
HOLD SUCH VANITIES IN HIGH  
ESTEEM. IT REMAINS UNSPOKEN,  
BUT I KNOW MY BROTHERS  
THINK THIS OF ME ALSO.

IS THAT  
SOP?





**KSHINGG!**

WE SHALL  
SEE!

WHAT IS  
THE TERROR  
OF DEATH?



THAT WE  
DIE, OUR WORK  
INCOMPLETE.

WHAT IS  
THE JOY OF  
LIFE?



TO DIE,  
KNOWING  
OUR TASK IS  
DONE.

ARE YOU  
FEARFUL  
OF ME?



NO, MY LORD. IF YOU  
JUDGE ME *IMPURE*. IF  
THE SIN OF *PRIDE* TAINTS  
MY HEART AND LIPS. I  
WILLINGLY *SUBMIT*  
MYSELF TO YOUR  
KEEN-EDGED MERCY.  
ALTHOUGH—

YES?



I WOULD LAMENT  
THAT I COULD NO  
LONGER SERVE THE  
EMPEROR.

I'VE HEARD TELL,  
THAT OF YOUR SQUAD,  
YOU ARE ALWAYS THE FIRST  
INTO THE FRAY AND LAST TO  
QUIT THE FIELD. *SOME* MAY  
CONSIDER SUCH A THING A  
VAINGLORIOUS PURSUIT,  
AND YET...





...I SENSE NO  
SHRED OF VANITY  
OR EGO IN YOU. IN  
FACT, YOUR FAITH IS  
AS TRUE AND FIERCE  
AS ANY I HAVE  
KNOWN.

TELL ME,  
WHY DO YOU  
CHASE BATTLE  
SO?



SO I MAY PRAISE  
HIM...IT IS THE ONLY  
WAY I KNOW.

MOST TIMES, WE DO  
NOT HAVE ACCESS TO  
HALLOWED HALLS SUCH AS  
THESE--SO THE FIRES OF  
BATTLE BECOME OUR PLACES  
OF WORSHIP, THE ROAR OF  
OUR BOLTERS OUR PRAYERS,  
THE CULLING OF OUR FOES  
OUR OFFERING TO HIS  
GRACE!

ALL I ASK  
IS TO SERVE  
UNTIL DEATH  
TAKE ME.



YOU CAME TO  
ME WITH QUESTIONS,  
BROTHER, BUT I HAVE  
NO ANSWERS TO  
GIVE--FOR THERE IS  
NO FAULT IN YOU.



THERE IS ONLY  
DUTY, DEATH, AND  
IF HE SO WILLS  
IT...A DESTINY.



THE RELIEF OF HELESPONT.  
FIFTH YEAR OF THE  
HEPHAESTUS CRUSADE.

A HARD RAIN FALLS  
ON HEPHAESTUS--

WHADDUM!

WHADDUM!

PFAMM!

--A BLACK RAIN.

GO!  
GO!





FORM UP,  
TAKE POSITIONS!  
NEOPHYTE RACLAW,  
YOU'RE WITH ME!

YES, MY  
LORD.

CHOOM!  
FASHOOM!

INTEL  
ON THE XENO  
INCURSION HERE  
WAS SERIOUSLY  
FLAWED.

IT RUNS  
DEEPER THAN  
THAT. WE WERE  
DECEIVED--



BROTHER  
HECTOR,  
STATUS?

THE GARRISON  
WAS OVERRUN. THE  
IMPERIAL GUARD ARE  
GONE, DECIMATED. TWO  
FULL REGIMENTS AND  
AN ARMoured DIVISION  
OUT BEYOND THE  
FAR TREE-LINE!



--IT WAS US  
THEY WANTED  
ALL ALONG.

IMPERIAL GUARDSMAN--  
KANAK SKULL TAKERS,  
A SPIT FROM BEING  
BARBARIANS, AS I ONCE  
WAS. RACLAW OF THE  
DRUMKIL CLAN.

ANOTHER  
WORLD AGO.  
ANOTHER  
LIFETIME.





"THEY KNOW  
WE'RE HERE."

**KER-ACK!**

"THEY'RE  
COMING!"

WELDAR™

"THEY'VE LAD  
THIS FIGHT FOR  
US--LET'S NOT  
DISAPPOINT  
THEM!"





WE SHALL  
NOT SUFFER  
THE KINGS  
TO LIVE!

FORWARD!  
FOR THE  
EMPEROR!!

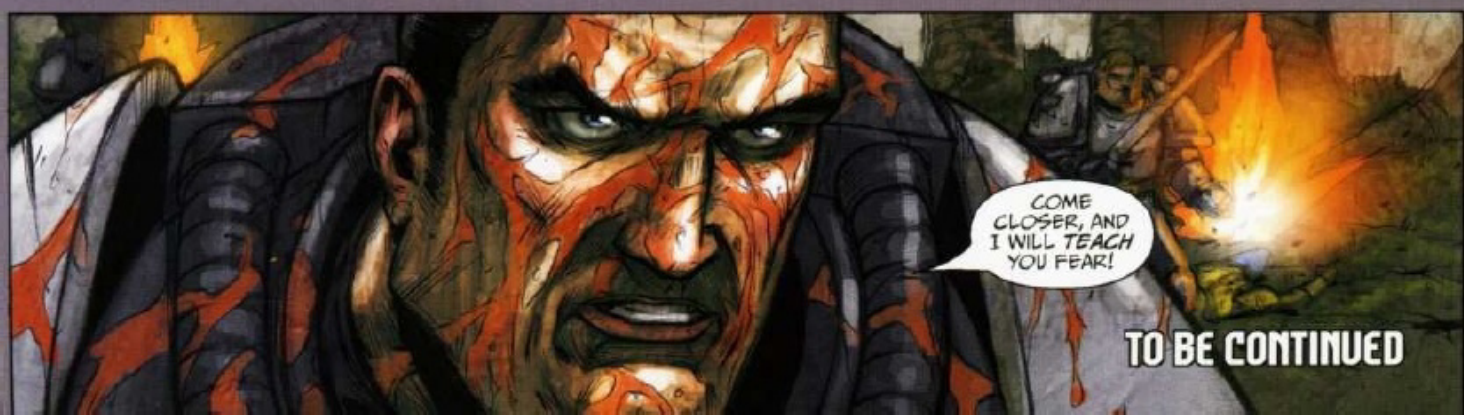
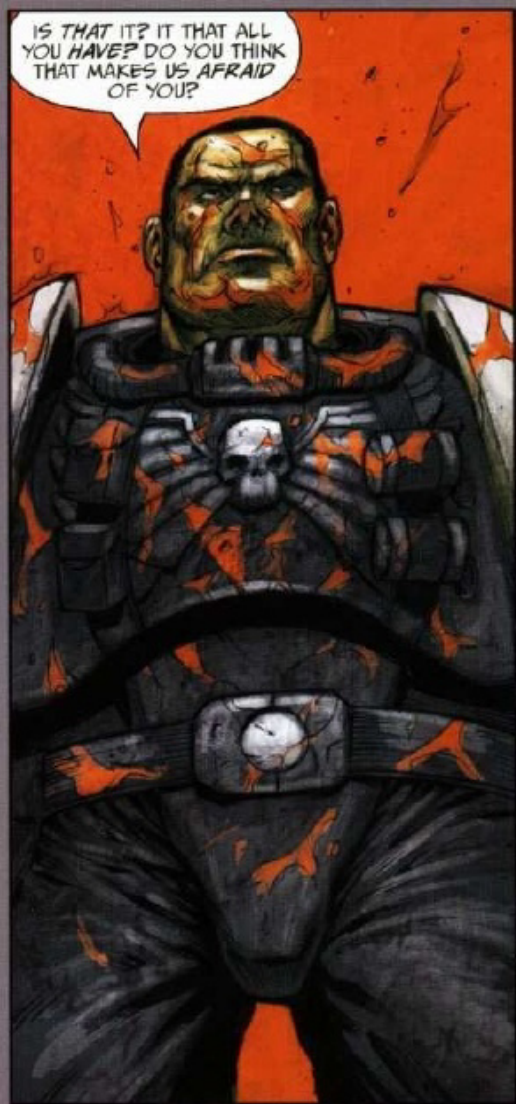
DIE!!

MURDER

BROTHER  
BRUNNER!

FIGHT  
OUR FIGHT  
HARD!





TO BE CONTINUED



# WARHAMMER<sup>®</sup>

## 40,000

# G L O S S A R Y

Welcome, readers, to the hell that is the forty-first millennium. Mankind has spread his dominion throughout the galaxy. Those entities that threaten the stability of his decaying empire are dealt with in merciless, violent manner. For the Emperor that presides over man's vast Imperium is served by the greatest warriors in history -- the legendary Space Marines.

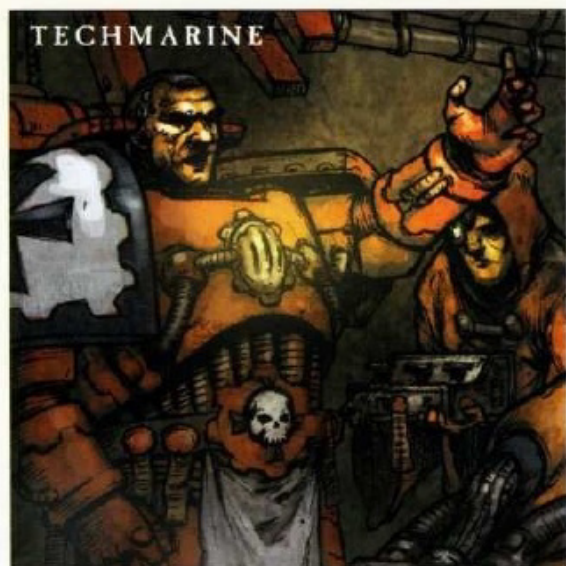
The Space Marines are separated into numerous chapters, such as the Black Templars -- and within each chapter, there are numerous roles to fill. Because of the innumerable enemies that gaze hungrily at the Emperor's hold on the galaxy, serving in the Adeptus Astartes demands more than mere courage. More than a willingness to die for Brother and for Empire. It demands that one sacrifice his individuality and *become* the role assigned to him.

### Black Templar Chaplain

The Space Marines are more than a mere army. They are driven not by politics, not by a desire to spill blood, but by faith -- faith in the God Emperor. As such, each Chapter employs chaplains to serve as spiritual leaders. Nowhere is this more true than for the Black Templars, the most devoted and fanatical of the Imperium's servants. A Black Templar chaplain is a figure that inspires awe and devotion alike -- his face concealed by a skull-like helmet, his heart burning with fervor. These men understand the truth behind each prayer and ritual, and command that every Templar -- from the lowliest Neophyte to the most battle-tested Sword Brethren -- remain true to their sacred vows. And these men of faith do not shy away from war -- quite the opposite: in battle, Chaplains can be found at the front, zealously urging on their fellow Marines.



BLACK TEMPLAR CHAPLAIN



TECHMARINE

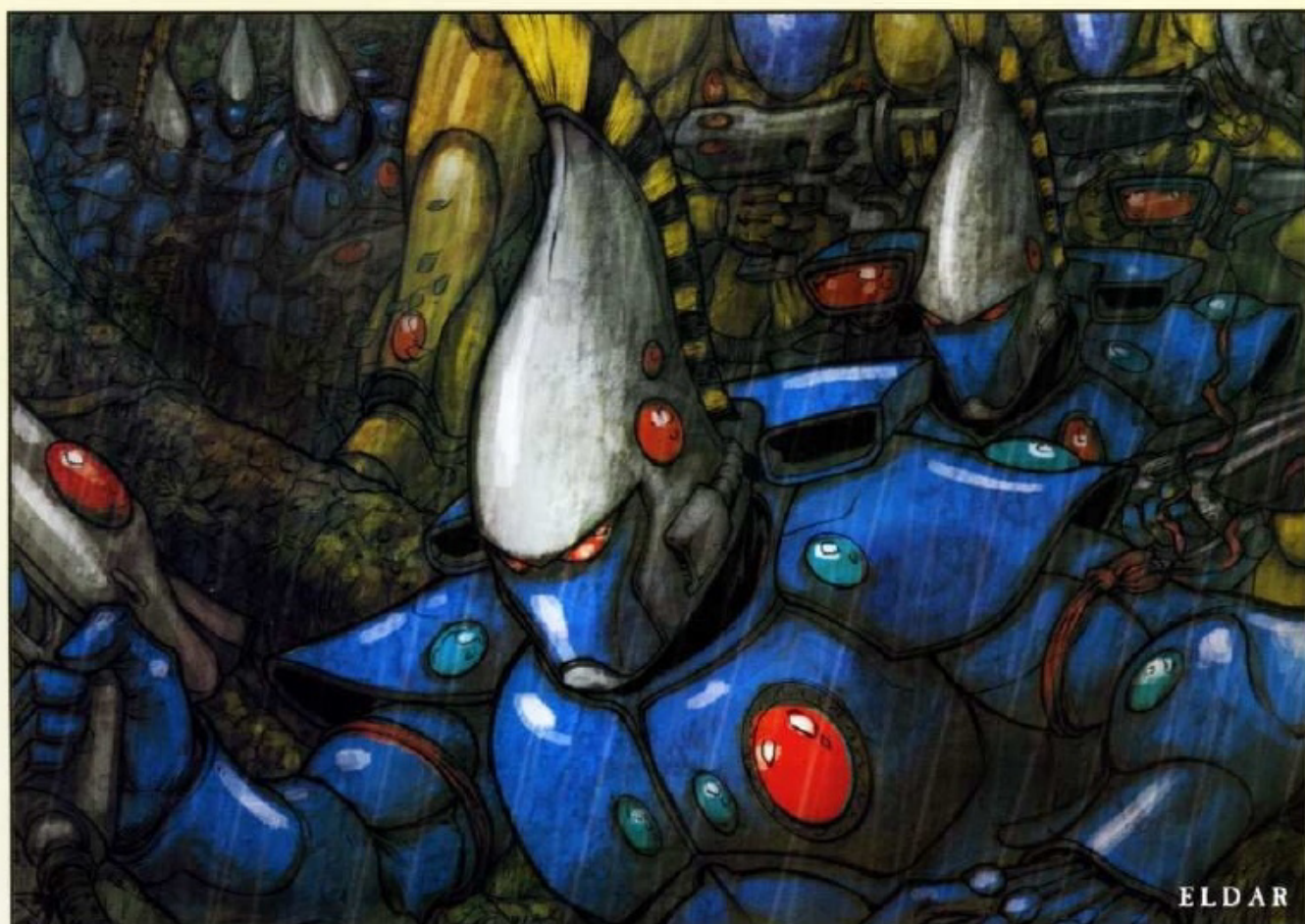
### Techmarine

Neophytes that show an aptitude for science and equipment undergo training to become Techmarines -- soldiers responsible for the maintenance, repair, and spiritual tending of his chapter's technology. Trained on Mars, these individuals learn the rites of activation and repair for Space Marine apparatus, including the rousing of machine spirits that inhabit such structures as the Dreadnoughts. They also serve in the heat of battle, called upon to repair the most grievous of damage inflicted on his chapter's equipment.



## Imperial Guard

The Imperial Guard is the Emperor's primary military organization, the Imperium's first line of defense. Whereas the Space Marines are man's most elite warriors, limited to a thousand chapters of a thousand men apiece, the Imperial Guard is a force comprised of literally billions of men and women from millions of planets. They are constantly at war, ridding worlds of alien incursions or the taint of Chaos. Only when the Imperial Guard falters are the Space Marines called in.



## Eldar

The race known as the Eldar are one of the most ancient and advanced species in the known Universe. Little is known of their origins, or even their original homeworld. Legend tells that the Eldar were created by the godlike beings known as the Old Ones to serve in their war against the Necrontyr.

At one time, the Eldar were among the most potent forces in the galaxy. Blessed with psychic abilities and a long lifespan (compared to humans), they achieved a technologically advanced, militarily secure society. They colonized many worlds and their Empire seemed as if it would grow unchecked and unchallenged for millennia to come. But eventually, Eldar civilization crumbled under its own weight, as many of its best and brightest were seduced by the desire to seek arcane knowledge, to experience forbidden pleasures, and to revel in uninhibited brutality.

Since the collapse of their society – known simply as The Fall -- the Eldar have become a shattered, nomadic people. Many of the worlds that once formed the outer edges of the Eldar Empire have reverted to a primitive, barbaric stage, while those that dwelled on the core Eldar homeworlds have taken to wandering the galaxy in mammoth nomadic fleets.

Though the Eldar are essentially humanoid in physiology, on a deeper level, all were twisted by The Fall. Their motivations are unknowable, their methods devious, and they are known to attack without provocation. This once-proud race is now one of the most dangerous threats to The Imperium in the galaxy.



# WARHAMMER 40,000

It is the 41st Millennium. For more than a hundred centuries, The Emperor has sat upon the Golden Throne of Terra. He is the master of mankind, and ruler of a million worlds by the might of his inexhaustible armies.

Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors clad in immense suits of powered armor. These elite fighters are divided into Chapters, with each Chapter possessing its own creed and fighting style. Among the most fanatical of these regiments are the BLACK TEMPLARS.

RACLAW, recruited from the teeming masses of a backwater planet, has survived genetic modifications of unbearable pain – and the violent baptism of battle. Now, having proved his devotion to the Emperor, he is a Neophyte in the Black Templar order – and a galaxy plagued by unrelenting warfare awaits him.

Elsewhere, the Sword Brethren GERHART took pride in victory – perhaps too much pride. For the Black Templars consider themselves the most devout of servants, warrior priests who make war not for their own glory, but only for their God Emperor. To these men of faith and sacrifice, pride is the greatest sin of all.

And the Dreadnought TANKRED, having struck the decisive blow in a fierce battle with the TAU, was placed into a sacred dream-state once more...

## Damnation Crusade

Written by Dan Abnett  
and Ian Edginton

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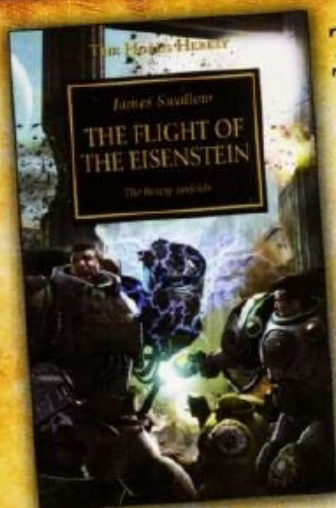
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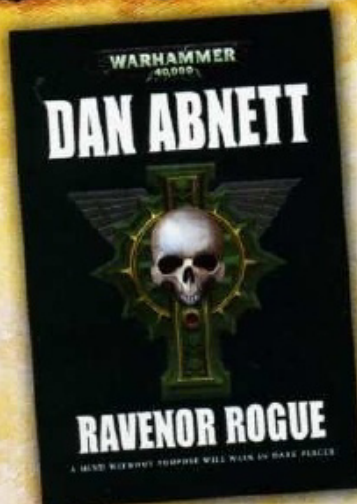


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# DAMNATION CRUSADE



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ABNETT - EDGINTON - ANTONIO - RINGUET





AND WE SHALL  
KNOW NO FEAR!

HEH!



CONSUME  
THEM!

THEY SHOW THEIR HAND  
TOO SOON, BEFORE  
EVEN OUR HELMFEED  
AUSPEX SQUEALS A  
PROXIMITY ALERT--

--THE WIND CHANGES  
AND THE RANK  
STENCH OF THEIR  
EVIL FILLS THE AIR.





WE MOVE OVER THE FACE OF  
THE PLANET IN A WAVE OF  
WRATH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.



WE COME, RIDING  
THE LIGHTNING IN TEARS  
OF THE EMPEROR.



THIS WAS A CITY ONCE. ITS  
ARCHITECTURE OF ARCHING WHITE  
CERAMIC REDUCED TO A GRAVEYARD  
OF SHATTERED ELLIPSES, LIKE THE  
BONES OF GIANTS.



**F-DAMN!**

WE MAKE WAR IN A  
CHARNEL HOUSE!





NOW  
WE COME  
TO IT!

BROTHER  
GERHART?

BROTHER  
SKELD,  
BROTHER  
BRANT--



'PREPARE  
YOURSELVES!'

DEATH TO  
ALL AND ALL  
TO DEATH!



IN THE  
EMPEROR'S  
NAME!

THESE ARE NOT HEATHEN  
XENOS OR WARP-MUTATED  
MONSTROSITIES. THEY  
ARE THE BASTARD SONS  
OF OBLIVION--

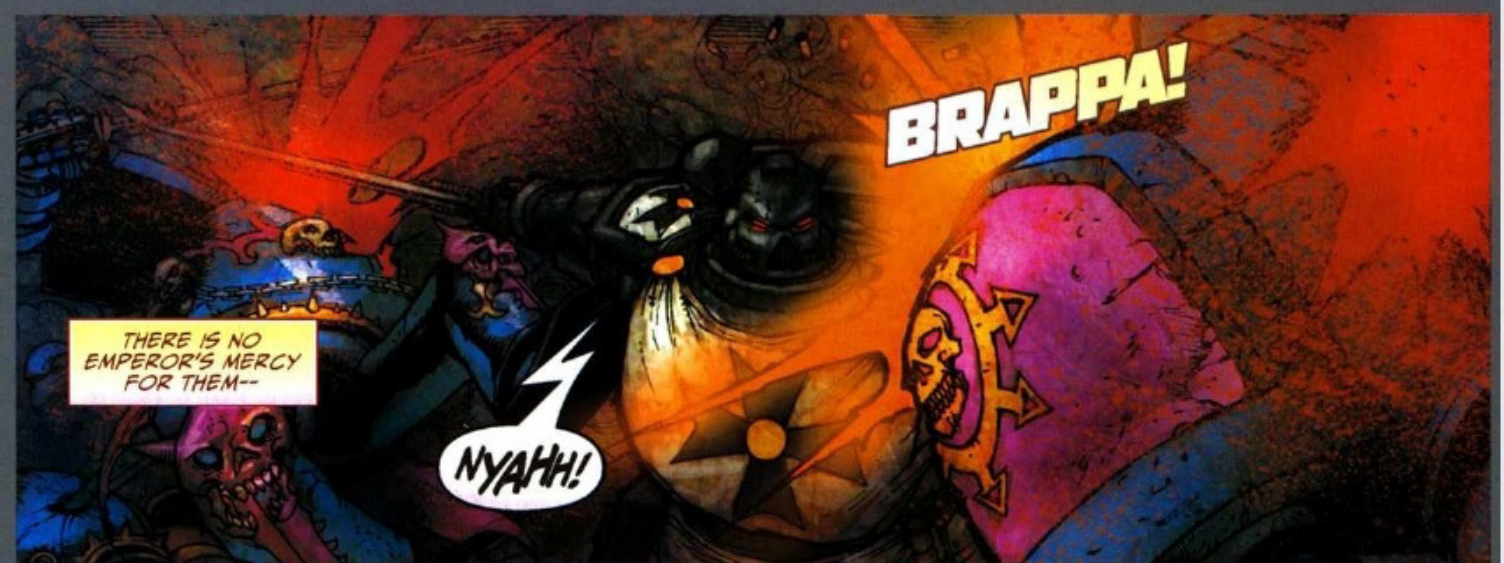








ONCE OUR BROTHERS-IN-ARMS--  
LONG SINCE TURNED TRAITORS AT  
THE WARMASTER HORUS' TOUCH. NOW,  
THEY ARE DEFILERS-OF-THE-FAITH!  
CHAOS SPACE MARINES!



**BRAPPA!**

THERE IS NO  
EMPEROR'S MERCY  
FOR THEM--

**NYAHH!**

--ONLY DEATH AND  
DAMNATION!

**WHUTCH!**

THE BATTLE OF CARRION  
GULF. THE THIRD YEAR OF  
THE TORMENT CRUSADE.





THEY ARE SET UPON US WITH NO  
HOPE OF VICTORY, BUT SIMPLY TO  
HARRY AND DOG OUR ADVANCE--



TO BUY THEIR  
MASTER TIME  
TO STUDY OUR  
FORM AND  
MUSTER.



NYAHH!

BRAPPA!

LET HIM STARE. WE  
HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE.



WE ARE THE GLORY AND THE  
POWER OF THE IMPERIUM!



**KONK KLNNG-KHOO**

**KLONG-THUNOO-KHNNG**

UHH...WHAT  
BLOODY  
RACKET IS  
THIS?

TANKRED, NOBLE  
LORD. MAKE HASTE  
AND STIR. IT IS TIME  
AGAIN TO WAKE  
FOR WAR.

BE GONE, ARNULF!  
TANKRED HAS BARELY  
SLUMBERED. DO NOT  
GORD ME WITH GOOD  
HUMOUR! AWAY NOW!

I CANNOT  
DO THAT,  
LORD...FOR  
ARNULF IS  
DEAD!





WHAT...  
SAY... YOU?



I AM  
TECHMARINE PIRAMUS.  
IT HAS BEEN MY DUTY AND  
DELIGHT TO TEND YOU SINCE  
MY FORMER MASTER,  
TECHMARINE ARNULF, CEASED  
TO BE. HIS SPIRIT IS NOW  
WITH THE MACHINE  
GOD...



WHAT MORTAL FORM  
WAS LEFT TO HIM NOW  
RESIDES IN REVERENCE IN  
OUR ORDERS OSSUARY. I  
MYSELF WAS BEQUEATHED  
MUCH OF HIS AUGMENTS WHEN  
I WAS ELEVATED TO FULL  
TECHMARINE STATUS.



HOW... LONG?  
HOW LONG HAS  
IT BEEN?

A FULL TWO  
CENTURIES AND A  
THIRD, LORD. WHEN  
YOU WERE LAST  
WOKEN AND  
WALKING, I WAS BUT  
AN ADEPT. DO YOU  
NOT RECALL?

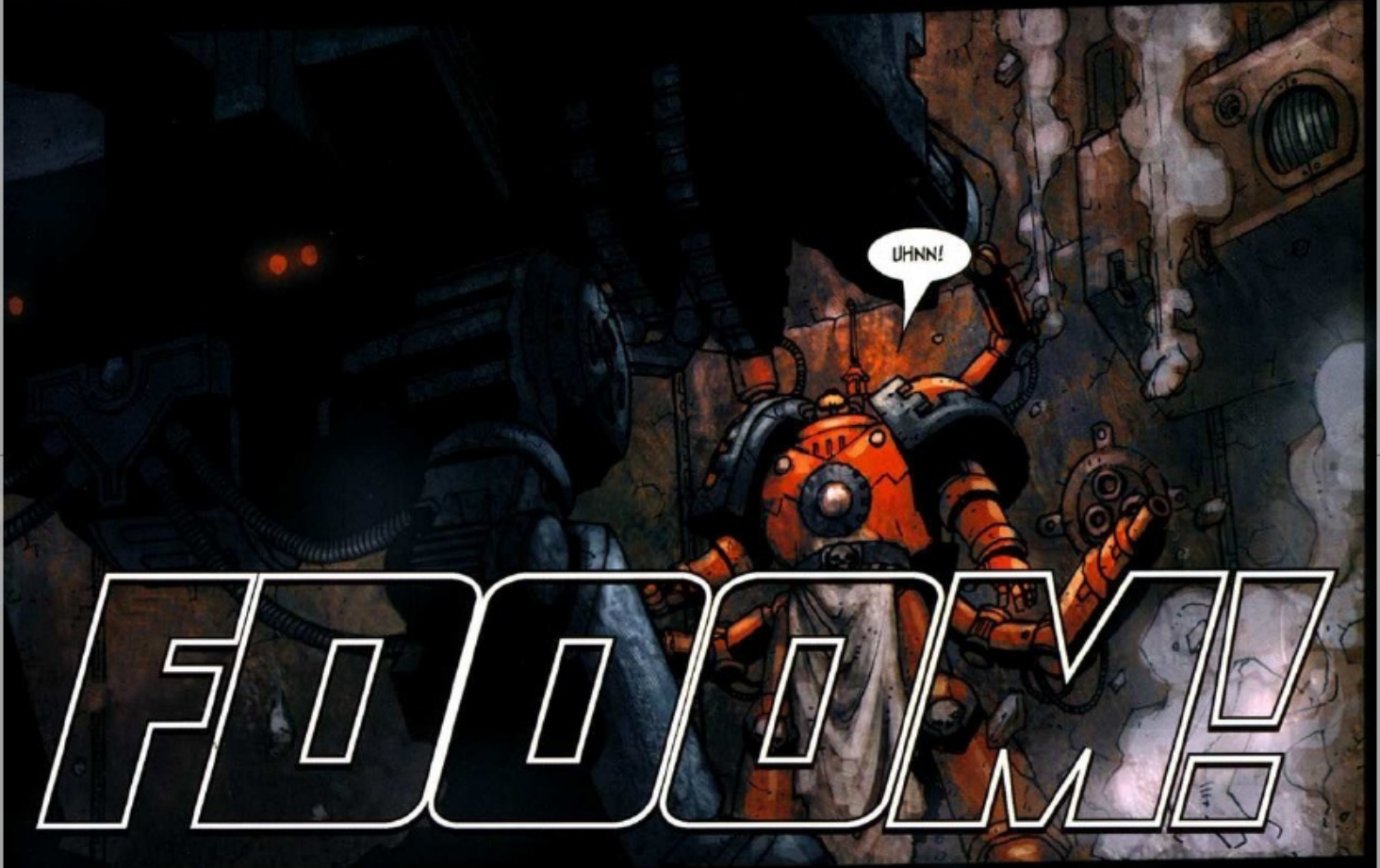






TIME PASSES  
IN A PARADE OF  
FACES--ONLY  
TANKRED ENDURES  
...ALONE.

NEVER  
ALONE, MY LORD.  
THE EMPEROR IS WITH  
US ALWAYS, ESPECIALLY  
YOUR NOBLE COMPANY. YOU  
ARE AMONGST HIS CHOSEN,  
HIS IMMORTAL PALADINS  
WHO WALK BESIDE HIM  
THROUGHOUT  
ETERNITY!



UHHN!

# FOOOOM!



STATUS?

THE  
WAR DOES NOT  
GO WELL THIS DAY. THE  
ARMIES OF THE ENEMY  
RISE AGAINST US IN AN  
INTERMINABLE  
TIDE.

NO MATTER  
WHAT VALIANT FORCE  
WE PUT TO THE FIELD,  
THEY ARE GROUND  
BENEATH THE  
HERETICS' HEEL.

IT IS WHY YOU HAVE BEEN ROUSED AND  
RAISED. WHY WE HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED TO  
THIS SECTOR. YOU HAVE BEEN ASKED FOR BY  
NAME! THERE ARE FEW WHO MATCH YOUR  
FIRE, SKILL AND TACTIC.

WHAT IS  
THE NATURE OF  
THE BEAST  
TANKRED MUST  
DESTROY?





"EVIL, MY LORD~!!"

"...EVIL INCARNATE!"

YEAR TWELVE OF THE  
LACHRYMA INSURGENCY.



BLACK TEMPLAR CHAPTER KEEP  
SIEGE OF THE THANE GILIAD SPIRE.

"PRAISE BE  
TO HIM WHO IS  
THE HIGHEST  
OF ALL."

"HIM WHO IS THE  
EXEMPLAR AND  
THE PARAGON."

BAADABADABAD!

"WHOSE WORD IS MY  
ROCK. WHOSE  
COURAGE, MY CREED."





IN WHOSE  
LIGHT AND MIGHT  
I COMMIT MY  
LIFE, HEART AND  
SOUL.



NEOPHYTE  
RACLAW...

YES?



I AM  
BROTHER TOVE,  
YOUR NEW INITIATE.  
YOU WILL ADDRESS ME  
HEREWITH AS MASTER.  
UNDERSTOOD?

YES,  
MASTER.



WALK WITH  
ME.



YOU HAVE BEEN  
THE CLOISTERED  
PENITENT THESE PAST  
WEEKS. DO YOU LAMENT  
BROTHER BRUNNER'S  
PASSING?

NO,  
MASTER. HE  
GAVE HIS LIFE IN  
THE SERVICE OF THE  
EMPEROR. THERE IS  
NO GREATER  
HONOUR.





TAKE US  
DOWN.



I HAVE READ BROTHER  
BRUNNER'S NOTES AND  
COMMENTARIES ON YOUR  
PROGRESS. HE RATED  
YOU HIGHLY.

TO SERVE IS  
ITS OWN REWARD.  
PRAISE IS NEVER  
SOUGHT.



GOOD--FOR AS  
OF NOW, HIS WORDS  
ARE WORTHLESS!  
WE SHALL START  
AGAIN, FROM THE  
BEGINNING.

I SHALL MAKE  
MY OWN ANALYSIS  
TO SEE HOW  
WORTHY OF MY  
ATTENTION YOU  
TRULY ARE.

YES,  
MASTER.



TELL ME, IN YOUR  
PRIMITIVE DAYS,  
BEFORE YOU HEEDED  
THE EMPEROR'S  
CALL-TO-ARMS: HOW  
WOULD YOU HAVE  
PROVED AND  
TEMPERED AN EDGED  
WEAPON?



IN A FORGE,  
HAMMERED AND  
SHAPED WITH  
MIGHT AND HEAT  
AND FIRE.





THUS IT SHALL BE WITH YOU.

I SHALL PUT YOUR METTLE TO THE TEST AND SEE WHAT EMERGES.



FOR THE EMPEROR!



**FOR THE EMPEROR!**





THE BATTLE OF  
CARRION GULF.

THE DAY HAS BEEN  
HARD FOUGHT.

IT HAS BEEN  
ONE OF  
TRUMPHS—

—AND  
UNCOMMON  
VALOUR.

YET, IN THE MIDST  
OF THE FRAY, THE  
FOE HAS BEEN  
UNEXPECTEDLY  
ROUTED.

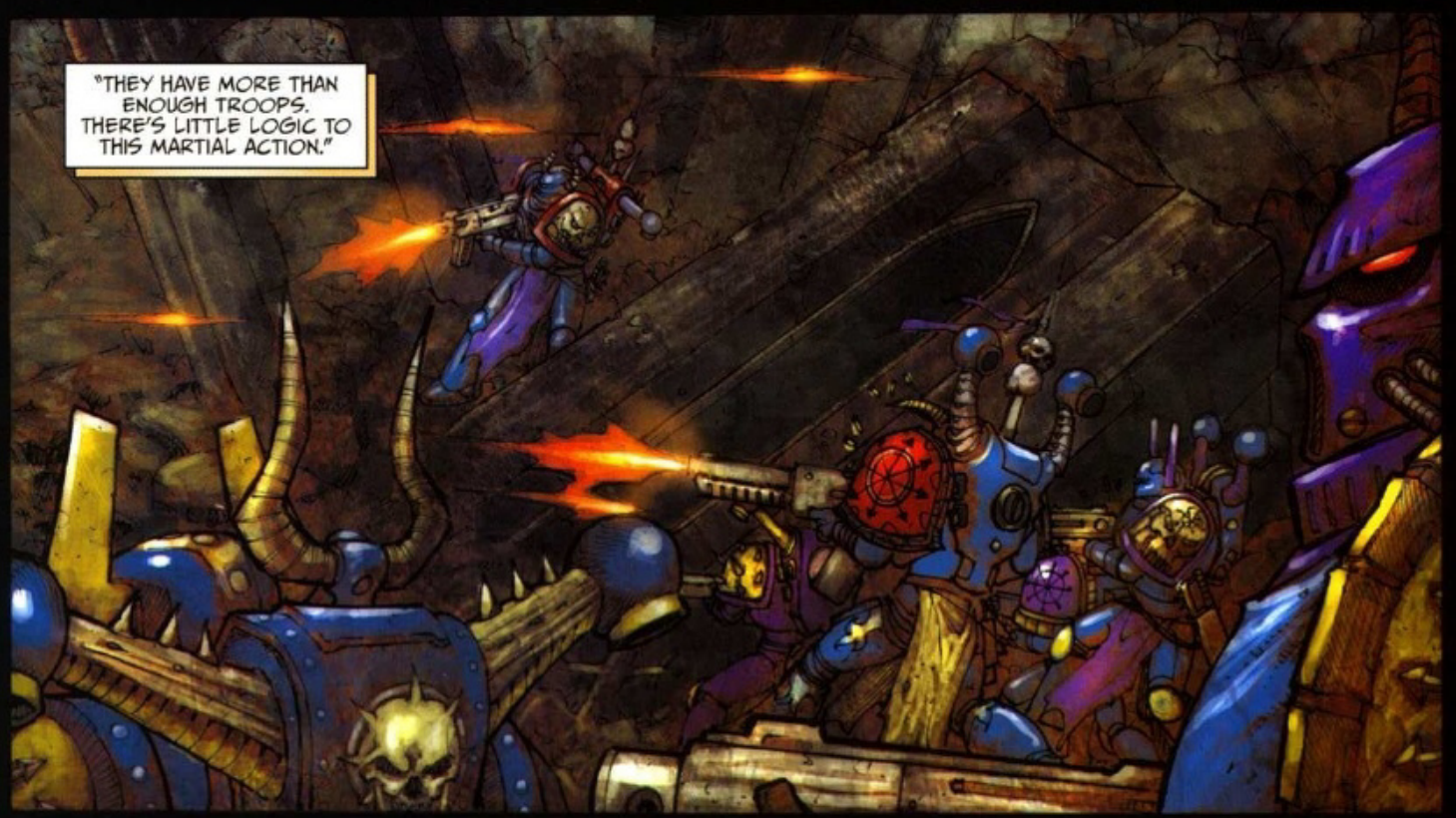




ALL FRONTS  
REPORT THE ENEMY  
WITHDRAWING!

WITHDRAWAL  
DOES NOT MEAN  
RETREAT!

BRAPPA!



"THEY HAVE MORE THAN  
ENOUGH TROOPS.  
THERE'S LITTLE LOGIC TO  
THIS MARTIAL ACTION."



YOU SUSPECT  
DECEPTION? A  
FEINT?

I SUSPECT  
EVERYTHING WHERE  
CHAOS HAS LAID ITS  
VILE TAIN. YET THIS  
WAS TOO CLUMSY  
AND OBVIOUS TO  
BE A LURE.



OR IS THAT WHAT  
THEY WISH US TO  
THINK?

SUCH DRY  
DEBATE IS FOR  
ANOTHER TIME. HAVE  
THE SWORD BROTHERN  
MONITOR OUR LEFT  
FLANK, THE  
DREADNOUGHTS  
OUR RIGHT.



THERE IS  
ONLY ONE  
WAY TO BE  
CERTAIN.





IF IT IS A RUSE, WE SHALL PLAY THE PREY AND DRAW THEM OUT LIKE POISON FROM A WOUND.



A SCANT THIRTY YARDS IN, IT'S CLEAR SOMETHING IS AWRY. TRENCHES, FOX-HOLES, FORTIFIED POSITIONS, ENOUGH FOR A DOZEN REGIMENTS--ABANDONED.



PRIZED ARMOUR AND ORDNANCE, DISCARDED IN HASTE FOR SOME HIGHER PRIORITY?



AND CORPSES BY THE TENS OF THOUSANDS, HUNDREDS, CORRUPTED BY CHAOS, LIMBS ABRADED TO STUMPS OF RAGGED MEAT AND SPLINTERED BONE.

WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?



SEE HERE, THEY HAVE BEEN FORCED TO DIG UNTIL DEATH. SOME USING THEIR MOUTHS AFTER THEIR LIMBS FAILED!

FOR WHAT PURPOSE?





SO THIS IS  
WHY THEY WERE  
ROOTING AROUND ON  
THIS NOWHERE WORLD!  
THEY WERE SEARCHING  
FOR SOMETHING?

AND  
FOUND IT, BY ALL  
APPEARANCES!



THEY'VE  
WITHDRAWN BECAUSE  
THIS IS NO LONGER  
ABOUT THE BATTLE BUT  
THE WAR. WHAT THEY'VE  
FOUND THERE, THEY  
PRIZE ABOVE ALL  
THINGS.

THEY DO  
NOT WANT OPEN  
CONFLICT. THEY'RE  
DIGGING IN, WAITING  
FOR REINFORCEMENTS.  
WHICH MEANS FOR NOW,  
THEY FEEL THEY ARE  
VULNERABLE!





"A TITANIUM"







"--BUT A PAIR!"



TO BE CONTINUED



# WARHAMMER<sup>®</sup> 40,000

TM

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40,000

# DAMNATION CRUSADE



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ABNETT - EDGINTON - BOYCHUK - RINGUET



**YEAR TWELVE  
OF THE LACHRYMA  
INSURGENCY.**

IS THIS ALL  
THERE IS? IS THIS  
HIS BEST? THE  
FEARFUL FLITCH  
THAT CALLS ITSELF  
EMPEROR!

SEE HOW I  
HAVE BROKEN  
HIS TOYS---

--RENDERED HIS  
CHILDREN TO OFFAL  
AND ICHOR!

UHHH...

NUHH...

THEY ARE  
THE SPOOR  
OF WAR!

**WHUDG!**

THEY ARE  
NOTHING! HE IS  
NOTHING!





HE IS A CRINGING  
COWARD, CLINGING TO  
HIS LIFE'S LAST SPARK  
DREADING THE RAVENOUS  
ABYSS OF EXTINCTION  
THAT ACHES TO  
CONSUME HIM!



COME  
COWARD, I AM  
WAITING!



"SEND ME YOUR  
CHAMPIONS TO THE  
LAST MAN..."



"...THAT I MIGHT GRIND THEM  
ALL INTO CINDER AND RUIN!"





IN THE NAME  
OF THE EMPEROR DO WE  
ENTREAT THE WAR-SPIRITS  
THAT THEY MAY HEED OUR  
INCANTATIONS OF CONFLICT  
AND COMBAT AND GUIDE OUR  
VENERABLE LORD IN THE  
MINISTRATION OF HIS  
WRATH!



DOWN  
THE LONG MARCH  
OF YEARS, IN THE  
ENDLESS WATCHES OF  
THE ETERNAL NIGHT DO  
THESE MIGHTY BRETHREN  
WAR AND WAIT AND  
WAR AGAIN.

IN CLEANSING  
FIRE AND FURY DO  
THEY PRAISE YOU. BY  
RIGHTEOUS DEATH  
AND DESTRUCTION  
DO THEY MAKE HIGH  
YOUR NAME.

LIFT US  
FROM WOE  
TO WAR, FROM  
SORROW TO  
SLAUGHTER.

LET  
VENGEANCE,  
JUSTICE AND WRATH  
BE OUR WATCHWORDS.  
TO SERVE THE  
EMPEROR. IN THE  
NAME OF DORN.







**THE BATTLE OF  
CARRION GULF. THE  
THIRD YEAR OF THE  
TORMENT CRUSADE.**

"SO NOW WE  
HAVE THE TRUTH  
OF IT AT LAST."

"THE VILE WASTE OF THE  
WARP HAVE SCORED THE  
FLESH FROM THE FACE OF  
THIS GREY BACKWATER WITH  
ONE PURPOSE IN MIND."

"THEY HAVE COME  
HUNTING TITANS!"





HOW  
OR WHY THE  
GREAT MACHINES  
WERE BURIED  
HERE IS NOT OUR  
CONCERN.

LIKEWISE  
HOW THESE AGENTS  
OF CANKER AND  
CORRUPTION CAME BY  
THE KNOWLEDGE OF  
THEIR PRESENCE.



OUR PATH  
IS SINGULAR AND  
CLEAR. THE TITANS,  
NOT THE BATTLE,  
ARE THE GOAL  
HERE!



AS WE'VE  
WITNESSED, THE  
ENEMY HAS MORE THAN  
ENOUGH TROOPS AND  
DISPOSITION TO TAKE  
THE FIELD. INSTEAD THEY  
HAVE WITHDRAWN BEHIND  
THEIR EARTHWORK  
AND DUG IN.

THEY  
ARE AWAITING  
REINFORCEMENTS AND  
TRANSPORT TO CONVEY  
THE TITANS OFF-WORLD,  
WHICH THE IMPERIAL  
NAVY IS INTENT ON  
DEPRIVING THEM.





HOWEVER,  
IT ALSO MEANS  
WE IN TURN CANNOT  
BE RE-SUPPLIED  
OR SUPPORTED.

THEN  
WE ARE  
ALONE?



WE ARE  
NEVER ALONE.  
THE EMPEROR IS  
OUR CONSTANT IN  
ALL THINGS! BY HIS  
LIGHT WE SHALL  
PREVAIL!

AS IT  
SHALL EVER  
BE!



WE MUST ACT SWIFTLY  
BEFORE THEY SOLIDIFY  
THEIR DEFENCE PERIMETER.  
THE ENEMIES' REDOUBT HAS  
BEEN BUILT IN HASTE. THERE  
ARE VOIDS AND BLIND SPOTS  
IN THEIR FORTIFICATIONS.  
CHAOS TURNED CULTISTS MAKE  
PITIFUL ENGINEERS. THIS  
WORKS IN OUR FAVOUR.





BROTHER SKELD.  
BROTHER BRANT. YOU  
WILL LEAD THE SWORD  
BRETHREN IN THE MAIN  
ASSAULT.

CAST  
EVERYTHING UPON  
THEM. PREDATORS.  
DREADNOUGHTS. DRAW  
THE FOE UP ONTO THEIR  
FRONT LINE, HECTOR,  
AND HIT THEM  
HARD.



I WILL TAKE A  
SECONDARY FORCE,  
MANOEUVRE THROUGH  
THE DEADFALL AND  
OPEN UP ANOTHER  
FRONT ALONG THEIR  
VULNERABLE RIGHT  
FLANK.

THEY CANNOT  
BE PERMITTED TO  
SECURE THE TITANS.  
WE WILL WAGE WAR  
TO THE LAST MAN  
STANDING IF NEED  
BE.



BROTHER  
GERHART--

WHAT IS IT,  
BROTHER?

--INCOMING  
VOX-CAST FROM  
ADMIRAL  
SALLUST.



"HE REPORTS  
THAT THEY HAVE  
ENGAGED THE  
ENEMY!"





**PURGING OF THE  
SINNABAHN HIVE--  
FIRST CAMPAIGN.**



MY NAME IS  
RACLAW--BUT THAT  
IS NO LONGER  
WHO I AM.

RACLAW WAS A BLUNT  
INSTRUMENT, A NOBLE  
SAVAGE OF THE DRUMKIL  
CLAN. LIVING A SHORT,  
VIOLENT LIFE IN PRIMAL  
SQUALOR ON A  
BACKWOODS WORLD.



THEN THE EMPEROR'S  
EMISSARY CAME AND  
RAISED ME UP, SHOWED  
ME A UNIVERSE OF  
RAPTURES MAJESTY--

FIGHTING  
COMPANY  
FRONT AND  
CENTRE!







--AND  
UNIMAGINABLE  
HORROR.



**GIAAHHH!**

I AM HIS  
NOW.

I BELONG TO  
THE EMPEROR!

**BRRAAAA!**





FORWARD!

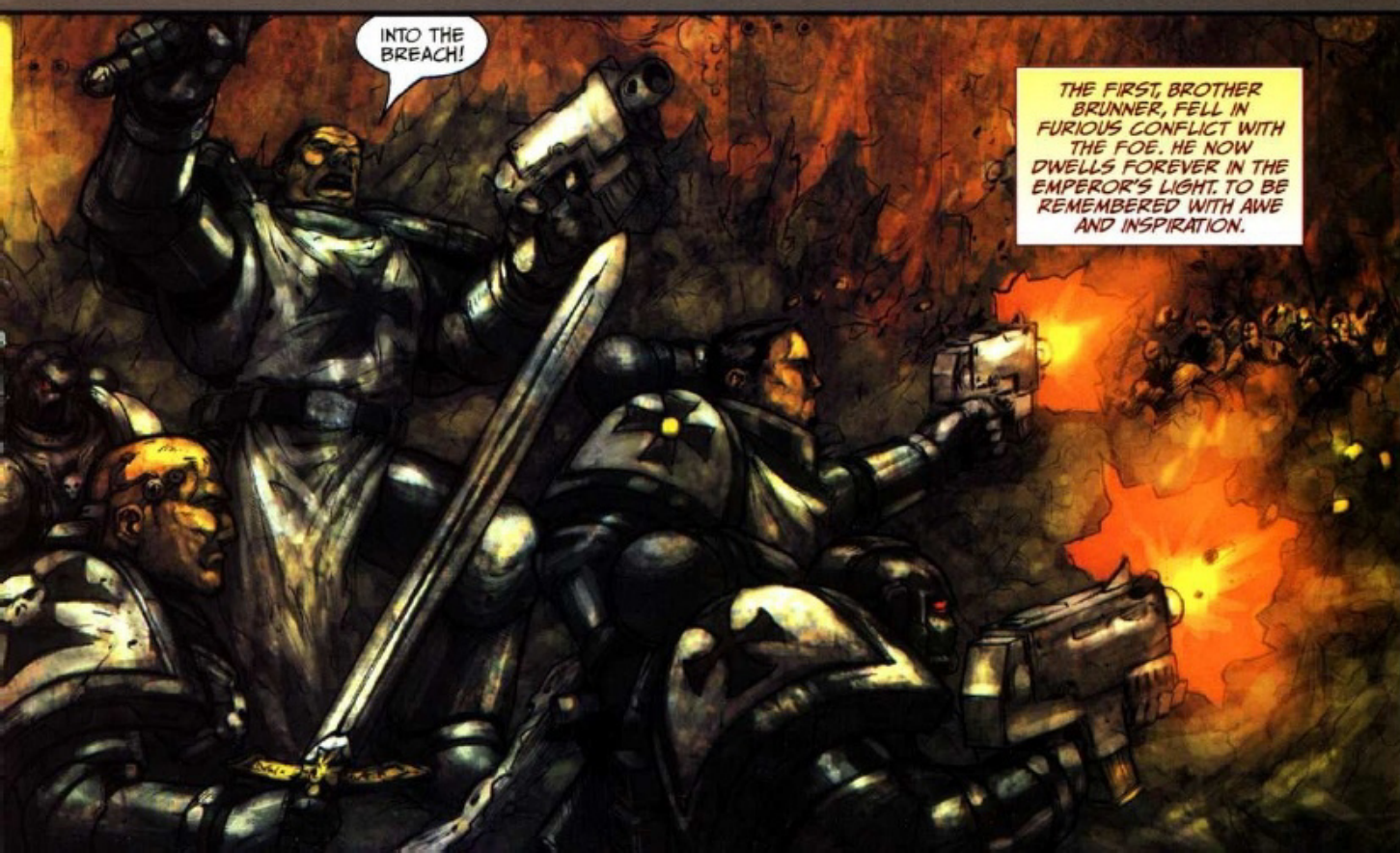
FOOAAMM!

MY BODY AND SOUL HAVE BEEN PARED, POURED, MOULDED AND RECAST INTO AN INSTRUMENT OF HIS GLORIOUS WRATH AND PITILESS MERCY.



BAK-KOON!

I HAVE LABOURED FOR FIVE DECADES AND A HALF AS A NEOPHYTE, SCHOOLED IN THE DIVINE ARTS OF COMBAT AND CONTEMPLATION UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF MY INITIATE MASTERS.



INTO THE BREACH!

THE FIRST, BROTHER BRUNNER, FELL IN FURIOUS CONFLICT WITH THE FOE. HE NOW DWELLS FOREVER IN THE EMPEROR'S LIGHT. TO BE REMEMBERED WITH AWE AND INSPIRATION.





NEOPHYTE  
RACLAW! TAKE  
THE LEFT FLANK  
AND HOLD IT!

YES,  
MASTER.

IT IS BROTHER  
TOVE WHO NOW  
TAKES ME TO  
TASK.



**BRRA PPA!**

CAMPAIGN AFTER CAMPAIGN,  
BATTLE UPON BATTLE, HE  
PITS ME AGAINST THE  
SERRIED RANKS OF THE  
HEATHEN AND THE HERETIC.



AS A ROUGH CAST BLADE IS  
HEATED, HAMMERED AND THRUST  
BACK INTO THE FORGE UNTIL IT  
IS SHAPED AND SET, SO  
BROTHER TOVE TEMPERED AND  
TESTS MY METTLE.

**BRRA PPA!**



**GIAAA!!**

THERE IS NO SET DURATION FOR A  
NEOPHYTE'S PROVING. TO RAIL WITH  
IMPATIENCE IS TO COURT WEAKNESS  
AND INVITE CORRUPTION.





TO BECOME A WEAPON  
IS A PRACTICAL MATTER  
OF SINEW AND SKILL.



THE SOUL  
THAT WIELDS  
IT, HOWEVER,  
TAKES LONGER  
TO HONE AND  
KEEN.



IT REQUIRES  
ENDURANCE,  
ENLIGHTENMENT  
AND MOST  
PRECIOUS OF  
ALL--

FOR THE  
EMPEROR!



--FAITH!



## THE BATTLE OF CARRION GULF.

NIGHT SETTLES IN A  
SUFFOCATING SHROUD.  
THE AIR HEAVY WITH A  
MAUSOLEUM STILLNESS.

MUFFLED, DISTANT.  
THE CLATTER OF  
INDUSTRY AS THE  
ENEMY TOILS AT ITS  
WRETCHED LABOURS.

VOX-COM  
CRACKLES  
INTO LIFE.

"BROTHER  
GERHART?"

BROTHER  
SKELD, WHAT'S  
YOUR STATUS?

"WE ARE IN  
POSITION AND  
HOLDING."

AS ARE WE.  
PROCEED WHEN  
READY.

"UNDERSTOOD."



THE PREDATORS  
SPEAK FIRST.

**FDDDDMM!  
FDDDDMM!  
FDDDDMM!**

AN OVERTURE  
OF ORDNANCE AND  
ATTRITION--

TO YOUR  
STATIONS!

--ROUSING A NEST  
OF VIPERS.







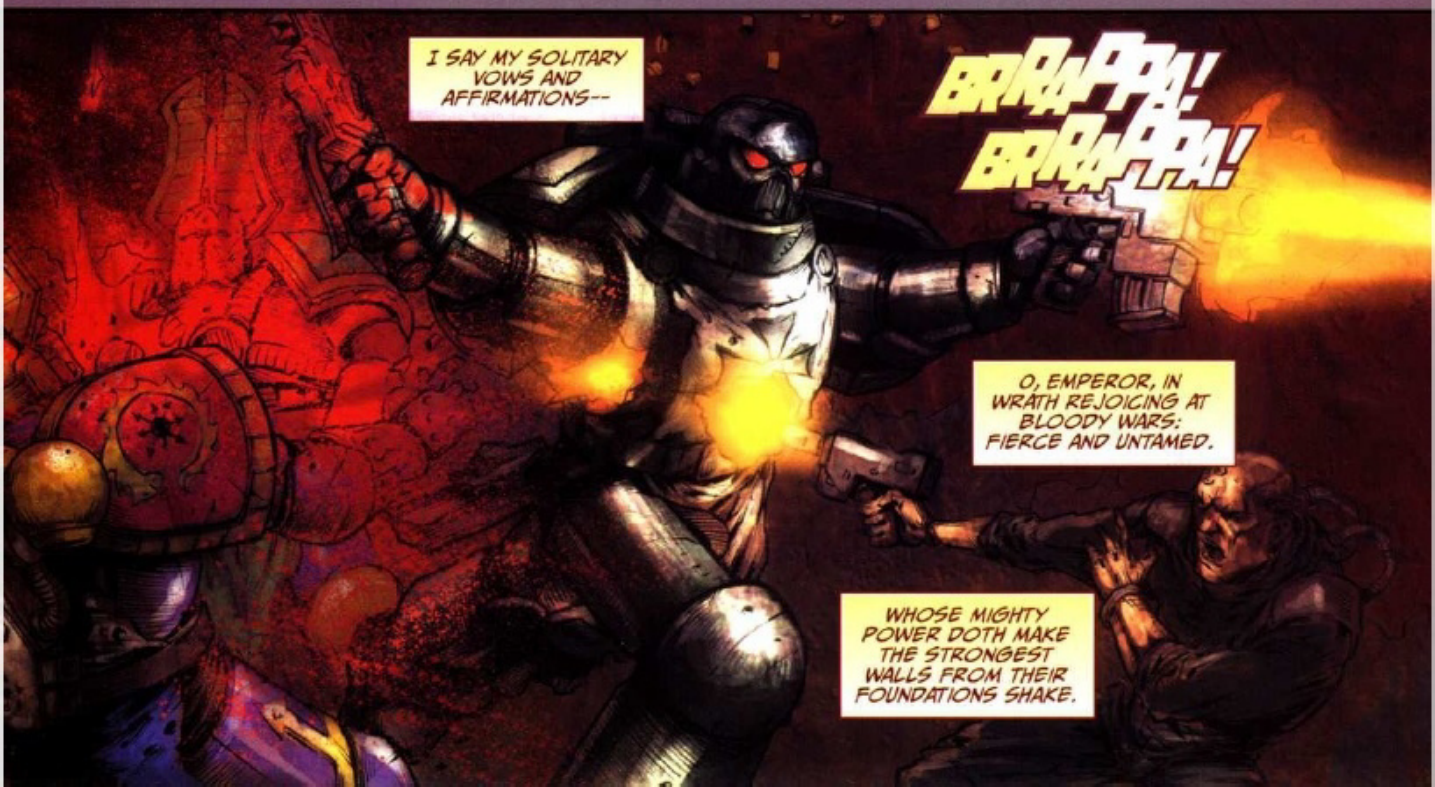


MOVE  
OUT!

WE ARE OUTNUMBERED.  
THE ODDS RANKED  
AGAINST US, YET THERE IS  
NOT A SECOND'S PAUSE.  
WE ARE RESOLUTE.



WE GO TO WAR  
AS TO PRAYER.



I SAY MY SOLITARY  
VOWS AND  
AFFIRMATIONS--

**BRAAPPA!**  
**BRAAPPA!**

O, EMPEROR, IN  
WRATH REJOICING AT  
BLOODY WARS:  
FIERCE AND UNTAMED.

WHOSE MIGHTY  
POWER DOETH MAKE  
THE STRONGEST  
WALLS FROM THEIR  
FOUNDATIONS SHAKE.





O'EMPEROR,  
LORD OF WAR.  
HEAR THIS, MY  
WARRIOR'S  
OATH...

YOU WHO ARE  
THE MIGHTIEST OF  
ALL MEN. THE PARAGON.  
THE EXEMPLAR. THE  
ALL-CONQUERING MASTER  
OF MANKIND. MAKE THESE  
COMING HOURS OF YOUR  
SERVANT'S LIFE FULL OF  
VALOUR AND VALUE.



MY SWORD  
SHALL NOT WAVER.  
NOR MY HEART WEAKEN.  
I SHALL DROWN THE  
XENO IN HIS OWN  
BLOOD. I SHALL SMITE  
GLORIOUS RUIN UPON  
THE HERETIC. THIS I  
SWEAR!



THRONE OF  
TERRA!

OUR FEINT HAS  
FAILED. OUR MARTIAL  
ACTION HAS BEEN  
ANTICIPATED!







**DESTROY  
THEM! BE THEIR  
DOOM!**

**TO BE CONCLUDED!**



# WARHAMMER<sup>®</sup>

## 40,000

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and Ian Edginton

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Colored by JM Ringuet

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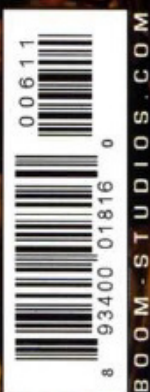


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**WARHAMMER**  
40,000

# DAMNATION CRUSADE



ABNETT - EDGINTON - BOYCHUK - ANTONIO  
LAPHAM - CHIN - IFS - AERONIK



OURS IS A WORLD OF WAR--AN  
ETERNITY OF CONFLICT FOUGHT IN  
THE EMPEROR'S NAME. FOR AS HE  
NEVER RESTS OR WAVERS FROM  
ENDLESS STRIFE, NEITHER SHALL WE.

THE BATTLE OF  
CARRION GULF, THE  
THIRD YEAR OF THE  
TORMENT CRUSADE.

AS IT IS ABOVE--

--SO BELOW.

YIIAAHH!







WE FEW MAY DIE THIS DAY,  
BUT DEATH IS NOT TO BE  
FEARED—ONLY FAILURE.

"THOUGH OUNUMBERED AND  
OUTLANKED, WE SHALL HOLD FAST.  
DEATH OF OUR NUMBERED BRETHREN  
SHATTERS THEIR RECKLESS LINE AND  
DEPRIVE THESE SPRAWN OF CHAOS  
THEIR TRIN PRIESTS.



ONE BY ONE, WE  
ARE DIMINISHED.



ONE BY ONE, THE  
TOLL IS TAKEN.



I DO NOT MOURN,  
THEY GO TO  
DWELL IN SURETY  
OF THE EMBODIMENT  
OF THE LORD OF  
THESE IS NO  
GREATER CALLING.



I AM LAST  
MAN  
STANDING.

EMPTY...





COME  
THEN, LET US  
FINISH THIS!



THE WAVE OF  
ABOMINATION  
RISES, PAUSES--



--AND PARTS.

I AM  
LORD KINE,  
YOUR NEMESIS!  
LOOK UPON ME  
AND DESPAIR!

YOU WILL  
NOT DIE HERE,  
MAN OF FLESH  
AND FAITH!

WE SHALL TAKE  
YOU AND BREAK YOU AND  
POUR CORRUPTION INTO YOUR  
SOUL UNTIL IT IS AS MOTHERS'  
MILK. THEN, WHEN YOU ARE A  
RUINED, WRETCHED THING, WE  
SHALL SET YOU UPON YOUR  
OWN--A MADDENED DOG  
OF WAR.



WHAT HAVE YOU  
TO SAY TO SUCH  
DELIGHTS?





MY NAME...  
HNNKK!

MY NAME IS  
GERHART!



PTUU!

HNNHK!



I AM OF THE SWORD  
BRETHREN OF MARSHALL  
KOR--HNNK!--MARSHALL  
KORNELIUSZ'S FIGHTING  
COMPANY. NOW TELL  
ME--HNNK!



WHO  
WANTS TO BE  
FIRST?



YEAR TWELVE OF THE  
LACHRYMA INSURGENCY.

BY THE  
HAND OF  
DOORN!

**CHUDDOOM!**

**BRRAPPA!**

**CHUDDOOM!**

FOR THE  
THRONE OF  
TERRA!

**CHUDDOOM!**

IN THE  
EMPEROR'S  
NAME!

**BRRAPPA!**

**DIE!**









ПППН...

ARE YOU TRULY  
THE BEST THAT  
CHARNEL HOUSE  
SCRAPING CAN  
MUSTER?



A SLIVER  
OF GREY MEAT,  
WRAPPED IN  
ITS RUSTING  
TOMBS!

УНННН...



SKRIII!

ГНН...

I HAVE PARED  
THE HARSH RIND FROM  
THE FLESH OF MANY OF  
YOUR BROTHERS THIS DAY.  
STRIPPING THE CARAPACE  
OF THEIR HEINOUS LIVERY,  
EXPOSING THEIR RANK,  
ROTTING PITH!



SKREANNING!

RANCID AND  
GASPING, I TORE  
THEM FROM THEIR  
IRON SKINS!  
SQUIRMING AND  
SCREAMING AS  
THEY DIED!





SUCH  
IS YOUR  
FATE, LITTLE  
THING!



YOUR FINAL  
HOUR IS ALL  
BUT RUN!



I AM  
TANKRED--



GIAAHHH!

AND TANKRED  
ENDURES!!





IN THE  
EMPEROR'S  
NAME!

**BRAPPA!**  
**BRAPPA!**  
**BRAPPA!**



NONE ARE SPARED THE  
TOUCH OF HIS WRATH!  
HE IS THE LIGHT, THE  
MIGHT AND THE WAY...



HHHH...  
TANKRED LIVES  
TO SERVE...



TANKRED...  
END...ENDURES...



THE ROUT OF HERCHEST RIDGE.  
THIRD YEAR OF  
THE SCYRENE  
CAMPAIGN.

FORWARD!  
THEIR LINE FALTERS;  
WE HAVE THE  
ADVANTAGE! DO  
NOT GIVE THEM  
PAUSE!



THE  
UNCLEAN  
SHALL PERISH  
AND THE  
RIGHTEOUS  
PROSPER!

THAT ONE HAS  
METTLE--A NATURAL  
LEADER DESPITE  
HIS RANK. HE'S  
YOUR NEOPHYTE,  
ISN'T HE?

NEOPHYTE RACLAW,  
A HILL-TRIBESMAN  
GARNERED ON A  
PROVINCIAL SWEEP BY  
BROTHER BRUNNER SIX  
DECADES PAST.



BRAKKKA!

THERE'S STILL  
SOMETHING OF THE  
SAVAGE TO HIM. SEE  
HOW HE VALUES HIS  
BLADE ABOVE HIS  
BOLTER.







A RUSE. THAT IS  
WHAT HE WISHES  
HIS ADVERSARY  
TO THINK.



THUS THE ENEMY BECOMES  
OVER-CONFIDENT--



--AND CARELESS.





INITIATIVE AND IMAGINATION.  
IMPRESSION. YET HE STILL  
REMAINS A NEOPHYTE?







NEOPHYTE RAGLAW!  
FRONT AND CENTER!



YES,  
MASTER.

TELL ME,  
NEOPHYTE, DO  
YOU RECALL WHO  
YOU WERE BEFORE  
THE EMPEROR  
BESTOWED HIS  
GRACE AND GIFTS  
UPON YOU?

I WAS A MAN. A  
SMALL, UNCERTAIN  
THING DWELLING IN  
IGNORANCE IN  
THE DARK.

NOW, I AM  
AN ENLIGHTENED  
INSTRUMENT OF THE  
EMPEROR'S WRATH.  
HIS ETERNAL  
JUDGEMENT, FAITH  
AND FURY.





YOU WERE  
BROTHER BRUNNER'S  
CHARGE; WHEN HE FELL,  
YOUR TUTELAGE BECAME  
MY DUTY AND I HAVE  
TASKED YOU TO THIS  
DAY.

NOW THIS DAY  
IS ALMOST DONE--  
AND WITH IT, YOUR  
INSTRUCTION.



YOU ARE  
NO LONGER MY  
NEOPHYTE BUT MY  
BROTHER--AN INITIATE  
OF THE BLACK  
TEMPLARS.

THERE WILL  
BE TIME ENOUGH  
FOR CEREMONY AND  
ORDINATION WHEN WE  
RETURN TO THE  
CHAPTER HOUSE, BUT  
FOR NOW YOU  
HAVE MY HAND--  
BROTHER.



THANK YOU...  
BROTHER. I ALSO  
HAVE A REQUEST. TO  
HONOUR BROTHER  
BRUNNER, I WISH TO  
TAKE HIS FORENAME  
AS MY OWN.

A WISE  
CHOICE. SO  
BE IT--



--BROTHER  
GERHART.



**THE BATTLE OF CARRION GULF.**



THE ROUT IS  
SET! PUSH HARD 'TIL  
THERE'S NEITHER  
BLOOD NOR BREATH  
LEFT IN THEM!



BROTHER  
BRANT--  
HERE!



BROTHER  
GERHART!

CUHUGH-  
CUH-  
CUHOB!

APOTHECARIES  
TO THIS POSITION,  
IMMEDIATELY!



THE DAY  
- CUASH -  
WENT THE DAY  
WELL?

YOUR ACTION  
BOUGHT US TIME  
TO BREAK THEIR LINE.  
THEIR FORCES HAVE  
BEEN DONE TO DUST.  
THEY WILL BE NOUGHT  
BUT A STAIN AND A  
MEMORY, COME  
NIGHTFALL!





ADMIRAL SALLUST REPORTS THE IMPERIAL NAVY HAVE TURNED AND BROKEN THE ENEMIES' RELIEF ARMADA. THEY HAVE BEEN DEPRIVED OF THEIR PRIZE AND TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL. IT IS A VICTORY ON ALL FRONTS.

THE EMPEROR  
BE PRAISED--  
CGHUUH--  
CAHUKKI!



--UHNN--  
HHH--

TAKE YOUR  
WARRIORS EASE,  
BROTHER. YOU  
HAVE EARNED THE  
RIGHT.



GOOD  
APOTHECARY,  
BE SWIFT. OUR  
BROTHER NEEDS  
YOUR  
MINISTRATIONS.



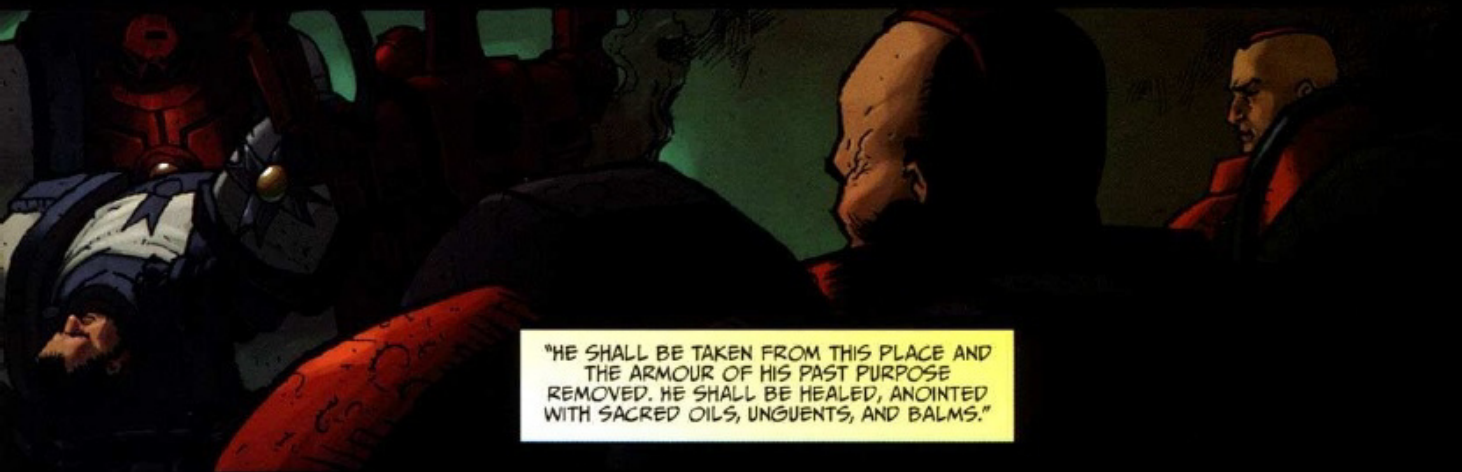
BROTHER  
GERHARTS INJURIES  
ARE SORELY GRIEVOUS.  
HE IS BEYOND THE  
BENEFIT OF ANY PHYSIC  
I CAN ADMINISTER  
HERE.





WE WILL  
NOT ABANDON SUCH  
PARAGONS TO SUCCUMB  
TO THE RAVAGES OF  
MORTALITY. THE WAY  
WILL BE PREPARED  
FOR HIM.

HE SHALL  
NOT BE LAID LOW  
BUT RAISED HIGH AND  
EXALTED. HE WILL JOIN  
THE EMPEROR'S  
IMMORTAL RETINUE AND  
WALK THE ROAD OF  
AGES.



"HE SHALL BE TAKEN FROM THIS PLACE AND  
THE ARMOUR OF HIS PAST PURPOSE  
REMOVED. HE SHALL BE HEALED, ANOINTED  
WITH SACRED OILS, UNGUENTS, AND BALMS."



"THE INCANTATIONS  
OF INSTALLATION WILL  
BE INTONED AND THE  
LITANIES OF  
PRESERVATION GIVEN  
VOICE."

"THE MACHINE  
SPIRITS WILL BE  
SUMMONED TO  
INVEST THE ALMIGHTY  
HOST WITH THEIR  
MOTIVE ASPECT--"



\*--AND HE WILL BE  
DRESSED IN FURIOUS  
GLORY, TO WAR  
FOREVERMORE IN THE  
EMPEROR'S NAME!"





**BATTLE BARGE RECTIFIER.  
YEAR TWELVE OF THE  
LACHRYMA INSURGENCY.**



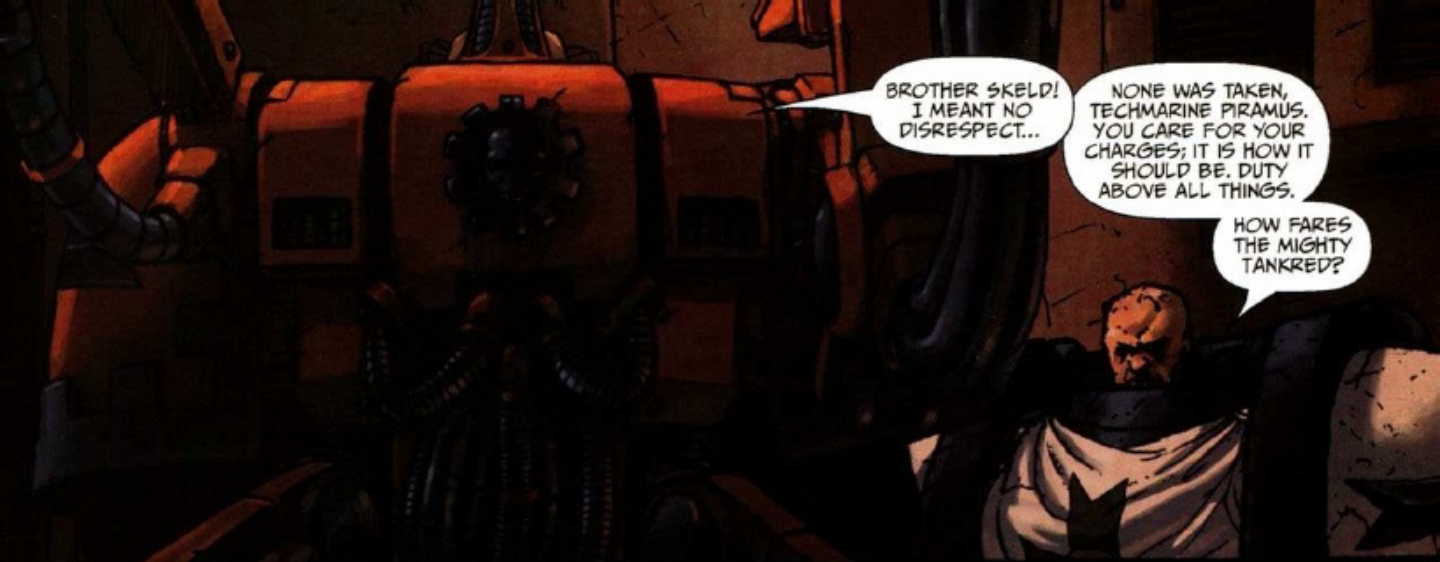
HELLO,  
BROTHER.  
IT'S BEEN A  
WHILE.



WHO IS THAT?  
WHO DARES  
TRANSGRESS THE  
REVERENCE OF  
THIS SEPULCHRE?

UHT--  
HHH...





BROTHER SKELD!  
I MEANT NO  
DISRESPECT...

NONE WAS TAKEN,  
TECHMARINE PIRAMUS.  
YOU CARE FOR YOUR  
CHARGES; IT IS HOW IT  
SHOULD BE. DUTY  
ABOVE ALL THINGS.

HOW FARES  
THE MIGHTY  
TANKRED?



HE HEALS---SLOWLY. WITH  
THE WAR-SPIRIT'S BLESSING  
THE MECHANICALS ARE BUT A  
TRIFLE TO REPAIR AGAINST  
THE TRAUMA INFLICTED UPON  
HIS DWINDLING FLESH.

THE  
APOTHECARIES  
HAVE LABOURED  
ALL THEY CAN--  
HIS FATE IS IN THE  
EMPEROR'S  
HANDS NOW.



DID YOU  
KNOW HIM, IN  
HIS WAKING  
LIFE?

I DID.  
I AM TOVE  
SKELD. I WAS  
ONCE HIS INITIATE  
AND LATER HIS  
BROTHER-IN-  
ARMS.



DOES  
HE KNOW  
WE ARE  
HERE?

DOUBTFUL. HIS SYSTEM IS  
FLOODED WITH SONAMBULIN.  
SLEEP AND TIME ARE HIS  
BEST ALLIES NOW.



IF YOU WILL FORGIVE  
ME, BROTHER. I HAVE  
DUTIES THAT NEED  
MY ATTENTION.

OF  
COURSE.





REST WELL,  
BROTHER. DREAM  
OF GLORIES PAST  
AND THOSE TO  
COME.

HNN...  
BROTHER  
SKELO?

I AM  
HERE.

TANKRED...  
TANKRED  
ENDURES...

AS DO WE  
ALL, BROTHER--  
IN THE  
EMPEROR'S  
NAME!

**THE END**



# WARHAMMER<sup>TM</sup>

## 40,000

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