

MARVEL 5



WARHAMMER
40,000

KIERON GILLEN
JACEN BURROWS
GUILLERMO ORTEGO
JAVA TARTAGLIA

MARNEUS CALGAR



PARENTAL
ADVISORY

WARHAMMER

40,000

MARNEUS CALGAR

FOR MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND YEARS, THE LIVING CORPSE OF THE EMPEROR HAS SAT IMMOBILE ON THE GOLDEN THRONE. THE IMPERIUM OF MAN IS BESET FROM EVERY SIDE. A MILLION SPACE MARINES DEFEND THESE MILLION WORLDS.

MARNEUS CALGAR, CHAPTER MASTER OF THE ULTRAMARINES AND LORD OF ULTRAMAR, HAS RETURNED TO NOVA THULIUM, THE PLANET OF HIS BIRTH, TO FIGHT THE LATEST BATTLE. AFTER SACRIFICING THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF HIS FORMER MASTER AND FRIEND MARNEUS CALGAR, WHOSE NAME HE TOOK TO HONOR HIS FALLEN FRIEND—A VICTIM OF THEIR FELLOW ASPIRANTS WHO FELL TO CHAOS—MARNEUS SET OUT TO RECLAIM THULIUM MINOR IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME.

BUT WHEN MARNEUS' FURY INTERCEPTOR IS SHOT OUT OF THE SKY OVER A REGION FAMILIAR TO HIM, THE ULTRAMARINES HAVE NO FURTHER TIME TO PREPARE—IT'S TIME TO GO TO WAR.

KIERON GILLEN
WRITER

JACEN BURROWS
PENCILER

GUILLERMO ORTEGO
INKER

JAVA TARTAGLIA
COLORIST

VC'S CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER

VC'S JOE SABINO
DESIGNER

JAMES STOKOE
COVER ARTIST

**GAMES WORKSHOP;
E.M. GIST**
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

LAUREN AMARO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

MARK BASSO
EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THANKS TO GAMES WORKSHOP

**THULIUM MINOR,
NOW.**

OH, AFTER
50 MANY YEARS.
THIS IS PERFECT. WE
FEARED YOU WOULD
DISCOVER US AND
PREVENT OUR
GLORY...

...BUT INSTEAD,
YOU ARE DELIVERED
TO US AT OUR HOUR
OF TRIUMPH.



ONCE
MORE A
"MARNEUS"
STANDS
BEFORE
US...

...AND
ONCE
MORE, A
WEAKLING
QUIVERS
BEHIND
HIM.



AND ONCE
MORE, YOUR COURAGE
EXISTS ONLY BECAUSE
IT IS SUPPORTED BY
FRIENDS OF ILL
CHARACTER.

ONCE MORE,
THEY WILL PROVE
INSUFFICIENT.





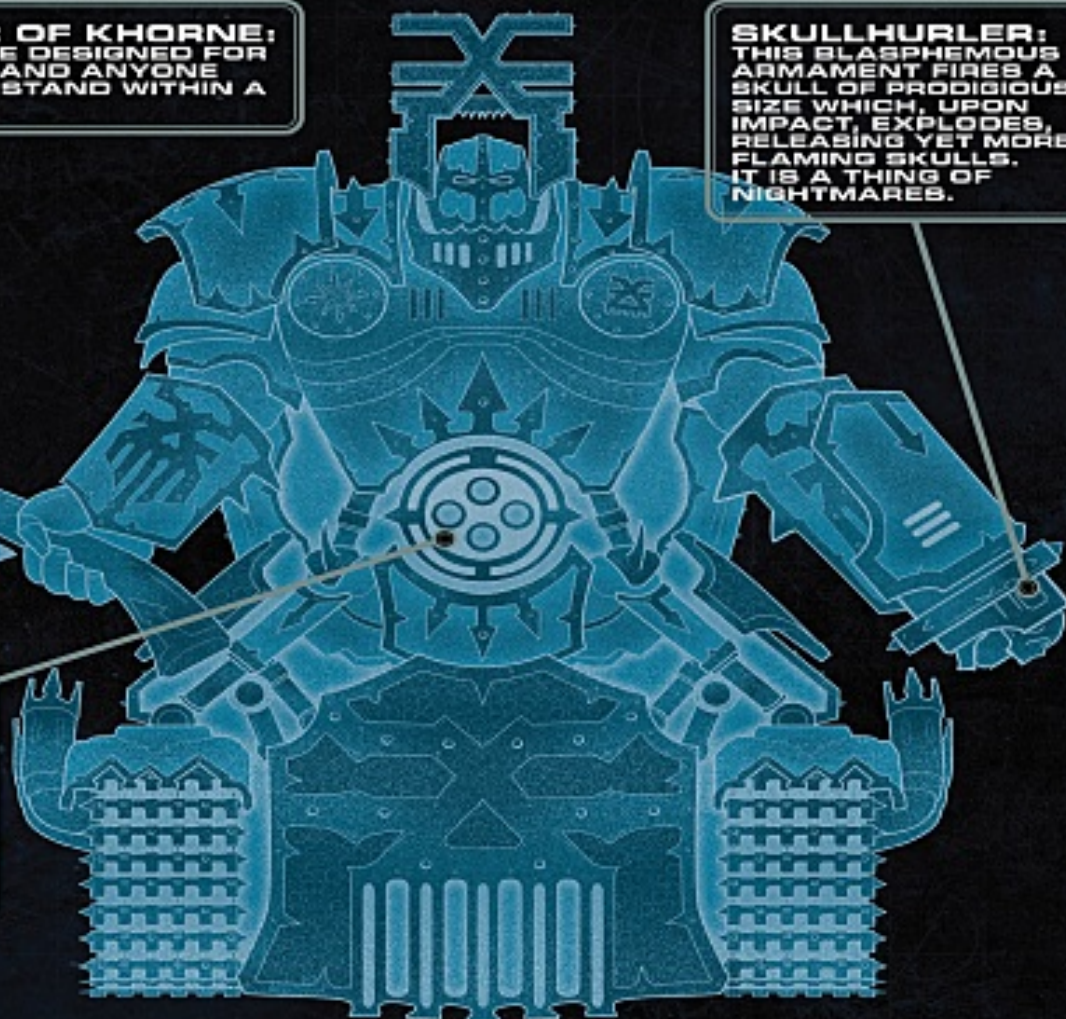
WE'LL
SEE ABOUT
THAT.

LORD OF SKULLS

GREAT CLEAVER OF KHORNE:
SCALED-UP CHAINAXE DESIGNED FOR
DISPATCHING TANKS AND ANYONE
FOOLISH ENOUGH TO STAND WITHIN A
SWING'S REACH.

SKULLHURLER:
THIS BLASPHEMOUS
ARMAMENT FIRES A
SKULL OF PRODIGIOUS
SIZE WHICH, UPON
IMPACT, EXPLODES,
RELEASING YET MORE
FLAMING SKULLS.
IT IS A THING OF
NIGHTMARES.

**DAEMONGORE
CANNON:**
UNLEASHES A
TORRENT OF
BURNING FILTH
AT ALL THAT LIES
BEFORE THE LORD
OF SKULLS. IT
IS CAPABLE OF
REDUCING WHOLE
ARMORED DIVISIONS
TO MOLTEN SLAG.



**LIST OF INDIVIDUALS KNOWN TO HAVE TRIUMPHED IN SINGLE
COMBAT WITH A LORD OF SKULLS:**

//LIST ENDS.

"The bigger they are, the harder they hit you."

—Traditional, Popular Heretical Sayings of the Astra Militarum.





MY LORD,
THE MACHINE
SPIRITS OF MY
VOX ARE SILENCED.
I CANNOT CALL FOR
ASSISTANCE. WHAT
CAN WE DO?

BY WHICH
I MEAN--
KILLKILLKILLKILL--
MAINLY YOU.

CEASE SUCH
TALK. WE ARE
A SMALL ARMY,
BUT FOR ANY ARMY
ALL MUST PLAY
THEIR PART TO
TRIUMPH.



(NO!)
YOU ARE A MUCH
LARGER PART.

SPARE
ME FROM THE
QUIBBLING OF
SCRIBES.

THIS WAY.
THERE IS A PLACE
NEARBY WHERE THAT
BEAST CANNOT
FOLLOW...



...AND, IF THE
EMPEROR FAVORS
US, A MORE POWERFUL
COMMUNICATOR TO SUMMON
THE FIST OF THE ASTARTES
TO SQUEEZE THIS
PUSTULE OF
DAMNATION.

LORD,
HOW COULD YOU
POSSIBLY KNOW
OF...

LOADINGS...
PROCESSINGS...
(NO)

OH!



THAT WAS
KATO AND SEVERAN.
THIS IS WHERE YOU
DEFEATED THEM AS A
CHILD. THAT'S WHY YOU KNEW
WHERE WE WERE HEADING
BEFORE WE WERE
SHOT DOWN.

(NO)
YOU HOPE THE
COMMUNICATOR
YOU USED STILL
EXISTS.

BOTH
CLEVER AND
CORRECT.



SCAN
FOR TRAPS
AND PRAY.

"OH,
BROTHER IN
KHORNE..."







OH, THIS IS...A SCHISM-ERA VESSEL, YES?

IT APPEARS SO. IT WAS ONCE OF THE WORD BEARERS', SO IT LIKELY CRASHED DURING THE INVASION AND HAS BEEN BURIED EVER SINCE.

WHEN I ESCAPED FROM HERE, THE WARP EVENT MUST HAVE COLLAPSED THE TUNNELS BUT LEFT THIS INTACT. WE HAVE LUCK.



OH, TO STUDY IT.

OH, TO BURN IT. THIS WAY...



DOES THE MACHINE STILL LIVE?

IT SLUMBERS, BUT THE SPIRIT WILL BE ROUSED. IT WILL TAKE TIME.



I WILL BUY IT FOR YOU.

WORK SILENTLY AND TRY TO NOT ATTRACT THEIR DREAD ATTENTIONS.

WHAT IF ONE DOES COME?





...AND I AM IT, I PLACE MYSELF
AT THE REAR OF THE SHIP,
FAR AWAY FROM HIM.

THEY COME, AND I SEE
INSTANTLY THAT THEY ARE
JUST A DISTRACTION.

YES, I KNOW
THIS...



...BUT SOMETIMES
KNOWING SOMETHING
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.



I USE
THEIR TRAP
AS WELL
AS I CAN.



I MAKE THEM
PAY FOR THEIR
OUTFLANKING.



THAT DOESN'T STOP
ME FROM BEING
OUTFLANKED.

LIVE! DANCE ANEW! KKKY OH,
SPIRITS! THIS IS THE FOURTH
CANTICLE OF MARS. TAP
YOUR TOE AT LEAST!

OH, MACHINE
SPIRIT! I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO RAISE
MY VOICE
AND--

OH,
HELLO.

ANY LAST
WORDS?

WOW! WHAT A WONDERFULLY
PRESERVED PIECE OF LATE
31ST MILLENNIUM MELEE
WEAPONRY.

THEIR SWORD IS DAMNATION
IN THE SHAPE OF A BLADE.
FAST AND LONG. THAT'S
THE PROBLEM.

A POWER FIST GIVES
A MAN MANY THINGS.
BUT REACH IS NOT
AMONG THEM.

DO
NOT FORGET,
TACITAN.

WE KNOW
YOU, YOUR
WEAKNESS, WHO
YOU REALLY
ARE...

I WAIT FOR
A GAP...

...BUT ALL THAT OPENS IS THE HERETICS' FLAPPING MOUTHS.

WE CAME WITH
THE CRUSADE AND
LAY HIDDEN, EXCAVATING
OUR LOST TREASURE.
THIS WILL BE WHAT
FINISHES THE FALSE
EMPEROR.

BLOOD WILL
DROWN THE GALAXY,
AND YOU, WHO ESCAPED
SO LONG AGO, WILL BE
THE FIRST SACRIFICE
TO--

NO! IT...IT'S
GONE!

IMPOSSIBLE.
WE HAVE
CROSSED HELLS
TO BE HERE.

THE DREAMS
OF KHORME
TOLD US TO
COME...

YOUR GODS HAVE
DONE WHAT THEY
ALWAYS DO.

LIED.

NO. MY
VISION FROM SO
LONG AGO...I SAW MY
BLADE THRUST DEEP
INTO MARNEUS. IT IS
TRUE, IF NOTHING
ELSE.

COME,
I HUNGER! A
SCARLET DESTINY
AWAITS!

BLOOD
FOR THE BLOOD
GOD!

SKULLS
FOR THE SKULL
THRONE!

I SEE AN
OPENING
AND--



YES!

THE BLADE
PIERCES MY
HEART.



IT IGNITES
INSIDE MY
CHEST.

I AM DAEMON-
TOUCHED, FAVORED
OF KHORNE, TWO-FOLD
BLESSED. THE WARP SCOURGED
US, AND STILL WE MADE
OUR WAY HERE.

YOU
HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT WE'VE
SEEN, LITTLE
MARINE.



YOU
DO NOT KNOW
WHAT I HAVE
SEEN.

THE VOICELESS
PACIFICATION.



THE FIRST
TYRANNIC
WAR.



THE DEFENSE OF
ORAR'S SEPULCHRE.



THE BATTLE
OF ICHAR IV.







YES, THE
SWORD HAS
BURST MY
HEART.

LUCKILY, THE
EMPEROR
GAVE ME
TWO.



NO!



DON'T
COMPLAIN.

YOUR
GOD WANTED
BLOOD.

I
PROVIDE.

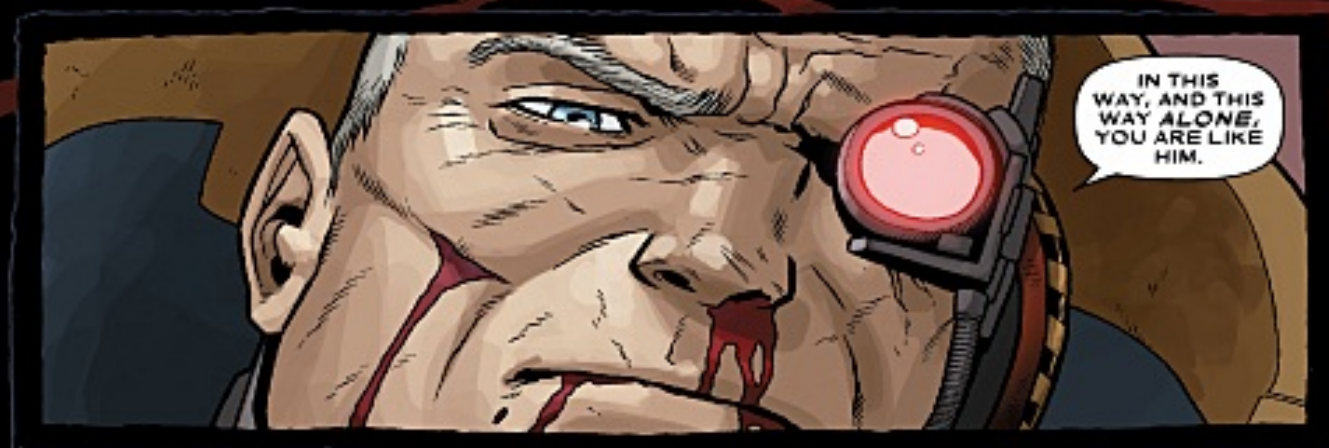


HIS OTHER
DEMAND?

WE MUST
DISAPPOINT
HIM.



I DON'T THINK SO.
I ESCAPED THAT
WAY.





QUINTUS?
THE HERETICS ARE
REPULSED.

ARE YOU
THERE?



I AM
SOMEWHAT... KKKK...
DISMEMBERED...

BUT I
AWOKE THE
SPIRITS AND SENT
A MESSAGE. I KNOW
NOT IF IT WAS
RECEIVED.



A FINE
SHOT.

THANK YOU...AND THE RAPID
PROVIDED A CERTAIN INSPIRATION.
(GROAN) I BELIEVE I HAVE A PARTIAL
SOLUTION TO OUR DILEMMA
OF SUPPLY.

IF WE CAN
INCREASE SPECIFIC
TARGETING ACCURACY
AMONG THE PLANETARY
DEFENSE FORCES BY EVEN
16.67%, IT'D LEAD TO A
20.2% SAVING OF
MUNITIONS.



SO...YOU
ARE SAYING IF
WE GET TROOPS TO
SHOOT MORE PEOPLE
IN THE HEAD, WE'LL
SAVE SUPPLIES?

AND TO
THINK THAT
I BELIEVED
THE SCIENCE OF
STATISTICS WAS
BEYOND
ME.

ER...
YES, MY
LORD.



MY LORD...WHAT *HAPPENED* HERE? I DO
NOT UNDERSTAND. THIS ALL SEEMS A LONG
WAY FROM THE COMFORTS OF BLESSED
SEculi-III's HYMNS OF
LUBRICATION.

ONE
MOMENT...



...LET US
APPRECIATE
THE VIEW.





"...FIRST
THINGS
FIRST."

THE END.

THE BLACK ALTAR

FILES INCOMPLETE

FILES INCOMPLETE

FILES INCOMPLETE

FILES
INCOMPLETE

FILES
INCOMPLETE

FILES INCOMPLETE

FILES INCOMPLETE

FILES INCOMPLETE

FILES INCOMPLETE

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—INQUISITOR MALAPAX, ORDO HERETICUS