

Mynarc the Unforgiven

By Phil Kelly

There are those among the distinguished and powerful individuals of the Inquisition who have, at one time, sought to wield the potent energies of Chaos to their own ends. They dedicate their researches to turning Chaos against itself, freely using their psychic gifts and becoming steeped in the blasphemous law of the Dark Gods. But over time, Chaos corrupts, and many an Inquisitor who believed he was master of the ruinous powers he consorted with has found that he was in fact the servant.

Many hundreds of years ago, Interrogator Mynarc became known within the Ordo Malleus as a promising student of the venerable and well-respected Glorian Sarck. Sarck had at one point been under the tutelage of none other than Inquisitor-Master Zaranchek Xanthus himself, founder of the Xanthite faction of the Inquisition. Like Xanthus, Sarck believed that Chaos was but a reflection of humanity, and could no more permanently be destroyed than a shadow. Sarck indoctrinated many of his pupils with this belief, but Interrogator Mynarc constantly called into question the methods of his superiors. It was this capacity to challenge the wisdom of his elders that impressed Sarck, and the ancient took it upon himself to forge the confident and capable Mynarc into a worthy protege.

Early in the 32nd Millennium, Xanthus came under

suspicion for his unorthodox actions, ultimately being declared Excommunicate Traitoris and burnt at the stake by a cell of his former peers. His associates and students went into hiding, but the puritan factions responsible for Xanthus's execution were not idle. Sarck and Mynarc were hounded mercilessly for years before they were finally able to escape the pursuit of their fellows. They encountered a tribe of nocturnal troglodytes on the remote planet of Cneiras near the Freisen Cusp, the winding maze of subterranean tunnels providing a perfect refuge from prying eyes. Sarck, using sheer force of personality and a little of his psychic ability, convinced them he was the prophet of their gods and once again took up his researches into the Immaterium.

Mynarc soon came to realise that the discovery of the troglodyte civilisation had a far darker reason than pure happenstance. The pallid

degenerates that scuttled around Mynarc as he wandered their labyrinth disgusted him, for they were ravenous and fed indiscriminately upon insects, night-soil, even their own kin. Worse still, they openly worshipped the Ruinous Powers, something his master Sarck seemed to encourage rather than condemn. A change was coming over Sarck, with the passing of each week he came to resemble their cave-dwelling hosts to an alarming extent, all but ignoring Mynarc as his fevered research slowly bore its sickly fruit. Sacrifice, ritual torture, and cold-blooded murder had all become commonplace in the ancient Inquisitor's 'experiments'. Mynarc could see what was happening, but his pleas for moderation and caution fell upon deaf ears. Over the endless months of confinement in the dark tunnels his respect for his master's esoteric knowledge





turned to jealousy, and his concern for the ancient's spiritual well-being soured into contempt.

Over time, Mynarc built up the resolve to confront his master and force him to pay the price for his blasphemous and heretical studies. He found the being that had once been Sarck crouched over a struggling troglodyte in his laboratory, rivulets of its dark blood glistening in the light of the glowing runeglyphs around the walls. The thick, guttural syllables coming from his master's fang-ridged mouth seemed to roil and pulse around the small room, and it was all Mynarc could do to retain consciousness. On a carved tabernacle in the centre of the room lay a long-bladed falchion, its surface shimmering and steaming as Sarck poured the warm blood of his sacrifice onto the thirsting metal of the blade. Mynarc was well-versed in Chaos lore, and when

comprehension of his master's purpose dawned his suspicions of his mentor's true allegiance were confirmed.

As the ritual neared its conclusion, Mynarc sprinted from his hiding place and smashed into the crooked form of his master with bone-splintering force. The venerable Inquisitor was thrown into a rack of specimen jars and slid down amidst jagged splinters of glass into a crumpled heap, spluttering and coughing a bloody gruel of spittle down his ceremonial robes. Mynarc snatched the sword from its gory resting place, spinning it round and stabbing down with it so that it skewered Sarck from collar to hip just as the last words of the ritual left the ancient's bloodied lips. A hideous, shrieking wind escaped from the robes of the dead Inquisitor, extinguishing the torches lined throughout the passages and knocking

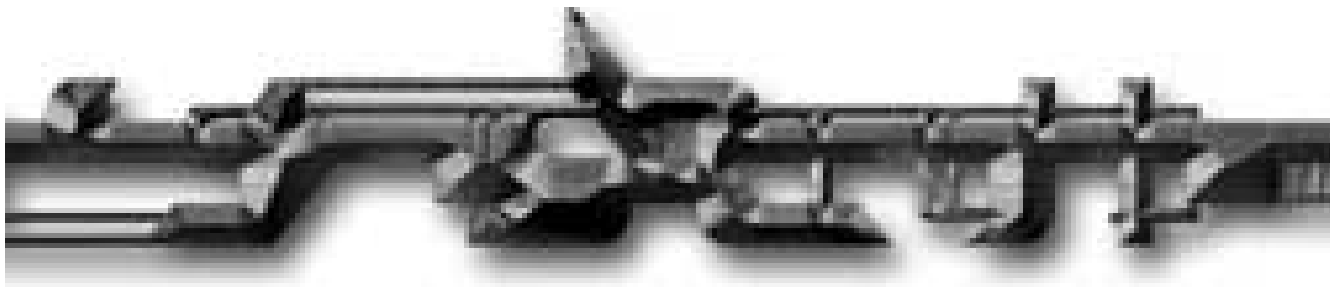
Mynarc from his feet before it was drawn into the fabric of the sword itself. The room was plunged into silence and near darkness, a faint glimmer from the smoking sword in Mynarc's hand the only source of light. Mynarc recoiled from it as if it were a serpent before realising the sword was all that lay between him and incarceration within a pitch-black maze full of flesh-eating degenerates.

The journey through the labyrinth cost Mynarc dearly. His decision to take the daemonsword, replete with the soul of his former master, no doubt saved his life on numerous occasions as he was forced to fight through pack after pack of frenzied troglodytes seeking to avenge the death of their dark god's prophet. He found that the sword gave him strength, both physically and psychically, and closed his ears to the honeyed words and dark temptations

promised by the soul within the sword. At first, the silent denizens of the warren were easily repulsed by his superior strength and ability, and they proved extremely susceptible to his burgeoning psychic powers.

But over a week of cramped, hellish confusion and starvation took its toll, and Mynarc began to listen to the tainted whisperings of his





murdered master. He started to look forward to the skirmishes with the troglodytes, exhilarated by the feeling of power he gained from the kill. Eventually he gave in to the gnawing hunger within him and the cajoling of his master trapped within the sword, and feasted on the cold, clammy flesh of those that stood in his way.

By the time Mynarc reached the surface, he had begun a transformation of his own. The gore-drenched creature that crawled and scrambled out of the warrens of Cneiras, clutching the daemonsword to his breast as if it were his own child, was no longer the Mynarc that entered them.

Over the centuries, Mynarc has come to embrace Chaos in all its glory, and is now far more powerful than his master ever was. His face has twisted and distorted into a sneering, horned mask, and he wears a baroque suit of daemon-infested power armour stained with the blood of his countless victims. Mynarc has kept his propensity for eating the flesh of those he kills, sporting strips of their desiccated flesh with the pride a Space Marine would display a purity seal. He still carries the daemonsword Sarck, with which he has developed a symbiotic relationship; the daemonsword guides Mynarc's actions and acts as a

conduit to the Warp, whilst the slaughter Mynarc perpetuates with casual abandon fulfils the evil lusts of his mentor. His psychic powers have blossomed, and he is able to bend reality on a whim with a gesture and a word, for he has become one of the favoured sons of Chaos. In the last few years alone, Mynarc has caused the massacre and wholesale sacrifice of no less than three entire planetary populations in the Freisen Cusp, and is thought to be carving a trail toward Terra itself. He is closely pursued by the Ordo Malleus, who will go to any lengths to terminate this monstrosity before he causes further devastation.

Mynarc the Unforgiven

Mynarc is right-handed

Equipment: The daemonsword Sarck (see below), power armour on all locations except head, Master-crafted bolt pistol (may re-roll one failed to hit roll per turn), two bolt pistol reloads.

Special Abilities: Feint, Force of Will, Leader, Fearsome, Cannibal Hunger (see below).

Psychic Powers: Warp Walk, Curse of Charybdis, Warp Strength.

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Mynarc	89	74	73	65	84	96	80	81	89

The Daemonsword Sarck:

This daemonsword, possessed not by a true daemon but by the soul of Mynarc's corrupted mentor, influences and guides Mynarc down the dark path he has chosen. It counts as a Falchion and possesses the Bound, Brain Leech and Vampyre powers. Sarck has a Willpower of 94; if ever Mynarc falls below this Willpower total himself, Sarck will count as having the Deathlust power for the rest of the battle.

Cannibal Hunger:

Whether the result of his peculiar corruption or purely habit, Mynarc has taken to eating parts of those he kills. He often keeps trophies such as the heads, eyes or strips of flesh that he has torn from his foes. If he takes someone out of action in close combat he will spend all remaining actions that turn feasting on the body of his foe. Treat these actions as unarmed attacks.