

The cover art features a central figure, a Genestealer Cult leader, depicted as a pale, elongated humanoid with a large, ornate, metallic helmet. He wears a red, tattered cloak and holds a long, ornate staff topped with a glowing purple orb. He is surrounded by other cult members, including a large, horned creature in the background and a smaller, more grotesque figure in the foreground. The scene is set against a backdrop of a city with tall, spire-like buildings under a stormy, purple and orange sky with lightning. The entire image is framed by a decorative, metallic border.

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40,000

CODEx

GENESTEALER CULTS



GENESTEALER CULTS

THE INSIDIOUS CURSE

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INTRODUCTION

Prepare yourself, for you are about to learn the secrets of a vile alien creed. The Genestealer Curse is a parasitic infection of mind, body and soul that eats away at the heart of the Imperium – and this book helps you represent it on the battlefield, gathering your collection of Genestealer Cults Citadel Miniatures into an all-conquering force of insurrectionists.

On the darkly glorious day of a Genestealer Cult's uprising, its warriors are already ten steps ahead of the enemy. Fast-moving saboteurs have shattered the supply lines of those who would oppose them, hidden agents have assassinated key commanders, and routes of escape have been cut off by demolition crews and industrial mining teams. The foe finds their ammunition crates empty, their fuel reserves dry, their transportation craft hijacked and their supporting fleet holed and listing in orbit. When the cult unleashes the abhorrent alien monstrosities that act as its shock troops, the enemy is already surrounded, stranded and ripe for a slaughter long planned.

Using a Genestealer Cults army in battle is a wargaming experience like no other, and presents an exciting challenge for veterans and newcomers alike. Their ability to ambush the enemy means they can appear from nowhere to wreak havoc, whether through firepower or swift assault. With a mix of fervent worshippers, industrial machinery repurposed for war, heavy-hitting xenos hybrids and cunning leaders with specialist abilities – all guided by a monstrous Patriarch – there are a hundred ways to secure victory.

When it comes to building and painting, Genestealer Cults Citadel Miniatures make for a varied and enjoyable challenge. Every model has a sinister style to it, replete with characterful features and detail. From indentured human thrall to chitin-covered alien horror, the distinct generations of hybrid ensure a range of interesting colour schemes can be employed in your army.

Within this book you will find all the information you need to collect a Genestealer Cults army and field it upon the tabletop.

WORSHIPPERS OF THE XENOS: This section provides a detailed account of how a Genestealer Cult spreads its insidious cycles of corruption, from the first alien to make planetfall to the uprising that sees an entire world consumed – sometimes literally!

THE FAITHFUL THRONG: Here you will find a showcase of exceptionally well-painted miniatures displaying the colours and iconography of the cults, and example forces to inspire your own collection.

THE CREEDS BENEATH: This section includes datasheets, wargear lists and weapon rules for every Genestealer Cults unit, allowing you to field them in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

INSURRECTION: Finally, this section contains additional rules – including Warlord Traits, Relics, Stratagems and matched play points – that will transform your collection of Citadel Miniatures into a Battle-forged gaming army.

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





The triumph of the xeniform over the works of man is inevitable. The galaxy cannot contain both indefinitely, for one feeds upon the other and cannot be sated. Only by joining with the alien lords – by *becoming* them – can Mankind survive. Succumb, yield, admit your weakness and accept the Genestealer's Kiss. Only then will you be strong, and take your true place amongst the stars.



WORSHIPPERS OF THE XENOS

From the dark depths and shadowy streets emerge the Genestealer Cultists, malformed figures united by a sinister worship of inscrutable star-born entities. Secretive, stealthy and utterly malignant, they are the cankers growing unseen in the hidden spaces of the Imperium.

Humanity is beset on all fronts by xenos raiders and the nightmarish forces of Chaos. Billions of lives are sacrificed upon the altar of war every day to keep the enemy at bay. Yet the most insidious threat to Mankind's survival may already have seeped into the bloodstream of the Imperium. Embedded into the infrastructure of countless seemingly loyal worlds, the Genestealer Cults bide their time, spreading tendrils of corruption through the native population until they are ready to begin their bloody insurrections. Once unleashed, they rise up in a surging tide, armed with stolen Imperial weaponry and crude industrial tools turned to horrific purposes.

When the Imperium first encountered Genestealers upon the moons of Ymgarl, they thought them to be a unique species. In fact, as the Ordo Xenos discovered after a harrowing series of investigations, they are the vanguard organisms that the Tyranid hive fleets seed before them to create disunity and fear in their path. Resilient and possessed of razor-sharp claws that can carve through war-plate, Genestealers are used in open battle by the hive fleets as shock troops.

When infiltrating Imperial space, however, the Genestealers instead show their capacity for stealth and cunning. Slinking and creeping, stalking and murdering in silence, solitary Genestealers stow away on spacecraft and spread along space lanes like a virus. In theory it only takes one Genestealer successfully slipping aboard a cargo freighter and reaching a populated world to spell the doom of an entire sector. There are legends in the Imperium of titanic space hulks infested with tens of thousands of these creatures – such a nest could bring utter catastrophe to swathes of the Imperium.

Should a Genestealer reach a suitable world, its dark work begins in earnest. In the space of a few years, hundreds of civilians will have been abducted by the creature and infected with Tyranid genetic structures. In time, the

infected give birth to vile hybrids of xenos and human – those descended from the first victims are unmistakably alien, with large, domed heads and razor-sharp talons. As the corruption continues to spread, subsequent generations are born who can pass as human, and are able to blend in with the wider population – and even Imperial organisations such as the Adeptus Arbites, the Munitorum and the Astra Militarum.

As the cult's numbers grow, more specialised hybrids are created to serve the Genestealer, now worshipped as the Patriarch. Maguses are psychically gifted individuals tainted by the Patriarch's will, tasked with converting key targets within the planet's government and military leadership. The hybrid masses are organised and led by Primuses, generals and ambush specialists responsible for coordinating the eventual uprising. Nexoses provide tactical support to their Primus' strategic plans, their command of detail and contingency second to none. Sanctuses act as assassins, and Locuses as bodyguards, even as Clamavuses preach the word of the cult and foil enemy communications. Atalan Jackals speed into battle upon dirtcycles and Wolfquads, harrying the enemy flanks whilst Purestrain Genestealers and Aberrant monstrosities – sometimes bolstered by the gene-alchemists known as Biophaguses – act as shock troops.

Whether it takes a handful of months or many years, eventually the cult will go on the warpath. Only then will the Patriarch send the synaptic order to rise up and drown the planet in blood. When the creature's minions receive the psychic command to begin the insurrection, the hybrids arm themselves with purloined military gear and mining tools, and surge forth from their hidden lairs in massed tides. Guided by the cunning will of their war leaders, they strike first at key tactical locations like communications outposts, spaceports and munition yards. Stripped of its defences and ability to call for help, the planet is left ripe for conquest.

'The humble soul shall inherit the stars. Only he sees the glory in spurning individual power to become one of many. Let the fool and the heathen scabble in the embers of war for personal gain. We shall rise above the flames as a flock of phoenixes reborn! A host of angels recast in the image of the true rulers of this galaxy! A panoply of gods, to whom nothing is considered beyond our reach!'

*- Magus Incumbent
Dherregau Threndact*

In a frenzy of brutal violence, the cultist uprising falls upon those enemies who pose the greatest threat to the cult's agenda. Bones are shattered by ear-bursting blasts from seismic cannons, weaponised rock drills are thrust into vulnerable flesh in a horrifying eruption of gore, and mining charges are used as makeshift grenades. The banners and sigils of the cult are unveiled at last, standards and wyrm-form totems held high by Acolyte Iconwards whose presence inspires the broodkin to new heights of savage fervour.

During the many long years of preparation for this moment, the cult will have stolen and sequestered many vehicles to aid it in its murderous campaign. Rugged Goliath Trucks and Rockgrinders, a common sight in mines and manufacturums all across the Imperium, are turned to violent purpose. Mounted with a range of heavy armaments, Goliath Trucks rush broods of Acolytes to the front lines, carving a path across even the most rugged of terrain and releasing an unceasing hail of bullets to tear through enemy infantry. Rockgrinders simply crash into the centre of the foe's formations,

reaping a hideous toll as their saw-toothed drilldozer blades grind screaming bodies into bloody paste. Should the threat of enemy armour emerge, the cult will respond by deploying stolen Leman Russ tanks and Sentinel walkers, piloted by Neophyte Hybrids who laid hidden in the ranks of human armies for decades. Utterly loyal to the Patriarch, they turn their guns on their former comrades without a second thought. The psychological impact of this sudden betrayal is a weapon in itself.

All too often the stimulus for this uprising is the approach of a Tyranid bio-fleet – those the cult sees as saviours from above. As the hive fleet vomits its swarms of warrior-organisms into the stricken world's atmosphere, the cultists sing rapturous prayers to their deliverers. Even as the Tyranids exterminate and devour every source of biomass on the planet, still the cultists hold faith in their corrupted hearts that these voracious aliens will elevate the faithful, helping them to transcend their mortal weaknesses. Eagerly they await the blessed oneness of form and purpose they have been promised. For a while at least, the

Tyranids and the Patriarch's brood fight as one, the Hive Mind's control ensuring that the cult is not preyed upon. Maguses hurl illusions that warp and tear at the minds of the enemy, turning them upon each other with sadistic pleasure. The Patriarch's generals marshal their forces with consummate skill, spending their warriors' lives by the thousands to open a path for the Tyranid assault. In this final, exalted hour the Patriarch himself enters the fray, and his faithful are sent into a zealous frenzy as their prophet rips the unworthy apart with razored claws and shredding fangs.

As soon as the last of the defenders is overrun by this tide of chitin and scything claws, the Hive Mind subsumes the Patriarch into its greater consciousness. It becomes merely another organism in the Tyranid swarm, the psychic Broodmind that once united its cult severed in an instant. In an awful moment of realisation, the cultists at last understand the fell truth. Those same creatures from beyond the stars that they once worshipped as gods are revealed as their doom incarnate – for to the Tyranids, all flesh is much the same.



A cult uprising in full swing is a tide of discoloured flesh and chitinous armour crashing upon the last bulwarks of Imperial civilisation. Those who stand their ground will be destroyed, buried under the bodies of the Patriarch's faithful before the Day of Final Reckoning.

THE GENESTEALER CURSE

Purestrain Genestealers propagate with a hideous alien fecundity, infecting generations of Imperial prey until the time is right to strike. Each new batch of offspring seems more human than the last as the xenos germ-seed is seemingly diluted, but within, the shape of the beast lurks unchanged. At the culmination of the curse's cycle, alien nightmares are born anew.

As with all their void-born kind, the Genestealer is inhumanly patient, able to subsist on very little sustenance and to wait for decades if necessary before making its move. When a Genestealer reaches a world ripe for infection, it will immediately go into hiding, clambering into dark and forgotten spaces and lurking unseen as it prepares to spread its influence. Once it is certain of being able to acquire victims whilst still remaining undetected, it will stalk the fringes of society in search of prey, emerging only on the blackest of nights to snatch away the unwary with its steel-hard, muscular limbs.

Those who fall prey to the Genestealer's silent ambushes are not torn apart for later consumption, as with most victims of the Tyranid race. Instead they are put in thrall by its hypnotic gaze. Selected victims are then impregnated with a portion of the creature's own genetic pattern, delivered under the skin via a ribbed tube called an ovipositor. This process is known in the cult as the Genestealer's Kiss. Though it bestows a portion of the xenos entity's strength and longevity, this implantation is as cold and uncaring as a blade in the back.

The resultant parasitism alters the body until the xenos taint runs throughout. It also alters the mind, forcing the victim to revere the Genestealer as a messianic figure, the idol of an obsessive new religion.

Whenever a Genestealer implants a victim, it condemns their bloodline forever. Their hybrid offspring are grotesque and misshapen creatures who are as varied in form as they are hideous to behold. Certain features are common, such as bulbous craniums and snarling, needle-toothed maws, a pair of extra limbs ending in viciously sharp claws, truncated tail-spikes and mottled, purplish skin. These initial hybrids are known as the first generation.

The Genestealer and its hybrids of the first generation will then hypnotise new victims, who join the cult and later sire young in their turn. This gives rise to the second generation. These new creatures are hunched and stooped – not in the manner of the old or infirm, but more like pressured springs that are ready to explode into sudden movement. These hybrids may have five or even six limbs, but their eyes and mouths are like those of their human parent, and they can make themselves understood in Low Gothic. Though their minds are still so alien that they defy analysis, the second generation is sapient enough to understand its host society. Some are even put to work in the industrial subcultures of their kin, their uncanny strength and resilience allowing them to use heavy mining tools and explosives with far more ease than a human operative.

As each cycle passes and new breeding stock is brought into the fold, the hybrid offspring evince fewer mutations. The third

generation is typified by an upright stance – though they appear human from a distance, on closer inspection they have heavily ridged heads, mauve to violet skin, and may hide a vestigial limb under their clothes. By the fourth generation, the scions of the cult can pass for human, inveigling themselves into positions of power to further their agenda. Leaders of uncanny influence emerge within the hierarchy – psychic agents and charismatic demagogues whose rhetoric inflames the subculture further.

Fourth generation cultists can breed true. They do not give birth to untainted humans, but instead to Purestrain Genestealers just as alien as the original progenitor. The parents of these fifth generation creatures see them not as the hideous, hissing changelings they truly are, but as soft-skinned infants, innocent and sweet. They do everything they can to protect them, even giving their own lives if necessary. By this point, the curse's hold is complete and the brood cycle begins anew.

The Genestealer at the heart of the cult, known as the Patriarch, has an inherent control over every one of these minions, no matter the generation. The Patriarch unites them with a subtle alteration of the psyche – a subconscious link known as the Broodmind. It is this shared sentience that makes the cult so tight-knit and loyal, that gives them uncanny strength and speed in battle, and that seeks to undermine the spiritual sanctity of Mankind. Such cults have thrived in the dark corners of the Imperium longer than any suspect. On those occasions when they rise up in open rebellion, they can capsize a planet's defences in hours.

The cultists of these grand insurgencies have spent their whole lives preparing for the day of the final conquest. Generation after generation have been bred in secrecy, cycle after cycle bearing nauseating fruit. The infected have spread the curse to others, and to their children, who in turn have infected more. Like a living virus, they breed exponentially, their numbers swelling until the rulers of the underworld are strong enough to seize the entire host planet.



Though the later generations of each cycle have the appearance of common men, inside they are xenos through and through. Their allegiance is owed only to the organisms that brought the Genestealer Curse to their world, and the hybrids of their hidden kindred. Their Patriarch, star-borne and inhuman, squats at the centre of a web of influence that expands until it covers the entire world. Every soul in the cult is obedient to this repulsive creature, and would give their lives to save him.

Once the cult is fully mature, it seeks to propagate once more. Its leaders carefully send selected Purestrains on long journeys to locate new feeding grounds, there to begin the whole hellish process over again.



THE CREATION OF A CULT

The genesis of a Genestealer Cult is a strange and disturbing process. Though it obeys a loosely cyclical structure, many offshoots and bastardizations occur, resulting in a spectrum of anatomies from the outwardly wholesome to the truly bizarre. All members of this tainted family tree – even the non-hybrid members, known as Brood Brothers – remain fiercely loyal to one another, bound as one by the gestalt Broodmind.

The most powerful weapon of the Genestealer Cult is secrecy. From the moment the infection vector arrives to the grand uprising itself, the faithful stick to the shadows. Those elements that emerge into the light of everyday life wear a mask of mundanity; outwardly, the cultists worship the same deity as the host civilisation, albeit a strange variant thereof. They teach extreme modesty, keeping their mutations hidden under robes and industrial clothing. Latter-generation hybrids work tirelessly, respecting the old and cherishing the young. Only on the day of reckoning is the awful truth of their existence revealed.



VECTOR OF NEW INFESTATION

TYRANID APPROACH TRIGGERS UPRISING

FIFTH GENERATION

Fourth generation hybrids breed with the local populace, birthing Purestrain Genestealers, seen as beautiful infants by their parents. These renew the cycle of infection.



HYBRID METAMORPHS

As the day of the uprising grows near, the cult spawns xenofoms built for war alone. The limbs of these Hybrid Metamorphs echo the weapons of the Tyranid swarm.



CULT VEHICLES



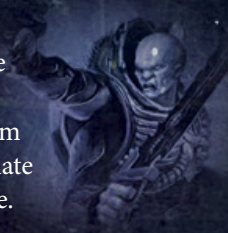
FOURTH GENERATION

The process is repeated once more. Both third and fourth generation cultists, known as Neophyte Hybrids, can usually pass for human in low light.



WAR LEADERS

When a gene-sect is ready to make war against its host civilisation, a Primus and Nexos will emerge from the current brood cycle to coordinate the hybrids and lead them in battle.



CULT OPERATIVES

The specialist operatives spawned during a brood cycle are many and varied. Amongst them is the Clamavus, a herald of the new order to come, who specialises in disrupting the information of the cult's enemies and propagating the cult creed in its place. The Biophagus, whose expertise is in artificially melding the xenofom gene-pattern with that of the host, creates all manner of vile shock troops for the cultists' day of ascension. The Sanctus, armed with envenomed blades and a rifle that fires serum-coated darts, acts as their gene-sect's foremost assassin, killing key figures before slipping away into the night. The Locus serves as the bodyguard of their gene-sect's leaders, exploding into action whenever their masters are threatened.

THIRD GENERATION

Second generation hybrids breed with indoctrinated captives, producing third generation hybrids who are more like the parasitised genestock in appearance.



THE KELERMORPH

Under certain conditions, the pistol-wielding Kelermorph will rise from the third generation to become a cult hero.



OUTRIDERS

The bike-mounted scouts known as Atalan Jackals are Neophytes. They roam far and wide in search of new populations to infect and exploit. Typically they are led by a Jackal Alphus, who fulfils the triple roles of sniper, comms expert and spy.



MAGUS

Sometimes a fourth generation hybrid will manifest psychic abilities and become a Magus. Such individuals are often accompanied by strange xenos Familiars.



A PARASITIC ORDER

Those cults unearthed by the Inquisition have a common hierarchy, largely dictated by the generations and cycles of xenos infection. Though variations occur, the Patriarch is analogous to the monarch of this kingdom, with the Magus as his grand vizier and the Primus the marshal of his crusades. Larger cults have auxiliary structures, but this hidden core remains.

A fully mature Genestealer Cult is huge; it can number in the millions or even billions, perhaps more if it covers several worlds. The Cult of the Pauper Princes, for instance, originated on Chancer's Vale, but has taken its fervent creed to the sentinel world of Vigilus, and fifteen other planets besides. The original instance, known as the genesis infestation, is the most numerous, but all subsequent infestations – sometimes known as splinter cults – have much the same colouration of chitin and flesh. There might be small differences in markings and even temperament, but they are cut from the same cloth; they may even use fundamentally the same heraldic colours to show their wider allegiance. Necessity often demands that these colours are adapted to fit in with local uniforms and societal norms, but armbands or tattoos are sometimes employed as a unifying feature, albeit often hidden from sight.

All the cultists of a given world are known as an infestation, and each populous area can propagate several full brood cycles. All the cultists in a given population centre are known as a gene-sect. Some populations are only numerous enough to support one gene-sect, but on those worlds that teem with life, several can co-exist. Though each gene-sect may further

differentiate itself with markings and subtleties of colouration, ultimately they all hail from the same Patriarch, and usually work together seamlessly. Each gene-sect has its own specialist bioforms and war leaders, including a Magus, Primus and Nexos. These usually hail from the fourth generation, and hence can pass for human. So close are they in thought and deed that they and their peers in other gene-sects may even band together to fight in the same place at the same time.

These gene-sects, usually at least several hundred members strong, are further subdivided into claws. Claws typically number between fifty and a hundred warriors; formed for specific duties, these are assembled and disbanded according to the cult's needs. Claws will have at least one leader figure that guides them in their mission, and each Magus and Primus will have several claws at their disposal, ranging from Neophyte groups that can pass for human to monstrous broods of Aberrants that are unmistakeably alien.

Once the cult reaches a point of maturity where it feels secure enough that it can spare the resources to spread, it sends out a Genestealer – or even an entire brood – to find new prey. These will either come

from the original brood to have made planetfall, known as the First Curse, or the Purestrain Genestealers of a brood cycle's fifth generation. These vectors of infection will start a new gene-sect should they find another suitable population centre on the same world, or an entirely new infestation if they reach a planet that can support a splinter of the parent cult.

Typically each planet only has one Patriarch, but it can have many Maguses and Primuses as its lieutenants in different parts of the world. If the existing Patriarch dies, the next Genestealer to have infected a host on that planet will adapt and grow to become the new Patriarch over time. There are exceptions – should an infestation's outrider organisms find a population centre so rich in life it has the equivalent of a small planetary populace unto itself, the Purestrain Genestealer that is sent out to colonise it can become a new Patriarch in its own right. This will very rarely happen in contiguous land masses, due to the psychic backlash that could result, but provided the sites are sufficiently removed it can theoretically occur. The two gene-sects will be competing for resources, and may even come into conflict, but when the hive fleet arrives, the gestalt mind of the Tyranid race takes overall control.

AND ALL SHALL RISE AS ONE

Some cultists are truly monstrous, skulking along dank tunnels with robes or hessian sacks covering their hybrid anatomies. Others are merely pallid and bald, able to pass for loyal citizens whilst their wyrm-form tattoos remain hidden. These latter-generation cultists mingle with the herd like wolves in sheep's clothing, working so hard amongst the crumbling machineries of Mankind's industry that none spare them a second glance – but under their work fatigues and rough miner's apparel, they all bear the mark of the alien.

Once their subculture becomes strong enough, and all is in place for their great uprising, the Genestealer Cult will make its play. The militant throng boils by the thousand from sewers, tunnels and basements, simultaneously emerging from hiding places in the spires high above like insects teeming from a hidden nest. Those wise enough to flee find the city streets and arterial passageways blocked by burning wreckage – or by packs of hybrid creatures waiting to pounce.

The butchery the cult metes out upon its enemies is terrible indeed. Though the greater masses of these hordes are armed little better than militia, their sheer numbers and fanatical devotion make them a fierce prospect in a firefight. High-level threats will be ambushed with uncanny synchronicity, for the cult has laboured hard to ensure everything is in place. At the Patriarch's unheard signal, the shock troops of the cult appear from crawlspaces, air ducts, grates and hidden trapdoors installed by infected work crews but never used before this moment. The Acolyte Hybrids who emerge to fall upon the commanders of the enemy hiss and shriek as they lay about themselves with weapon-like mutations. Those enemies who a Primus has designated an extreme threat – those of the Adepta Sororitas or Adeptus Astartes, for instance – are set upon by the Purestrain Genestealers of the fifth generation, for they are the deadliest of all the cult's warriors save the Patriarch himself. Like a perfectly engineered machine of destruction, the cult strikes as one – few indeed are the forces that can fight back.



WORLDS OF THE FAITHFUL

In a galactic empire of a million worlds, there are countless planets upon which the Genestealer Curse can take hold – for where there is Mankind, there is always biomass to be harvested.

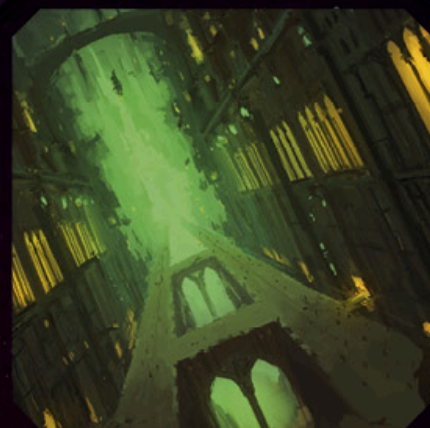
The Imperium's teeming herds have proven the perfect hosts for the alien parasites of the Tyranids. Mankind has intelligence enough to ply the stars, but not enough to overcome the combination of ambition, hubris and curiosity that leads it into the dark and unwholesome places in which the Genestealer thrives. Unless specifically forbidden – or prevented entirely – from doing so, the human race will seek to colonise every corner of the galaxy, no matter what terrors it uncovers in the process. This tendency, coupled with the relatively swift span of years between its generations, makes Humanity the perfect prey species. The vast spread of its colonies, and hence the near-limitless biomass it can provide, have not gone unnoticed by the Hive Mind that unites every Patriarch in a single intent.

The human race has many instances of psychic talent, and these are getting ever more frequent. Psychic individuals are vital for the full panoply of Genestealer bioforms to rise to the surface across the course of a brood cycle. The frequency of psychic ability on Imperial worlds has been rising over the millennia, and since the coming of the Great Rift, there has been such a marked increase that the Black Ships of the Astra Telepathica cannot hope to quantify and harness more than a small fraction of psykers. Despite the risk of disaster, nascent Genestealer Cults are more than ready to induct untrained psykers into their cult, knowing that in doing so they pave the way for a Magus to be born. This war leader will lead the cult to new heights of victory as the Patriarch's mind-altering influence spreads further over the host populace.

A DIVERSE PARASITISM

The Purestrain Genestealer can, through the modus of implantation via its ovipositor, place its germ-seed in any creature of the requisite anatomy to later sire a hybrid. Over the countless centuries since their introduction into the stellar realm of Mankind, these extragalactic predators have started colonies within the races of the Orks, the Greet, the Kroot, the Aeldari, the Tarellian, and even the T'au. They tend to choose ambulatory species of sufficient intellect to be space-capable, and hence spread their curse far and wide, and will usually target one whose population is dense enough to keep such a spread secret until it is too late for the infection to be overcome.

The Orks have proven troublesome as hosts, for they can sense a wrongness in those infected, something that disturbs the strange gestalt of the greenskin mind. The Kroot are much the same, though their avoidance of infected members of their society comes from their ability to taste pheromones, and the wisdom of the Shapers who guide their people's evolution. The Aeldari have such lengthy gestation cycles that they are simply not viable biological hosts; furthermore, their psychic abilities are so well developed they can often see the shadow of the curse even before it can manifest, and avoid it accordingly. The T'au have a connection with their Ethereal caste that makes infection by the Genestealers difficult. Only Humanity, so manifold and unruly in its civilisations, has as yet provided an ideal host.



UNDER A THIN VENEER

Civilised worlds – usually populous enough to have high import demands and well-established exports to boot – are bountiful targets indeed for the Genestealer Cults. Though the trading restrictions and security of such locations can be stringent, it takes just one mistake, one deadly shipment being accepted, for the germ of corruption to be planted – and once planted, it has a thousand different ways to thrive. Used as a springboard, these planets may push a slowly growing cult into an accelerated brood cycle that can see it cross the stars.



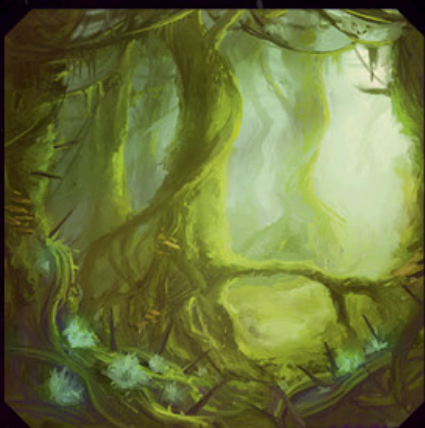
MILITARY CULTS

The vast majority of Imperial worlds are militarised in some manner, but some are entirely given over to the production of Astra Militarum regiments and materiel. The most ambitious of Genestealer Cults seek to infect these planets above all others – though the tactic is generally high risk, if the initiative is successful, the armed soldiers and resources they add to their own ranks with each new barracks and base they corrupt dramatically increases their chances of future insurgencies meeting with success.



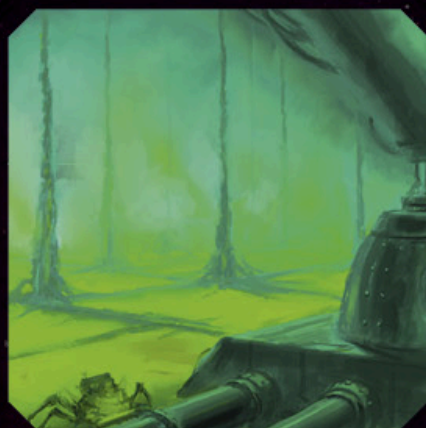
THE SHADOW TITHE

On the feudal worlds of the Imperium, the word of the king or queen is law. Should that monarch come under the sway of a xenos parasite, strange tithes, unsettling disappearances and unnatural changes invariably follow. With most feudal worlds having little in the way of technology, the peasantry and knightly orders have only superstitious rites, swords and shields to protect them from the clawed horrors that prey on them from abandoned dungeons, charnel houses, cave networks and dank forests.



APEX PREDATORS

There are worlds in the Imperium so lethal they are classified as death worlds; their environments are anathema to life. Many human warrior groups use these planets for extreme training exercises – and amidst the menagerie of deadly flora and fauna they face, a slinking Purestrain Genestealer can often go unnoticed. Some of these training groups will be infected, and return to their divisions with a lurking doom in their midst that will soon be brought to whatever world they are sent to protect next.



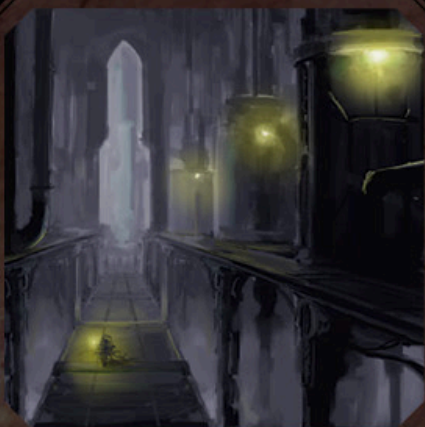
RANGING WIDE

Cults with a pool of mechanised assets thrive in wide open spaces, such as those of agri worlds. With at least eighty-five per cent of their landmasses given over to the cultivation of forcecrops, hydroponics, livestock, algae lakes and cactus forests, such planets are not especially populous. However, the wide spread of their conurbations makes them easy prey for wide-ranging Genestealer Cult elements that soon have the perfect excuse to send their 'provisions shipments' to other planets.



BARBARIC CULTS

On the feral worlds of the Imperium – those that are pre-black powder and may even have regressed to pre-ferrous or even lithic levels of technology – it is simple for an established Genestealer Cult to thrive; by bringing powerful weapons, advanced technology and complex tools with them, they are worshipped as gods. By contrast, a genesis infestation upon such a world is a rare occurrence, as those Purestrains that make planetfall find themselves to be the hunted as often as they are the hunter.



THE DEEP CATACOMBS

Despite the strength of their populations' faith, the worlds of the Adeptus Ministorum are not immune to the Genestealer Curse. A vestal robe can hide a multitude of mutations, and the labyrinthine boneyards and catacombs that riddle the lesser districts are ideal prowling grounds for a species as adaptable as the Genestealer. Those humans they grant the Kiss to still claim to be worshipping the Emperor as they move amongst the flock, but in truth, their actions further a far darker cause than even that.



OUT ON THE FRONTIER

Where the Rogue Trader plants their flag, they say, the unwashed hordes of Humanity are soon to follow. On the borders of the Imperium, new worlds are claimed in the name of the Emperor with each passing year. Out there, the lawmakers and enforcers of the Adeptus Arbites are a mere rumour. Though it may take a long time for a Genestealer Cult on a frontier world to grow to full fruition, by being there at the beginning of a budding civilisation, its members can infect every stratum of society with ease.

THE CULT OF WAR

From the moment the first hybrid is born, the cult begins preparing for a star-spanning war of insurrection. There are other factors that can trigger a large-scale military intervention, sometimes before the dynasty reaches critical mass. Woe betide those who derail the cult's master plan, for its warriors strike serpent-fast, and their vengeance is terrible.

Genestealer Cults are concerned with their own propagation above all, and will usually only commit to an armed action on their own terms. There remain exceptions, of course, for in the crumbling edifice of the Imperium, even the most watertight plans do not last long in practice. Each ruction, setback or disaster is handled in its own fashion. On occasion, an incautious power-grab or roving aberration may lead to the cult being investigated by Imperial authorities.

If an inquest from the Adeptus Arbites – or worse still, the Inquisition – cannot be dealt with by a visit from a Magus or their minions, the cult may soon find itself under attack by anything from a regiment of Militarum Tempestus soldiers to a strike force of Deathwatch Space Marines.

Though this calibre of attack can eradicate a Genestealer Cult in a scouring that shakes the underworld to its core, all it takes is for one Tyranid life form to escape and the cult can begin anew. Such purges are uncommon, for the cult spreads its infection in the shadows – and amidst the vast, sprawling confusion of the Imperium, there are millions of locations where one cannot be easily discovered. With the cult's members inducted from the indigenous populace, they have countless advantages. Those recruited from the underbelly of society are already wise to the best places to hide, whereas those from the upper echelons have influence enough to cover their tracks with ease. Over time, the cult spreads its creed from one stratum of civilisation to another. A mature cult with several brood cycles will have everything

from sewerjacks, factotums and auto-proctors to high justices and spirelords under its sway. On the day of uprising, all the infected members of a planet will act as one, bound to the cause of destabilisation and sabotage as the shock troops of the cult take out the military targets they have proven unable to infiltrate. This broad-spectrum attack has proven utterly devastating on hundreds of worlds; so prepared were the insurrectionists that, in places, the planet's infrastructure was turned on its head and then dismantled entirely in a matter of days.

The entire effort is painstakingly coordinated by each gene-sect's Nexos, whose simulations, tactical analyses and hololith-guided battle projections give their brethren a vital edge. In conjunction



A cult uprising triggered prematurely is not characterised by the joyous, exultant frenzy of the zealot whose gods have come to earth. Rather it is a thing of horror, hatred and unremitting violence that can see even the most formidable assailants cast broken to the dust.

with a Clamavus, an expert in both the dissemination of information and the disruption of the prey's communications, the Nexos will convey their constantly adapting plans to the greater throng. Should something go awry, as it sometimes does when the Imperium's megalithic structure seeks to protect itself, it is the Nexos who drives the attack to victory along a different vector. Perhaps they will have to redistribute subterranean assets after hearing word from their Jackal Alphus lieutenant of a drop insertion force of Space Marines sent to stymie the cult's attack. Perhaps they will order their Rockgrinders to block the roads or demolish buildings in order to hold back the mass assault of a mechanised Sisters of Battle army. With curt orders and split-second decision making, the Nexos will put into motion contingency plans and adaptive strategies that see the cult withdraw as one, only to strike elsewhere – for they are linked, body and soul, far more than any conventional military force. On a wider level it is they who determine the optimum time for the cult to rise up in unforeseen circumstances; where its war leaders may deal in faith and fury, the Nexos' role is that of cold hard logic.

The Primus, being a war leader, has a more aggressive approach to the propagation of their kin. When their gene-sect's Magus gives them the signal, they will gather a hand-picked army from the parent cult, and then strike out to claim new worlds in the name of the Patriarch. Often this is done under the guise of industry, making use of existing space lanes and import routes to carry a host of Genestealer Cultists to a new planet. In the darkness of the cargo holds, shipment auto-crates will hiss open, and the Primus will lead their brethren forth. Should the incursion be uncovered, the cult will strike with swift and overwhelming force. If their assault does not take down their adversaries in short order, they will scatter like oil-roaches in torchlight, seeking shelter in the dank corners of their new domain before later regrouping.

There are times when a host planet is attacked by outside forces – perhaps due to a Hrud migration, a Drukharai raid, a greenskin Waaagh! or even a warp breach. Most cults, nestled in hiding, will be content to wait for the storm to pass. But if the invasion directly threatens their interests, they will fight like a hive of angered hornets to defend them. Such planets teeter on the brink of catastrophe,

rescued from one alien host only to find their saviours embody another, far more sinister threat.

Should all go well, the cult will wait with the patience of spiders for their moment, generation after generation spent in preparation for the final battle as they infect ever more territory. Once all is in order, the intricate web of secrecy is finally torn away, and the world is plunged into anarchy.



When a cult rises up to conquer their host planet, it is usually because a Tyranid hive fleet has blackened the sky with the immensity of its bio-ships. The Genestealers and their kin are united in a singular desire to slay, to cause havoc, to destabilise and spread terror to every corner of the planet. Every member that has felt the mind-kiss of the cult's

progenitors feels it in their blood, a pulsing, desperate need to kill that has seen even lowly Neophytes tear their victims limb from limb in a frenzy of semi-religious ecstasy. As the nightmare of the hive fleet's invasion descends, even a small cult can shatter a planet's defences.

There are those worlds that are conquered by a Genestealer Cult far earlier, claimed by the Patriarch's dynasty when the Tyranids are still hundreds of years distant, or even not coming at all. This may be because their uprising was triggered prematurely, because they have simply run out of ways to spread beneath the radar of their enemies, or because their Patriarch senses psychically that the hive fleet that would have claimed them is now lost. As part of a wider onslaught divorced from its hive fleet, it will have to claim dominion through its own wiles. These are in some ways the most dangerous cults to the Imperium, for like a virus spreading to new host bodies, they actively sow the seeds of destruction across a far wider area in the hope of somehow reconnecting with their gods. Using their home world as a base of operations, they replicate their successes by any means possible, sending stowaway organisms and covert invasion forces to every planet within reach. Whole star systems have been conquered by such cults, the beacon of their psychic presence all the stronger for the Tyranid hive fleets that will eventually arrive to consume all.

THE CULT OF THE SECOND SON

On the infamous hive world of Necromunda, the spire-like edifice of Hive Secundus was known for being rich in spirit and enlightenment as well as material wealth, more so even than its peer structure, Hive Primus. Scholars sought to learn the mysteries of the Imperium from its extensive archives, and were so entranced by what they found they never left. But its outward appearance was a sham, for Hive Secundus was under the sway of a vast and frighteningly influential gene-sect. When this fact finally came to light, the lord general of Hive Primus ordered the bombing of the rival metropolis with high-yield rad munitions – so thorough was this bombardment that the entire hive, built far taller and thinner than its counterparts, toppled onto its side with an immense crash that caused seismic disruptions for hundreds of miles around. The entire area was declared quarantine extremis, and the denizens of Necromunda forbidden from even talking about it.

Unfortunately for the hive lords, the bombing of the spire and its subsequent toppling did not prove enough to eradicate the cult that lurked at its heart. So hardy and determined were the cultists that hundreds of thousands of them survived, and ventured out once more through the extensive tunnel networks that tendrilled from their old haunts. The gangs of Hive Primus, their interest piqued by the very forbiddal of raids upon the fallen metropolis, entered those same tunnels. The troglodytic creatures they found in there were mutated beyond all reason by the baleful emanations of the rad bombs – and every bit as lethal as the Purestrain Genestealer from which they had been born.

THE HIVE FLEETS DESCEND

In the subculture of the Genestealer Cult, every action, every uttered phrase, is another step towards a final destiny so apocalyptic it will devour friend and foe alike. Should the cultists achieve their ghastly agendas, each world they have worked so painstakingly to conquer will be stripped bare of everything, even its atmosphere, by their ultimate masters – the Tyranids.

As a cult pushes its tendrils ever further into its host civilisation, it prepares for the day of its great ascension. Though it may be decades, even centuries in coming, sooner or later a psychic shadow will fall upon the star system in which the cult has spread. This is the Shadow in the Warp, the first sign of the utter despair to come.

At first, the strange penumbra of this influence sends soothsayers mad and inspires wild panic in those who channel the energies of the warp. The Astronomican becomes dim, then shrouded completely by the psychic miasma crawling across the stars, as if the Noctis Aeterna had returned – but this time the doom promised by the Blackness is made manifest. The Shadow in the Warp's unearthly pall cuts the system off from the rest of the Imperium; it becomes all but impossible to send for reinforcements, to flee to safety, even to seek solace and insight from the Emperor's Tarot.

Only then does the source of the threat emerge from the darkness. Starlight glints from a flotilla of celestial bodies, visible as a shoal of dots in the night sky. While these bodies may appear beautiful at first, their surpassing ugliness becomes more evident as they draw close. This is a bio-fleet of the Tyranid race, and it has come not to enlighten, but to devour.

The cult sees the arrival of this impossible menace as the long-awaited fulfilment of their prophecies. They believe the Patriarch's kin, unfettered by Humanity's failings, are here to elevate the faithful and lift them into the light forever. The skies cloud over, thickening with xenos spores as the hive fleet prepares the cult's world for consumption. Enraptured, the cult's true believers tell each other that it is always darkest before the dawn. Celebrations and warlike shouts ring through the streets as their devotional frenzy reaches new heights. When the Tyrannocytes rain from the sky like fleshy meteors, the cultists wave their banners high, hoping to attract the attention of the angelic host.

As the giant brood-sacs of the bio-ships split open to disgorge shrieking, blade-

limbed war beasts, a seed of doubt worms into the minds of the cultists. Still, their belief in the notion of star-borne saviours is so ingrained they keep fighting against the wider populace. The Tyranid invaders mass together into a tide of chitin and fang, surging over the lands to cut down or consume the indigenous populations. With the Hive Mind guiding each brood, the Tyranid hordes do not see the cultists as prey; at first they are ignored altogether by the synapse creatures coordinating the attack. For a short and blissful period, cultist and Tyranid fight on the same side.



Once the cult's adversaries have been slain, the Genestealer Cultists become eager to embrace their distant relatives in celebration, jubilant that their star-spanning family is at last complete. They walk forwards, arms wide, into the seething avalanche of weapon-forms – before they too are torn limb from limb. Only then does the true magnitude of the cult's folly hit home to those who witness this fateful truth. The mood of the cult swiftly changes from dogged loyalty to panic.

The final revelation comes both from within the cult and without. Those the cultists once worshipped from afar turn upon them in the worst of all possible betrayals. Any who seek succour from the Patriarch instead go to their doom. With its sentience now subsumed entirely by the greater Hive Mind, the creature becomes

just another Tyranid, another nameless cell in the void-crossing super-organism that wants nothing less than to devour the galaxy. As soon as the planet's defenders are overcome, the Patriarch and its brood will attack their own offspring, wicked claws punching into close advisors and trusted minions, who die choking on their own disbelief. Those Purestrain Genestealers spawned upon the host planet attack their devoted parents without hesitation, slaughtering them in a flurry of talons and snapping mouths.

Cult members who somehow survive this grim twist of fate flee as best they can, but they do not get far. The hail of Tyranid spores intensifies, and the planet itself is altered on a molecular level, becoming a noxious hell. Alongside the bodies of the wider populace, the corpses of the cultists are devoured by Tyranid phage organisms, then later regurgitated into the acidic digestion pools that bubble upon its surface. There, they are dissolved into a sickening gruel, raw biomass that is sucked up by ribbed capillary towers into the bio-ships above. So it is that the host population and the cult's parasitic reflection are made whole at last, their bodies mingled in the final act of this apocalyptic tragedy.

Not all those Genestealer Cults spawned across the galaxy meet a grisly end, consumed by the maws of the terrifying creatures they worship. Some rise to prominence, subconsciously sending out a psychic aura that attracts a Tyranid bio-fleet – only for that fleet to be flung into nothingness by a warp storm, engaged in battle by a conventional fleet, or consumed by a violent celestial phenomenon such as a supernova. These cults go on to propagate again and again, their brood cycles consuming ever more of the host planet until it is fully claimed by the Patriarch and its kin. Such planets become the cores of a spreading network of infestations that can cover several systems or even span an entire sector, preparing the way for a destiny that will never come. In time, they may attract another hive fleet towards them – though until that day they are free to reign supreme over their host domain.



The hive fleet's organisms descend, blackening the skies with their number. Truly, this is the end of the world. The Genestealer Cultists, who have faith in this void-born cataclysm, rejoice in their vindication – but only for a time...

The sky over the palace rooftop was choked with clouds of alien spores. Thousands of bat-winged beasts dived down from the darkening mass to fall upon the scattering civilians in the streets below. High above them, the evening sun was blotted out by a floating, tentacled immensity for which the human race had no true name.

To Everard Arghott, it was unquestionably the best day of his life.

The fathers from beyond had finally arrived. The sheer, unadulterated joy he had felt at the realisation, at first hearing the screeching call to war, was so strong it made his feelings at the birth of his first child seem like a mild frisson of interest.

'Hail the Children of the Stars!' he screamed excitedly, his cult brothers and sisters taking up the chant as he turned to them, wide-eyed and frantic with elation. 'The day of glory has come!' He caught the liquid black eye of his grandchild, the gangling young thing the youngsters called Hisser, and felt a swell of pride as the boy ripped a clawful of ribs from a shouting Tempestus Scion. No easy feat, that. The lad would go far.

'Blessings of the stars be upon you,' he said fondly to another one of the Militarum, sinking his knife deep into the top of the soldier's helmetless head before wrenching it loose. Another of the heathens tried to bring his gun to bear,

only to find Clottrid's throttling claw at his throat and Zalla's street-sign hammer smashing his hip to flinders of bone. Everard batted the end of the gun to one side, smiling wide as he pushed his long-nailed fingers into the fool's eye sockets. He chuckled to himself as milky fluids drizzled down his hands. Perhaps now the man would see a little better.

A giant egg-sac splatted home upon the upper balcony and split open like an obscene flower, unfolding with a series of loud squelching sounds. A living river of chitinous beasts hurtled out, still slick with nameless matter as they leaped from the rooftop onto a passing Valkyrie. Everard chuckled as he recognised the insignia on the transport's side as that of the planetary governor. 'No escape for you, old friend,' he murmured, smiling to show needle teeth he would no longer have to file down.

Walking as if in a dream, Everard approached the balcony. The streets were black with them, now, the Star Children. They were already feeding. In the plaza below, a lake of acidic matter was dissolving the corpses of those claimed in the name of the true gods above. Everard smiled ruefully; something inside him knew that in the end, he too would go to meet his destiny in that very same fashion.

But first, there were duties to attend to. He sighed, and cleaned his blade. It was ever the path of the faithful man to make sacrifices.

CULT OF THE FOUR-ARMED EMPEROR

THE BURROWERS BENEATH, THEY WHO SHALL RISE AS ONE

The Cult of the Four-armed Emperor are cunning, wily and endlessly patient. They are the masters of subterranean assault. Wherever one of their devoted walks in the open, a thousand more lurk beneath, ready to surge up for the kill.

The original worm-form shape has been sprayed, scrawled, stencilled and graffitied on a hundred Imperial worlds.

It was on the planet of Ghosar Quintus, in the year 680.M41, that the horrible corruption of the Genestealer Cults first became properly known to the Imperium's adepts. Investigating what had the signs of a xenos-based perversion of the Imperial Creed, the decorated Inquisitor Chaegryn led a team of Tempestus Scions to the world. He ventured into the largest mining colony there, known as the Great Pit. The deeper Chaegryn explored, the more evidence of deviance he found.

Strangely, the Inquisitor's last communiqué stated that all was well. He concluded that the Trysst Dynasty, who had led the mining colony in its exemplary record of service for countless generations, should be left to its own devices. With the Inquisitor being a trusted and respected member of the Ordo Xenos, none thought to look further. It was a full year before Chaegryn's fellows noticed something was wrong – the Inquisitor was still missing, and the style of his last missive was not typical of his usual communications.

Fearing some manner of alien presence, a five-man Kill Team of Deathwatch Space Marines was despatched on a follow-up mission of lethal investigation, yet they too were swallowed by the mysteries of the Great Pit. Only when the steel-willed Chaplain Ortan Cassius of the Ultramarines mustered his own hand-picked Deathwatch Kill Team did the Imperium return to Ghosar Quintus. His conviction proved the best weapon of all, for with fire and fury he cut through the web of secrecy and misdirection that protected the Trysts' hidden workings. The mutant workers of the cult moved to attack, and layer by layer the vile truth was unearthed as the Deathwatch ventured ever further into the pit. Chaegryn himself was never found, though his servo-skull yielded more of the picture that Cassius and his team were slowly putting together.

Kill Team Cassius fought through hundreds of Genestealer Cultists as they plumbed the depths of the Trysst Dynasty's corrupted world. Though they made it out alive, the Space Marines were changed by that gruesome ordeal – and the Imperium too, after a fashion. Ortan Cassius became a dogged, obsessive foe of the Tyranid race in all its forms, and has worked closely with the Deathwatch and Ordo Xenos to root out a dozen cult infestations since – for most shocking of all the discoveries upon Ghosar Quintus was not the Genestealer

The Duct-Ghuls Brood emerges from the empty promethium pipelines of the metropolis Xhost, the battle already all but won through stealth and guile.

Patriarch that lurked at the heart of the cult, but the damning evidence in the dynasty's shipping holographs. Though the Deathwatch is aware of the threat, since the dawning of the Great Rift, communicating it to the wider Imperium has proven difficult if not impossible.

The Trysst Dynasty, and the infestations that followed that of Ghosar Quintus, are so sly they effectively turned the Imperium against itself. Under the guise of industry, the xenos-tainted Trysst Dynasty spread its curse across not only the Ghosar System, but throughout the Charadon Sector and beyond. In efficiency, in the consistent, unflinching work ethic of the cult's members, the war leaders of the Four-armed Emperor have found a tool like no other for their own expansion.

Rather than spreading in secret, using single covert stowaways or clutches of Genestealers hidden in dark recesses, the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor works so hard to increase its industrial output that its members are being actively recruited. Blind to the consequences, the agents of the Munitorum have gone out of their way to ship the cult's agents far and wide as exemplars of an efficient Imperial workforce, and the cult has been only too happy to oblige. Within weeks of each transfer, the cult's operation begins anew, its leaders preparing the way for an import of Purestrain Genestealers once the transit connection is well enough established.

Before the hideous truth of Ghosar Quintus was revealed by Ortan Cassius, it was used as a prime exemplar of a Delverworld, a planetoid given over entirely to mining the Eastern Fringe. Its tithes were consistently at least a fifth higher than the required level, and the adamantium mined from its substrata was purer than any other source in the sector – every ingot polished to a bright sheen, neatly stacked and dutifully categorised by countless Trysst workers. More than that, the dynasty's workers were content to subsist only on gruels and nutrient pills, and there were no recorded incidences of unrest. To the Imperium they seemed a model population. When this came to light through the planet's tithe reports and later lexmechanic assessment, the Munitorum shipped out work groups of the Trysst Dynasty to every other Delverworld within reach, there to act as consultants and role models for the other, less efficient populations to aspire to.

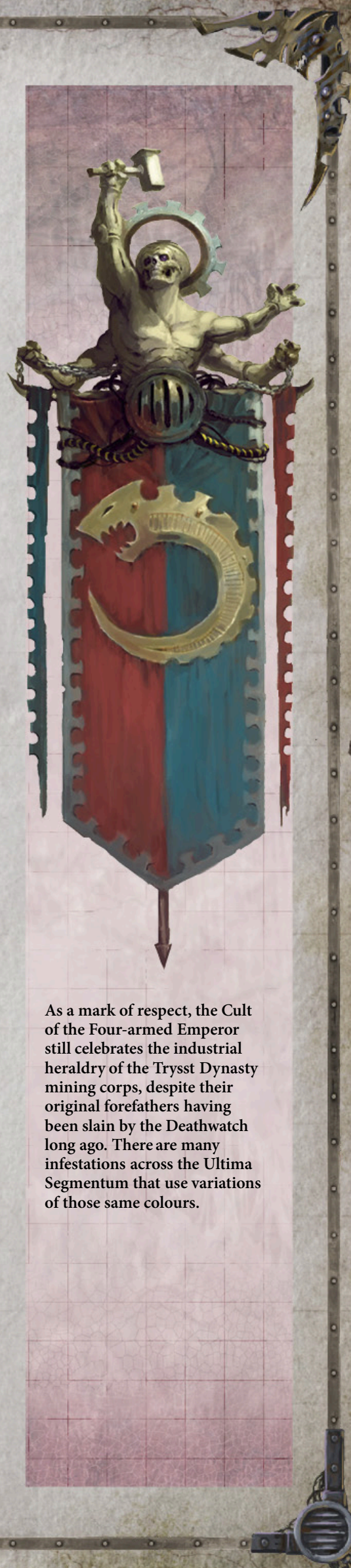
Thriving for sixteen generations before Inquisitor Chaegryn's investigation, and with thousands of offshoots not on Imperial record, the Trysst Dynasty has spread the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor across half of the galaxy through means both fair and foul.

They are consummate miners, burrowers and subterranean explorators; they have learned well how to thrive in the darkness, keeping their insidious secrets buried beneath several layers of respectability. Theirs is a galactic infection rather than a local one, for of all the cults these are the big thinkers, the plotters in the shadows, the grand viziers working hard to prepare the way for a king yet to arrive. Despite the Deathwatch's best efforts to track them down and purge them from existence, their warrens honeycomb hundreds of Delverworlds. There they thrive in the underhives and sump strata of Imperial metropolises. Their workers toil hunched in tight maintenance pipes, labour through sweltering work shifts in heating conduits and clear blockages in vermin-infested sewers without complaint. Their agents scurry along secret passageways and crawl on their bellies through tight pipeways to reach their targets, making their kill before leaving unnoticed.



The war leaders of the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor, on the other hand, fight in the daylight as much as the dark. They seek out the schematics for every building and conurbation they reach, maximising the potential of each underground network and altering plans so new areas are built – only to erase all record of them and ensure those involved in their creation who are not kin are despatched elsewhere, or slain. These visionaries push their tendrils into every level of society, but make especial use of the countercultures and underground elements who may know the territory better than any surface dweller.

Truly the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor is to be feared. Of all the cults, it is this troglodytic brotherhood that best uses the techniques of demolition, undermining, and ambush from below. They have industrialised their way of war, and whilst doing so, turned the vast, lumbering giant of the Imperial workforce against its masters. To strike against them is to kick a termite nest – only to find that which crawls across the surface mounds is but the tiniest fraction of a teeming colony of life forms that boils swiftly up from the labyrinthine warrens beneath.



As a mark of respect, the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor still celebrates the industrial heraldry of the Trysst Dynasty mining corps, despite their original forefathers having been slain by the Deathwatch long ago. There are many infestations across the Ultima Segmentum that use variations of those same colours.

THE HIVECULT

THEY WHO TAKE UP THE GUN AGAINST THE TYRANT

The Hivecult are militant, organised and hierarchical. They infiltrate not only the criminal underworlds and hive gangs of their host planets, but also the Astra Militarum regiments that recruit from them. To the Hivecult, it is a divine duty to be armed and dangerous.

The Hivecult's leaders prioritise warriors amongst their recruits, regardless of their provenance. Their logic is sound, for should a convert have access to a sword, a gun – or even better, a tank – their contribution to the uprising will be all the more formidable on the day of ascension. If the entire cult is so armed and armoured with the finest weapons the Imperium – and its black market – can provide, it will overcome all before it in a spectacular surge of violence. Each gun stolen from its official home is worth two on the day of insurrection.

The genesis infestation of the Hivecult is a prime example of a Genestealer infection that spread like wildfire across a densely populated Imperial planet. That planet is New Gidlam, a hive world that has thirteen ancient hives upon its pollution-blasted surface. Each of these vast, man-made mountains harbours tens of billions of souls, and all but one has been conquered by the Hivecult. Only Hive Tharanex holds out, its lessons learnt at the expense of every other population centre. Even then its lower levels are constantly besieged, and its future looks bleak indeed.

The cult's emergence on New Gidlam began with a spate of ritual killings. A warlike underhive family had sprung up around a brood of Purestrain Genestealers. These xenos specimens were originally purchased from a self-appointed 'xeno-tzar' known as Deinosis the Great Curator. They were later smuggled into the city by furtive gangers looking for a secret weapon to use against their enemies.

Brought swiftly into the sway of the Genestealer they called the First Father, the gangers went on the warpath, and soon surpassed their rivals. Rather than the traditional route of infiltrating, kidnapping, blackmailing and stealing from their enemies to grow slowly in the darkness, the cultists went straight for the throat.

They slaughtered one rival gang after another, taking over large swathes of the area known as the Sump. The more dominant gangs that had established themselves in these lower levels saw what was happening and eventually put aside their differences to defend against the Hivecult, but faced with the First Father

and his sharp-eyed Genestealers, who could squeeze through narrow pipes and swim across lakes of toxic spill to attack from unexpected angles, the gangers were overmatched.

In the meantime, the aristocracy of the hive had also been infected by the cult's savage ambition. Its Magus, Vockor Mai, was at the centre of this operation. He brought the ruling dynasties into line one by one, swaying them with his psychic influence and uncanny charisma. There was one, however – a rich hiver named Thorne who habitually wore a helm of xenos design – who did not fall to his wiles. In the hours of darkness, Vockor Mai shucked off his robes and assassinated Thorne whilst he was in his bathhouse, cutting the dignitary's throat with a razor-sharp symbol of the cult and leaving it as his calling card. It was the first of many such kills, each part of a wider initiative to remove obstacles from Mai's path. Though often half seen in the darkness, he was never caught.

With those first acts of killing, the urban myth of the White Creeper was born amongst New Gidlam's aristocrats. When the cult grew large enough to spawn the Neophyte assassin known as a Sanctus, Vockor Mai bade the operative to go into the hive spires and kill those too intractable – or too psychically powerful – to fall to his wiles. The legend of the White Creeper grew, and spread from hive to hive, though in truth it was several individuals working in concert. Over time, gene-sects were established in twelve of the thirteen ancient hives – but the spread of the cult did not stop there.

New Gidlam's principal human exports – skilled roachworm silkers and recruits for the Astra Militarum – spread the infection of the Hivecult from the outer worlds of Segmentum Solar to its heartlands. With many Imperial Guard regiments recruiting from the gangers of those worlds, the Hivecult spread ever further. Hidden gang signs and electroos worn under the skin enabled those who owed allegiance to the New Gidlam dynasty to identify one another in secret, and spread their creed in the endless hours of inactivity that typified life between engagements. The sheer vastness of the Astra Militarum – and the desperate intensity of the wars they fought –

The icon of the Hivecult is worn as a talisman – but fulfils a deadly double role, as its razored edges are used to cut the throats of the cult's victims.

The first of the Hivecult's banners was fashioned from the colours of the New Gidlam 223rd, adorned not only with trophies taken from its slain Commissar but also the skulls of its Ministorum Priests.

helped the Hivecult to evade the Commissariat in nearly every conflict zone they infiltrated.

Those who owed secret allegiance to the Hivecult made for focused, disciplined soldiers – albeit on the strange side – but none looked too deeply into their history, for the lords of the Astra Militarum care little about the native cultures from which their foot soldiers hail. With the Imperial Guard boasting a thousand different races, colours and variant Imperial creeds amongst its number, it proved easy enough for the cult's Neophytes and Brood Brothers to further their organisation's wider agenda in secret.



When the Hive Cult carry out an insurrection on a world, many of the in-system Astra Militarum regiments sent to put down the uprising have thousands of members bearing the wyrm-form upon their skin. These agents of the cult betray their regiments from within, and with armoured squadrons and even super-heavy tanks turning to fight alongside the rising tide of the underworld, the Imperial Guard tasked with restoring order are often overcome in a matter of a few bloody days. Those forces of the Adepta Sororitas and Adeptus Astartes fighting alongside them find themselves suddenly betrayed – and with that betrayal a long time in the planning, it is usually as lethal as it is sudden.

The Hivecult's chillingly efficient manner of taking over territory has proved incredibly effective time and time again. Coordinated by gifted Nexos strategists who marshall and distribute their faithful with military precision,

The capture of the Astra Militarum's assets is of great import to the Snatching Talon brood, for every tank taken for their cause is worth two – one less for the enemy, and one more for the planet's rightful rulers.

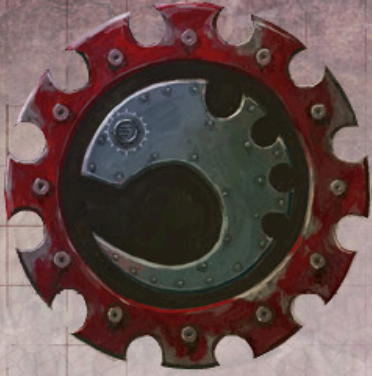
they have endless ranks of soldiery marching to the beat of the First Father's drum. They have unparalleled access to warships, aerial assets and methods of reaching the battle zones in which they flourish. More than that, with thousands of infected gangers working in the lower levels of Imperial metropolises to undermine the planets from the bottom up, they can attack society at every level simultaneously. Some whisper that the Sol System itself has come under threat by the Hivecult, for reports of their presence in Segmentum Solar are becoming ever more common.

The icon of the bladed wyrm-form is carried by all of the Hivecult's members, whether they be the Brood Brothers of New Gidlam's Astra Militarum regiments or the infected hive gangs themselves. So militarised is the cult that the icons themselves are weaponised, appearing in stylised form as knuckle dusters, throwing stars or daggers. They are often used to slay those who stand in the cult's way, an act rich in symbolism that harks back to the 'blue-blood kills' first started by the Magus Vockor Mai.

'Yes, we could unite the paupers and the scribes, the factotums and the hab-workers easily enough. They too have their uses. But an uprising recruited from those with ready access to military-grade weaponry? That will triumph far more easily than one recruited from the common folk. Keep your toothless herd. The blessed union of gun, claw and merciless intent is a force to be truly feared.'

- Brigadier-Primus Lendst van Wanderschultz





The alien in the machine, a potent symbol for the people of Feinminster Gamma – and all cultists who rise up against the Adeptus Mechanicus.

THE BLADED COG

MAN, MACHINE AND ALIEN IN GLORIOUS UNITY

The Cult of the Bladed Cog is born as much of metal as it is of raw human stock, and is further augmented by the extra-galactic anatomies of the Tyranids. This great blend of human, xenos beast and war machine is a deadly threat to its Adeptus Mechanicus hosts.

Feinminster Gamma was once a humble planet, its people often referring to it as ‘a cog in the great machine’. Since its oppressed masses embraced new rulers from beyond the stars, that mantra has been abandoned, and the metaphorical cog turned into a weapon. Feinminster Gamma is no longer an underappreciated component of a galaxy-spanning empire, but instead the central hub of a new order – one devoted to slaughter and destruction in the name of an uncaring xenos race.

In late M41, the macroclade army of Tech-Priest Dominus Ovid Thrensiom – who would become known as the Great Miser – had arrived on Feinminster Gamma in force. To facilitate their mech-aquisitive crusade across the stars, and to refuel the Questor Mechanicus Knights that accompanied them, they sought resupply on a grand scale.

Yet the planet, despite their assumptions, proved to have a remarkably low energy yield – since the opening of a major warp storm in the neighbouring Vakadan System, many of Feinminster Gamma’s meagre generatoriums had been running on emergency protocols simply to keep artificial lighting shining bright. The populace reasoned that if the baleful light of the empyric tempest was eclipsed by conventional lumins closer to home, none would stare too long at that celestial phenomenon, and hence countless citizens would be spared from madness and despair.

When Ovid Thrensiom found the paltry generatorium districts struggling even to keep the cities lit around the clock, his hopes of securing a forward base deeper into space were dashed. In consultation with his Fulgurite advisors, Thrensiom decided to take a rich harvest of bio-electricity from the planet’s living population instead. The techno-census that followed, ostensibly levelled to catalogue those who had bionic enhancement and those who did not, instead saw tens of thousands of citizens leaving the halls of the Adeptus Mechanicus as stumbling, near-comatose husks.

Civil unrest fomented slowly, but bubbled to the surface as a powerful eruption that could not be denied. Using industrial tools, improvised weaponry and rudimentary guns purchased on the shadow markets, the slave workers of the planet Feinminster Gamma rose up against the agents of the

The Oil-Claw broods of the Bladed Cog spurn the rulers of the Adeptus Mechanicus, but value their vehicles and cybernetic enhancements most highly.



Cult Mechanicus who had sought to bleed them dry. They were hopelessly outmatched. Extermination servitor details and Skitarii macroclades were sent to eradicate the worst of the slave revolts, though in his insatiable greed for more energy, Thrensiom spared the lives of as many people as he could – and hence let the seeds of a new rebellion grow amidst the ashes. For a while, the Adeptus Mechanicus regained control, but the atmosphere of oppression and paranoia that resulted was fertile ground for the spread of an underground religion.

When a Purestrain Genestealer was unwittingly borne to the planet's surface by the cargo freighter *Redspark*, a widespread cult of deliverance was soon to follow. The xeniform was seen as proof that there were other cultures, and even other species, beyond the clouds that were surely less cruel and tyrannical than the Adeptus Mechanicus. The crew of the *Redspark* were adamant that salvation could be found in the worship of their unusual cargo.



Slowly at first, but with gathering speed, whispers of a 'New Deliverance' movement spread throughout the populace. No longer would the cultists be content to be part of the same heartless and unceasing machine as their rulers – instead, they would become a blade. The code-brands and electroos with which the planet's Tech-Priest overseers had marked their citizen workers were in many cases altered in illicit inker-dens to jibe with the new imagery of the emergent cult. The Omnissiah's Cog was adapted to better resemble the jag-spined emblem with which the creed marked out its faithful members. Slogan tattoos became common, worn across the collarbone or spine, each bearing a message that one of the Martian creed would consider shocking and blasphemous in the extreme. Every hour, the forge temples of Feinminster produced a new clutch of battle tanks and servitor-pattern transports – these too were taken by the cult and daubed with its rebellious insignia.

The common populace were not the only ones to fall under the spell of the Cult of the Bladed Cog. Though it took the mental onslaught of the Patriarch itself to achieve it, many Skitarii were brought into the embrace of the cult. Their electro-spoor signatures and noospheric auras gained them entry into many areas that should have been forbidden, and allowed the cult to spread unchecked. With these cyborg inductees gradually corrupting the brotherhood of their own clades, the seeds of the populace's grim salvation were sown.

The day of ascension was triggered only when every parameter, run through exhaustive simulations by the ex-Skitarii Alpha who acted as the cult's Nexos, pointed towards victory. With mathematical precision, Thrensiom's electrophagic regime was overthrown, the Tech-Priest himself slain by a Sanctus' bio-mutative bullet so the cult's nemesis could know the terrible glory of unbound flesh before he died. On that day the broodkin of the Bladed Cog swapped one set of cruel masters for another – though they are yet to learn that their new overlords ultimately answer to a force that is infinitely worse than that of their former rulers.

Where the Cult Mechanicus seeks to unite flesh with metal – and in some cases, replace one with the other – the Cult of the Bladed Cog seeks to blend the stuff of the alien with that of the machine. Cyborgised bodies are common in the varied ranks of the Bladed Cog, their tortured anatomies as much metal, wire and hydraulics as they are alien chitin and fused human bone. The bionic creatures that form the vanguard of each of the cult's uprisings are blasphemies against the Omnissiah so shocking that they can stop one of Mars' faithful Tech-Adepts or war servitors in their tracks.

To truly blend one with another is an impossible goal, for the Tyranid is as alien and distant from the Holy Machine as it is possible to be. Yet that does not stop the Bladed Cog from pursuing their crazed agenda with the fervour of fanatics possessed of a new obsession. They depict their deity, the Clawed Omnissiah, as having robotic pincers alongside the primary talon-limbs that would be familiar to any Ordo Xenos Inquisitor or Deathwatch veteran. Some go so far as to join their armaments with their own bodies, undergoing painful surgery until they become one with their weaponry. Others begin life as dull-witted servitors, given new direction by the hypnotic gaze of a Magus – or even the Patriarch itself – until their single-mindedness is turned towards destruction in the name of the cult.



The Cultists of the Bladed Cog wear the crimson of those forge worlds closely affiliated with Mars, the Red Planet. Their prime war banner is strung with the remains of the Tech-Priest Dominus Ovid Thrensiom, whose obsession with claiming energy for his own use led to the original rebellion of Feinminster Gamma. These colours now fly above Thrensiom's Citadel of Industry as a symbol of victory over the Cult Mechanicus.

THE RUSTED CLAW

WHEN ALL ELSE ROTS, THE CULT ALONE WILL SURVIVE

The weather-beaten, rugged survivalists of the Rusted Claw are more at home on the open wastes than they are in the claustrophobic confines of an Imperial underhive. They are the pioneers, the nomads and the prospectors of their kind.

The Cult of the Rusted Claw is constantly on the move. Its adherents thrive on the fringes of Imperial society, rather than within its hidden heart, for they exemplify the cult's need to expand and settle fresh host populations wherever they can support a new gene-sect or infestation. Their willingness to roam across the most hostile reaches of the Imperium in search of settlements means they are hardy and resilient in the extreme. Despite their dishevelled appearance, a cultist of the Rusted Claw is a formidable opponent; they can go for weeks without food or water, work tirelessly under a volatile sun, or take a bullet and keep on fighting till day's end without slowing once.

The cult can trace its beginning to the arid wastes of Newseam, a planet on the eastern edge of the Ultima Segmentum. The miners who toil beneath Newseam's crust unearth hundreds of tons of precious metal from the planet's strata each day. The sickeningly rich upworlders who control their fate forbid the downtrodden labourers from keeping even the smallest portion of the wealth they dig out from the seams, let alone spending it.

This prohibition causes a great degree of ire amongst the populace, who work their fingers to the bone in the name of uncaring masters. The backbreaking labour of their pick work yields them nothing more than food slops, nutrient paste and a few hours of sleep a night. Some of the more precious metal they mine is smuggled away, for the eyes of the Newseam Minecorps Servitoria's overseers cannot be everywhere at once. Those who are caught, however, are auto-flogged, hung by the neck until dead, and their mortal remains branded with the thief's rune as a salutary warning.

The embittered underclasses of Newseam proved fertile ground for a new creed. When the pickaxes of a small work group dug through the remains of a buried spaceship, the subsequent explorations awakened the Genestealer hibernating within. It was the beginning of the planet's slide into the abyss. Working in tandem with their Rogue Trader allies, the prospecting divisions of Newseam spread their worker populace from world to frontier world – and with each of its pioneering expansions, the dark secret at its fringes spread along with it.

Most cults have humble beginnings, but those of the Rusted Claw embrace their disdain for material possessions to the point that it becomes a bitter refusal to accept that anything has lasting value – not even themselves. They are nihilists all, believing that they are but corroding material in a universe riddled with entropy. Only by being subsumed, by being remade, body and soul, by the unknowable entities they worship, can they ever become something more. Until that day they are nothing more than ambulatory scraps of flesh and bone, tattered cloth and rusting metal – and anyone who thinks differently is a fool in need of a rude awakening.



This mindset, when twinned with the harsh lifestyle of the pioneer, leads to a scruffy and neglected appearance – to spend too much time maintaining, embellishing or polishing is seen as a despicable and ultimately fruitless indulgence. Objects exist only to serve, and all material possessions are functional and disposable, just like the flesh that will soon enough rot away to leave only the immortal spirit behind.

This wide-roaming Genestealer Cult believes that the emptiness of the void consumes all – even metal. They see the tarnish of every coin and the rust that eats away at every vehicle as divine entropy brought to their world by their hallowed Patriarch, and they welcome its virulent spread. They hold fast to the fact that all the works of the Imperium will rust away, corroded in body and soul, and that only the void that is left in its place will have true meaning and permanence. One day, they know, they too will become part of the nothingness beyond – in the meantime, they will speed the dissolution of all civilisations in any way they can.

The cult symbol shows the cog of industry being consumed by the great metallophagic wyrm that consumes the unbeliever and his creations alike.



The cult's banner is made from the cloak of the slain Oremaster Rubio, overseer of Newseam's first gold mine. Each of the standard's gold pendants has been taken from the corpse of an upworlder who hindered the cult.

Only when the oppression of the upworlders is gnawed away completely will they be truly free to spread their creed to the four corners of the galaxy. Eventually all things must give way to the raw and barren truth of the void.

The cult is not named idly, for its wargear and vehicles are usually in states of disrepair and corrosion. Some elements of the cult can even rust the metal they touch, leaving russet fingerprints upon every metal up to and including adamantium – there are pict-feeds of Maguses of the Rusted Claw reducing Imperial vehicles to corroded hulks simply by laying hands upon them. Those agents of the Ordo Xenos who have witnessed this phenomenon believe the cult's most alien adherents harbour a nano-organism symbiote, perhaps contracted from the Tyranids themselves; metallophagic and ravenous, this invisible predator can consume even bulkhead doors in a matter of minutes. Naturally the cult see this phenomenon as a divine miracle.

Typically, each of the cult's gene-sects will breed a Kelermorph, a specialist bioform that occurs far more frequently in the wide-ranging Rusted Claw than any other of its kind. These pistol-wielding figures quickly become folk heroes amongst their kin, leading daring strikes against the pillars of the establishment until the downtrodden masses unite behind them. Being largely nomadic, the cult also has a high proportion of Atalan riders, who roam under the unforgiving suns of the frontier worlds in large mechanised gangs; while they wear leather coats and broad-brimmed hats ostensibly as protection against the elements, they mainly serve to hide their hybridisations from prying eyes.

The spies, saboteurs and rangers of these subcultures use comms links and even orbital communions to report their findings to their war leaders. This allows their Primus and their kin to operate in secret, gently influencing events rather than leading from the front. Meanwhile, the Magus will take position in the heart of a gene-sect and guide their thralls psychically, for they are still the mind behind the cult's expansion and – unlike the Kelermorph, always awaiting inevitable martyrdom – they are not so easily replaced.

Those belonging to the Dust Nomad gene-sect of the Rusted Claw may be scruffy and ragged to look upon, but their inner steel has seen them endure against, and even secure hard-won victories over, enemies of far greater manpower and military resource.

It was the Kelermorph known as Golden Talon, of the Newseam Saints, who first gilded one of his claws by dipping it in molten gold taken from the Palace of Commerce. This symbolic act of desecration was a potent reminder that though their Oremasters might grind them down, in the fullness of time the cult would take whatever it wanted, and nothing could stop them. Although the Rusted Claw eschew wealth, valuing body and soul above ephemeral concepts such as mortal possessions, they are more than happy to remind the overlords of those worlds they infest that their trinkets and gewgaws can be snatched from their weak hands – just as their breeding stock can be taken from them and turned to a higher cause with a single Genestealer's Kiss.

'All is transient. We need but endure.'

- 'Leatherback' Hanes

The rusty-orange and bright metallic hues worn by the Rusted Claw are attributed to their belief in the metallophagic wyrm – a colossal invertebrate that consumes flesh and machinery with equal voracity. Many of their Neophyte Hybrids also wear tabards and robes of scarlet, signifying that they have slaughtered an armed warrior on the orders of their leader.



THE PAUPER PRINCES

FROM GREAT SACRIFICE COMES IMMORTALITY

The Pauper Princes believe that greatness can only be found in self-sacrifice and humility. Zealous to the point of mania, they bring the edifice of the Imperium low to ensure the new order can thrive – even if it costs every life save for the Patriarch itself.



The Pauper Princes use a worm-form with many limbs, for to them each cultist is but a single talon of a greater life form – the cult itself.

The Pauper Princes are devoted worshippers of the Star Children, xenoform gods from beyond that are only ever referred to in veiled terms and implied concepts. They also revere their own prophets and living saints, who they protect with fierce dedication. They are selfless to an almost alien degree, so faithful to their creed that they will gladly take a bullet for those closer to the Patriarch than they. They never hesitate to give their lives to protect their war leaders. This self-sacrifice, this utmost loyalty, is not enforced so much as inspired – for the martyrdom of their first Magus sent ripples throughout the cult's psyche that define its members hundreds of years later.

The Pauper Princes originally hail from the ochre-hued slum world of Chancer's Vale, which although still listed as an Imperial-held planet is almost entirely under the cult's sway. Much of the populace lives in the squalid shanty towns that pepper the coasts, their skin badly desiccated by the constant mining of minerals from its barren seas. The planet exports millions of tonnes of saline cubes every year to those planets in the same sector that have no seas of their own; these are used for scores of purposes, from curing meat to the preparation of healing salves. Those of the Pauper Princes who hail from Chancer's Vale have a wrinkled, pale cast to their skin – an appearance that marks them out as blessed scions of the holy land to those who have colonised other worlds in the cult's name.

Such is the deprivation and abject poverty of Chancer's Vale that many of its people originally joined the cult not because they were forced to by coercion or the Genestealer's Kiss, but because they were desperate for a way off the planet. Word had spread that there was an offshoot of the Imperial cult thriving in the principal spaceport of Senfarr – though the source of its formation, the Purestrain Genestealer that still made its lair on the super-barge *Just Strength*, remained secret. From the *Strength* came a cult which preached hope, solidarity and new beginnings, an intoxicating mixture to the downtrodden and desperate population of the planet's searing coasts.

The first and most talented demagogue of the cult, Magus Marovitch Tenndarc, spoke with such conviction about a new life amongst the stars that thousands fell under his sway in the space of a few short weeks. Swathes of the world's populace united in their devotion to the Star Saviour. Every Emperor's Day, the Magus



The gene-sect of the Scarlet Talon is united in a frenzied devotion to the cause. Their hybrid infantry will gladly run through hails of bullets if their war leaders ask it of them – for they revere blessed unity above all.

sermonised to rapturous applause about the glories to come. Tenndarc died saving the Star Saviour himself – the cult's Patriarch – by diving in front of a Ratling sniper's bullet. The abhuman assassin was torn to pieces within the hour, Tenndarc attained the status of saint, and the cult's flock quadrupled in size. Since that day the cult has had a fierce hatred of Ratlings, and in any war zone that harbours these diminutive Imperial Guardsmen, they will go to great lengths to destroy them – for that which nearly killed their Patriarch may one day finish the job, and this they cannot allow.



If any cult embodies the unthinking obedience of the Broodmind, it is the Cult of the Pauper Princes. The zealots of the cult would do literally anything to save their masters. There are reports in Ordo Xenos files of a hundred extreme incidences of self-sacrifice, some so shocking they seem more like the behaviour of an insectile hive than a group of humans. There are pict-feeds of mutant hybrids running through promethium fires to hurl themselves into the path of oncoming Aggressor Squads, purely to buy their war leaders a few more seconds to escape. There are reports of Neophyte Hybrids making dense walls out of their own bodies in front of their cult leaders, acting as living sandbags to soak up the phosphor bullets of a Kastelan war clade without emitting a single scream of pain. There is even grainy footage of Pauper Princes making mass charges against the giant spiked rams of Ork Bonebreaka wagons so as to jam up their workings and protect their Patriarch – only for the alpha predator to skitter nimbly up the side of a building without looking back.

It is near impossible to bring the tactic of military decapitation to bear against this cult, for it has a strange prescience when it comes to danger, especially when the heart of its dark organisation is threatened. With their

war leaders living what amounts to charmed lives as a result, their extreme methods have proved to be incredibly successful. As they say amongst the faithful flock, to be one of the Pauper Princes is to live forever – though none admit that it may not always be in the same body, or even anatomy, as that of their birthright.

The Pauper Princes tell one another they are blessed with an uncanny prescience, and on numerous occasions that claim to having a sixth sense has been borne out. On the war-torn planet of Vigilus, at the northern end of the Nachmund Gauntlet, the Pauper Princes had worked for generations to infiltrate every stratum of society. Though teams of Adeptus Arbites and even elements of the Inquisition had delved into the darkest corners of the world after rumours and reports of disappearances far surpassed the usual threshold, the Genestealer Cult always stayed one step ahead – or at least camouflaged itself so well amongst the populace that they continued their vile agenda without serious hindrance. The Patriarch of that planetary infestation, known as Grandsire Wurm to his faithful worshippers, was so adept at evading pursuit or discovery that it was claimed by his cultists he was as intangible as mist, and could shift from one shadow to another at will.

When a sudden invasion of Orks from within the Great Rift threatened to capsize the Vigilus insurgency before it had truly begun, the Genestealer Cultists found themselves fighting to defend the very holdings they had worked so long to undermine. All they had fought for, all they had planned, would be in tatters if they allowed the greenskin menace to overtake the surface world – for the Orks had capitalised on the planet's vulnerability during the Noctis Aeterna to conquer the wastelands and invade the fringes of the hivespawls that formed every civilised region.

What began as a devastating but relatively straightforward invasion soon turned into a complex and many-layered war on all fronts. The Pauper Princes took control of Dirkden Hivespawl and even gene-poisoned many of the Hollows, giant reservoirs from whence much of the arid planet's water supply was drawn. Wheels within wheels and plans within plans saw the cult's creed reach the highest echelons of society, even infecting the Ministorum of Saint's Haven and the ruling Aquilarian Council. Only the intervention of Marneus Calgar's Ultramarines brought the planet back from the brink of disaster – yet the Pauper Princes had already spread, infesting the planet's moon before venturing further afield.



The Pauper Princes' banner is crowned with the mummified corpse of Saint Tenndarc. The Magus epitomises their selfless urge to protect their Patriarch – and by extension, all those who echo his form. Its skull still bears the hole of the sniper's bullet that killed him. Before each battle, the members of the cult insert two fingers or talons into the empty eye sockets of the cadaver, believing this will give them a portion of the Magus' uncanny vision.

THE TWISTED HELIX

THEY WHO SWALLOWED THE BITTEREST PILL

The cultists of the Twisted Helix did not have the Genestealer Curse thrust upon them, but instead voluntarily took it into their society through extreme medical experimentation. They harbour unnumbered bio-horrors amongst their ranks.

The Cult of the Twisted Helix has spread far and wide through the most sinister of methods, for it uses the Imperium's limited understanding of medical science against itself. Its original site of inception is Vejovium III, deep in the east of Segmentum Obscurus; the planet is technically a civilised world, but it was long ago overtaken by the industry of the macro-alchemical distilleries that manufacture its exported medicines. So influential have these complexes become – and the dynastic corporations that rule over them – that everywhere the skyline is ridged with enormous medifactoria. These appear, when viewed from the hive aristocracy's spires, like the laboratory of some godly sage – spiral glass pipelines and chimneys belch strangely coloured smoke alongside vast alembic structures and cooling towers. Given the influence they have over the lives and even anatomies of the populace, the divine comparison is an apt one.

The war leaders and Biophaguses of the Twisted Helix think of themselves as a new breed of god-like being, their clay the flesh and blood of those around them, and their creations a blend of human, alien and void-stuff. These they see as nothing more than experimental subjects, and every skirmish, hostile takeover and even large-scale uprising purely another test bed from which to draw firmer conclusions about their experiments thus far. They have created works of mad genius in their quest for the perfect life form, yet seek daily to surpass them, for nothing short of galactic domination will satisfy the power-mad maniacs who rule the cult's medifactoria behind a façade of intellectual curiosity.

Vejovium's rulers long ago cracked the secrets of dulling the mind. After the costly Doxencrafter Rebellions of late M38, the planetary governor commissioned an inhibitory chemical that could be mixed into the food paste and corpse-starch of his citizenry's diet. The spread of this potent chemical saw the populace rendered docile, even bovine in its apathy to anything but the strongest stimulus. Though those visitors who saw this for the horror it was did everything to bring some manner of justice against the rulers of the cult, they were always undermined,

kidnapped or shouted down by those with controlling interests in the planet's industrial fortunes. With Vejovium supplying so many of the med-packs, Apothecarium supplies and void sickness pills to the Imperium's military bodies across the Pahr Sector, the investigations never plumbed the depths that would have unearthed the conspiracy spreading at the heart of the planet's fortunes.



Ironically, it was this deadening of the psyche that was to prove a temporary salvation for Vejovium's people. When a clutch of Purestrain Genestealers, intended as fodder for more extreme experimentation, reached the planet via the black market, the first of the stevedores to meet one of the Tyranid vanguard organisms face-to-face was no easy prey for his would-be corrupter. He proved resistant to the strange hypnotic effect of the Genestealer's aura – and, on instinct, closed the airlock in which the beast and its kin lurked, slamming the reinforced door shut just as the creature's ovipositor darted out to craze the glasscrete.

The incident was reported to the on-duty overseer, of course, and from there the message reached the highest spires. At a worryingly steep cost in the lives of their 'volunteers', the leaders of the industrial cult laid low their Genestealer prisoners – after assailing the airlock with radiation baths, poison gas, sonic destabilisers, and even acid mist they eventually resorted to a hail of bullets that not even the Purestrains could survive. They subsequently dissected the very xenofoms that had sought to infect them.

Over the course of hundreds of exhaustive experiments, the medical overseers learned how to extract the germ-seed of the Purestrain from the cellular coding of those who have been blessed by the Genestealer's Kiss. At the behest of the shadowy individual known only as the Prime Specimen, the implications of this

The icon of the Twisted Helix is a corruption of the stylised hermetic symbol used by the Imperium's apothecary institutions.



The banner of the Twisted Helix is hung with vials containing elixirs, hyper-steroids, and blessed ichor taken from the veins of the cult's alien test subjects.

discovery were exhaustively researched. It was eventually concluded that they stood on the threshold of a new evolution – that the xenos gene-pattern was the path to true perfection, and perhaps even immortality. Under strict test conditions, the aristocracy of Vejovium injected the stuff of the alien into their veins, and began their transformation into something resembling Neophyte Hybrids.

In essence, though they had at first evaded the curse that sought to infect them, the lords of Vejovium instead voluntarily started their own transformation into monsters at a far later stage of the cycle. Sure enough, after many hideous by-blows and aborted experiments, they birthed a new clutch of Genestealers with which to further their agenda – albeit a brood given life in the sterile tubes of a secret medifactoria rather than the incubatory anatomies of infected hosts. These in turn infected new infestation sites, and the Vejovians slowly began to resemble a cult like any other.

So it was that the Genestealer Curse took hold upon Vejovium through a new and disturbing vector. Obsessed with their discovery, the Prime Specimen and his peers widened their research time and time again, venturing into the most bizarre territory in their search for new bioforms that would reinforce their delusions of godhood. They became convinced that to seed their concoctions throughout the people would be to secure their undying loyalty, even worship. Subsequent experimentation led to methods of incorporating the germ-seed into the curative syringe vials that form a major part of Vejovium's medical exports – and from there, into the veins of millions of unsuspecting citizens. Every recipient is rendered susceptible to the brood curse that is sure to follow; those with constitutions stalwart enough to resist are often given compulsory vital supplements in pill form, and later given reinforcement via a midnight visit from one of the cult's 'independent vectors'.

Over the years, the imperfections of these bio-alchemical experiments have resulted in a great many monstrosities lurching from the laboratories of the Twisted Helix. Aberrations, multi-limbed hybrids, hunchbacked brutes

and conjoined terrors are common in the ward-cells in which the cult keeps its shocking secrets. In times of insurgency, when the Prime Specimen can only achieve his aims through violence rather than subtlety, these monstrous hybrids are released by the thousands. Injected full of steroidal serums and painkilling salves, they make excellent shock troops, and the Biophaguses who goad them to battle learn much from their performance in live fire – or their grisly demise, should their tortured metabolisms finally give in to the experimental adaptations heaped upon them.

For every star system conquered through horror and violence, there is another that the cult has brought into the fold through the careful application of medicarium exports and subsequent mass indoctrinations. This process, expertly refined and industrialised on an interplanetary scale, has seen the Twisted Helix spread its curse across the Vejovium System and beyond.

'This is all perfectly normal. Your credit is good enough this time. Simply ingest the contents of one of the purple vials at dusk, and one of the white vials at dawn. We guarantee you that within a week, you will feel like a new man.'

*- Biophagus Galaxos
Klynsmith*

Cladebatch Gamma-Jovia is a crucial front-line war asset. Though its Biophagus maintains a veneer of professional detachment, every one of its members has an uncanny strength, and takes a dark pleasure in proving their raw physical might on the battlefield.



INFESTATIONS BEYOND NUMBER

One of the strengths of a Genestealer Cult is its versatility. Just as the Genestealer can infect a thousand different species, a cult can spread into a thousand different ecosystems and environments, taking new forms and reinventing itself at need.



INNERWYRM

The Innerwurm Cult infests the abattoir world of Fleishgate. A lynchpin planet that provides the meat of grox, grontock and bovia to the Mawdlin System, Fleishgate has long been taken over by a Genestealer Cult, its primogenitor organism brought to the planet inside the guts of an immature void whale hewn apart for its meat. The cultists take their inspiration from the arm-length intestinal parasites they find inside the guts of their livestock, for their hidden cult grows strong within the mass of Humanity's ignorant herd. The use of the saw-spine wyrm-form, based in part on the meat-cutting machines used in their daily slaughter, is not confined to Fleishgate; it occurs on many industrial agri worlds.



The vicious circular saws used by the Innerwurm Cult in its work form the basis of its banners and symbols.



BEHEMOID UNDERCULT

Upon the fringes of Ultramar operate the Behemoid Undercult. This hidden organisation is of such cunning it has infested several worlds, despite continued attacks from the Tyrannic War Veterans trained by Ortan Cassius. There are rumours the cult's founders worshipped a battle-scarred Tyranid monstrosity trapped in ice, and that they still revere that great beast alongside their own Patriarch as a saint of a new order. That creature, known as Old One Eye in the spacefarer tales that surround it, is of such totemic importance to the Undercult that they ritually scar and tattoo themselves, or even cut out their own right eyes, in homage to the creature, seeing it as a prophet of the xenos god they call Behemoth.



The one-eyed wyrm-form of the Undercult devours the laurels of those civilised empires it seeks to lay low.



STAR KINDRED

The cult infesting the long-forsaken Gleptid Reach claims to worship the Emperor of Mankind in the form of a holy sun that shines in the firmament. In truth, they worship that which lies beyond the sun and stars, those unknowable entities that haunt the black velvet pall of endless night. One day, the Star Kindred preach, the dark glory of the void will swallow the light of Gleptid Reach's sun once and for all, and the truth alone will survive. Their Maguses claim to have seen in their visions a great eclipse that will swallow the sun on the day of reckoning – though they do not realise that the scenes they depict in their holy texts portray not one celestial body before another, but a bio-ship so vast it causes a solar eclipse.



The holy sun to which the Star Kindred offer their human sacrifices is emblazoned on every cultist's body.

'For so long I was lost, locked in that endless cycle of darkness and futility. The daily grind, we called it. Waking from the hab-block, eating the recyc paste, trudging to my station, working 'til my fingers bled. The only variation was the flickering flame of the autocandle at my relic station, sometimes high, sometimes low. My father had died under its light, and his father before him. Then came that blessed dawn where I strayed – and in doing so, found my saviour's kiss. Life began anew.'

- Gonsa Theren, Scribe Fourth Class of the Cult Hydraic



SONS OF JORMUNGANDR

The Sons, as they call themselves, hail from a string of infested space stations that stretch across the Black Nebula. They worship the resurgent bio-fleet that coils through the Thalassi Sector like some impossibly vast serpent. Using the relative privacy of orbital stations to mask their spread, the Sons prepare for the day when the hour of ascension arrives, and in doing so damns the sector entire. The vector of infection used by the Sons is inspired by the hive fleet they worship from afar – where the Tyranid ships fill hollow asteroids with egg-like spores and hurl them at the target planet, the Sons stow away on bulk freighters and cargo ships by the thousand.



The wyrm that devours itself is the symbol of the Sons. Only by being consumed will they be born anew.



THE BLESSED WORMLINGS

The cultists of the Blessed Wormlings feed only on the beetles and squirming annelids that burrow through the loam of the graveyard world Masuchi Parr. A sombre brethren who are dark of mood and aspect, they believe that the verminous insects that prey upon the dead inherit the strength of all creatures once they pass into the earth. They preach that, by embracing the ways of the most lowly creatures, they will find a humility that brings them closer to the Star Emperor. In truth, the deity they refer to is not the Master of Mankind, but the personification of the Great Devourer – the Tyranid race that will one day consume them all.



The sigil of the Blessed Wormlings is segmented, much like the earth-crawling insects they emulate.



THE CULT HYDRAIC

To assail an infestation of the Cult Hydraic is to attack a single tendril of a far greater creature. For hundreds of years this organisation has sent broods of Purestrain Genestealers from the dockyards of Vigilance Quadrex. Though many have been subsequently destroyed, many more have started the Cult Hydraic anew, their colours flown on a dozen worlds across Segmentum Pacificus. To attack one such node is to invite slow but certain retribution. With news of the hostile act transmitted psychically by the cult's war leaders, it is only a matter of time before several more elements of the organisation converge on the aggressor – and either eradicate them entirely, or use sinister charisma to convert them to the cult's cause.



The many-headed wyrm-form of the Cult Hydraic represents the many cells that make up the greater body.

GENESTEALER CULTS OF THE IMPERIUM

Xenos Imagnifier
cartographicus-class
contraband 121/Pravda-Betus.
Notabene: Confirmation
pending from Ordo X.

SEGMENTUM OBSCURUS

HALO STARS

SCARUS
SECTOR

CALIXIS
SECTOR

FINIAL
SECTOR

GOTHIC
SECTOR

STORM OF THE
EMPEROR'S WRATH

ZIAPHORIA

THE EYE OF TERROR

CYPRA MUNDI

CHANCER'S VALE

MORDIAN

VALHALLA

VIGILUS

ACHMUNE
SAUNTLES

BELIS CORONA

PISCINA

ALARIC

CHINCHARE

CADIA

AGRIPINAA

SANGUA TERRA

FENRIS

MOLOV

NECRON
MEPHRIT DYNASTY

HYDRAPHUR

ARMAGEDDON

ELYSIA

THE ROCK

CICATRIX MALEDICTUM

SEGMENTUM SOLAR

PROSPERO &
PLANET OF THE SORCERERS

LASTRATI

VORDRAST

TERRA & MARS

GOLGOTHA

SEGMENTUM
PACIFICUS

NEW GIDLAM

GATHALAMOR

FEINMINSTER GAMMA

CATACHAN

THE MAELSTROM

THE ABATTOIR CLUSTER

MACHARIA

NECROMUNDA

BADAB

ULTIMA
MACHARIA

KRIEG

LUTHER MCINTYRE

TALLARN

NOCTURNE

BALOR

CHIOS

UHULIS
SECTOR

OPHELIA

V'RUN

SIREN'S STORM

VEJOVIUM III

BANE'S LANDING

SOLSTICE

ALEUSIS

RYNN'S WORLD

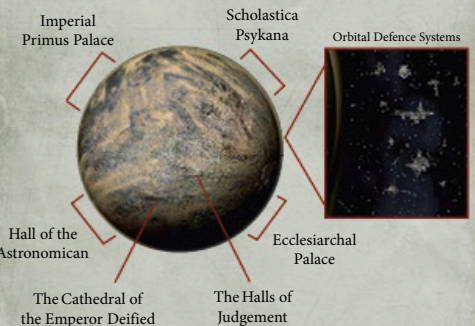
NEPHILIM
SECTOR

SEGMENTUM TEMPESTUS

REDUCTUS
SECTOR

AGRAX

HOLY TERRA
*Blessed in his authority,
here dwells the most beneficent Emperor.*



Imperial
Primus Palace

Scholastica
Psykana

Orbital Defence Systems

Hall of the
Astronomican

Ecclesiarchal
Palace

The Cathedral of
the Emperor Deified

The Halls of
Judgement

GRYPHONNE IV

ILLUSTRIS

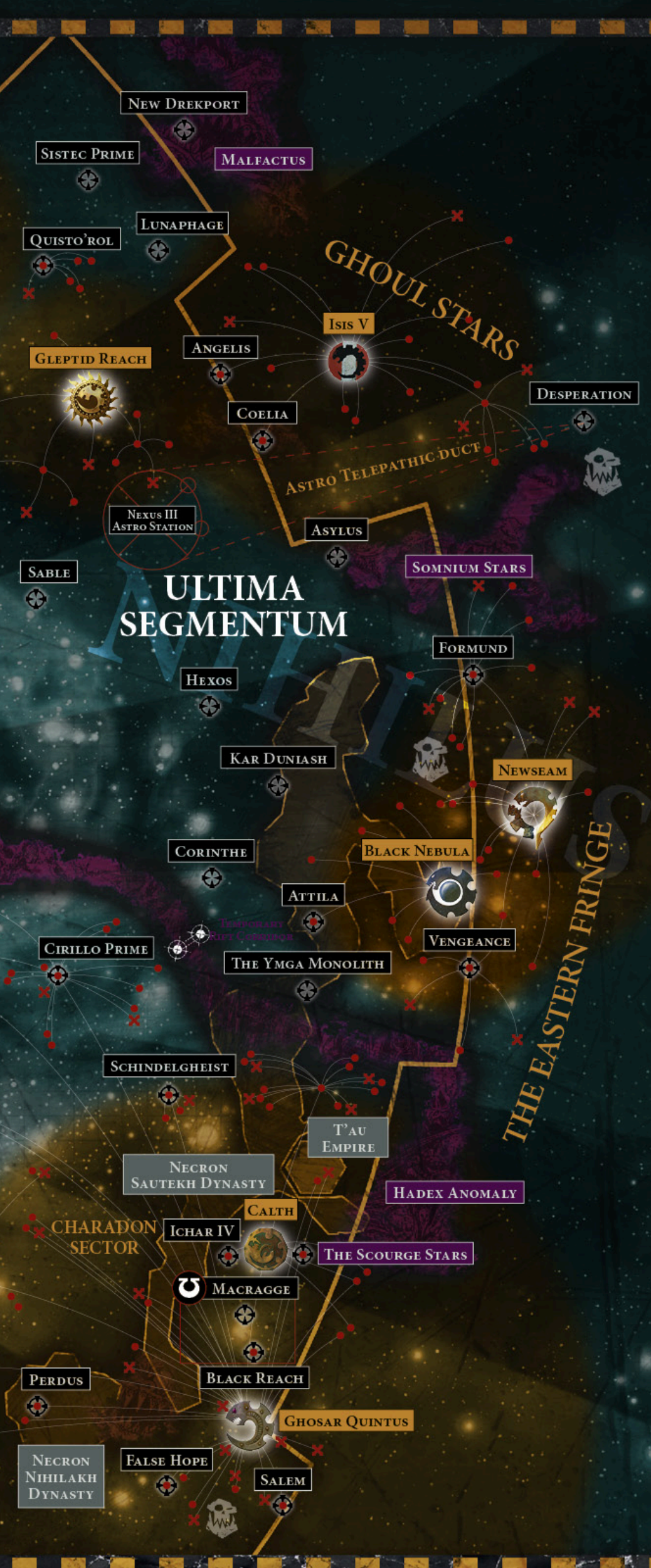
THE VEILED REGION

BAKKA

ANTAGONIS

SAN LEOR

VIGILANCE QUADREX



A GALAXY INFECTED

Once a Genestealer Cult has become well established on a host world, its spread can be all but impossible to stop. Of all the xenos scourges plaguing the Imperium, these cult infestations are the most insidious, gathering their strength in the dark and hidden places of civilisation. By the time the forces of the Imperium are aware of their presence, all too often they have already spread to another planet, infected it from within, and spread again. Each populous world forms another staging post in this elaborate conquest. Provided the Genestealer Cult stays ahead of the Tyranid hive fleet that it draws towards the rich sources of biomass it locates, a cult can theoretically spread until it has reached pandemic proportions and collapsed entire sectors of space. Even should the Tyranids never appear, the doom of the host populations is assured.

A VIRAL CONQUEST

-  Source planet
-  Infected planet
-  Purged site
-  Cult of the Four-armed Emperor
-  The Pauper Princes
-  The Bladed Cog
-  The Rusted Claw
-  The Twisted Helix
-  The Hivecult
-  Glatchian Dynasty
-  The Innerwurm
-  Behemoid Undercult
-  Sons of Jormungandr
-  Blessed Wyrmlings
-  The Star Kindred
-  The Cult Hydraic

THE HIDDEN DYNASTIES

Only those Imperial operatives of the highest echelon have an inkling of how far the Genestealer Curse has spread across Mankind's realm. For every cult that has been thrust into the light, whether by its own ascendancy or by the burning fires of extermination, there remain a dozen hidden in the dark spaces of the galaxy, waiting for their moment to strike.

C. M40 PRIOR TO FORMAL IMPERIAL CLASSIFICATION

The Pyropurge

The Pyropurge of Jauseth Septima is thought to be exhaustive. Using psychic means, the puritan Inquisitor Dethrec Balthagar and his Deathwatch allies root out every last trace of Genestealer infection on the planet. However, a fourth generation cultist with the germ-seed of the alien left the infected world three weeks earlier aboard a cryopod shuttle, and he later returns to his home planet. Within three years of Inquisitor Balthagar's death in service, Jauseth Septima is overrun once more.

The Infested Metropolises

The capital world of New Gidlam falls to the Hivecult. The burgeoning gene-sects first take over the lower portions of each teeming hive city, then infect the aristocracy who live a privileged life in the spires above. The gangs who have carved out territory in the lower levels fight to the last bullet, uniting as one in the face of the greater threat, but are eventually overcome by the cultists. New Gidlam's principal human exports – skilled roachworm silkers and recruits for the Astra Militarum – spread the infection of the Hivecult from the outworlds of the Imperial domain and into its heartlands, establishing many new infestations. Before the decade is out, the largest hive world in Segmentum Solar is assailed by the burgeoning Genestealer Cult, and the cycle of war begins anew.

Death in the Jungle

Moraz III, a death world swathed in carnivorous jungle flora, is struck by the wreckage of a Rogue Trader's menagerie-ship. The Genestealer that breaks free from the ship's hold infects the local populace, giving rise to the nascent Cult Veridian. However, every member of the dynasty is killed when a regiment of Catachan Jungle Fighters uses Moraz III as a training world for their hunt-and-slay tactics. Only the Genestealers escape. Once the Catachans have left the planet, the xenos emerge once more, swiftly becoming the alpha predators of the jungle before beginning the cycle anew.

The Last Hierarchy of Evergrind

Robbed of both its Patriarch and Magus after a pinpoint strike by the Imperial Navy, the Cult of the Star Saviours misreads a week-long meteor shower as a sign of imminent salvation. Taking the shooting stars in the skies of Evergrind as confirmation that celestial rapture is close at hand, the self-proclaimed Last Hierarchy, Primus Adamant, puts into motion his plans of conquest. On the night of the grand insurrection, every breeder city and dust farm upon Evergrind's surface is lit by the fires of revolution as the cult insurgency rises to impressively destructive heights.



The cult's ascendancy is like a flame to dry tinder. Riots break out in every quadrant as the local citizens take the opportunity to loot, kill and burn, exacting revenge for endless centuries of oppression by their taskmasters. During the fighting, Primus Adamant is slain by an entrenched heavy weapons team, and with his demise the cult loses much of its cohesion. By the time the new moon rises, the planet has devolved into a post-apocalyptic bedlam populated by warring tribes, lone scavengers and scuttling half-xenos predators. Those craft whose captains are foolish enough to make planetfall upon Evergrind are soon brought low and claimed by the leaderless and atavistic cult – and the ships' passengers with them.

A Doom Unstoppable

A strike force of Black Guardians from Craftworld Ulthwé descends upon the gyroscopic space station of Delugen. The

prophetic Farseer Anathroelle Starseeker leads her warriors into Delugen's corridors. There they slay the Cult Tendricul in the most thorough fashion, putting every human they find to the sword. The station's astropathic distress signal reaches a Black Templars fleet, and whilst the Asuryani are rooting the last of the humans from the station's corridors, the boarding torpedoes of the Space Marines strike home. The Ulthwé force is driven off, and the last few survivors of Delugen escape. Within a year, the symbols of the Cult Tendricul are seen on a dozen planets, including the Aeldari maiden world Virgose.

M41 CLASSIFICATION AND DIRE IMPLICATIONS

The Ghosar Quintus Anomaly

Inquisitor Chaegryn of the Ordo Xenos investigates rumours of a hidden religion upon a mining planetoid in the Ghosar System. He and his requisitioned Tempestus Scions report many anomalous findings before mysteriously reporting that all is well, that last missive followed by ominous silence. The Deathwatch investigate – first with a small group of operatives, then, when they too go missing, in greater force. Chaplain Cassius hand-picks a team of elite operatives to form an Aquila Kill Team, and launches a hunt-and-destroy investigation. They find Ghosar Quintus' Great Pit entirely overrun by the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor, the centre of a web of industrial infestations that spreads across the sector and beyond.

The Vitria Strike

Evidence of Tyranid infestation is uncovered upon the glasscrete world of Vitria. A platoon of Kappic Eagles takes battle to the Genestealers lurking within the shattered pane-habs. They engage the xenos broods in a battle that culminates in a desperate fight against a Tyranid Lictor. The beast is slain, and its lair examined in detail. Its walls are covered with doomsayer ravings – phrases daubed in blood telling of numberless killers from beyond the stars, of death made flesh, and of a 'Great Devourer'. Amongst them was a single word repeated over and over – Cryptus.

A Single Seed

The wreckage of the freighter *Pegasine*, destroyed by the lance strike of an Ordo Xenos corvette, spirals through the skies of the frontier planet Hopefoster. Most of the debris burns up on entry, but the largest section lands more or less intact. After long weeks spent healing, a single Genestealer survivor awakens in the wreckage. It becomes the Patriarch of the Voidbrood, and after a century of unfettered expansion, its cult rises up to overrun the planet entirely.

The Gnarling

Upon the forge world of Ecovoria, the spider-like figure known only as the Gnarling becomes a popular bogeyman used to scare the manufactorum caste's children into obedience. Tragically, a kernel of truth lurks in the legend of a subterranean monster clad in a cloak of human skin. Ten generations after the first grand-mamzel tells her wards the Gnarling will steal them away, giant sinkholes appear across Ecovoria – the secret tunnels burrowed under each forge complex were so extensive that entire portions of the planet's crust had fallen away. Black-limbed Genestealer Cultists boil out of each underground warren in impossible numbers, first ripping apart the Skitarii maniples sent to quarantine each sinkhole, then attacking the wider populace. Through the carnage stalks the Patriarch that gave rise to the Gnarling myth, the leathery devotionals tied to its spine billowing in the winds of open war.

The Sin of Damnation

Sergeant Lorenzo – a gifted Blood Angels tactician – leads two squads of Terminators to board the *Sin of Damnation*. Within that legendary space hulk, the Blood Angels erase the shame of a former defeat, releasing a poison throughout the behemoth that kills the tens of thousands of Genestealers slumbering in void-hibernation inside its cavernous recesses. In doing so, the Space Marines prevent the vanguard organisms from spreading across the stars, eradicating thousands of potential cults before they have a chance to spawn.

M41 THE PROMISED ASCENDANCY

The Spawn of Cryptus

Soon after the Kappic Eagles' mission report from Vitria reaches the Commissariat, the Cryptus System is reinforced by Cadians, Sisters of Battle

and the Militarum Tempestus. The area known as the Shield of Baal – that cordon of space that protects the home world of the Blood Angels – is placed on a war footing not a moment too soon. The warnings found on Vitria prove prescient – tendrils of Hive Fleet Leviathan reach out to consume every living thing in the overpopulated Cryptus System. As soon as the Leviathan splinter fleet's innumerable bio-ships pass through the icy shield of the Aegis Diamando, the corruption upon the capital world of Asphodex is revealed. The ruling family of Asphodex's principal metropolis has long been corrupted by the towering Genestealer known as the Spawn of Cryptus, and its aristocracy work to undo everything the Astra Militarum has achieved. When a Blood Angels fleet from the neighbouring Baal System arrives to bolster the increasingly desperate defenders, Captain Karlaen of the Archangels leads his brothers under the city in a series of escalating battles that eventually sees the Spawn of Cryptus slain and its vile brood scattered to the stars.



Xenos War

A Genestealer Cult rises in the shadows of the Octarius Sector's Scrapworld Dakka. The Orks of Mount Mekaniak are impressed by the massive gargant *Clawbeast*, a purple monstrosity of beaten metal built with six limbs. When the Vostroyan Firstborn descend to kill the planet's ruler, Gurnmek of the Iron Fist, *Clawbeast* is deployed to terrifying effect. The Vostroyans send in whole companies of Devil Dog tanks to carve up the gargant, and succeed in stopping it in its tracks – until the Gargant's great belly hinges open, spilling hundreds of Genestealers into the ranks of the Astra Militarum. They tear open the tanks and feast on the fleshy bounty within.

The Greater Good Corrupted

A lone Genestealer from Hive Fleet Gorgon reaches the T'au sept world of Ksi'm'yen. The creature is captured by the planet's Earth caste scientists and subjected

to extensive analysis, resulting in a lowly worker being implanted with a measure of germ-seed. The grotesque anatomies that spring up in the laboratories are seen as curios rather than blasphemous by the ever-inquisitive Earth caste, for the T'au approach to alien life forms is founded on the concept of acceptance and tolerance. When the research divisions experience a bloody schism twenty years later, the Fire caste are called in, only to find many subterranean research facilities overrun. Ksi'm'yen is consumed by war, and quarantined for almost ten years before the eccentric Ethereal Aun'Ghol declares it productive and clean.

Infestation and Plague

The Cult Tenebrous finds itself becoming the infested rather than the infesters when their bulk lander is swallowed by a warp storm that strands them on the outskirts of Nurgle's Garden. The cult discovers the true meaning of parasitism and horror. Eventually, the Grandfather of Plagues allows them to emerge into realspace once more, horrifically changed and ready to serve their new master's sickly agendas.

A Deathly Gift

On the agri world of Cornucopia, a splinter fleet of the shattered Hive Fleet Behemoth triggers the rise of the Genestealer Cult known as the Starchosen. The Ultramarines 8th Company put down the insurrection at great cost, its massed Assault Marines taking their chainswords to the Genestealers and their kin until none are left alive. Planetary governor Udo Ingloriam sends a cargo ship full of brand new Goliath Trucks to Masali, Cornucopia's twin agri world within Ultramar's borders. Only after the vehicles are found to be full of Genestealers, sealed within antique stasis caskets to prevent detection, is Udo Ingloriam's treachery uncovered. The 8th Company returns to Cornucopia. This time it is all but destroyed in the fighting, for the Starchosen have grown strong indeed. On the orders of Chapter Master Calgar himself, the planet is designated Perdita and subjected to Exterminatus.

Shadow of the Leviathan

Reports of a new and mighty hive fleet emerge – not from one prime sector, as with Hive Fleets Kraken and Behemoth, but a dozen at once. A wave of insurgencies rises up across Segmentum Solar. Hundreds of Genestealer Cults reveal themselves in the space of a single Terran month. The Deathwatch, spread too

thin to halt these unforeseen conquests, seek help from the wider Adeptus Astartes – but to no avail.

Beyond Salvation

The dusty but adamantium-rich planet of Soharia becomes host to an infestation of the Cult of the Rusted Claw. Wide-roaming, they make little effort to conceal their growing influence. Planetary Governor Endst, loath to inform the proper authorities and hence invite Exterminatus upon his beloved world, resorts to drastic measures of his own.

After arranging systematic bio-scans via his extensive collection of servo-skulls, Endst takes great pains to sort those untouched by xenos gene-taint from those who may be compromised. He does so in secret, for news of a Genestealer Cult insurrection has reached him from the neighbouring world of Ghord Ninth, and he dares not trigger a full uprising just yet. Instead, those deemed pure are gradually secreted in a network of underground bunkers, each locked with a cellular syringe system that keeps it inviolable against the alien. Then, when he is sure his core supporters are safe, Endst levels a systematic bombardment of hyper-fusion missiles from his personal arsenal at all those cities he marks on his prized cartographs as ‘beyond salvation’.

The week-long firestorms that follow raze the planet’s surface, eradicating ninety-nine per cent of the populace. Only the hardiest and most resourceful escape the firestorms, but unfortunately for Endst, they include a great proportion of outrider cultists from the Rusted Claw. The years that follow, known as the Dust Hunt, see those same outriders scour the post-apocalyptic wastelands for the enclaves of pure-blooded humans forced to ride out the radiation of their own nuclear winter. One by one they are found, compromised, and corrupted by the agents of the Rusted Claw – and within the decade, even Endst himself is converted to the cult’s nihilistic creed.

The Xenos and the Beast

An infestation of the Rusted Claw finds it near impossible to move their Magus across the planet of Anacharos at anything faster than a walk. Their Magus’ skin crawls with a high concentration of metallophage organisms, and any metal nearby instantly corrodes, rendering vehicles in his vicinity inoperable. Securing the aid of their allies in the Bladed Cog, they commission a succession of Munitorum crates made

of plastic compounds that are just as hard as steel. With these they are able to spread the war leaders of their cult from one planet to another. When their Primus, the resourceful Fender Threnn, hears word of a nest of Ferro-Beasts in the long-forsaken Yimbo System, he uses the same Munitorum crates to capture the armadillo-like metal-eating monsters by the dozen. These he sets loose in the spaceports of Anacharos, causing utter havoc as the beasts go into a feeding frenzy amongst the richly appointed vessels. The distraction is used to full effect as the cult rises up against the rich upworlders – who, when attempting to flee the planet, find many of their vessels already half-eaten.



The Bore Wars

The Cult of the Four-armed Emperor takes over the volcano-farming world of Thousandile in a single year. Having been commissioned to ‘bleed’ the lava rivers that are slowly cooking Thousandile’s hives – much as a medicae would use leeches to bleed a swollen limb – the Trysst mining dynasty brings in hundreds of large industrial drills. At first, their work goes well – or so it seems – as the temperature in the hives drops to become bearable once more. Then, on what comes to be known as the Day of Eruption, all of the geothermic tunnels overflow at once – worse still, their level is swiftly rising. The reason for the rising tide of lava is secondary to survival. In their desperation, all the gangs within the hive move to higher ground, fighting their way into the upper spires and eventually overcoming the Spyrrer hunters who attempt to repel them through sheer weight of numbers. Meanwhile, the cultists of the Four-armed Emperor take more and more of the hive for their own territory, and when the lava recedes, use aqua pipes and sluices to harden the metal of the main hive once more. Amongst the melted organic-looking labyrinths of the lower hives, a new order rises – and this time, its deadly tides rise all the way to the top.

A Single Shot

The first Sanctus of the Twisted Helix, Astrid Xeneca, infiltrates a crowd of pilgrims upon Immortis IX. From the courtyard of the famed Ivory Basilicanum, she plants a dart from her serum needler in the jugular vein of the Arch-Cardinal Vidderminster just as he is mid-speech on his balcony. The needler, customised to fire a glass tube so thin it bypasses the Arch-Cardinal’s electromagnetic saviour shield, delivers a potent cocktail of hypertrophic enzymes. Specially concocted by Xeneca’s Biophagus brother, the enzymes go to work with astonishing speed. In front of a millions-strong audience of adoring Imperial faithful, the Ministorum leader swells up like a balloon and bursts in a splatter of gore just as he is proclaiming the immunity of the pious man to the insidious scourge of the xenos. It is a blow to the stability of Immortis IX that leads to the appointment of a new Arch-Cardinal from off world, new trade deals, compulsory medicae visits, and ultimately the New Wars of Faith that lead to the planet’s downfall.

M41 THE COMING OF THE GREAT RIFT

Vigilus Beset

As the Great Rift tears open the skies of the Imperium, the Orks of the Supreme Speedlord, Krooldakka, invade the sentinel world of Vigilus at the mouth of the Nachmund Gauntlet. In doing so they trigger an uprising of the Cult of the Pauper Princes, who fight the greenskins with great fervour to regain control of the world they were poised to seize. With communication lost amidst an unprecedented level of warp storm interference, the Atalans of the cult’s outriders come into their own, acting as go-betweens to better coordinate the uprisings in each hivespawl continent. They fight dozens of running battles against the Speed Freeks who form the bulk of the Waaagh!, the sharp reflexes of hybrids on agile bikes and Wolfquads lending them a critical advantage against the thuggish up-gunned buggies and wagons of the Orks. Control of the wastes passes back and forth as the Imperials counter-attack the xenos invaders, but Vigilus has worse to come. The Chaos invasion that follows sees Abaddon the Despoiler assail the world, and hidden Chaos cults rise up to match their dark faith against the righteous ire of the Pauper Princes. The planet is brought to the brink of utter destruction.

A Subtle Conquest

The formidable Neris Vignostiquod, appointed as vizier to the Court Ingenius, is greeted in great ceremony as she descends from her sleek spaceship upon the scribe-moon of Hexensix. The event is attended in person by Quillmaster-General Retrovetch, the de facto leader of the court and hence the entire planet. From the moment their eyes meet, Retrovetch is spellbound, for the newcomer has something about her that commands instant respect. So smitten is he that his usual machinations fall by the wayside. Instead he spends every waking moment learning of the new philosophy espoused by Vignostiquod, that of communality in the name of the Holy Sun. When the rest of Magus Vignostiquod's dynasty arrive, the solar cults who have taken control of the planet mean it is already ripe for the taking by the Star Children. Too late the Court Ingenius realises they are, in reality, worshipping a collective entity that will soon blot out the sun above their world...

The Blade Unsheathed

The scions of the Bladed Cog, having thrown off their oppressors on Feinminster Gamma, take their crusade against the oppression of the Adeptus Mechanicus to a string of forge worlds across the system – and to the Iron Hands that the priests of Mars call their allies. They propagate the belief that the Machine Cult is misleading the people of the Imperium by cleaving to the mantra that the flesh is weak, and those without access to cybernetic augmentation prove most receptive to the idea they too have intrinsic value. The Bladed Cog welcomes the flesh and blood as well as the cyborg, preaching that flesh is clay to be hardened in the kiln of war rather than replaced entirely. In secret training camps they amass their armies of faith, equipping them with the finest wargear the Imperium can provide. When they strike against the Iron Hands of Clan Raukaan on the forge world of Ghoulwright, the resultant tech-war sees the planet consumed in the fires of battle.

The Wolf Bites Back

When the fortified water reservoirs of Oteck Hivespawl on Vigilus are corrupted by the Claw of the Thirsting Wurm, a Space Wolves strike force led by Haldor Icepelt track down the mutant xenos hybrids responsible and put them to the torch. Several of the Space Marines fall in the battle, and three of their number are trapped in the rubble when the entire district is collapsed by pre-planted

explosives. One veteran of the Fenrisian force upon Vigilus, Brand Sabrewulf, fights his way back out, waging a one-man war against the underground xenos worshippers that culminates in Brand slaying the gene-sect's Primus in a bloody duel. When the Astra Militarum finally reclaims the area, Brand is found wounded and out of ammunition, but alive. Upon his recovery, his knowledge of the tunnels proves invaluable in the wars to come.

Parasites Within

The Cult of the Innerwurm spreads far and wide across the Afflux Sector by using the grox-meat export network of Peregrim's World. The steroid-enhanced beasts grown by Ethod Peregrim's famous meat dynasty reach truly massive sizes, altered by the dictates of the industry's selective breeding to have vast torsos and abdomens – vast enough to contain Purestrain Genestealers sewn into their guts by Innerwurm abattoir workers. By sending the massive grox carcasses to a dozen different worlds in the famously paranoid Fort Adere star system, the Innerwurm agents bypass the complex bio-scanner protocols that would otherwise have picked up on the biological tissue of the Genestealers smuggled within the meat. A new ecosystem is born on each of the infested planets, though it is not just grox meat that forms its sustenance.



The Heart of the Voidbrood

After the worldwide invasion of the agri world Taurensi IX, during which a vast swarm of Tyranids descended to annihilate the planet's Astra Militarum defenders, the Hive Mind's creatures begin to consume the planet – but do not turn upon the Genestealer Cultists who helped prepare the way for their conquest. Perhaps the strange departure from the Tyranid consumption modus is due to a psychic imperative from the cult's Patriarch, or

perhaps it can be traced to a flaring of the Cicatrix Maledictum high above – but to the cultists themselves, it is simply another aspect of their divine ascension. They take to the skies in bulk freighters alongside the vast, sky-spanning bio-ships of the hive fleet, and are ignored entirely by the Tyranids, much as the tiny scavenger-fish is ignored by the goreshark with which it shares a symbiotic bond. The rest of the Taurensi System is conquered by an invasion of zealous, frothing Genestealer Cultists and the trillions-strong swarms of the Tyranids that they think of as their allies – when in truth, the synapse creatures of the Tyranid hordes see the cultists as little more than ambulatory biomass to be consumed whenever the need arises.

Tiamet Rising

Ziaphoria, the repugnant and anomalous jungle planet claimed by Hive Fleet Tiamet, becomes the site of a disturbing new development in the curse of tyrannofarming, the hyper-accelerated biological process that overcomes the prey worlds of the Hive Mind. There the conquering hive fleets have constructed vast psychic resonators of fleshy, encephalitic material – some the size of mountains, some large enough to cover entire continents.

The world forms the end point of a vast pilgrimage of Genestealer Cultists from nearby Heinrich's March. Led by a blind prophet known as the Conduit, they depart from a world plagued by the Dark Gods, plying the stars to eventually land upon Ziaphoria's pulsating crust. Those who touch the corrupted earth with their bare flesh are instantly brought in thrall to it – and convince their brethren to go back into space as missionaries, carrying the Creed of Tiamet to as many Imperial worlds as possible. They are the first of dozens of interstellar pilgrimages that seek out Ziaphoria, and in doing so, add to its power. The Tyranids of Hive Fleet Tiamet defend the planet so ferociously it is declared Quarantine Extremis and abandoned entirely by the Imperium.

Only the Deathwatch of nearby Haltmoat – and Inquisitor Kryptman, who comes out of exile to join them – have any inkling of the threat posed by the immense psychic resonator of Tiamet. The theories they discuss long into the night are so wild, and the other threats facing the Imperium so dire, that they are given little credence by the wider Inquisition.



To wage war upon the blinkered servants of the Imperium and soulless vassals of the Ommissiah is a divine right! They worship a false god. Even the notion of a single deity is foolishness, for the Star Children are the one true power in the universe, and they are legion.



PATRIARCHS

THE HEART OF THE CULT

Lurking at the centre of every Genestealer Cult infestation is a Patriarch, the father of a hidden dynasty. Twice the height of a Space Marine and with strength enough to slice an Ogryn into bloody chunks, this creature is a leering nightmare of tooth and claw. In a flurry of whipping limbs and diamond-hard talons, the Patriarch can tear through platoons of heavily armoured warriors and even light vehicles. Yet it is the hypnotic spell with which it binds its chosen hosts that marks it out as perhaps the most dangerous Tyranid yet encountered by the Imperium. The uncanny powers of the Patriarch make it a fearsome puppetmaster, a threat so pervasive it has a xenocode threat designation unto itself. By spreading the Genestealer Curse, this creature is capable of destroying not just warriors and war machines, but entire planets.

Like the monarch of a dark underworld, the Patriarch squats in its lair, glowering and licking its claws in anticipation of the day when it will rise up to make every sentient creature on the planet its

devoted gene-slave. Once, the beast was but a Genestealer, likely one of an identical brood and no more remarkable than any of the uncounted billions of such organisms abroad in the galaxy. Once cut off from the Hive Mind, a new genetic imperative takes over. Upon reaching its prey world, perhaps as a stowaway on some nameless freighter or piece of stellar debris, the nascent Patriarch creeps from its vector vessel into the darkness of its new domain. There, it learns of the planet it has taken as its home, and abducts the first of its victims. With the Genestealer's Kiss, the monster becomes the first of its brood to bestow its foul legacy upon a native host.

As the strange alchemy of the alien's life cycle takes hold, that first creature to infect a host on a new planet grows ever larger and more potent. Much as an alpha simian becomes heavier and grows outward signs of dominance to mark its ascendance, the Patriarch's body bulks out, its claws lengthening until they are more like bony sabres than simple talons. The creature's mind develops too, filling with strange

telepathic energies until its engorged cranium bulges. At first, its instincts are only to survive and to procreate, and its abilities develop accordingly. Eventually, however, the Genestealer's uncanny ability to enthrall its prey burgeons into a suite of telepathic abilities that can bind a person to its service with but a flicker of its cold, inhuman eyes.

To gaze into the eyes of a Patriarch is to gaze into the void and feel a fraction of the Tyranid Hive Mind staring back. One who faces such terrible power realises that they are no more than a speck of cosmic dust adrift in an uncaring universe. Their shattered mind is then easily bound – they will accept the Patriarch as the harbinger of an irresistible new order or be driven to insanity, their doomsayer rantings those of just another psychotic broken by the endless grind of Imperial life. Those few individuals strong-willed enough to resist the Patriarch's dominion might raise a hand or blade to strike it, but this will invariably be their last act before the beast rips them limb from limb.



GENESTEALER FAMILIARS

Should a Patriarch or Magus be powerful enough, the psychic shadow that gathers around them will grow darker and thicker until it begins to coalesce. This ever-shrinking miasma hardens into a many-limbed form – a Familiar. When the Familiar is fully manifested, it skitters from its hiding place and runs to the heel of the xenoform that unconsciously created it. From that point on, it is as much a part of them as any hand or claw. Small and nimble, such a creature is an excellent spy, able to scuttle through the tightest crawlspaces and report back to the cult's leader through the potent psychic bond that links them. Should its master be threatened by a physical attack, the Familiar will leap up to claw at the attacker's eyes and throat, gouging its small but iron-hard talons into vulnerable flesh so the Familiar's creator can deliver the coup de grace.

MAGUSES

THE PSYCHE OF THE CREED

Maguses are psychically gifted and possessed of a supernatural charisma. Their control of the hybrids around them is total. As a prophet of their Patriarch, the word of a Magus is law, and their telepathic abilities are more than powerful enough to enforce it. Yet for all their presence and mental skill, each Magus is no more than an extension of the Patriarch's will, just as the Patriarch is an embodiment of the wider Hive Mind.

A gene-sect's Magus is its foremost link to the aristocracy, government and institutions of a world. Should the dynasty find its expansion stymied by a governor or strong-minded rival, a Magus may well visit the obstinate individual in person, using honeyed words and psychic powers to either force their obedience or convert them to the cause. In moments the deed is done, and the cult has a highly placed agent instead of a difficult adversary. The web of influence woven by a Magus ensnares all levels of society, from the upper echelons of the spire-born classes to street-level Arbites enforcers, and even the ranks of the Astra Militarum.

A Magus is born of at least one warp-touched parent. Should an infested world harbour psychically gifted individuals of the right mental calibre, the cult's Purestrain Genestealers will sniff them out and hypnotise them. Soon enough, one of these hosts will give birth to a Magus. Tall, clean of limb and with an imposing presence, a Magus can pass for a normal human and commands respect wherever they walk. In their soul, however, they are as much a creature of the void as a member of Mankind. They hold the same otherworldly power in their eyes as the Patriarch they call lord and saviour, and are bound by the same unearthly drive to spread the cult far and wide. It is the Magus who speaks for their hidden organisation in matters both mystical and spiritual, and in many ways they are the mastermind behind the spread of the cult across its host planet and beyond.

Burgeoning cults will usually have only one of these psykers at their heart, the guiding hand of the uprising. As the insurrection swells and spreads across the surface of a planet, new sites ripe for infection are located, and new gene-sects founded. As



the brood cycles grow anew, Maguses oversee these distant regions, and the cells that operate within them. These powerful bioforms often fancy themselves rivals of their peers, believing that their gene-sire favours only one of their number as his high prophet. They seek to outdo one another with ambitious acts of infamy and subversion. This is but an elaborate overture, of course, for their differences and festering grudges are immediately put aside when the uprising begins. Any illusion of autonomy fades away, and the Maguses work in perfect concert to achieve their Patriarch's desires and pave the way for the coming of the Tyranids.

When the hour of ascension arrives, a Magus will lead the faithful of their gene-sect to battle, unleashing the full, terrible might of their psychic powers. Where once their hypnotising gaze was employed to dominate obstinate rivals and sway them to the cult's cause, now it is used to pit their enemies against one another. Unable to resist the spellbinding influence of the Magus, blank-eyed soldiers turn their guns upon their comrades, slaughtering them with robotic indifference. Entire squads of enemy warriors are left stumbling and dazed by waves of disorienting energy, unable to react as the cult's biomorph shock troops barrel into their ranks.

PRIMUSES

THE FIST OF THE INSURRECTION

Commanding the broodkin in stentorian tones, Primuses stalk through the fires of war with the surety of an alpha predator. Each is an ambush leader and front-line general, sowing destruction through the most prized targets of the enemy force. It is the duty of a Primus to show the supremacy of their kind's beliefs, rewriting the history of worlds in the blood of those who oppose them.

Primuses are bombastic commanders in times of war, but whilst the cult still remains in hiding, it is their duty to spread the Genestealer Curse to other planets. Their innate gift for leadership and coordination sees them militarise the cult in short order, masterminding the takeover of vehicle columns and even fleets of spacecraft. A strong champion and lauded hero amongst the broodkin, a Primus emerges only when the cult reaches a position of strength. The foremost xenoscriveners of the Deathwatch theorise there is a hidden imperative that results in the manifestation of a Primus. This is either triggered when the cult reaches critical mass – their numbers and influence sufficient to take over a prey world – or when a hive fleet looms on the edge of that planet's system.

The particular quirk of the Genestealer life cycle that results in a Primus occurs independently, enhancing the development of an especially robust hostform to produce a largely humanoid warrior of prodigious strength and tactical acumen. Standing proud and straight, where their kin are hunched and gangling, a Primus cuts

a dynamic figure. Where a Magus boasts a pin-sharp mental acuity and telepathic powers the equal of a Space Marine Librarian, the Primus has a supernatural dexterity and surety of focus that can see them bring down adversaries twice their size.

The wargear of a Primus complements their approaches of stealth and guile, allowing them to lay low those in their path without raising any unwanted attention. Each Primus girds themselves with the finest equipment the cult can provide, distilling toxins from their own virulent bloodstream and delivering them via silent-firing needle pistols and paralytic toxin claws. Some wield strange, sentient swords thought to be grown from the bony secretions of the Patriarch's bio-throne – these blades are not only symbols of the cult-father's trust, but deadly weapons in their own right, capable of stealing the life energy from those they strike to leave only withered husks behind.

As an infestation's ascent reaches its peak, its Patriarch's behaviour changes, its instincts shifting from survival and reproduction to the aggressive tendencies of a warrior bioform. These changes are reflected in its Primus offspring. When they deem the time right to lead their broodkin to war, they put into place complex military logistics that even a Magus would struggle to master. As their plans unfold, a bow wave of terror, fire and anarchy spreads across the prey world. Should the cult survive the ensuing battles in strength, it will be its Primuses who lead it to fresh prey.



SUBTERRANEAN UPRISING

It is the duty of a Primus to be at the forefront, uniting their gene-kindred when the overriding impulses of the Patriarch and Magus are elsewhere. It takes great confidence and talent to be able to lead so disparate a force as that of the cult, uniting Neophyte work groups alongside broods of ravening Purestrain Genestealers and hulking Aberrants. Primuses ensure they fight as one in an overlapping network of opportunistic assaults and long-planned ambushes. When the business of war is at hand, a Magus will usually cede authority to their gene-sect's Primus, knowing that their peer is literally born for war. Should that war be triggered before the cult's void-borne masters descend from space, the Primus might lead their fellows from victory to victory, becoming the focus of their gene-sect's adoration whilst the Magus works in the shadows. Their preferred method of attack is to burst from an underground lair with scores of hand-picked warrior organisms at their side. The most physically powerful of the gene-sect's hybrids, they move into a preordained position before bursting onto the battlefield to deliver a critical blow to a valuable target – a command node, psychic choir, or well-defended artillery battery perhaps. From the darkness the killers erupt, boiling out from sewer grates and hidden crypts with claws clacking and weapon-limbs thrashing. The enemy, previously oblivious, scrambles to react to the sudden ferocity of the Primus' secret strike. So swift and certain is the Primus' assault, however, that few adversaries can land a telling blow before they are cut to pieces.

ACOLYTE ICONWARDS

THE SPIRIT OF ASCENDANCY

The most intelligent and capable of the Acolyte Hybrids will be entrusted with a sacred duty – the bearing of the cult's colours into battle. Though the cult's sigils and slogans spread ever further as it gains influence, they remain cryptic, their clandestine meanings known only to a few. Once the Primus and Magus muster their kin for the final uprising, however, the most favoured hybrids are presented with ornate standards lovingly fashioned by the prey-creatures

that gave birth to them. In solemn ritual these banners are emblazoned with the cult's icon, not hidden away, but displayed proudly in bright colours.

Alongside their imposing heraldry, the icons of the cults are strung with many treasures fashioned from xenos biomatter. The vials that hang from the icon glimmer with an unsettling luminescence. They are filled with pheromonal secretions taken from the Patriarch itself. The scent of these sacred oils further emboldens both the Iconward and nearby cultists, filling them with a transcendent euphoria and deadening their nerves to pain and trauma. Lashed to the banner's pole are chitinous blades grown from splinters of the cult-father's hardened exoskeleton, holy relics that resonate with its divine power. Many cults add their own heirloom artefacts to the icon: the bleached bones of fallen saints, symbolic weapons of resistance, or the captured heraldry of their enemies defaced with the sinister iconography of the cult.

Iconwards are amongst the fiercest fighters to emerge from the early spawning cycles; they must be, for the banners they carry are an overt display of the cult's supremacy that swiftly draws the eye of enemy champions and zealots. These blessed Acolytes defend their sacred artefact with single-minded focus, gladly sacrificing their own flesh and that of nearby broodkin to prevent even the most minor damage to their charge.

The pseudo-religious artefacts hoisted aloft by the Iconwards have an electrifying effect upon the greater masses of the cult. The totem is a galvanising sight for one who has the taint of the Genestealer in their blood – so much so that many an uprising's battles have been won simply because the Acolyte Iconward raised their standard. Not only do they form rallying points and statements of conquest, they also inspire those around them to greater feats of devotion and self-sacrifice – for the Acolyte carries the glory of the broodkin writ large, the underworld heraldry of Patriarch, Primus and Magus held high for all to see.

CULT ICONS

The symbols of each Genestealer Cult are uncannily similar, whether borne on an Iconward's standard or hidden away as a brand of allegiance on a Brood Brother's chest. Many adaptations and interpretations have been adopted by cults across the worlds of the Imperium, yet they all portray a similar, stylised bioform. Each cult uses its own variants of the insignia as it solidifies its identity, but will also display the core symbol of the cult – a long-bodied creature with ridges upon its spine that echoes the form of the Tyranids themselves. The fact that each cult's icons are so similar, regardless of where they are encountered, is deeply unsettling in itself. Perhaps those who create them are guided by strange dreams and visions brought about by the Shadow in the Warp, or perhaps the form of the Tyranid is encoded within the Genestealer Curse, inevitably rising to the front of the cult's collective mind unbidden.



CLAMAVUSES

THE VOICE OF NEW TRUTHS

To their fellow gene-sect members, the Clamavus is the spreader of truth. They are seen as a hero who broadcasts the emancipatory creed of the cult far and wide, letting the common folk know that the hour is coming when they shall be freed from their bondage. To their foes, they are an information assassin supreme, seeding audio-viruses into the planetary vox network and dismantling communications. It is their role to create an aura of fear and confusion that their kin can exploit. In their hands, raw data becomes a weapon – both figuratively and literally.



Each of these guerilla comm-hackers is a fourth generation hybrid. Utilising a custom-built vox-interceptor array, the Clamavus slices into enemy broadcast signals and echo-casters. This is an effective source of information for the cult's war leaders, revealing enemy troop placements and tactical dispositions. The Clamavus can also seed their own corrupting signal into the transmission, relaying dire promises of death and destruction to the enemy, or spewing blasphemous propaganda across Imperial channels. This destabilising influence is crippling enough to the infrastructure of a contested world, but it is a Clamavus' unique connection to the powerful psychic resonance of the Patriarch that makes them truly feared.

Clamavuses are blessed with a link to the gestalt psychic aura of the cult. Unlike a Magus, a Clamavus cannot wield this power like a precise instrument. Instead, they transmit the nullifying, distorting resonance of the Shadow in the Warp via language and vox signal. Each static hiss of the Clamavus' scrambler array is attuned to the unified consciousness of billions of indoctrinated organisms, a choir of abnormal minds howling in supplication to the Hive Mind.

When overheard at close proximity, this audial virus causes a devastating psychic overload. Any soul unlucky enough to stumble into earshot of such an intense signal can suffer an immediate cranial rupture, their brain boiling in their skull as they are unable to contain the magnitude of this alien symphony. T'au battlesuit pilots have died in their harness,

drowning in blood as their veins burst and their bodies haemorrhage. Even Space Marines have fallen victim to this audial onslaught.

The Genestealer Cultists who witness these violent deaths believe them to be proof that the afflicted were not pure of soul, and thus unable to heed the wisdom of their saviours. They take joy in the fact that the alien signal that brings them a kind of religious ecstasy is potent enough to kill.

The booming oratory of a Clamavus is as close as most cultists ever get to hearing the holy word of their gene-father, the Patriarch. When the voice of a Clamavus echoes out across the spires and hab-blocks of an infected hive city, all who carry the genetic legacy of the Tyranids in their blood know that the time has come to sunder their chains. Billions of faithful souls take up the tools of industry, turning them upon their overlords with righteous anger. This is the song that starts the revolution, the first defiant drumbeat that soon swells into a crescendo of war.

SACRED TEXTS

The cult's propagandists preach at great volume upon the battlefield, but in the years they spend in preparation for the grand uprising, they use far more devious methods to spread their creed. Carefully crafted dataslate texts and hymnals riddled with double meanings are distributed throughout the host populace, the better to prepare their minds for the dubious truths preached by the cult's leaders. Even the Astra Militarum's guide to front-line warfare – the *Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer* – has been rewritten to serve the cult's agenda. Crates full of the altered text have been swapped with the proper Munitorum shipments, paving the way for later indoctrination.



LOCUSES

THE SHIELD OF THE MASTERS

'The cowed escort radiated threat. My eyes were on him all through the parley. When our Death Cult Assassin burst from concealment and lashed out with her blade to kill their leader, the cowed one intercepted in an explosion of movement. One of his blades blocked the assassin's sword. The other took her head.'

- Obdja Tzensk, sole witness to the Ipluvian Incident

Stoic and inhumanly patient, the Locus can go from sombre stillness to a blur of motion in an eye-blink. The sudden eruption of violence is as startling as it is deadly. Like a Lictor jumping from the shadows, the Locus makes a lightning-fast decapitating strike, their twin sabres flashing through the fog of battle to take the head of their foe. With the reaction speed of a Purestrain Genestealer, they can match even an Aeldari Exarch in combat prowess. The Locus excels in their duty of bodyguard, whether at war or in a one-sided parley; even when merely exuding the threat of violence, they can unman any foolish enough to contemplate thwarting their master's ambitions.

In their role as sentinel, the Locus stands on guard for hours, physically motionless and unblinking. Their mind is always at full alert, for in many ways the destiny of the cult rests on their shoulders. Their principal duty is to act as the eyes, ears and blade of their gene-sect's Magus, whilst the psyker projects their consciousness across the prey world and uses their innate communion with the cult to better control the war to come.

At casual inspection, the Locus seems

no more than a statue, merging with their surroundings by wearing the simple hooded robe of a monastic servant. They can be entirely unassuming, often beneath the notice of the haughty dignitaries of a world or the hulking warriors that stride the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. But this is a deliberate choice, for those who underestimate this vigilant guardian – or worse still, move towards their master without permission – have only a split second to realise their mistake before the Locus' blades arc towards them. The blood of many a stealth adept or would-be headtaker has covered these artfully crafted weapons, the Locus licking them clean with their long black tongue before crossing them in their back-mounted scabbards once more. Even over-eager cultists have met their demise on the points of the Locus' swords, for these specialist bioforms know not subtlety – only the binary divide of trespasser and corpse.

Twin blades are far from the Locus' only weapons. Beneath their robes they have hidden limbs tucked away, small but powerful, and a long segmented tail that ends in a curling toxinspike. To witness a Locus in the full throes of combat is to see a shrieking, limb-lashing monstrosity erupt from beneath the serenity of a monkish facade. Once the enemy is slain, the robes fall back into place and the Locus regains their former calm in an instant.

The rod of office each Locus carries is no simple staff, but a complex neurological transmitter crafted for them alone by their gene-sect's Magus and Clamavus. It sends out destabilising frequencies designed to upset synapses and thought waves. When a Magus goes to 'negotiate' with a particularly powerful enemy, perhaps one as mentally potent as an Inquisitor or an Arch-cardinal of the Ecclesiarchy, a Locus always stands near at hand. Should the Magus' unnatural charisma not prove sufficient to achieve the cult's goals, the Locus will subtly turn the ornate handle atop their neurotrauma rod so as to increase the field of mental disruption that emanates from the artefact, inducing harrowing visions, splitting migraines or terrifying brain-spasms in the minds of nearby non-cultists. Those canny enough to realise the source of their sudden anguish may reach for their pistol, only to be cut down in what the Locus and their master can confidently claim to all concerned was an act of pure self-defence.



SANCTUSES

THE BLADE THAT CUTS THE CHAIN

'Epistolary Coloxus had been in command of the assault for days; his burning gaze had incinerated so many of the xenos things the air was thick with ash. I saw the dart that killed him. It struck just under his psychic hood. I cried out, but it was too late. His own white flames consumed him, and he was no more.'

- Veteran Sergeant Altherius

Sanctuses are the favoured blades of their Patriarch, assassins whose task it is to eliminate any who oppose the cultists' ascension to glory. Like creeping shadows they slip into the most heavily guarded facilities, seeking out their targets and eliminating them with merciless precision.

Unlike the majority of the cult's bioforms, Sanctuses are solitary creatures, rarely interacting with their broodkin. Indeed, when not on the hunt they dwell close to their gene-sire's throne, lurking high in the stanchions above the Patriarch's lair to better observe all through their tri-lens goggles. These multi-sensor eyepieces – usually stolen from Munitorum supply yards or stripped from the bodies of slain foes – track motion in the infrared and subsonic spectrums. When combined with a Sanctus' formidable olfactory senses, they render escape almost impossible for their prey.

The atrophic blades that many Sanctuses wield are gifts from their gene-sire. These are grown within bubbling genesis pools that contain the liquefied psychic essence of slain cultists – the accumulated legacy of the Patriarch's curse. Each is formed from alien

biomatter and imbued with the psychoactive liquids contained within the genesis pools. Non-indoctrinated beings struck with such a weapon are overcome with agony as the echo of a million formless voices explodes inside their minds. Unable to contain such immense energies, many victims simply drop dead on the spot, their brain turned to boiling slurry.

Other Sanctuses prefer to kill at a distance. For this task, they utilise a marksman rifle converted to fire needler rounds. Each toxin dart, carried by the Sanctus is filled with an alchemical serum brewed by their gene-sect's Biophagus. Engineered from a pure sample of Genestealer blood, this mind-affecting poison can render its target a drooling imbecile in seconds. Should that target's mind be connected to the psychic energies of the warp, the serum induces a neural overload as it seeps into the victim's cerebellum, visiting the horror of the Hive Mind upon them. In this way, the Sanctus eliminates an individual who would otherwise prove a lynchpin of the enemy force's defence against the psychic onslaught of their Patriarch and the Magus.

When the Patriarch desires a target slain, it will suffuse its Sanctuses with a trace of the victim's psychic spoor, a telepathic scent that these assassins follow like bloodhounds across spire-towers and through winding sub-levels. No matter where their prey goes to ground, a Sanctus will always find them. They possess multi-jointed limbs and malleable musculature that allow them to squeeze through the tightest of apertures, and can move in total silence, slipping past sentries with ease. On many occasions a pivotal figure in an infected world's government or military has gone to ground in what was thought to be a maximum-security bunker – only for their ruptured corpse to be discovered hours later, an expression of indescribable pain etched across their face.

Sanctuses are accompanied on their missions by Familiars that act as the Patriarch's ever-watchful eyes. When the gene-sire of the cult slides its loathsome form back into its genesis pool, it immerses itself in a flood of genetic memories. Familiars themselves are formed from this psychic miasma, and when lurking beneath the surface of its bio-slurry, a Patriarch can see through the eyes of these scuttling manifestations, better directing its silent blades towards the desired target.



THE KELERMORPH

THE FACE OF THE NEW REBELLION

To the oppressed masses of a Genestealer Cult, the Kelermorph is a figure of folk legend, a revolutionary hero battling the uncaring cruelty of authoritarian rule. To the enemy he is a figure of dread, a hated anarchist who seeks to tear down the foundations of civilisation. In reality the Kelermorph is something else entirely: a bioform created for the specific purpose of exploiting mortal psychology, a cold-blooded killer in the guise of a legendary gunfighter whose actions inspire generations of sedition and revolution.

Smearred across the walls of countless underhive catacombs and high-rise spires is the same graffitied image of a cloaked, three-armed figure wielding a set of custom autostub pistols. He always stands defiant in the face of impossible odds. Tales spread of this masked hero, a litany of impossible deeds and feats of supernatural martial prowess. These stories differ from world to infested world, but they retain a core of similarity. Spinning his liberator autostubs with supernatural dexterity, the Kelermorph fills his enemies with bullets, mowing down scores of soldiers in moments. When faced with armoured foes or war vehicles, the gunslinger simply spins the chambers of his pistols and calmly fires once more – in moments the target explodes in a hail of metal.



Such tales might sound fanciful, but there is a core of truth to all of them. The Kelermorph is a latter-day refinement of the third generation cycle, produced from the finest genetic strains of the local populace and gifted with hyper-sensory powers that allow him to perceive the world around him in acute detail. Rapid-firing neurons in the Kelermorph's predatory brain allow a supernatural reaction time. The biomorph's enemies seem to move in slow motion as he aims and blasts them off their feet one by one. Enhanced pheromonal senses and thermoceptive vision allow for pinpoint marksmanship even in pitch darkness, while a refined vestibular system provides a



superhuman level of balance and coordination – the source of the Kelermorph's uncanny aim. These creatures are bio-crafted to be the heroic face of their cult – their influence upon a fractured society is a terrifying sign of the Patriarch's growing mastery of the human psyche.

Pox-faced gangers and upper-hive dandies alike style themselves upon this figure, seeking the trail of the mysterious wyrm-form symbol and in doing so falling into the embrace of the cult. Indentured workers risk their lives to smuggle traces of lethal chemical elements out of the sprawling arms factories in which they toil away their existence. They fashion these rare elements into custom bullets, slugs of metal tipped with depleted volonium that can pierce power armour and even the hulls of light tanks. The crafting of such munitions often douses the maker in deadly waves of radiation, but they willingly accept their fate, making a final pilgrimage to present their gift to the hero of the revolution before succumbing to the sickness ravaging their bodies. Such is the devotion that the Kelermorph engenders, for he is the physical embodiment of the freedom promised by the followers of the Star Children.

LIBERATOR AUTOSTUBS

A favoured armament of Arbites lawkeepers and hive gangers alike, the liberator autostub is a snub revolver chambered for extremely powerful armour-piercing slugs. It is an iconic status symbol and reliable killing tool alike.

NEXOSES

THE SPINE THAT STRENGTHENS THE BODY



TECTONIC FRAGDRILLS

Tectonic Fragdrills, when correctly installed over a fault line or geomantic nexus, can make a pinpoint assault on the most volatile parts of the planet's crust. This can cause a chain reaction that results in a localised earthquake. The Genestealer Cults, often hailing from industrial or mining backgrounds, have learned to harness these machines to cause maximum disruption to their foes on the battlefield. They work every new disaster into their plan, making the Fragdrill a potent weapon in the wider war for conquest.

Coordinating the billions of indoctrinated souls involved in a planet-wide cult uprising is a task that even a Patriarch cannot oversee alone. To ensure that this immeasurably complex task does not fail, the sire of the cult seeds unique bioforms with a fraction of his cerebral might. Nexoses act as the cult's central nervous system. They are granted strange, psychometric powers that allow them to absorb the memories and consciousness of indoctrinated organisms, processing that sensory data into a steady stream of strategic instructions and deployment orders.

By laying their hands upon the skin of a creature that carries the Genestealer taint, a Nexos can absorb that individual's genetic memory. In a rush of flashing images and tactile sensations, the strategist witnesses every event of the subject's life, every bullet fired and every winding mile of underworld terrain traversed. Such is the Nexos' formidable cerebral power that they can compartmentalise millions of these mental imprints inside their brain, building an incredibly complex three-dimensional view of the battlefield. This process is draining for both subject and initiator, for the human body is not meant to channel such potent neural processes.

The Nexos is physically worn and weathered by the strain, flesh growing pallid and veins pulsing agonisingly in their temples. Yet they do not offer a word of complaint or shy away from their task, for they are utterly assured of the righteousness of their actions.

By analysing and interpreting every subtle ebb and flow of battle, a Nexos can identify vulnerable positions for their kin to exploit, pointing out potential flanking routes and subterranean passages perfect for arranging sudden ambushes. Opposition commanders – especially those of the upper echelons of the Astra Militarum – all too often dismiss cultist uprisings as the disorganised violence of the underworld rabble, unable to glean the true cunning of their foe's actions. With a single, daring manoeuvre the Nexos can disprove this notion, turning the tables on their enemies to encircle and pick them apart piecemeal.

Where the Primus is bio-crafted to perform the role of front-line general, granted extreme strength and resilience so that he may engage the enemy blade-to-blade, the Nexos is the equivalent of a rear echelon officer: a field marshal directing thousands, even millions of soldiers with each vox communication. Nexoses rarely emerge from their hidden strategium lairs unless they require a first-hand view of the engagement, and to absorb the memories of troops at the front. In such rare situations they will always be accompanied by some of their gene-sect's fiercest fighters: Acolyte Hybrid bodyguards, squads of Neophyte infantry or even an impenetrable wall of flesh in the shape of hulking Aberrants.



Nexoses are often seen in the company of a Clamavus comms specialist, for together the two can achieve a fearsome synchronicity. As the Nexos calculates odds and complex strategies in the blink of an eye, the Clamavus relays the matrix of tactical instructions to the coils of the insurrection, allowing the mass of the cult to counter the enemy's tactics with blinding speed.

BIOPHAGUSES

THE GENESIS OF NEW LIFE

A master of gene-manipulation and bio-alchemy, the Biophagus is responsible for industrialising the processes of indoctrination and infection. They concoct devious new contaminants that infect their victims with xenos genetics, morphing their body and mind and rendering them susceptible to the sinister influence of the cult. Biophaguses can be found posing as medicae specialists in slum hospitals, macro-alchemical distilleries and med-paste factories. Embedded in positions of high authority, they run discreet tests upon the local populace and practice their twisted experiments upon pliant broodkin.

It was the Biophaguses of the Twisted Helix cult that first unlocked the secrets of extracting Genestealer germ-seed. The cultists of the Helix contaminated medical supplies and food rations with this biomatter, spreading their curse through ingestion and fluid intake rather than by the Genestealer's Kiss. This knowledge has gradually spread amongst other cults and hidden cells, and the sinister experiments of the Biophaguses continue apace.

These synthesised vectors of infection allow the reach of a Genestealer Cult to spread far and wide. Imperfection in the germ-seed often leads to strange mutations and aberrations in the subject: flesh twists and splits, and muscles swell with alien strength even as the unfortunate victim's mental capacities degrade into inchoate anger and hatred. Those who are not slain by this slow and agonising transformation emerge as the lumbering hulks known as Aberrants. A Biophagus will maintain a hidden lair for these lumpen brutes within one of their gene-sect's holdings, continuing to trial new bio-alchemical solutions upon them in an attempt to bring out the latent alien power within their blood. The injector goad that each Biophagus carries contains concoctions of the alchemist's own devising, virulent gene-brews that temporarily grant an Aberrant subject enhanced strength and speed. For their part, the Aberrants come to view the Biophagus as something akin to a benevolent parent, for the Biophagus ensures the misshapen creatures are delivered a regular supply of fresh meat laced with psychoactive chemicals to induce dependence and fearsome loyalty.

Patriarchs instinctively value the work of the Biophaguses, for any process that aids the proliferation of their curse only increases the numbers under their sway. To this end, a cult's gene-sire grants its alchemists a Familiar to

aid in the synthesising of xenos biomatter, a scuttling assistant that sneaks into safeguarded facilities to disperse chemical agents into water-sumps or air filtration bellows.

Biophaguses are reclusive beings at heart, far preferring to labour alone on their great work than to engage in the messy business of armed insurrection. Ultimately, however, the Broodmind's irresistible influence will draw them out come the day of the cult's ascension, and they will visit the horror of biological warfare upon the enemies of the Patriarch. Often marching to war surrounded by a phalanx of hammer-wielding Aberrants, the Biophagus unleashes their finest creations, hurling vials of corrosive acids and flesh-morphing mutagens that melt their foes into a protean ooze. Their injector goad pumps stimulating chemicals into the blood of their faithful Aberrant bodyguards, but it can also be put to use against mortal flesh. Those struck with this weapon who do not bear the Genestealer Curse are dissolved from within by a hyper-adrenal alien cocktail.

'I have this vague memory of antipathy, like a half-forgotten dream where the Great Patriarch was rendered as a monster. Instead of love, I felt hate, revulsion, even terror. The memory is thin as cobwebs, now, at the back of the mind. A curio of the psyche, with which to entertain the youngsters. Nothing more.'

*- Elder Naoka,
Fifth of the First Nine*



ACOLYTE HYBRIDS

Repulsive, cruel and possessed of an animal cunning, the Acolyte Hybrids are the foremost disciples of the Genestealer Cult. They are the offspring of the very first hosts to become infected. Though the parents of the Acolyte Hybrids are outwardly whole and sound, part of their mind has been taken over by the Genestealer Curse. Their love for their hideous offspring is even more intense than the usual bond between parents and children. The first generation to be born unto them are twisted beyond recognition by the horrific germ-seed that has been carried to fruition within the implanted parent; these hybrids appear more like mutant Tyranids than altered humans. Those that reach maturity will flock together and interbreed, producing more generations in their turn.

Too obviously xenos in form to blend into human society in the manner of the third and fourth generations, the Acolytes instead haunt the dark places beneath urban and industrial sprawls. They learn the arts of stealth and ambush warfare by preying upon those unfortunates who

stray into their lairs. They do not kill with impunity, for nothing must alert the ruling classes of their world to the hidden menace lurking beneath them until the time is right. Those intruders who are not sliced into bloody ribbons are dragged into the darkness to meet a far darker fate: the horrific embrace of a Genestealer.

Those Acolytes closest to their Patriarch in body and mind form its inner coven – though savage and ferocious, they have a cold intelligence that makes them powerful agents of the cult. Having assimilated an echo of their parent's brain during gestation, they are often able to use complex machinery and weaponry – some even carry industrial tools to battle, wreaking devastation upon the flesh of those who stand before them. Huge drills, cutters and buzzing rock saws have proven devastatingly effective against even the most formidable protection, chewing through the ceramite plating of Space Marine power armour in moments and even pulverising the thick metal hulls of tanks and troop transports.

Though Acolytes typically prefer the clash of brutal melee combat, their dextrous limbs are well suited to the use of ranged weaponry. Many carry hand flammers, sadistically savouring the screams of foes wreathed in fire, while others wield crude yet effective autopistols taken from their gene-sect's underground armouries. Some amongst their number relish the devastating eruptions of mining explosives, and charge into battle hurling high-yield demolition charges.

Almost all Acolyte Hybrids bear not two but three unnaturally powerful alien arms that mark them as the true inheritors of their Patriarch's curse. Their Genestealer ancestry makes them excellent shock troopers, able to tear apart the finest defenders of Humanity when they bring their claws to bear. For all their ferocity, the greatest weapon at the Acolyte Hybrids' disposal is their ability to strike from the shadows. They boil up from hidden lairs into the heart of the enemy formation, slicing and tearing their prey apart before guns and blades can be brought to bear.



HYBRID METAMORPHS

As the day of reckoning draws closer, some of those born to the early generations of the brood cycles begin to mutate. Regardless of host species, they exhibit freakish adaptations, echoing not just the form of the Genestealer, but of other Tyranid bioforms. This process usually occurs due to the proximity of an encroaching hive fleet, but can also be brought about through the cult experiencing severe stress or agitation. As dormant patterns in their genetic structure are awoken, the weapon-limbs of first and second generation hybrids begin to change, displaying sickle-shaped talons the length of swords or pincers strong enough to crush rock. Whip-like ropes of sinew curl and thrash at the wrist, seeking victims to throttle and ensnare. Mouths are replaced with masses of questing tendrils. Their throats sprout fat, globulous glands full of bio-acid that can burn through metal in seconds. These myriad mutations become more and more varied as the cultists make their final preparations for war. Their exceptional ugliness is surpassed only by their lethality – the Hybrid Metamorphs

are the most vicious of their kind, for they combine human intelligence with the raw power of Tyranid weapon-beasts.



To the broodkin, these amalgams of human and Tyranid are blessed indeed. Their peculiar adaptations are seen as signs of greatness, stigmata bestowed upon them by the godly power of their Patriarch and the Great Beyond. Hybrid Metamorphs are worshipped as living saints by their broodkin, their lairs strewn with grisly offerings. The cultists hope that by pleasing these genetic monstrosities, they appease the otherworldly powers that have brought them into being. In truth, they are created not by their Patriarch's will, but by the

lurking genetic shadow of the Hive Mind – especially when a splinter fleet feels the presence of a powerful cult, and sends a psychic imperative that alters the latter cycles to prepare them for the war to come.

Though it is common for two of a Hybrid Metamorph's weapon-limbs to become solely adapted for war, the third remains truly prehensile, able to manipulate complex machinery and utilise the ingenious devices of Mankind. This lends the hybrid a great deal of adaptability and dexterity. On the day of conquest, a panicking platoon might seal itself in a rockcrete bastion or vault, thinking to wait for the danger to pass. Before long, however, they hear Hybrid Metamorphs tapping in the codes that send the doors swinging open, and are slaughtered in a flurry of wickedly barbed limbs. Small wonder that when the violence of the uprising finally erupts, these Hybrid Metamorphs fight as the champions of their claws and gene-sects, taking on the choicest foes as they prove the supremacy of the cult over Humanity's herd.



NEOPHYTE HYBRIDS

Neophyte Hybrids are third and fourth generation cultists. They form the troopers, the line infantry and the greater mass of the cult's warriors. They are fiercely dedicated to their cult, and particularly the Patriarch that guides them, willing to devote their every moment to the furtherance of its dark aims. The mental and spiritual bond of the cult is so powerful that they are more than happy to hurl themselves into suicidal attacks or give their lives in exchange for their elders' survival. If their leaders require them to toil mindlessly for long years so they can win the trust of a human organisation, they will do so without complaint. If their masters ask them to storm a position with nothing more than simple automatic weaponry and worker's fatigues, they will throw themselves into the teeth of the enemy guns without hesitation.

Hybrids of the third generation are still markedly alien in aspect. Though they have a classic bipedal anatomy, their distended craniums, beetling foreheads and waxy pallor mean they are often seen as mutants, and are hence shunned or even persecuted by the greater masses of the Imperium. Those of the fourth generation find it far easier to pass for human. Inveigling themselves into worker gangs,

Administratum facilities, manufactorum shifts and hive networks, they slowly and carefully spread their gene-sect's influence through the strata of society. As mining workers and militia fighters they find it easy enough to secure low-grade weapons, either stealing them from those victims they silently take down or securing them on the black market. Over time, they amass a primitive arsenal of solid-shot weapons, blasting charges and pistols with which to wreak all manner of havoc when the time comes to reveal their true allegiance, and when the Neophyte Hybrids attack, their sheer numbers make them a force to be reckoned with.

The foot soldiers of the cult may well fight in the Imperium's wars, defending their homes from the predations of Chaos and from other xenos species. In doing so, they defend the cult and all that it has worked to achieve. Bound by the ties of the broodkin and a surety of common purpose, they make determined and capable warriors, but this only makes it all the more horrifying when their true nature is revealed. On the day of the great insurgency, when the populace looks to their bravest members for protection, the citizens are appalled to find out that their saviours are not fighting against the monsters boiling up from the depths, but alongside them.

DEVASTATING SEVERANCE

In order to both grow in number and remain hidden, Neophyte Hybrids tend to occupy the stratum of Imperial society that keeps them out of direct sight. Mining gangs, sub-hive pipe workers and badland maintenance crews are ideal breeding grounds. When the hour of uprising finally arrives, the Neophyte Hybrids bring the infrastructure of their host world grinding to a halt. Raw supplies of fuel and other materials evaporate, while atmospheric filtration pumps fall silent. Whole sectors of hive cities are suffocated, their blast doors sealed shut from the outside by the insidious xenos agents. In this way, the tools of the Imperial war machine are used to lay low their creators.



PURESTRAIN GENESTEALERS

Genestealers are the vanguard organisms of the hive fleets. The first Tyranids to be discovered by the Imperium, their true nature is obscured by a confusing multitude of legends. They are known as Snatcher-devils on some Imperial worlds, Cave Nightmares on others and Clawed Changelings on yet more. Every conceivable interpretation of the Genestealer Curse has been posited across Mankind's domain, but even the most outlandish story does no justice to the awful truth behind these creatures and the cycles of damnation they propagate.

Genestealers are characterised by their six limbs, bulbous craniums and ridged carapaces. They are bipedal and able to scuttle with horrible speed on their clawed lower limbs. Though they are agile in the extreme, their bodies are tough and durable; their torso is protected by a rock-hard exoskeleton that can turn aside a bullet. The upper sets of limbs are distinctly different, the foremost pair ending in razor-sharp claws or blade-like talons, either of which are capable of slicing through even Tactical Dreadnought armour. Their secondary limbs are typically shaped like gnarled hands, allowing the Genestealers to manipulate objects, climb and even operate simple devices such as touch-panels. As well as being highly dextrous, these secondary limbs are more than capable of ripping a limb from its socket or tearing open light armour. The Genestealer's thickly muscled tail is largely vestigial, although it still aids in balance, allowing the creature to race at full speed across piles of rubble and tangled scrap to close upon its enemies.

Isolated broods of this Tyranid creature are typified by a blue-indigo coloration. Such beasts have been encountered not only on numerous space hulks, notably the *Sin of Damnation*, but also upon the moons of Ymgarl, once thought home to a tentacle-mawed variation of the xenofom. Where a Genestealer is part of a larger hive fleet army, it will instead bear the same colouration as the rest of the Tyranids in its fleet. Such bioforms communicate via telepathy, enabling their broods to operate independently. Hive fleet broods are often centred around an alpha predator sometimes mistaken for a Patriarch, though this creature is more accurately termed a Broodlord. This beast is not



empowered by the psychic energies of a cult, but by a single brood of Genestealers. If divorced from the greater swarm of a Tyranid invasion, hive fleet Genestealers can evolve into a purestrain form, their life cycle optimised to infect new hosts once new feeding grounds are viable.

By spreading their curse in secrecy, these creatures multiply the threat they pose in the manner of a virus. Even a single

Purestrain Genestealer, borne across the stars by an unwitting pilot who lands upon a fertile planet, can spawn enough tainted progeny to take that world over from the bottom up. Such potential disasters are seeded across the Imperium in great measure. The spread of infestations has become even more rampant since the opening of the Great Rift, with countless refugee craft in desperate flight providing ideal transportation for the xenos beasts.

ABERRANTS

Misshapen, lumpen and inhumanly strong, the Aberrants are the repugnant offshoots of the brood cycle. Though dim-witted, their instinctive need to defend their broodkin makes them valuable assets to the cult. In battle, they stomp and shuffle to the greatest concentrations of resistance. With heavy industrial tools raised, they moan slurred praise to the Patriarch as they charge in, causing impressive carnage with only their brute force and single-minded determination.

What manner of strange processes gives rise to an Aberrant is unknown. Some quirk of ancestry ordains their fate as the genetic pattern is somehow perverted. Perhaps the initial implantation of the ovipositor was interrupted or spoiled, perhaps the interbreeding happened during a warp tumult or sorcerous ritual, or perhaps the forbidden dabbling of curious bio-scryers gave rise to monsters that killed their creators upon birth. Whatever the circumstance that leads to their inception, these Aberrants soon seek out the lowest of their gene-sect's

dungeon-like lairs, shambling through the darkness until they find a Magus or Patriarch that will give them new purpose. From that point on, they are used as pure muscle for the cult's purposes. Armed with power-augmented tools, Aberrants are set to the task of digging tunnels and clearing out caverns beneath the cities of their prey world, expanding the networks through which the cult can move unseen. Buried hab-blocks and long-forgotten weapons caches are cracked open and plundered, or hollowed out and seeded with enough mining explosives to bring the structures built above them crumbling down.

When the hour of uprising finally arrives, the Aberrants emerge from the darkness along with the rest of the cultists. Brandishing their filth-encrusted claws and wielding heavy mining tools, they tear with equal ease through hastily assembled infantry garrisons, fortified defence emplacements and armoured vehicles that are brought to bear against them. Their masters deploy them as they would attack dogs, sending them to spread

terror and confusion through grievous acts of destruction. Due to their incredible endurance, Aberrants are able to wade through heavy enemy fire, sustaining horrendous injuries yet losing none of their deadliness. In this way they serve as a moving wall of flesh, behind which the other cultists advance upon their foe.

Like Hybrid Metamorphs, some Aberrants mutate as the hive fleet approaches. As these mutations take hold, the creature's spinal column extends into a muscular tail, tipped with a hooked barb sharp enough to slice through meat, bone and even infantry armour. Known as Aberrant Hypermorphs, these creatures are even more ferocious than their kindred, lashing out mindlessly with their industrial weapons or grabbing whatever makeshift weapon they can even as they charge towards their foes. The occurrence of Aberrant Hypermorphs is more sporadic than that of Hybrid Metamorphs, with individual Aberrants mutating rather than whole broods, yet their appearance is still seen as portentous by the cultists around them.



NIGHTMARE VISITATIONS

The majority of the cult's most horrific broodkin are put to work in mines or tunnels far from the sight of the authorities, or confined to the lair of their gene-sect's Biophagus, where they are relentlessly experimented on. A rare few, however, are cultivated and trained to become competent assassins. When the need arises, a Magus, Primus or other cult leader will despatch these creatures on missions of murder, conferring their target's scent or psychic spoor to their bestial minions.

The thuggish hybrids are sent out at night, swathed in sackcloth, hessian or industrial webbing to lumber through sewers and undercrofts in search of the foolish individual who would work against the cult's agendas. Under lambent moonlight, they climb up to the surface world and into the hab-quarters of their victim. Once the fresh scent of their mark is in their nostrils, all stealth is abandoned. With hammer and pick, the murderous beasts smash and gouge a path to their prey, the last few moments of their victims' lives spent in abject horror and confusion.

Once the red deed is done, the hybrids hack their way back into the underworld and vanish as swiftly as they appeared. Many long years can slide past before such creatures are able to vent their pent-up fury once more. When the day of the grand uprising arrives, these gruesome giants immerse themselves in wanton butchery at the first opportunity.

ABOMINANTS

The Abominant comes lumbering across the field with a rolling, lopsided stride. A champion amongst the mutant Aberrants of the cult, each is a misshapen wrecking ball of muscle and chitin that wields a heavy bludgeoning instrument as if it weighed no more than a switch of willow. So hideous is this gene-cursed monster that soldiers recoil in revulsion at the sight of its bifurcated features and twisted, alien anatomy. Only when the roaring, demented brute crushes all before it in a spasmodic frenzy, crying out in a mixture of anger, pain and self-loathing, does the true horror of its existence become clear.

Like the Aberrants from which they are created, Abominants are born from a deviation in the typical Genestealer Cult brood cycle. Usually occurring towards the latter iterations of a cult's lifespan, an Abominant begins life as any other Aberrant – a freak occurrence. After its unnatural birth, however, its power is fostered and nurtured to new levels, for such raw strength and destructive potential is not to be wasted.

'The Lumberglatch, they call it. I heard tales enough as a lad, and I always put 'em down to flights of fancy, just like the hooded mamzels tell you to. Since last night, I'm damned sure it's no story. We saw it, Dogged Loz and I, shuffling in the cathedrum like it was lost. Then it saw us, and it weren't lost no more. It got Loz, tore him limb from limb while I... went for help.'

- Zogan the Scruff, recyc vendor

In order to better herd its Aberrant shock troops to battle, the Patriarch visits its blessings upon a chosen Aberrant in each gene-sect. He does so using a Mindwyrms Familiar, a diminutive creature that is both progenitor and guide to the larger entity. A bio-psychic construct that is given life in the decaying slurry that gathers in the Patriarch's lair, it is the Mindwyrms Familiar's role to implant the soon-to-be-Abominant with a portion of its master's own biomass. It does so with a strange echo of the Genestealer's Kiss, implanting its tiny ovipositor into the toughened hide of the Aberrant and placing a potent gene-curse within its cellular structure. Thus is an Abominant born.

Once the mutagen is implanted into the chosen Aberrant, the creature is reshaped over long and agonising nights of metamorphosis. Its already robust frame grows even larger and more powerful. Its flesh splits and its bones break under the strain of rampant gigantism. Such wounds are quickly healed by the Patriarch-bestowed mutagen infesting the Abominant's body, just as the blows of enemy warriors are shrugged off or rent flesh swiftly regenerated in battle. The Mindwyrms Familiar does not depart after this strange gift is given, but continues to exert the will of the Patriarch on the Abominant. It uses the hulking thrall's bulk to break open enemy lines by shepherding it headlong into the most redoubtable foes, where its hammer smashes an opening by sending warriors flying. The creature's Aberrant kindred blindly follow the lumbering brute into the fray, incited to ever-greater acts of slaughter. They see the Abominant as a saintly figure, a blessed

disciple chosen by their god and anointed with his most blessed mutations. In truth the Abominant is no more emotionally or spiritually attached to the cult's masters than the hammer it wields. The creature is useful indeed, but with its intellect not much greater than that of an infant, the role of war leader is forever denied to it.

If the Patriarch is the heart of the gene-sect and the Magus its psyche, the Abominant is its gnarled fist. It is its role to shatter, to crush, to destroy with brute force that which stands in the path of the cultists' ultimate victory. Before the day of ascension, these grotesque beasts are typically put to work in conquering an underground region or distant outpost – for should an Imperial citizen see an Abominant roaming the streets in broad daylight, the subsequent panic might do the cult more harm than good. When the gene-sect lies low, the Abominant is often given playthings to keep it docile – the broken bodies of those the Magus has ordered slain, captured animals, or even simple toys taken from the houses of the upworlders. To take these amusements away from the Abominant is to drive it into a rage that can last for days – all the war leaders need to do at that stage is to simply point the creature in the direction of those the cult needs crushed into a paste, and its blind rage will do the rest. When the cultists cast off their disguises on the day of uprising, the Abominant is given free rein to wreak destruction as it sees fit, its Mindwyrms Familiar hissing and rubbing its claws like a fly preparing to feast on a mound of rotting offal.



ATALAN JACKALS

Atalan Jackals are fourth generation Neophytes who form the outriders of their gene-sect. They roam the corners of the host planet in search of new regions for their cult to infest. In many ways they are prospectors – not of rich veins of minerals, precious metals or fossil fuel deposits, but of the bounty of human life. To the cult, that resource is the most precious of all.

The Atalan Jackals roar across wastelands and dart through subterranean tunnels, gunning their engines to full throttle as they accelerate, swerve and skid into the fray. They have an uncanny ability to pick out the best positions from which to launch a killing strike, using their dirtcycles and Wolfquads to leap over obstacles and onto low roofs and gantries. They hunt as a pack, each psychically linked to the others to such an extent that they can speed down a disused tunnel five abreast and never so much as clip one another's vehicle. In battle this mental link makes them all the more formidable, for they fight as one.

As with many of the Genestealer Cults' activities, this hunt for new territory and resources is carried out under a shield of legitimacy. Almost all mining corps in the Imperium's rapacious industrial machine search out new seams and quarries using teams of scouts. After all, geologicum servitors and terramantic augurs can only be trusted so far, and there is no substitute for the eyes of a well-trained reconnaissance operative. To see a pack of bikes with stowage attached racing from a mining hub into the far distance is common enough that few, if any, bother to ascertain their purpose, let alone their destination. Even so, the cultists always adequately cover their tracks to ensure they can operate undisturbed. The Jackals are well used to a nomadic lifestyle, and only return to their brood lairs when they have something of import to recount.

Jackals ride a variety of rugged Atalan exploratory machines, of which the most common are dirtcycles and four-wheeled Wolfquads. These are typically shipped to mining corps by the Munitorium for the purposes of locating and claiming resources, before high-level agents of the cults ensure they end up in the hands of their Neophytes. Each machine is built to run for decades or even centuries. It has much to recommend it: a robust frame and a shock absorbing suspension array; an engine that can run on multiple fuel types; and the capacity to mount stowage, recovery tools and auxiliary equipment without loss of efficacy.

Atalan Wolfquads, being larger and having more raw power than the dirtcycle, carry destructive tools of industry. Mining lasers, seismic cannons and incinerators enable the Wolfquads' riders to support their more nimble fellows in mining expeditions, as well as in battle. With such tools at its disposal, a mining corp's reach is long enough to find new sites with which to feed the endlessly hungering planetary networks of the Imperium.



On almost every industrial, forge or agri world, Atalan-branded machines can be found – much like the ubiquitous lasgun, they are cheap to manufacture, highly durable and easy to repair. They have become well-respected workhorses across the industrialised elements of Mankind's realm, especially in fringe regions and Sectors Fronteris.

In battle, the Atalan Jackals are serpent-fast, jinking left and right through enemy gunfire without pause. They ride in close to lash out with crowbars, electro-hatchets and improvised weapons made deadlier by sheer momentum. None are safe from their sudden attacks. Those officers who dismiss them as light cavalry soon learn the error of their ways, for some Jackals carry hidden mining charges that they can prime on the move before lobbing them amongst the enemy to detonate with killing force. Even as blood arcs through the air, the Jackals are already roaring away once more to leave the survivors choking in a cloud of particulate.

JACKAL ALPHUSES

The Jackal Alphas are the undisputed leaders of their pack. Not only are they the deadliest and fastest amongst their kin, they possess nerves of steel and a mind so focused that those of the Ordo Xenos who have seen them work have compared them to Imperial assassins.

Much like the rest of their wide-ranging pack, the primary function of the Jackal Alpha is to locate choice new sites for the cult. Every piece of information they gather about the host planet can be of importance to Magus, Primus or Nexos. Wherever the Alpha goes they scout out ambush sites, hidden lairs, cave networks and fissures large enough to accommodate small vehicles, the better for their gene-sect's warriors to spring their ambush when the day of reckoning is at hand. Yet the Jackal Alpha is quite content to work alone – with enough cunning and caution, a single outrider can often escape the notice of even a dedicated aerial spotter network.

Though they mainly travel at night to better avoid attention, the Jackal Alpha will ride under the beating sun of an irradiated world for weeks on end without complaint. Their hybrid physiology lends them stamina far in excess of a human, and their eyesight is second to none – woe betide the person who falls under the crosshairs of their sniper rifle. When forced to lie low for a time, the Alpha will hole up in an abandoned cellar or cave, taking the opportunity to scribe maps and charts with painstaking care as they record every observation for the later assessment of the gene-sect's leaders. It is not unheard of for hundreds of Alpha maps to grace the war room of a Nexos, each of which they and their Primus peer commit to memory for the insurrection to come.

When a Jackal Alpha reunites with their pack in order to take down larger prey – whether it be a steel-skinned tank or a lumbering Ork Deff Dread – they lead their fellows in the manner of scavenger canids hunting a pachyderm. Keeping out of their enemy's reach, they nip and slash at the machine's weakest points, fighting with cunning rather than brute force.

until the enemy is gradually brought to full immobility. Though they may have to harass their prey for hours, even days, the Jackals are relentless – but when their target eventually collapses, they fall upon it in a frenzy that sees it ripped to shreds.

As inventive as they are swift, the Jackal Alphas can be the difference between success and failure when an infestation's plan of ascension goes awry. In times of battle they will range around the flanks of the enemy army, taking a commanding position atop their dirtcycle with their sniper rifle held steady. A moment later they take their shot, blasting the foe's brains from the back of their head – and in doing so, shattering the enemy battle plan with a single action. Should their target be formidable enough that it cannot be felled with a single well-placed bullet, the Alpha will use their long-ranged vox unit to recount priority kill orders and firing solutions to the other cultists on the battlefield. A single set of instructions and coordinates from these outrider champions can bring about the death of a Space Marine Captain, an Ork Warboss, or even a lumbering super-heavy vehicle – for when the cult fights together, there is nothing it cannot achieve.

Moragh Vignostiquod took the shot, and her mark's head snapped back. The layered ceramite held, as she had known it would – her sniper rifle was high calibre enough to puncture a tank, but not the power armour of Inquisitor Helvendt. Nonetheless, by the loud and gristly crack, the angle and impact of the bullet had broken his neck.

Good enough. Moragh gunned her bike engine hard, launching herself from the ramp of her hiding place even as a storm of return fire shredded the two-storey shanty to flinders. The wheeled juggernaut that had borne Helvendt to war turned its guns on her, each of the turrets on its crenellated roof spitting a hail of lead. She jinked and swerved even as she primed a demolition cylinder. The driver turned the steering bar hard, sending the rear of the armoured truck jackknifing towards her. She slid her bike horizontal and passed under the juggernaut, grinding between its wheel units with inches to spare.

As she passed beneath, she clamped the magnetised demolition

cylinder to the fuel reservoir of its underbelly. Moragh was already righting the bike and careening away when the cylinder exploded. It triggered a chain reaction that saw the juggernaut flip over, twisting in a blossoming storm of flame and twisted metal.

Moragh's fellow Atalan Jackals whooped and shrieked in glee as they came alongside her, firing autopistols at the Guardsmen scattering ahead. She hit full throttle and rocketed onwards, her slickblade taking the gold-braided buffoon that thought himself in control of the planet's military. Cultbrother Geminus took the next with his crowbar, splitting the Guardsman's torso like a sack of meat. Cultsister Lottia jabbed the vox operator with her stiletto knife, cutting his jugular just as he opened his mouth to cry out. He gargled out his last words nonetheless: 'Fire on my coordinates!'

A few seconds later the infantry column erupted into flame, but Moragh and her kin were already gone in a cloud of dissipating smoke.



ACHILLES RIDGERUNNERS

The Achilles Ridgerunner is a common sight throughout the Imperium. Although not specifically designed for military use, like so many of the utilitarian machines favoured by the Genestealer Cults, it has proven remarkably effective as an outrider and scout vehicle.

Employed by mining guilds and geological surveyors as exploration vehicles, Ridgerunners range into deadly frontier environments, their pilots scanning

for promising resource deposits and communicating their location back to base. The mining lasers mounted on the vehicle are typically used to unearth rich seams of valuable minerals and rare metals, but these powerful energy emitters can burn through protective plating and flesh as easily as they carve through rock strata, giving the Ridgerunner a powerful weapon with which to destroy enemy infantry or light armour. Standard armaments also include heavy stubbers for repelling

hostile fauna, opportunistic scavengers and xenos threats – ever-present hazards when exploring frontier worlds. As is their practice, the warriors of the Genestealer Cults have supplemented the Ridgerunner's arsenal with various additional weapons: mortars and missile launchers offer invaluable firepower against heavily armoured targets, adding an offensive punch to these fast and rugged trucks.

Though well equipped to engage enemy scouts and outriders, the Achilles Ridgerunner's true qualities lie in its ability to range ahead of the cult's main insurrection forces, scouting out potential ambush sites and new routes of ingress into the foe's territory. Many Ridgerunner crews include a spotter equipped with magnoculars, whose task it is to identify and relay enemy troop movements and weak points in the opposition's defence. This vital data is transmitted to the gene-sect's headquarters, where it can be absorbed and disseminated by a Nexos strategist. Other Ridgerunners carry flare launchers, usually employed for signalling and coordinating ambushes and outflanking manoeuvres – though at a pinch they can also level a smokescreen to hide the vehicle's advance.



With their heavy chassis and rigorous suspension, Achilles Ridgerunners are particularly well suited to navigating bombed-out cities and thick sprawls of hostile terrain – the saying goes that the driver will give out long before the Ridgerunner does. Whether thundering across overgrown expanses of wilderness, prowling caverns or smashing their way through the rockcrete wasteland of shattered hives while spitting signal flares into the sky, Achilles Ridgerunners are vital components in the Genestealer Cult's grand uprising.

GOLIATHS

When the call to war finally comes, the cultists use their heavy-duty work vehicles as makeshift battlefield transports. Though not as swift or robust as the more militarised transports, these vehicles can be deployed in abundance, while their various industrial fittings can be transformed into brutal weaponry.

GOLIATH TRUCKS

Goliath Trucks are rugged transports originally designed to bear Imperial factotums through crypt complexes and mining tunnels. The vehicle's dense and robust construction makes it proof against the most hostile of underground environments, and its folded layers of chemically treated permasteel give it a measure of protection against every industrial hazard the Imperium has yet encountered. Though an ascendant cult will make use of any type of vehicle, from lunar quads to civilian stretch-cars to mobile industrial macro-rigs, the Goliath Truck is always the most sought after. These vehicles are customised with all manner of stowage, extra armour and sprayed-on cult symbols. They are acquired by means fair and foul by every cult that can find them, for they strike the perfect balance between unobtrusive civilian vehicle and pugnacious war machine.

No one gives a second glance to a column of Goliath Trucks bearing rag-draped miners through the streets, and workplace graffiti and personalisation is far from unusual in the lower classes of the Imperium, so even the cult symbols stencilled upon the vehicles' sides often go unchallenged. Then, when the mind-stimulus of a Magus or Patriarch signals the time is right, the broods within these vehicles throw open their hatches and burst out – some still mistaken for human even in their warpaint, and others so alien that even to witness them is to feel the cold claw of defeat clutching at the heart.

GOLIATH ROCKGRINDERS

The most common variant of the Goliath Truck is the Rockgrinder. The massive drilldozer blade at the Rockgrinder's front boasts grinder arrays that can crack mineral seams and bore tunnels through bedrock, though these are put to a far more sinister use in times of war. When the order is given to throw caution away in favour of outright attack, the Rockgrinder's crew will bully the vehicle towards the front line, delivering hails of fire to keep the foe's heads down while the Goliath accelerates for the killing impact. The

Rockgrinder crashes into the enemy lines with devastating force, its serried saws and grinders sending slurries of gore spraying in all directions.

Those riding this metallic battering ram to war will spill out to capitalise on the havoc of its impact, cutting down swathes of the

enemy with automatic weapon fire. Though such shock assaults often leave these cultists out of position and surrounded, they are extremely effective at punching through defensive lines. Every Rockgrinder rampage leaves a gory path of scattered limbs, armour and splintered bone over which the main body of cultists can pour.



NEOPHYTE REGIMENTS

An Astra Militarum regiment stationed upon a prey world will slowly become populated by cultists, and are sometimes taken over entirely. Such infected military organs take pains to stay incognito until the day of insurrection, whereupon they reveal their true allegiance, launching deadly surprise attacks upon their fellow regiments before joining the main body of the cult.

BROOD BROTHERS

It is common for the Neophyte Hybrids of a gene-sect's later brood cycles to infiltrate their world's garrison force, or even those Astra Militarum regiments founded from amongst its populace. There, they work alongside the infected humans who sired the cult's hybrids – yet appear normal – to ensure the cult spreads ever further. Within an armed force that recruits such divergent strains of Humanity as Ratlings and Ogryns, mild variations of appearance are often overlooked – especially when the cadets in question are so efficient and obedient – and as the generations pass, it is common for the infiltrating members of that world's infestation to be grouped together into the same platoons.

The Neophytes propagate slowly throughout the military ranks, taking over each corps from the inside until all of its soldiers pay obeisance to the Patriarch. These professional warriors carry Munitorum-issued lasguns instead of autoguns, and use frag grenades in place of repurposed mining explosives. Some even have access to heavier weaponry and may hijack the famously indomitable vehicles of the Astra Militarum to their cause.

CULT CHIMERAS

A Genestealer Cult will amass a great many vehicles over the course of its gestation. In terms of popularity, the Chimera Armoured Personnel Carrier is second only to the Goliath. The Chimera is so common a sight that it passes all but unnoticed through the streets of war-torn worlds and the rotting understrata of hives, just as the work teams of the Genestealer Cult pass without comment in Humanity's wider throng. Yet in times of war, this humble transport punches well above its weight. Its combination of multi-laser, hull-mounted heavy bolter and flank-mounted lasgun arrays allows it to cut down Imperial infantry, rival gangers, veteran soldiers and even light vehicles.

As one of the workhorses for Mankind's innumerable armies, the Chimera is built to a Standard Template Construct. It can traverse all manner of terrain, from acidic

silt to the rockcrete rubble of a bombed-out city, and even be rendered amphibious should the need arise. The blueprint for this rugged and adaptable machine, a revered relic of Mankind's past, has been replicated times beyond count. As such, the Chimera can be made from whatever local metals a mechanic has to hand, or even from stranger materials should they have the requisite material strength. To an industrial culture such as that of the Genestealer Cult, the manufacture of a Chimera – or even an entire mechanised regiment of them – poses little challenge.



On the eve of battle, those Chimera transports the cult has sequestered are sprayed with cult icons and daubed with the blood of the unbeliever. Some have additional armour plates, auxiliary weaponry or gruesome trophies strapped to their hulls before they rumble toward the front line, forming totems of defiance and conquest even before their heavy guns open fire. These stolen Chimeras bully a path through the bloody earth of the battlefield, carrying inside them not the ordered platoons of faithful Imperial Guard, but the fully indoctrinated warriors of the cult. So familiar a sight is the Chimera that those on flanking manoeuvres are often waved through Imperial cordons by oblivious officials, the magnitude of the mistake only becoming evident when the crew and passengers begin the slaughter.

CULT SENTINELS

The Sentinel is a single-pilot walker that can traverse landscapes where a wheeled vehicle would swiftly founder. Though designed primarily as a reconnaissance asset, Sentinels are in widespread use as war machines within those cults that have access to them. Lightweight Scout Sentinels are deployed in forward operations, whilst the heavier Armoured Sentinels lend substantial firepower to the main body of the uprising.

Sentinels make excellent independent assets when the time to strike is nigh. Scout Sentinels boast a powerful weapon system that can be fired on the move; they are fast enough to dart into position for a kill shot, yet small enough to operate undetected by a larger force. Often, a crack team of Neophyte Hybrids will pilot their Scout Sentinels around the flanks of the enemy army, delivering their punishing volleys upon receiving a psychic impulse from their gene-sect's overlords.

Nimble and fast for walkers of such size, these machines are able to traverse even the most rugged terrain in the hands of a skilled operator. Their loping stride allows them to eat up the miles in wide flanking manoeuvres, stepping through glowing deltas of lava or picking through bombed-out forests to creep up on the enemy from an unexpected angle. The Neophyte Hybrid pilots of these walkers peer through the gloom with unnatural intensity, refining their targeting solutions and stalking forwards with the patience of true hunters until they have the perfect vantage point for launching their mechanised ambush. Suddenly, their trap is sprung in a storm of light and sound, and their unwitting foes fall by the dozen.

Armoured Sentinels have thick plated hulls, and are built to operate even in the most dangerous war zones. Such enclosed walkers have the added bonus that no one can see the true nature of their pilot until it is too late, an advantage that is not lost on the cult's overseers. Fitted with lascannons, missile launchers, and perhaps even rare and temperamental plasma cannons, Armoured Sentinels can take down even



the heavy infantry and battle tanks of an Adeptus Astartes strike force. Those who underestimate the bravery and verve of their cultist pilots will be made to pay with their lives, for when fighting as a squadron, these walkers can tear apart even the fat-bellied effigies of the greenskins and the adamantium-hulled war machines of the Adeptus Astartes. Plasma cannons spit incandescent volleys, missile launchers sow death amongst concentrations of infantry, and lascannons blast smoking holes in the hulls of enemy tanks. Should the Armoured Sentinels find themselves the target of an assault, they are far from defenceless – pistons hiss and hydraulics thump as the heavily armed walkers stomp forwards, their pilots grinning in atavistic glee as they stamp their opponents into the dirt.

LEMAN RUSSES

The heavy firepower of the Leman Russ battle tank is legendary, and also much sought after by those cults that expect to engage the foe at range. Built to last through decades, if not centuries, of harsh conditions and poor maintenance, this battle tank is a natural choice for many

gene-sects, which often intend to bide their time before launching a single devastating strike. Those cult forces determined or lucky enough to secure entire squadrons of Leman Russ tanks are a terrifying prospect, as deadly at range as at close quarters. These concentrations of force bombard the enemy from afar to crack open even the safest of havens, allowing the xenospawn at the heart of the cult to get at their soft-bodied prey.

The Leman Russ is constructed more as a rolling bunker than a fast-moving support vehicle. Its primary weapon is the battle cannon, an unsubtle sledgehammer of a gun that sends high-explosive shells hurtling into the midst of the enemy. Even the tanks of the foe can be crippled or destroyed by a direct hit from such ordnance. Sponsons are usually fitted onto the Leman Russ' flanks, each bearing a heavy bolter to scythe down enemy troops, a heavy flamer to set opponents ablaze or a lascannon to crack open armoured targets. With the foe reeling, the cult will often follow up the volleys of its Leman Russ squadrons with a devastating assault from the clawing, screaming cultist throng.

When the day of the grand uprising is nigh, the Leman Russ' bulky silhouette looms through the cordite-scented smoke, turret tracking as its merciless cultist gunners search for new prey.

Once a priority target is caught in their sights, the stolen tank gives voice to its booming war cry. A split second later, a fat-bodied cannon shell detonates to send a thunderous explosion of shrapnel, debris and body parts flying in all directions. The tank's sponson weapons chatter and scream as they sow death amongst the survivors of each new assault; return fire pings and ricochets from the Leman Russ' inches-thick hull, and even explosive missiles are turned aside by the sheer rugged solidity of this tank.

It is not unheard of for a well-established Brood Brother regiment to secure the more exotic patterns of Leman Russ, such as the plasma-fitted Executioner or the tank-busting Vanquisher. A Genestealer Cult that includes such vehicles brings not only a subtle and creeping death, but a bombastic, violent assault of shell, laser and solid shot.



THE FAITHFUL THRONG

On the day of the great insurrection, all secrecy will be cast aside in favour of a savage display of the cult's ascendance. The Genestealer hybrids wear their true colours with pride. This section shows examples of their vivid heraldry and markings.



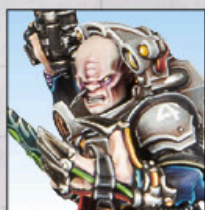
Familiar



Magus



Primus



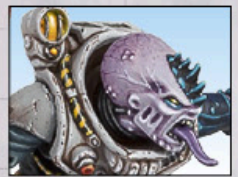


Led to battle by the regal Magus Nerys Vignostiquod, the gene-sect of Bore-Hive Ankhar Tertius rises up as one against the Deathwatch Space Marines who have tracked them down, their Tectonic Fragdrill readied to rip the land itself apart.

The Patriarch of the cult is a monstrous predator from beyond the stars, its vile Genestealer brethren a mockery of the society that harbours them within its breast. On the day of insurrection, their attack is lightning-fast and nigh unstoppable.



Patriarch



Purestrain Genestealer



Acolyte Iconward



Acolyte Hybrid with heavy rock saw



Acolyte Hybrid with blasting charges



Acolyte Hybrid with heavy rock cutter



Acolyte Hybrid with autopistol and rending claws



The multi-limbed hybrids of the cult are kept from plain sight for decades if necessary, all to increase the shock and devastation of their assault when they finally reveal themselves from their hiding places and fall upon the enemy in a storm of claws, blades and teeth.



Hybrid Metamorph with rending claws, scything talon and autopistol



Hybrid Metamorph with scything talons and hand flamer

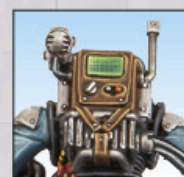
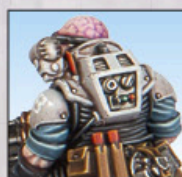


Hybrid Metamorph with scything talon and rending claws



Hybrid Metamorph with metamorph claw and hand flamer

It is not only the warrens and catacombs of the 41st Millennium's great cities that are infested; outriders and hybrids identify and conquer key targets and xenos holdings in the wilderness zones of their host planets, overtaking them with surging wave attacks.



Neophyte Hybrid
with shotgun



Neophyte Hybrid
with autogun



Neophyte Hybrid with
grenade launcher



Neophyte Hybrid
with webber



Neophyte Hybrid with
seismic cannon



Though appearing to be loyalist Astra Militarum troops from a distance, the Brood Brothers rise up against the hated warriors of the Imperium with as much fervour and dedication to the cult as their Acolyte Hybrid allies.

The ground shakes to the thunder of engines as the outriders of the Pauper Princes hurtle across the landscape. With gun, blade and wheel they crush those foolish enough to stand before them – this day, the glorious charge of the cult will not be denied.



Atalan Jackal with grenade launcher



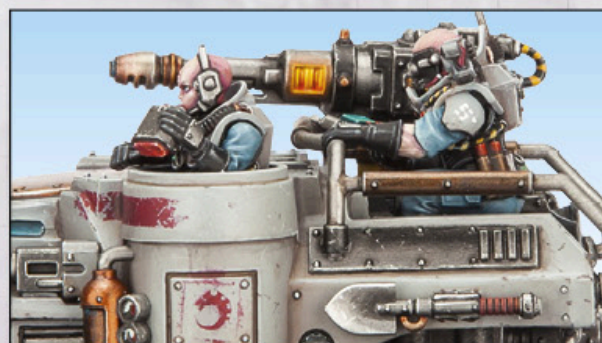
Atalan Jackal Leader with power axe



Atalan Jackal with improvised weapon



Achilles Ridgerunner with mining laser, spotter and heavy stubbers



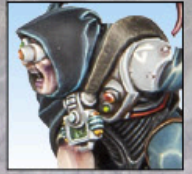
Heavy mortar



The Kelermorph



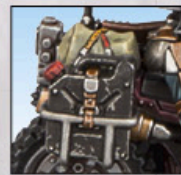
Locus



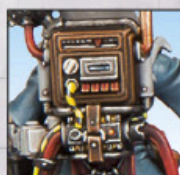
Sanctus with bio-dagger



Biophagus with Alchemicus Familiar



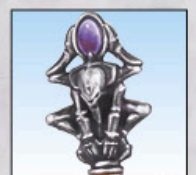
Jackal Alpha



Clamavus



Nexos



Magus with Familiar



Aberrant with power pick



Aberrant with heavy power hammer



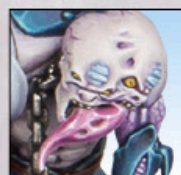
Aberrant with heavy power hammer



Abominant



Aberrant Hypermorph with heavy
improvised weapon



Aberrant with power pick

‘The curse, the Commissars call it. Only the enlightened, those who have had the scales fall from their eyes, see it for what it truly is. The swollen, misshapen things in the ducts, they are no monsters. They are angels! Don’t you see? They have been blessed with the strength of the truly righteous. Such shallow concerns as vanity, as symmetry of form, these are the province of the vain. Would you not rather be ill upon the eye, but strong and free to do as you wished, than pretty, but weak and enslaved to an uncaring regime?’

- Brood Brother Amalcus Nythe



The subterranean passageways that run beneath Oteck Hivespawl on Vigilus allowed the Aberrants of the Claw of the Thirsting Wyrn to go about polluting the populace’s fortified reservoirs, poisoning the city above to prepare the slaughter on the day of ascension.



Cult of the Rusted Claw



Cult of the Twisted Helix



The Hivecult



Cult of the Bladed Cog



United under their Primus and with their Magus unleashing a psychic barrage upon the minds of the enemy, the rugged nomads of the Rusted Claw flood in from the wastes to claim the urban sprawl for their own.

THE RISING TIDE

The Genestealer Cults have access to a dizzying variety of bioforms, weapons and vehicles in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. There are so many ways in which you can build your army; ultimately the only rule is to follow your instincts. This section provides inspiration for your own collection by providing a few examples.

The force below is formed from a Start Collecting! Genestealer Cults boxed set, and packs quite a punch on the battlefield. Whilst the Neophyte Hybrids harass the enemy from long range and claim nearby objectives, the Acolyte Iconward Thriver Glatch and his Acolyte Hybrid kin can launch a deadly ambush on the exposed elements of the foe. Alternatively, they can ride to war in the armoured hull of the Goliath Rockgrinder. The Acolyte Hybrids have a selection of weaponry

quite capable of taking out a tank, and the grinding drill-discs on the Rockgrinder's front can do a lot of damage. Together they form a Patrol Detachment; being Battle-forged, the force awards the player three valuable Command Points in games of Warhammer 40,000.

The force at the bottom of the page comprises an Outrider Detachment, which provides an extra Command Point in addition to those for being Battle-

forged. Led by the Jackal Alphus Quessa Glatch-Jandeer, whose sniper rifle and ability to pick out priority targets makes her an exceptionally deadly cult operative, it is fast-moving and potent enough to take a flank of the battlefield in its own right. With the Achilles Ridgerunners provide covering fire from their heavy mortars, the Atalan Jackals race into the fray, the bikers harassing lighter targets whilst their Wolfquad's mining laser takes out heavily armoured targets.



The core of a larger gene-sect, the Claw of the Ninth Rite uses underground passageways to close upon its prey.



Roving ahead of the main horde are the Iron Scavengers, each a resourceful and versatile warrior of the faith.



THE GLATCHIAN GENE-SECT

As a collection of Citadel Miniatures grows ever larger, it becomes a true force to be reckoned with on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. This insurrection, built around the monstrous Patriarch known only as the King Below, brings not only a Battalion but also several smaller Detachments to war. It is an excellent example of how a Genestealer Cult forms up for battle.

The Glatchian Gene-sect is part of the wider Glatchian Dynasty, itself an offshoot of the Pauper Princes. It took shape around the Patriarch that began the subterranean infestation of Isis V in late M41. This collection is Battle-forged, taking advantage of the force organisation rules in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. It is built around the starting forces on the previous page, but with the addition of almost every unit available in this book. In total it fulfils the requirements of one Battalion Detachment, one Outrider Detachment, and no fewer than three Vanguard Detachments, for a grand total of twelve Command Points to spend on game-changing Stratagems.

The first of these Detachments, the Battalion, is led by the Primus Dodren Glatch and his Acolyte Iconward brother, Thriver Glatch. The force includes two units each of Acolyte Hybrids and Neophyte Hybrids, a solid core of infantry that is capable of claiming critical objectives whilst engaging enemy hordes and even war machines if necessary. It strikes from ambush whenever it can, making swift use of the short-range weapons available to it without having to trudge across the field first. The war leaders commune with the more specialist elements of the force – those being the outriders led by the intrepid biker Quessa Glatch-Jandeer, the inhuman force of Aberrants and Purestrain Genestealers that follow the Abominant



known as the Lumberglatch, and Magus Vendarc. Vendarc goes to war accompanied by his personal aides: the Nexos Hostud, who swiftly adapts the cult's plans of conquest should unforeseen events occur; the Clamavus Jeere Vanderglatch, who communicates his orders; his bodyguard Irrix of the Twin Blades; and the infamous Kelermorph, Malachus. The Brood Brothers won over to the cult's side by Vendarc's wiles are there to bulk out the force with heavy armour and recon assets, and have turned the tide in many a battle. But in all likelihood the critical victory will be won by the cult's Patriarch, the King Below – at close quarters, this xenos beast is all but unstoppable.

1. Patriarch, the King Below
2. Primus, Dodren Glatch
3. Magus, Vendarc Glatch
4. Nexos, Hostud Half-Glatch
5. Sanctus, the Black Lance
6. Locus, Irrix of the Twin Blades
7. Acolyte Iconward, Thriver Glatch
8. Biophagus, Constanz Half-Glatch
9. Abominant, the Lumberglatch
10. The Kelermorph, Malachus
11. Clamavus, Jeere Vanderglatch
12. Jackal Alphus, Quessa Glatch-Jandeer
13. Purestrain Genestealers, the Hallowed Kith
14. Purestrain Genestealers, the Blessed Grasp
15. Aberrants, the Staggerkindred
16. Hybrid Metamorphs, the Sickul-Thrashers
17. Acolyte Hybrids, the Darksome Talons
18. Acolyte Hybrids, the Clorrhuls
19. Neophyte Hybrids, Mine Team Priam-3-Alpha
20. Neophyte Hybrids, the Hooks-that-Snare
21. Atalan Jackals, the Hissing Riders
22. Brood Brothers, the Welcomed
23. Cult Scout Sentinel, Horizon Walker
24. Cult Leman Russ, Voice of the King
25. Achilles Ridgerunner, New Prospect 9
26. Goliath Truck, Gravelcrush
27. Goliath Rockgrinder, Mountainsbane
28. Cult Chimera, the Roving Abattoir
29. Tectonic Fragdrill, Breacher Macroïd 33



THE CREEDS BENEATH

This section contains all of the datasheets that you will need in order to fight battles with your Genestealer Cults miniatures. Each datasheet includes the characteristics profiles of the unit it describes, as well as any wargear and special abilities it may have. Some abilities are common to several Genestealer Cults units, in which case they are described below and referenced on the datasheets themselves.

KEYWORDS

Throughout this section you will come across a keyword that is within angular brackets, specifically <CULT>. This is shorthand for a keyword of your own choosing, as described below.

<CULT>

All Genestealer Cultists belong to a cult, a faithful group of followers that can trace their bloodline back to a single Patriarch.

If a Genestealer Cult datasheet does not specify which cult it is drawn from, it will have the <CULT> keyword. When you include such a unit in your army, you must nominate which cult that unit is from. You then simply replace the <CULT> keyword in every instance on that unit's datasheet with the name of your chosen cult.

For example, if you were to include an Acolyte Iconward in your army, and you decided he was from the Twisted Helix, his <CULT> Faction keyword is changed to **TWISTED HELIX** and his Sacred Cult Banner ability would then say 'You can re-roll Morale tests for friendly **TWISTED HELIX** units whilst they are within 6" of this model.'

ABILITIES

The following abilities are common to several Genestealer Cults units:

UNQUESTIONING LOYALTY

So fanatically devoted are Genestealer Cultists that they would die for their masters.

Each time you fail a saving throw for a <CULT> CHARACTER model, and each time a <CULT> CHARACTER model suffers a mortal wound, before inflicting damage check to see if it is within 3" of any friendly <CULT> or **BROOD BROTHERS** units with this ability. If it is, you

can select one of those units and roll a D6; on a 4+ you do not inflict any damage on the character, but one model in the selected unit (your choice) is slain. Otherwise, the character suffers damage as normal.



CULT AMBUSH

Genestealer Cults plan meticulously before rising up against their oppressors, remaining hidden until the moment of ascension arrives.

During deployment, you can set up this unit in ambush instead of on the battlefield. If this unit has the **INFANTRY** or **BIKER** keyword, you can either set it up in ambush or underground instead of on the battlefield.

When you set up a unit underground, it can emerge at the end of any of your Movement phases – set the unit up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from any enemy models.

When you set up a unit in ambush, place one ambush marker anywhere on the battlefield that is wholly within your deployment zone. You will need one ambush marker for each unit that will deploy in this way. If you set up a



'We must abandon our worldly possessions, save those weapons that further the Great Cause. To live and breathe the doctrine of the Magus is to be one with the cult immortal, and ultimately, be reborn. Breathe deep of this day's promise, my kindred, for we stand upon the brink of an incredible transformation.'

- Acolyte Vanguard
Galam Ut-Napishtim

GENESTEALER CULTS WARGEAR LISTS

Many of the units you will find on the following pages reference one or more of the following wargear lists (e.g. Special Weapons). When this is the case, the unit may take any item from the appropriate list below. The profiles for the weapons in these lists can be found on pages 102-104.

SPECIAL WEAPONS

- Flamer
- Grenade launcher
- Webber

PISTOLS

- Autopistol
- Bolt pistol
- Laspistol
- Web pistol

MELEE WEAPONS

- Chainsword
- Cultist knife
- Power maul
- Power pick

HEAVY MINING WEAPONS

- Heavy stubber
- Mining laser
- Seismic cannon

HEAVY WEAPONS

- Autocannon
- Heavy bolter
- Lascannon
- Missile launcher
- Mortar

VEHICLE UPGRADES

- Augur array
- Dozer blade
- Track guards

ATALAN WEAPONS

- Autogun
- Autopistol
- Bolt pistol
- Cultist knife
- Demolition charge
- Grenade launcher
- Improvised weapon
- Power axe
- Power hammer
- Power pick
- Shotgun

TRANSPORT in ambush, you must still tell your opponent what units are embarked within it when it is set up in ambush – do not set up separate ambush markers for units that start the battle embarked within a **TRANSPORT**, even if they have the Cult Ambush ability.

Ambush markers are not units and cannot be targeted, attacked or destroyed. When measuring to or from ambush markers, always measure to the centre of the marker. If you are playing a mission that uses Concealed Deployment, the Concealed Deployment rules only apply to units that do not have the Cult Ambush ability. If you are playing a mission that uses Sentries, Sentry models cannot be set up in ambush, even if they have the Cult Ambush ability.

Revealing Ambush Markers

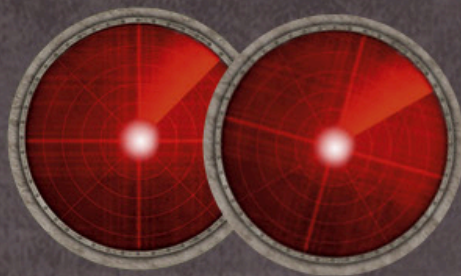
If you have the first turn, you must reveal all of your ambush markers at the start of your Movement phase, one at a time, before moving any units. Each time you reveal an ambush marker, select one unit from your army that you set up in ambush, then set up one model from that unit within 1" of that ambush marker. Then remove that marker before setting up the rest of that model's unit wholly within 6" of the first model, wholly within your deployment zone and more than 9" from any enemy models (any models that cannot be placed are destroyed). If it is your turn, that unit can still move and shoot normally

during the turn it is set up, but if it is a **TRANSPORT**, units that disembark from it this turn cannot be set up within 9" of any enemy models. ~~Note that even though such units have arrived as reinforcements this turn, unless they actually move during this phase, they do not count as having moved in their Movement phase for any rules purposes, such as shooting Heavy weapons.~~

If your opponent has the first turn, then none of their units can be set up or end a move within 9" of any of your ambush markers. At the end of your opponent's first Movement phase, after they have set up all of their units from reinforcements (if any), reveal all of your ambush markers as described above before continuing with the turn.

CULT AMBUSH MARKERS

This codex comes with 28 Ambush markers that you can use when setting up Genestealer Cults units in ambush. Also included is a 9" range ruler; this is intended to be used when setting up Genestealer Cults units on the battlefield that were set up underground during deployment, helping to ensure no models are placed too close to the enemy.



Ambush markers





PATRIARCH

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Patriarch	8"	2+	5+	6	5	6	6	10	4+
Familiar	6"	3+	-	4	3	1	2	8	6+

A Patriarch is a single model armed with monstrous rending claws. It may be accompanied by up to 2 Familiars (**Power Rating +1**).

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Monstrous rending claws	Melee	Melee	User	-3	D3	You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -6 and Damage of 3.

ABILITIES		
Cult Ambush (pg 78)		Swift and Deadly: This unit can charge even if it Advanced during its turn.
Brood Telepathy: Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by <CULT> GENESTEALER units in the Fight phase whilst they are within 6" of any friendly <CULT> PATRIARCH models.		Familiars: If a Patriarch is accompanied by any Familiars, then once per game, at the end of its controlling player's psychic phase, its Familiars can lend it additional power. If they do so, the Patriarch can immediately attempt to manifest one additional psychic power.
Living Idol: <CULT> and BROOD BROTHERS units automatically pass Morale tests whilst they are within 6" of any friendly <CULT> PATRIARCH models.		When rolling to wound this unit, always use the Patriarch's Toughness while it is on the battlefield. The death of a Familiar is ignored for the purposes of Morale tests. Familiars are considered to have the CHARACTER keyword for the purposes of shooting attacks.
Lightning Reflexes: A Patriarch has a 5+ invulnerable save.		

PSYKER	A Patriarch can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the <i>Smite</i> power and two psychic powers from the Broodmind discipline (pg 113).
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FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>
KEYWORDS (PATRIARCH)	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, GENESTEALER, PSYKER, PATRIARCH
KEYWORDS (FAMILIARS)	INFANTRY, FAMILIAR



Genestealer Patriarchs are potent psychic creatures, able to tear apart the minds of lesser entities with a sharp mental impulse.



MAGUS



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Magus	6"	3+	3+	3	3	4	3	8	5+
Familiar	6"	3+	-	4	3	1	2	8	6+
A Magus is a single model armed with an autopistol, cultist knife and force stave. It may be accompanied by up to 2 Familiars (Power Rating +1).									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1		3	0	1	-		
Cultist knife	Melee	Melee		User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.		
Force stave	Melee	Melee		+2	-1	D3	-		
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78) Spiritual Leader: Each <CULT> unit (other than PSYKERS) within 6" of any friendly <CULT> MAGUS models at the start of your opponent's Psychic phase can attempt to deny one psychic power that targets them during that phase as if they were themselves a PSYKER (measure range to any model in the unit).						Familiars: If a Magus is accompanied by any Familiars, then once per game, at the end of its controlling player's psychic phase, its Familiars can lend it additional power. If they do so, the Magus can immediately attempt to manifest one additional psychic power. The death of a Familiar is ignored for the purposes of Morale tests. Familiars are considered to have the CHARACTER keyword for the purposes of shooting attacks.		
PSYKER	A Magus can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the <i>Smite</i> power and two psychic powers from the Broodmind discipline (pg 113).								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS (MAGUS)	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, PSYKER, MAGUS								
KEYWORDS (FAMILIARS)	INFANTRY, FAMILIAR								



PRIMUS



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Primus	6"	2+	3+	4	3	5	4	9	5+
A Primus is a single model armed with a needle pistol, bonesword, toxin injector claw and blasting charges.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Needle pistol	12"	Pistol 1		1	0	D3	This weapon always wounds on a 2+ unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit.		
Bonesword	Melee	Melee		User	-2	1	-		
Toxin injector claw	Melee	Melee		User	-1	1	This weapon always wounds on a 2+, unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit. Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 .		
Blasting charge	6"	Grenade D6		3	0	1	-		
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)						Meticulous Planner: The first time this model is set up on the battlefield, select one enemy unit on the battlefield. Re-roll wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly <CULT> units that have the Cult Ambush ability whilst they are within 6" of this model when targeting that enemy unit.		
	Cult Demagogue: Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by <CULT> units in the Fight phase whilst they are within 6" of any friendly <CULT> PRIMUSES.								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, PRIMUS								



ACOLYTE ICONWARD

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Acolyte Iconward	6"	3+	3+	4	3	4	4	8	5+
An Acolyte Iconward is a single model armed with an autopistol, rending claw and blasting charges.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE			S	AP	D	ABILITIES	
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1			3	0	1	-	
Rending claw	Melee	Melee			User	-1	1	Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4.	
Blasting charge	6"	Grenade D6			3	0	1	-	
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)							Sacred Cult Banner: You can re-roll Morale tests for friendly <CULT> units whilst they are within 6" of this model.	
	Nexus of Devotion: Roll a D6 each time a <CULT> INFANTRY or BIKER model (other than an ABERRANT) loses a wound whilst its unit is within 6" of any friendly <CULT> ACOLYTE ICONWARDS; on a 6 that wound is not lost.							Bestial Devotion: Re-roll Bestial Vigour rolls of 1 for friendly <CULT> ABERRANT models whilst their unit is within 6" of this model.	
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, ACOLYTE ICONWARD								

‘This world belongs to the Four-armed God. You do not know it yet, but your supply lines are cut, your honour guard is slain and my people are outside your doors. Victory is ours. It was ours long before the cursed day of your birth.’

- Threnst van Hale, the Latter Day Speaker of Venst



ABOMINANT

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Abominant	6"	3+	6+	6	5	5	3	8	5+
An Abominant is a single model armed with a rending claw and power sledgehammer. It is guided by a Mindwyrms Familiar, which attacks using its Familiar claws.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Familiar claws	Melee	Melee		4	0	1	Each time a model guided by a Familiar fights, it can make 2 additional attacks with this weapon.		
Power sledgehammer	Melee	Melee		x2	-3	D6	When attacking with this weapon, subtract 1 from the hit roll. Damage rolls of 1 or 2 made for this weapon count as 3 instead.		
Rending claw	Melee	Melee		User	-1	1	Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP characteristic of -4.		
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)						The Chosen One: Each unmodified hit roll of 6 for attacks made in the Fight phase by friendly <CULT> ABERRANT units within 6" of this model scores 2 hits instead of 1.		
	Bestial Vigour: When inflicting damage on this model, reduce the Damage characteristic of the attack by 1 (to a minimum of 1). In addition, roll a D6 each time this model loses a wound; on a 5+ that wound is not lost.						Mindwyrms Familiar: Subtract 1 from Psychic tests taken for PSYKERS that are within 12" of any enemy ABOMINANTS. TYRANID PSYKERS are not affected.		
	Regenerative Flesh: At the start of each of your turns, this model regains D3 lost wounds.								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, ABERRANT, ABOMINANT								



Cogniscenti Vhella, Jackal Alphus of the Staring Eye gene-sect, draws a bead on the enemy command as her comrades roll into place.



JACKAL ALPHUS



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Jackal Alphus	14"	3+	2+	3	4	5	3	8	5+
A Jackal Alphus is a single model armed with a Jackal sniper rifle, autopistol and blasting charges.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1		3	0	1	-		
Jackal sniper rifle	36"	Heavy 1		4	-2	D3	This weapon can target an enemy CHARACTER even if it is not the closest enemy unit. If you roll a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, it inflicts 1 mortal wound in addition to its normal damage.		
Blasting charge	6"	Grenade D6		3	0	1	-		
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)						Priority Target Sighted: At the start of your Shooting phase, select an enemy unit that is visible to and within 36" of this model. Until the end of the phase, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by friendly <CULT> units that target that enemy unit whilst they are within 6" of this model (or within 12" if they are a friendly <CULT> BIKER unit). An enemy unit can only be selected as the target of this ability once per phase.		
	Skilled Outrider: Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target this unit in the Shooting phase.								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS , <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	BIKER, CHARACTER, JACKAL ALPHUS								



ACOLYTE HYBRIDS



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Acolyte Hybrid	6"	3+	4+	4	3	1	2	7	5+
Acolyte Leader	6"	3+	4+	4	3	1	3	8	5+
This unit contains 4 Acolyte Hybrids and 1 Acolyte Leader. It may include up to 5 additional Acolyte Hybrids (Power Rating +3), up to 10 additional Acolyte Hybrids (Power Rating +6) or up to 15 additional Acolyte Hybrids (Power Rating +8). Each model is armed with an autopistol, cultist knife, rending claw and blasting charges.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1		3	0	1	-		
Hand flamer	6"	Pistol D6		3	0	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.		
Bonesword	Melee	Melee		User	-2	1	-		
Cultist knife	Melee	Melee		User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.		
Heavy rock cutter	Melee	Melee		x2	-4	D3	Roll a D6 each time a model (other than a VEHICLE) suffers damage from this weapon; if you roll higher than the model's remaining number of wounds, it is instantly slain. When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll.		
Heavy rock drill	Melee	Melee		x2	-3	1	After the bearer has made all of its attacks, roll a D6 for each model that suffered damage from this weapon this phase but has not been destroyed; on a 2+ the model being rolled for suffers 1 mortal wound and, if that model is not destroyed, you can roll another D6. This time, that model suffers 1 mortal wound on a 3+. Keep rolling a D6, increasing the result required to cause a mortal wound by 1 each time, until the model being rolled for is destroyed or the roll is failed.		
Heavy rock saw	Melee	Melee		x2	-4	2	-		
Lash whip and bonesword	Melee	Melee		User	-2	1	If the bearer is slain in the Fight phase before it has made its attacks, leave it where it is. When its unit is chosen to fight in that phase, the bearer can do so as normal before being removed from the battlefield.		
Rending claw	Melee	Melee		User	-1	1	Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4.		
Blasting charge	6"	Grenade D6		3	0	1	-		
Demolition charge	6"	Grenade D6		8	-3	D3	The bearer can only use this weapon once per battle.		
WARGEAR OPTIONS	- Any model may replace its autopistol with a hand flamer. - One Acolyte Hybrid may carry a cult icon. - For every five models in the unit, up to two Acolyte Hybrids may replace their cultist knife and rending claw with a heavy rock drill, heavy rock cutter, heavy rock saw or demolition charge. - The Acolyte Leader may replace its cultist knife with a bonesword. - The Acolyte Leader may replace its cultist knife and autopistol with a lash whip and bonesword.								
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78) Cult Icon: Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for this unit's attacks in the Fight phase whilst it contains a model with a cult icon.								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, ACOLYTE HYBRIDS								

'Vindication! Blessed truth! The feeling of bliss, when all you have worked for comes to pass. It is like nothing else. Hundreds of years have led to this singular moment. Look upon the heavens, doubters! Drink in the spectacle of the vaulted sky, filled with strange angels! Who can now deny the coming of the Star Children? Who dares now call our community deluded and insane, when the truth of the galaxy is writ large for all to see?'

- Anathrasia Gullick, Primus of the Star Saviours





The Neophytes of Flexigrade Mining Group Delta-XIII were pivotal in the destruction of the Gharst industrial complex.



NEOPHYTE HYBRIDS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Neophyte Hybrid	6"	4+	4+	3	3	1	1	7	5+
Neophyte Leader	6"	4+	4+	3	3	1	2	8	5+

This unit contains 9 Neophyte Hybrids and 1 Neophyte Leader. It can include up to 10 additional Neophyte Hybrids (**Power Rating +2**). Each model is armed with an autogun, autopistol and blasting charges.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Autogun	24"	Rapid Fire 1	3	0	1	-
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1	3	0	1	-
Shotgun	12"	Assault 2	3	0	1	If the target is within half range, add 1 to this weapon's Strength.
Blasting charge	6"	Grenade D6	3	0	1	-

WARGEAR OPTIONS	- Any Neophyte Hybrid may replace its autogun with a shotgun. - One Neophyte Hybrid may carry a cult icon. - Up to two Neophyte Hybrids may each replace their autogun with one item from the <i>Special Weapons</i> list. - A Neophyte Leader may replace its autogun and autopistol with one item from the <i>Pistols</i> list and one item from the <i>Melee Weapons</i> list. - Up to two Neophyte Hybrids may each replace their autogun with one item from the <i>Heavy Mining Weapons</i> list.
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78) Cult Icon: Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for this unit's attacks in the Fight phase whilst it contains a model with a cult icon.
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, NEOPHYTE HYBRIDS



BROOD BROTHERS INFANTRY SQUAD

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Brood Brother	6"	4+	4+	3	3	1	1	7	5+
Brood Brothers Leader	6"	4+	4+	3	3	1	2	8	5+
Brood Brothers Weapons Team	6"	4+	4+	3	3	2	2	7	5+

This unit contains 9 Brood Brothers and 1 Brood Brothers Leader. It can include up to 10 additional Brood Brothers (**Power Rating +2**). Up to two Brood Brothers may form a single Brood Brothers Weapons Team; this team must take one item from the *Heavy Weapons* list. Each Brood Brother and Brood Brothers Weapons Team is armed with a lasgun and frag grenades. A Brood Brothers Leader is armed with a laspistol, chainsword and frag grenades.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Flamer	8"	Assault D6	4	0	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Grenade launcher	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.					
- Frag grenade	24"	Assault D6	3	0	1	
- Krak grenade	24"	Assault 1	6	-1	D3	
Lasgun	24"	Rapid Fire 1	3	0	1	-
Laspistol	12"	Pistol 1	3	0	1	-
Chainsword	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.
Frag grenade	6"	Grenade D6	3	0	1	-

WARGEAR OPTIONS

- Up to two Brood Brothers may each replace their lasgun with either a flamer or a grenade launcher.
- One other Brood Brother may take a cult vox caster.

ABILITIES

Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)

Cult Vox Caster: You can re-roll Morale tests for this unit whilst it contains a model with a cult vox caster.

FACTION KEYWORDS

TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, BROOD BROTHERS

KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, BROOD BROTHERS INFANTRY SQUAD



A squad of Brood Brothers secures a perfect ambush site, their true agendas hidden until it is too late for their prey to react.



The coming of the hive fleets brings the most twisted breed of cultist – the Hybrid Metamorph – to the surface world.



HYBRID METAMORPHS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Hybrid Metamorph	6"	3+	4+	4	3	1	3	7	5+
Metamorph Leader	6"	3+	4+	4	3	1	4	8	5+

This unit contains 4 Hybrid Metamorphs and 1 Metamorph Leader. It can include up to 5 additional Hybrid Metamorphs (**Power Rating +3**). Each model is armed with an autopistol, rending claw, Metamorph talon and blasting charges.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1	3	0	1	-
Hand flamer	6"	Pistol D6	3	0	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Bonesword	Melee	Melee	User	-2	1	-
Metamorph claw	Melee	Melee	+2	-1	1	-
Metamorph talon	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with this weapon.
Metamorph whip	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	If the bearer is slain in the Fight phase before it has made its attacks, leave it where it is. When its unit is chosen to fight in that phase, the bearer can do so as normal before being removed from the battlefield.
Rending claw	Melee	Melee	User	-1	1	Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4.
Blasting charge	6"	Grenade D6	3	0	1	-

WARGEAR OPTIONS

- Any model may replace its rending claw with a Metamorph talon.
- Any model may replace its Metamorph talon and rending claw with a Metamorph whip and rending claw.
- Any model may replace its Metamorph talon and rending claw with a Metamorph claw.
- Any model may replace its autopistol with a hand flamer.
- A Metamorph Leader may take a bonesword.
- One Hybrid Metamorph may carry a cult icon.

ABILITIES

Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)

Cult Icon: Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for this unit's attacks in the Fight phase whilst it contains a model with a cult icon.

FACTION KEYWORDS

TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>

KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, HYBRID METAMORPHS



The cult's Aberrants lurch across the battlefield, the presence of their Abominant leader goading them into a killing frenzy.



ABERRANTS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Aberrant	6"	3+	6+	5	4	2	2	7	5+
Aberrant Hypermorph	6"	3+	6+	5	4	2	3	7	5+

This unit contains 5 Aberrants. It can include up to 5 additional Aberrants (**Power Rating** +7). For every 5 models in the unit, one Aberrant Hypermorph can take the place of one Aberrant. Each Aberrant is armed with a rending claw and either a heavy power hammer or power pick. Each Aberrant Hypermorph is armed with a rending claw, Hypermorph tail and either a heavy power hammer or heavy improvised weapon.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Heavy improvised weapon	Melee	Melee	x2	-1	2	Make 2 hit rolls for each attack made with this weapon.
Heavy power hammer	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	3	When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll.
Hypermorph tail	Melee	Melee	User	-1	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.
Power pick	Melee	Melee	User	-2	D3	Each time a model with a rending claw makes an attack with this weapon, it can make one additional attack with its rending claw.
Rending claw	Melee	Melee	User	-1	1	Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP characteristic of -4.

ABILITIES **Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty** (pg 78)

Bestial Vigour: When inflicting damage on a model in this unit, reduce the Damage characteristic of the attack by 1 (to a minimum of 1). In addition, roll a D6 each time a model in this unit loses a wound; on a 5+ that wound is not lost.

FACTION KEYWORDS TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>

KEYWORDS INFANTRY, ABERRANTS



PURESTRAIN GENESTEALERS



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Purestrain Genestealer	8"	3+	-	4	4	1	3	9	5+
This unit contains 5 Purestrain Genestealers. It may include up to 5 additional Purestrain Genestealers (Power Rating +4), up to 10 additional Purestrain Genestealers (Power Rating +8) or up to 15 additional Purestrain Genestealers (Power Rating +12). Each Purestrain Genestealer is armed with rending claws.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S			AP	D	ABILITIES	
Purestrain talons	Melee	Melee	User			0	1	Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks with this weapon.	
Rending claws	Melee	Melee	User			-1	1	Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4.	
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• Any model may take Purestrain talons.								
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)							Lightning Reflexes: Models in this unit have a 5+ invulnerable save.	
	Flurry of Claws: Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of models in this unit whilst it contains 10 or more models.							Swift and Deadly: This unit can charge even if it Advanced during its turn.	
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, GENESTEALER, PURESTRAIN GENESTEALERS								

'ANOINT THE PRINCELING'S CARAPACE WITH THE UNGUENT OF PURITY. LAY YOUR LIPS UPON HIS CLAW WITH REVERENCE, BUT DO NOT BREATHE, LEST YOU POLLUTE HIS DIVINE AURA WITH YOUR MORTAL UNWORTHINESS. SING SOFTLY THE CHANT OF AEONS, LEST YOU DISTURB HIS COMMUNION WITH THE FATHERS IN THE STARS. AND ON THE DAY OF BATTLE, FOLLOW HIM INTO THE FRAY WITHOUT FEAR, FOR IN HIS ALIEN PURITY HE KNOWS MORE OF THE VOID'S TRUTH THAN ANY OTHER SAVE THE GRANDSIRE HIMSELF'

- Rite of Adornment, Gene-sect of the Sharpened Claw



Purestrain Genestealers burst from concealment at a critical moment, falling upon the unwitting prey in a blur of eviscerating limbs.



CLAMAVUS



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Clamavus	6"	3+	3+	3	3	4	3	8	5+
A Clamavus is a single model armed with an autopistol.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE			S	AP	D	ABILITIES	
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1			3	0	1	-	
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)							Proclamator Hailer: Add 1 to the Leadership characteristic of <CULT> units whilst they are within 6" of any friendly <CULT> CLAMAVUSES. In addition, add 1 to Advance and charge rolls made for <CULT> units that are within 6" of any friendly <CULT> CLAMAVUSES when the roll is made.	
	Scrambler Array: Enemy units that are set up on the battlefield as reinforcements cannot be set up within 12" of this model. In addition, at the start of your Shooting phase, roll a D6 for each enemy unit that is within 6" of any CLAMAVUSES from your army; on a 6 that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, CLAMAVUS								



LOCUS



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Locus	6"	2+	3+	4	3	4	4	8	5+
A Locus is a single model armed with Locus blades and a Hypermorph tail.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Hypermorph tail	Melee	Melee		User	-1	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.		
Locus blades	Melee	Melee		User	-3	1	Increase this weapon's Damage characteristic to 2 if the bearer made a charge move, was charged or performed a Heroic Intervention this turn.		
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)						Sudden Strike: In the Charge phase, if this model is within 6" of any enemy units after your opponent has completed all of their charge moves, it can perform a Heroic Intervention. This model can move up to 6" when performing Heroic Interventions, and can choose to move towards the nearest enemy CHARACTER within 6" rather than the nearest enemy model.		
	Unquestioning Bodyguard: Each time a <CULT> CHARACTER model (other than a LOCUS) loses a wound whilst they are within 3" of any friendly <CULT> LOCUSES, you can select one of those LOCUSES to intercept that attack instead of using the Unquestioning Loyalty ability (pg 78). If you do, roll a D6; on a 2+ the character does not lose a wound but the selected model suffers 1 mortal wound (you cannot then use the Unquestioning Loyalty ability to avoid this). On a 1, the original model loses the wound as normal.						Quicksilver Dodge: This model has a 5+ invulnerable save.		
	Neurotraumal Rod: Subtract 1 from the Leadership characteristic of units while they are within 6" of any enemy LOCUSES.						Quicksilver Strike: This model always fights first in the Fight phase, even if it did not charge. If the enemy has units that charged, or that have a similar ability, then alternate choosing units to fight with, starting with the player whose turn is taking place.		
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, LOCUS								



SANCTUS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Sanctus	6"	2+	2+	3	3	4	4	8	5+
A Sanctus is a single model armed with a silencer sniper rifle. It is guided by a Soulsight Familiar, which attacks using its Familiar claws.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Silencer sniper rifle	36"	Heavy 1		4	-1	D3	This weapon can target an enemy CHARACTER even if it is not the closest enemy unit. If you roll a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, it inflicts 1 mortal wound in addition to its normal damage. If a PSYKER unit loses any wounds as a result of an attack with this weapon, it suffers Perils of the Warp after the attack has been resolved.		
Familiar claws	Melee	Melee		4	0	1	Each time a model guided by a Familiar fights, it can make 2 additional attacks with this weapon.		
Sanctus bio-dagger	Melee	Melee		1	-2	2	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. This weapon always wounds on a 2+ unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit.		
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• This model may replace its silencer sniper rifle with a Sanctus bio-dagger.								
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78) Cult Assassin: This model can never have a Warlord Trait. In addition, the 'A Perfect Ambush' Stratagem has a Command Point cost of 0 if it is being used to affect this model.						Camo cloak: Add 2 to saving throws made for this model when it receives the benefit of cover, instead of 1. Soulsight Familiar: Units do not receive the benefit of cover to their saving throws for attacks made by this model.		
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULT, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, SANCTUS								



The Sanctus, an assassin gifted with supernatural abilities and a powerful Soulsight Familiar, stalks his prey through the fog of war.



KELERMORPH

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Kelermorph	6"	3+	2+	3	3	4	3	8	5+
A Kelermorph is a single model armed with three liberator autostubs and a cultist knife.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Liberator autostub	12"	Pistol 2		4	-1	2	-		
Cultist knife	Melee	Melee		User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.		
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)						Heroic Deeds, Heroic Inspiration: If this model kills any enemy models with its ranged weapons, then until the end of the phase, re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by friendly <CULT> INFANTRY units whilst they are within 6" of this model.		
	Gunslinger: This model can target enemy CHARACTERS even if they are not the closest enemy unit. In addition, each time this model hits an enemy with a Pistol weapon, it can immediately make one additional hit roll against that target using the same weapon. These bonus hit rolls cannot themselves generate any further hit rolls.						Preternatural Senses: This model has a 5+ invulnerable save.		
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, KELERMORPH								



NEXOS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Nexos	6"	3+	3+	3	3	4	3	8	5+
A Nexos is a single model armed with an autopistol.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE			S	AP	D	ABILITIES	
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1			3	0	1	-	
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)								
	Strategic Coordinator: After this model has been set up on the battlefield, you can select one of your ambush markers that is on the battlefield and remove it before setting it up again anywhere that is wholly within your deployment zone and more than 12" from any enemy models.								
	In addition, if your army is Battle-forged, roll one D6 each time either player spends a Command Point to use a Stratagem whilst any NEXOSES from your army are on the battlefield. If it was a Command Point you spent, and there is at least one <CULT> PRIMUS and one <CULT> NEXOS from your army on the battlefield, add 1 to the result. If it was a Command Point your opponent spent, and there is at least one <CULT> CLAMAVUS and one <CULT> NEXOS from your army on the battlefield, add 1 to the result. In either case, if the result is 6+ you immediately gain 1 Command Point.								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, NEXOS								



The Biophagus surveys the field with clinical detachment as his muscle-bound creations lumber into battle around him.



BIOPHAGUS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Biophagus	6"	3+	3+	3	3	4	3	8	5+
Alchemicus Familiar	6"	3+	-	4	3	1	2	8	6+

A Biophagus is a single model armed with an autopistol and injector goad. It may be accompanied by an Alchemicus Familiar (**Power Rating** +1).

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1	3	0	1	-
Injector goad	Melee	Melee	+1	0	D3	This weapon always wounds on a 2+ unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit. If a CHARACTER loses any wounds as a result of an attack with this weapon, roll a D6 for it after all of the bearer's attacks have been resolved; if the result is higher than that model's Wounds characteristic, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.

ABILITIES		
Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)		
Genomic Enhancement: This model can enhance one friendly <CULT> ABERRANT unit that it is within 1" of it at the end of each of your Movement phases. Roll a D6; on a 1, one model from the selected unit is slain. Then roll a D3 and refer to the table below to see what bonus the survivors gain for the rest of the battle. A unit can only be the target of this ability once per battle.		
D3 Bonus		
1	Enhanced Musculature:	+1 Strength
2	Enhanced Resilience:	+1 Toughness
3	Enhanced Aggression:	+1 Attacks

Alchemicus Familiar: If a Biophagus is accompanied by an Alchemicus Familiar, then once per game, when the Biophagus uses its Genomic Enhancement ability, its Alchemicus Familiar can aid it. If it does so, roll two D3 when rolling on the Genomic Enhancement table and choose which result to apply.

The death of an Alchemicus Familiar is ignored for the purposes of Morale tests. Alchemicus Familiars are considered to have the **CHARACTER** keyword for the purposes of shooting attacks.

FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>
KEYWORDS (BIOPHAGUS)	INFANTRY, CHARACTER, BIOPHAGUS
KEYWORDS (FAMILIAR)	INFANTRY, FAMILIAR, ALCHEMICUS FAMILIAR



Built for speed as well as durability, the Achilles Ridgerunner and Goliath Truck bring vital reinforcements to the fight.



ACHILLES RIDGERUNNERS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Achilles Ridgerunner	14"	6+	4+	5	5	8	3	7	4+
This unit contains 1 Achilles Ridgerunner. It can include 1 additional Achilles Ridgerunner (Power Rating +4) or 2 additional Achilles Ridgerunners (Power Rating +8). Each model is equipped with two heavy stubbers, a heavy mining laser and a flare launcher.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Heavy mining laser	36"	Heavy D3		9	-3	D6	-		
Heavy mortar	48"	Heavy D6		5	-1	1	This weapon can target units that are not visible to the bearer.		
Heavy stubber	36"	Heavy 3		4	0	1	-		
Missile launcher	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.								
- Frag missile	48"	Heavy D6		4	0	1	-		
- Krak missile	48"	Heavy 1		8	-2	D6	-		
WARGEAR OPTIONS	- Any model may replace its heavy mining laser with either a missile launcher or a heavy mortar. - Any model may replace its flare launcher with either a survey augur or a spotter.								
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush (pg 78) Flare Launcher: If a model is equipped with a flare launcher, roll a D6 each time it loses a wound. On a 6, that wound is not lost. In addition, once per battle, at the start of your Movement phase, you can select one friendly <CULT> BIKER unit within 6" of that model; that unit moves an additional 6" if it Advances this phase – no dice roll is necessary. Explodes: If a model in this unit is reduced to 0 wounds, roll a D6 before removing the model from the battlefield. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 3" suffers 1 mortal wound. Scout Vehicle: At the start of the first battle round but before the first turn begins, you can move this unit up to 9". It cannot end this move within 9" of any enemy models. If both players have units that can do this, the player who is taking the first turn moves their units first. Survey Augur: Units do not receive the benefit of cover to their saving throws for attacks made by a model with a survey augur. Spotter: If a model has a spotter, increase the Range characteristic of its ranged weapons by 6".								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>								
KEYWORDS	VEHICLE, ACHILLES RIDGERUNNERS								



ATALAN JACKALS



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Atalan Jackal	14"	4+	4+	3	4	2	1	7	5+
Atalan Leader	14"	4+	4+	3	4	2	2	8	5+
Atalan Wolfquad	14"	4+	4+	3	4	4	1	7	5+

This unit contains 1 Atalan Leader and 3 Atalan Jackals. ~~It can include 4 additional Atalan Jackals (Power Rating +3) or 8 additional Atalan Jackals (Power Rating +6).~~ For every four Atalan Jackals and/or Atalan Leaders in the unit, it can include 1 Atalan Wolfquad (Power Rating +2 per model). Each model is armed with an autopistol and blasting charges. Each Atalan Wolfquad is also equipped with a heavy stubber.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Atalan incinerator	12"	Heavy D6	5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1	3	0	1	-
Heavy stubber	36"	Heavy 3	4	0	1	-
Mining laser	24"	Heavy 1	9	-3	D6	-
Shotgun	12"	Assault 2	3	0	1	If the target is within half range, add 1 to this weapon's Strength.
Improvised weapon	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	-
Power pick	Melee	Melee	User	-2	D3	Each time a model with a rending claw makes an attack with this weapon, it can make one additional attack with its rending claw.
Blasting charge	6"	Grenade D6	3	0	1	-

WARGEAR OPTIONS	- The Atalan Leader and each Atalan Jackal must take two weapons from the <i>Atalan Weapons</i> list. The same model cannot take the same weapon twice. Only one in every four of these models can take a grenade launcher, and only the Atalan Leader can take an autogun, bolt pistol or power axe. - Any Atalan Wolfquad can take one of the following: autopistol, shotgun, improvised weapon or power pick. - Any Atalan Wolfquad can replace its heavy stubber with a mining laser or Atalan incinerator.
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78) Skilled Outriders: Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target this unit in the Shooting phase.
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>
KEYWORDS	BIKER, ATALAN JACKALS



The daring and verve of the Fiend's Wheel Jackals is legendary, each a hero to their hybrid brothers and sisters in the hives.



CULT ARMoured SENTINELS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Cult Armoured Sentinel	8"	4+	4+	5	6	6	1	7	3+
This unit contains 1 Cult Armoured Sentinel. It can include 1 additional Cult Armoured Sentinel (Power Rating +3) or 2 additional Cult Armoured Sentinels (Power Rating +6). Each model is equipped with a multi-laser.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Autocannon	48"	Heavy 2		7	-1	2	-		
Heavy flamer	8"	Heavy D6		5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.		
Hunter-killer missile	48"	Heavy 1		8	-2	D6	Each hunter-killer missile can only be used once per battle.		
Lascannon	48"	Heavy 1		9	-3	D6	-		
Missile launcher	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.								
- Frag missile	48"	Heavy D6		4	0	1	-		
- Krak missile	48"	Heavy 1		8	-2	D6	-		
Multi-laser	36"	Heavy 3		6	0	1	-		
Plasma cannon	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.								
- Standard	36"	Heavy D3		7	-3	1	-		
- Supercharge	36"	Heavy D3		8	-3	2	On a hit roll of 1, the bearer is slain after all of this weapon's shots have been resolved.		
Sentinel chainsaw	Melee	Melee		User	-1	1	-		
WARGEAR OPTIONS	- Any model may replace its multi-laser with a heavy flamer, autocannon, missile launcher, lascannon or plasma cannon. - Any model may take a hunter-killer missile. - Any model may take a Sentinel chainsaw.								
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush (pg 78) Explodes: If a model in this unit is reduced to 0 wounds, roll a D6 before removing the model from the battlefield. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 3" suffers 1 mortal wound.						Smoke Launchers: Once per game, instead of shooting its weapons in the Shooting phase, this unit can use its smoke launchers. If it does so, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with ranged weapons that target it until your next Shooting phase.		
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, BROOD BROTHERS								
KEYWORDS	VEHICLE, CULT ARMoured SENTINELS								



On the day of insurrection, the cult's armoured assets are revealed, the wyrm-form displayed proudly on their flanks.



CULT SCOUT SENTINELS

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Cult Scout Sentinel	9"	4+	4+	5	5	6	1	7	4+
This unit contains 1 Cult Scout Sentinel. It can include 1 additional Cult Scout Sentinel (Power Rating +3) or 2 additional Cult Scout Sentinels (Power Rating +6). Each model is equipped with a multi-laser.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Autocannon	48"	Heavy 2		7	-1	2	-		
Heavy flamer	8"	Heavy D6		5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.		
Hunter-killer missile	48"	Heavy 1		8	-2	D6	Each hunter-killer missile can only be used once per battle.		
Lascannon	48"	Heavy 1		9	-3	D6	-		
Missile launcher	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.								
- Frag missile	48"	Heavy D6		4	0	1	-		
- Krak missile	48"	Heavy 1		8	-2	D6	-		
Multi-laser	36"	Heavy 3		6	0	1	-		
Sentinel chainsaw	Melee	Melee		User	-1	1	-		
WARGEAR OPTIONS	- Any model may replace its multi-laser with a heavy flamer, autocannon, missile launcher or lascannon. - Any model may take a hunter-killer missile. - Any model may take a Sentinel chainsaw.								
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush (pg 78) Scout Vehicle: At the start of the first battle round but before the first turn begins, you can move this unit up to 9". It cannot end this move within 9" of any enemy models. If both players have units that can do this, the player who is taking the first turn moves their units first. Smoke Launchers: Once per game, instead of shooting its weapons in the Shooting phase, this unit can use its smoke launchers. If it does so, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with ranged weapons that target it until your next Shooting phase. Explodes: If a model in this unit is reduced to 0 wounds, roll a D6 before removing the model from the battlefield. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 3" suffers 1 mortal wound.								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, BROOD BROTHERS								
KEYWORDS	VEHICLE, CULT SCOUT SENTINELS								



Those who underestimate the cult are soon slain in fire, for in times of war, duplicity and stealth are weapons unto themselves.



CULT LEMAN RUSS

DAMAGE

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	REMAINING W	M	BS	A
Cult Leman Russ	★	6+	★	7	8	12	★	7	3+	7-12+	10"	4+	3
A Cult Leman Russ is a single model equipped with a battle cannon and a heavy bolter.										4-6	7"	5+	D3
										1-3	4"	6+	1
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES						
Battle cannon	72"	Heavy D6		8	-2	D3	-						
Eradicator nova cannon	36"	Heavy D6		6	-2	D3	Units in cover do not receive any bonus to their saving throws against wounds caused by this weapon.						
Exterminator autocannon	48"	Heavy 4		7	-1	2	-						
Heavy bolter	36"	Heavy 3		5	-1	1	-						
Heavy flamer	8"	Heavy D6		5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.						
Heavy stubber	36"	Heavy 3		4	0	1	-						
Hunter-killer missile	48"	Heavy 1		8	-2	D6	Each hunter-killer missile can only be used once per battle.						
Lascannon	48"	Heavy 1		9	-3	D6	-						
Multi-melta	24"	Heavy 1		8	-4	D6	If the target is within half range of this weapon, roll two dice when inflicting damage with it and discard the lowest result.						
Plasma cannon	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.												
- Standard	36"	Heavy D3		7	-3	1	-						
- Supercharge	36"	Heavy D3		8	-3	2	On a hit roll of 1, the bearer is slain after all of this weapon's shots have been resolved.						
Storm bolter	24"	Rapid Fire 2		4	0	1	-						
Vanquisher battle cannon	72"	Heavy 1		8	-3	D6	Roll two dice when inflicting damage with this weapon and discard the lowest result.						
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• This model may replace its battle cannon with an eradicator nova cannon, exterminator autocannon or vanquisher battle cannon. • This model may replace its heavy bolter with a heavy flamer or lascannon. • This model may take two heavy flamers, two heavy bolters, two multi-meltas or two plasma cannons. • This model may take a heavy stubber or storm bolter. • This model may take a hunter-killer missile. • This model may take items from the <i>Vehicle Upgrades</i> list.												
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush (pg 78) Smoke Launchers: Once per game, instead of shooting its weapons in the Shooting phase, this unit can use its smoke launchers. If it does so, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with ranged weapons that target it until your next Shooting phase. Emergency Plasma Vents: If this model fires a supercharged plasma cannon, and you roll one or more hit rolls of 1, it is not automatically destroyed. Instead, it suffers 6 mortal wounds and cannot fire any plasma cannons for the rest of the battle. Grinding Advance: If this model remains stationary or moves under half speed in its Movement phase (i.e. it moves a distance in inches less than half of its current Move characteristic) it can shoot its turret weapon twice in the following Shooting phase (the turret weapon must target the same unit both times). Furthermore, hit rolls for this model's turret weapon do not suffer the penalty for moving and shooting a Heavy weapon. The following weapons are turret weapons: battle cannon, eradicator nova cannon, exterminator autocannon and vanquisher battle cannon. Explodes: If this model is reduced to 0 wounds, roll a D6 before removing the model from the battlefield. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 6" suffers D3 mortal wounds.												
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, BROOD BROTHERS												
KEYWORDS	VEHICLE, CULT LEMAN RUSS												

'THOSE DAMNED SEWER RATS TURNED AN ENTIRE ARMOUR DEPOT AGAINST US, I SWEAR. WE HAD GONE INTO THE FIGHT BLIND, EXPECTING THE TANKERS TO BACK US UP. THE SARGE SAID WE JUST NEEDED TO KEEP 'EM PINNED. THEN THE BATTLE CANNONS OF THE 32ND OPENED UP. IT TOOK A MOMENT TO REALISE THEY WERE FIRING ON US RATHER THAN ON THE INSURRECTIONISTS. THAT'S WHEN THE NIGHTMARE BEGAN'

- Excerpt from the court martial transcript of Kensen Lettermeinst, 912th Truskan Rifles



BROOD BROTHERS HEAVY WEAPONS SQUAD



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Brood Brothers Weapons Team	6"	4+	4+	3	3	2	2	7	5+
This unit contains 3 Brood Brothers Weapons Teams. Each model is armed with a lasgun and frag grenades.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE			S	AP	D	ABILITIES	
Lasgun	24"	Rapid Fire 1			3	0	1	-	
Frag grenade	6"	Grenade D6			3	0	1	-	
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• Each model must take one item from the <i>Heavy Weapons</i> list.								
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush, Unquestioning Loyalty (pg 78)								
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, BROOD BROTHERS								
KEYWORDS	INFANTRY, BROOD BROTHERS HEAVY WEAPONS SQUAD								



GOLIATH ROCKGRINDER

DAMAGE

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	REMAINING W	M	BS	A
Goliath Rockgrinder	★	4+	★	6	7	10	★	7	4+	6-10+	10"	4+	6
A Goliath Rockgrinder is a single model equipped with a heavy stubber, heavy mining laser and drilldozer blade.										3-5	6"	5+	D6
										1-2	4"	6+	D3
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES						
Cache of demolition charges	6"	Assault D6		8	-3	D3	This weapon can only be fired if a model (excluding models with a Ballistic Skill characteristic of '-') is embarked upon the vehicle equipped with it.						
Clearance incinerator	12"	Heavy 2D6		5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.						
Heavy mining laser	36"	Heavy D3		9	-3	D6	-						
Heavy seismic cannon	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. All wound rolls of 6+ have an AP of -4.												
- Long-wave	24"	Heavy 6		4	-1	2	-						
- Short-wave	12"	Heavy 3		8	-2	3	-						
Heavy stubber	36"	Heavy 3		4	0	1	-						
Drilldozer blade	Melee	Melee		+3	-2	D3	The bearer can make D3 additional attacks on a turn in which it made a charge move.						
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• This model may take a cache of demolition charges. • This model may replace its heavy mining laser with a clearance incinerator or heavy seismic cannon.												
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush (pg 78)						Explodes: If this model is reduced to 0 wounds, roll a D6 before removing it from the battlefield and before any embarked models disembark. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 6" suffers D3 mortal wounds.						
	Rugged Construction: Roll a D6 each time this model loses a wound; on a 6 that wound is not lost.												
TRANSPORT	A Goliath Rockgrinder can transport up to 6 <CULT> INFANTRY models. Each PATRIARCH takes the space of five other models.												
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>												
KEYWORDS	VEHICLE, TRANSPORT, GOLIATH ROCKGRINDER												



GOLIATH TRUCK

DAMAGE

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	REMAINING W	M	BS	A
Goliath Truck	★	6+	★	6	6	10	★	7	4+	6-10+	12"	4+	3
A Goliath Truck is a single model equipped with a heavy stubber and twin autocannon.										3-5	8"	5+	D3
										1-2	4"	6+	1
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES						
Cache of demolition charges	6"	Assault D6		8	-3	D3	This weapon can only be fired if a model (excluding models with a Ballistic Skill characteristic of '-') is embarked upon the vehicle equipped with it.						
Heavy stubber	36"	Heavy 3		4	0	1	-						
Twin autocannon	48"	Heavy 4		7	-1	2	-						
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• This model may take a cache of demolition charges.												
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush (pg 78) Explodes: If this model is reduced to 0 wounds, roll a D6 before removing it from the battlefield and before any embarked models disembark. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 6" suffers D3 mortal wounds. Rugged Construction: Roll a D6 each time this model loses a wound; on a 6 that wound is not lost. Open-topped: Models embarked on this model can attack in their Shooting phase. Measure the range and draw line of sight from any point on this model. When they do so, any restrictions or modifiers that apply to this model also apply to its passengers; for example, the passengers cannot shoot if this model has Fallen Back in the same turn, cannot shoot (except with Pistols) if this model is within 1" of an enemy unit, and so on.												
TRANSPORT	A Goliath Truck can transport up to 10 <CULT> INFANTRY models. Each PATRIARCH takes the space of five other models.												
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, <CULT>												
KEYWORDS	VEHICLE, TRANSPORT, GOLIATH TRUCK												



CULT CHIMERA

DAMAGE

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	REMAINING W	M	BS	A
Cult Chimera	★	6+	★	6	7	10	★	7	3+	6-10+	12"	4+	3
A Cult Chimera is a single model equipped with a multi-laser, heavy bolter and two lasgun arrays.										3-5	8"	5+	D3
										1-2	4"	6+	1
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES						
Heavy bolter	36"	Heavy 3		5	-1	1	-						
Heavy flamer	8"	Heavy D6		5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.						
Heavy stubber	36"	Heavy 3		4	0	1	-						
Hunter-killer missile	48"	Heavy 1		8	-2	D6	Each hunter-killer missile can only be used once per battle.						
Lasgun array	24"	Rapid Fire 3		3	0	1	This weapon can only be fired if a unit is embarked upon the vehicle equipped with it.						
Multi-laser	36"	Heavy 3		6	0	1	-						
Storm bolter	24"	Rapid Fire 2		4	0	1	-						
WARGEAR OPTIONS	• This model may replace its heavy bolter with a heavy flamer. • This model may replace its multi-laser with a heavy flamer or heavy bolter. • This model may take a hunter-killer missile. • This model may take a storm bolter or a heavy stubber. • This model may take items from the <i>Vehicle Upgrades</i> list.												
ABILITIES	Cult Ambush (pg 78) Explodes: If this model is reduced to 0 wounds, roll a D6 before removing it from the battlefield and before any embarked models disembark. On a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 6" suffers D3 mortal wounds.						Smoke Launchers: Once per game, instead of shooting any weapons in the Shooting phase, this model can use its smoke launchers. If it does so, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with ranged weapons that target it until your next Shooting phase.						
TRANSPORT	A Cult Chimera can transport up to 12 BROOD BROTHERS INFANTRY models. Each Brood Brothers Weapons Team takes the space of two other models. If, during deployment, this unit is set up in ambush using the Cult Ambush ability, only units with the Cult Ambush ability can be embarked inside it when it is set up.												
FACTION KEYWORDS	TYRANIDS, GENESTEALER CULTS, BROOD BROTHERS												
KEYWORDS	VEHICLE, TRANSPORT, CULT CHIMERA												

TECTONIC FRAGDRILL

A Tectonic Fragdrill is a single model.

ABILITIES

Sector Mechanicus Structure: After it is set up, a Tectonic Fragdrill is treated as a Sector Mechanicus terrain feature. It cannot move for any reason, is not treated as a friendly or enemy model, and cannot be targeted or affected by any attacks or abilities.

Only **INFANTRY**, **BEASTS**, **SWARMS** and units that can **FLY** can be set up or end their move on the upper floors of a Sector Mechanicus Structure (any unit can do so on the ground floor). Unless they can **FLY**, **INFANTRY**, **BEASTS** and **SWARMS** must scale ladders, girders or walls to ascend or descend between the different levels of a Sector Mechanicus structure. **INFANTRY** are also assumed to be able to traverse around girders, buttresses and hanging chains, and so move through them without impediment. **INFANTRY** units that are entirely on a Sector Mechanicus Structure receive the benefit of cover. Other units that are entirely on or within a Sector Mechanicus Structure only receive the benefit of cover if at least 50% of every model is obscured from the point of view of the shooting model.

Underground Ingress: Once per turn, in their Movement phase, one **INFANTRY** or **BIKER** unit with the Cult Ambush ability can move off the battlefield if all of its models are on ground level and can move within 1" of this model (a unit cannot do so in the same phase it arrived as reinforcements). If a unit does this, remove the selected unit from the battlefield. At the end of your next Movement phase, set up that unit anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from any enemy models. If the battle ends before this unit is set back up, it is destroyed.

Activate the Drill: If a model from your army is on a Tectonic Fragdrill at the end of your Movement phase, and there are no enemy models on it, you can activate the drill. If you do, first roll a D6 for every unit on ground level that is within 3" of the tip of this model's large drill; on a 6 that unit immediately suffers D6 mortal wounds. Then roll a D6, adding 1 to the result for each other time the drill on this model has been activated during the battle. If the total is less than 6, the Seismic Tremors result below takes effect. On a 6+ the Seismic Tremors and Seismic Quake results below take effect. The Seismic Quake result can only take effect once per battle, regardless of how many Tectonic Fragdrills are on the battlefield.

Seismic Tremors: Until the start of your next Movement phase, subtract 2 from charge rolls made for units whilst they are within 12" of this model. This does not apply to units that can **FLY**, and the effects of multiple Seismic Tremors are not cumulative.

Seismic Quake: Draw a straight imaginary line, 1mm in thickness, from any point of one battlefield edge to any point of another battlefield edge in such a way that it crosses this model. Roll a D6 for every unit this line crosses that is on ground level (do not roll for units that can **FLY**): on a 4+ that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds and its Move characteristic is halved until the end of its next Movement phase.

FACTION KEYWORDS

GENESTEALER CULTS

KEYWORDS

SECTOR MECHANICUS, TECTONIC FRAGDRILL



The Claw of the Veering Path move to protect the Tectonic Fragdrill they are using to destabilise the entire Sud-Frexian war zone.

WARGEAR OF THE CULTS

When the hour of the uprising finally arrives, the sons and daughters of the cult take up arms as one. The tools of industry create bloodshed rather than wealth, stolen weapons of war are turned against those they were made to protect, and chitinous, bladed limbs reveal the true glory of the gene-sire's legacy as they tear the horrified uninitiated apart.

RANGED WEAPONS						
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Atalan incinerator	12"	Heavy D6	5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Autocannon	48"	Heavy 2	7	-1	2	-
Autogun	24"	Rapid Fire 1	3	0	1	-
Autopistol	12"	Pistol 1	3	0	1	-
Battle cannon	72"	Heavy D6	8	-2	D3	-
Blasting charge	6"	Grenade D6	3	0	1	-
Bolt pistol	12"	Pistol 1	4	0	1	-
Cache of demolition charges	6"	Assault D6	8	-3	D3	This weapon can only be fired if a model (excluding models with a Ballistic Skill characteristic of '-') is embarked upon the vehicle equipped with it.
Clearance incinerator	12"	Heavy 2D6	5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Demolition charge	6"	Grenade D6	8	-3	D3	The bearer can only use this weapon once per battle.
Eradicator nova cannon	36"	Heavy D6	6	-2	D3	Units do not receive the benefit of cover to their saving throws for attacks made with this weapon.
Exterminator autocannon	48"	Heavy 4	7	-1	2	-
Flamer	8"	Assault D6	4	0	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Frag grenade	6"	Grenade D6	3	0	1	-
Grenade launcher	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.					
- Frag grenade	24"	Assault D6	3	0	1	-
- Krak grenade	24"	Assault 1	6	-1	D3	-
Hand flamer	6"	Pistol D6	3	0	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Heavy bolter	36"	Heavy 3	5	-1	1	-
Heavy flamer	8"	Heavy D6	5	-1	1	This weapon automatically hits its target.
Heavy mining laser	36"	Heavy D3	9	-3	D6	-
Heavy mortar	48"	Heavy D6	5	-1	1	This weapon can target units that are not visible to the bearer.
Heavy seismic cannon	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. All wound rolls of 6+ have an AP of -4.					
- Long-wave	24"	Heavy 6	4	-1	2	-
- Short-wave	12"	Heavy 3	8	-2	3	-
Heavy stubber	36"	Heavy 3	4	0	1	-
Hunter-killer missile	48"	Heavy 1	8	-2	D6	Each hunter-killer missile can only be used once per battle.
Jackal sniper rifle	36"	Heavy 1	4	-2	D3	This weapon can target an enemy CHARACTER even if it is not the closest enemy unit. If you roll a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, it inflicts 1 mortal wound in addition to its normal damage.
Lascannon	48"	Heavy 1	9	-3	D6	-
Lasgun	24"	Rapid Fire 1	3	0	1	-
Lasgun array	24"	Rapid Fire 3	3	0	1	This weapon can only be fired if a unit is embarked upon the vehicle equipped with it.
Laspistol	12"	Pistol 1	3	0	1	-
Liberator autostub	12"	Pistol 2	4	-1	2	-
Mining laser	24"	Heavy 1	9	-3	D6	-
Missile launcher	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.					
- Frag missile	48"	Heavy D6	4	0	1	-
- Krak missile	48"	Heavy 1	8	-2	D6	-
Mortar	48"	Heavy D6	4	0	1	This weapon can target units that are not visible to the bearer.
Multi-laser	36"	Heavy 3	6	0	1	-
Multi-melta	24"	Heavy 1	8	-4	D6	If the target is within half range of this weapon, roll two dice when inflicting damage with it and discard the lowest result.
Needle pistol	12"	Pistol 1	1	0	D3	This weapon always wounds on a 2+ unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit.

RANGED WEAPONS CONT.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Plasma cannon	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below.					
- Standard	36"	Heavy D3	7	-3	1	-
- Supercharge	36"	Heavy D3	8	-3	2	On a hit roll of 1, the bearer is slain after all of this weapon's shots have been resolved.
Seismic cannon	When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. All wound rolls of 6+ have an AP of -4.					
- Long-wave	24"	Heavy 6	3	0	1	-
- Short-wave	12"	Heavy 3	6	-1	2	-
Shotgun	12"	Assault 2	3	0	1	If the target is within half range, add 1 to this weapon's Strength.
Silencer sniper rifle	36"	Heavy 1	4	-1	D3	This weapon can target an enemy CHARACTER even if it is not the closest enemy unit. If you roll a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, it inflicts 1 mortal wound in addition to its normal damage. If a PSYKER unit loses any wounds as a result of an attack with this weapon, it suffers Perils of the Warp after the attack has been resolved.
Storm bolter	24"	Rapid Fire 2	4	0	1	-
Twin autocannon	48"	Heavy 4	7	-1	2	-
Vanquisher battle cannon	72"	Heavy 1	8	-3	D6	Roll two dice when inflicting damage with this weapon and discard the lowest result.
Web pistol	12"	Pistol 1	3	0	1	This weapon automatically hits its target. When making a shooting attack with this weapon, use either the Strength or Toughness characteristic of the target to determine the wound roll – whichever is lowest.
Webber	16"	Assault D3	4	0	1	

OTHER WARGEAR

Augur array	Once per battle, in the Shooting phase, you can re-roll a single failed hit roll for a model with an augur array.
Cult icon	Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for a unit's attacks in the Fight phase whilst it contains a model with a cult icon.
Cult vox caster	You can re-roll Morale tests for a unit whilst it contains a model with a cult vox caster.
Dozer blade	If a model with a dozer blade charges in the Charge phase, add 1 to hit rolls made for it until the end of the ensuing Fight phase.
Flare launcher	If a model is equipped with a flare launcher, roll a D6 each time it loses a wound. On a 6, that wound is not lost. In addition, once per game, at the start of your Movement phase, you can select one <CULT> BIKER unit within 6" of this model; that unit moves an additional 6" if it Advances this phase – no dice roll is necessary.
Spotter	If a model has a spotter, increase the Range characteristic of its ranged weapons by 6".
Survey augur	Units do not receive the benefit of cover to their saving throws for attacks made by a model with a survey augur.
Track guards	A vehicle with track guards always counts as having its starting number of Wounds when determining its Move characteristic (i.e. its Move characteristic does not decrease as it suffers wounds).



The ambush is sprung! Genestealers and their hybrid offspring emerge from concealment to fall upon their stranded prey.

MELEE WEAPONS

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Bonesword	Melee	Melee	User	-2	1	-
Chainsword	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.
Cultist knife	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.
Drilldozer blade	Melee	Melee	+3	-2	D3	The bearer can make D3 additional attacks on a turn in which it made a charge move.
Familiar claws	Melee	Melee	4	0	1	Each time a model guided by a Familiar fights, it can make 2 additional attacks with this weapon.
Force stave	Melee	Melee	+2	-1	D3	-
Heavy improvised weapon	Melee	Melee	x2	-1	2	Make 2 hit rolls for each attack made with this weapon.
Heavy power hammer	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	3	When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll.
Heavy rock cutter	Melee	Melee	x2	-4	D3	When attacking with this weapon, subtract 1 from the hit roll. Roll a D6 each time a model (other than a VEHICLE) suffers damage from this weapon; if you roll higher than the model's remaining number of wounds, it is instantly slain.
Heavy rock drill	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	1	After the bearer has made all of its attacks, roll a D6 for each model that suffered damage from this weapon this phase but has not been destroyed; on a 2+ the model being rolled for suffers 1 mortal wound and, if that model is not destroyed, you can roll another D6. This time, that model suffers 1 mortal wound on a 3+. Keep rolling a D6, increasing the result required to cause a mortal wound by 1 each time, until the model being rolled for is destroyed or the roll is failed.
Heavy rock saw	Melee	Melee	x2	-4	2	-
Hypermorph tail	Melee	Melee	User	-1	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon.
Improvised weapon	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	-
Injector goad	Melee	Melee	+1	0	D3	This weapon always wounds on a 2+ unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit. If a CHARACTER loses any wounds as a result of an attack with this weapon, roll a D6 for it after all of the bearer's attacks have been resolved; if the result is higher than that model's Wounds characteristic, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.
Lash whip and bonesword	Melee	Melee	User	-2	1	If the bearer is slain in the Fight phase before it has made its attacks, leave it where it is. When its unit is chosen to fight in that phase, the bearer can do so as normal before being removed from the battlefield.
Locus blades	Melee	Melee	User	-3	1	Increase this weapon's Damage characteristic to 2 if the bearer made a charge move, was charged or performed a Heroic intervention this turn.
Metamorph claw	Melee	Melee	+2	-1	1	-
Metamorph talon	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. Add 1 to hit rolls for this weapon.
Metamorph whip	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	If the bearer is slain in the Fight phase before it has made its attacks, leave it where it is. When its unit is chosen to fight in that phase, the bearer can do so as normal before being removed from the battlefield.
Monstrous rending claws	Melee	Melee	User	-3	D3	You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. In addition, each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -6 and Damage of 3.
Power axe	Melee	Melee	+1	-2	1	-
Power hammer	Melee	Melee	+2	-1	1	-
Power maul	Melee	Melee	+2	-1	1	-
Power pick	Melee	Melee	User	-2	D3	Each time a model with a rending claw makes an attack with this weapon, it can make one additional attack with its rending claw.
Power sledgehammer	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	D6	When attacking with this weapon, subtract 1 from the hit roll. Damage rolls of 1 or 2 made for this weapon count as 3 instead.
Purestrain talons	Melee	Melee	User	0	1	Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks with this weapon.
Rending claw(s)	Melee	Melee	User	-1	1	Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4.
Sanctus bio-dagger	Melee	Melee	1	-2	2	Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. This weapon always wounds on a 2+ unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit.
Sentinel chainsaw	Melee	Melee	User	-1	1	-
Toxin injector claw	Melee	Melee	User	-1	1	This weapon always wounds on a 2+, unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit. Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4.



Heavy power hammer



Mining laser



Needle pistol



Power pick



The Pauper Princes charge in their hundreds, overwhelming the Space Wolves' lines with their zealous hatred of the Imperium.

The cityscape comes alive as the Genestealer Cultists teem by the hundred, then the thousand, into the front lines. Even the most valourous warriors are soon fighting for their lives, caught unprepared by a killing strike generations in the making.







INSURRECTION

In this section you'll find rules for Battle-forged armies that include **GENESTEALER CULTS** Detachments – that is, any Detachment that includes only **GENESTEALER CULTS** units. These rules include the abilities below and a series of Stratagems, Warlord Traits, psychic powers, Relics and Tactical Objectives. This section also includes rules for including Detachments of **Brood Brothers** in your army.

ABILITIES

If your army is Battle-forged, all **Troops** units in **GENESTEALER CULTS** and **BROOD BROTHERS** Detachments (defined below) gain the **Insurrectionists** ability, and all **GENESTEALER CULTS** Detachments gain the **Cult Creed** ability.

INSURRECTIONISTS

The promised land is there to be seized, and once a Genestealer Cult has made its move, it will not relinquish it this side of the grave.

A unit with this ability that is within range of an objective marker (as specified in the mission) controls the objective marker even if there are more enemy models within range of that objective marker. If an enemy unit within range of the same objective marker has a similar ability, then the objective marker is controlled by the player who has the most models within range of it as normal.

CULT CREEDS

Each Genestealer Cult has its own beliefs and subcultures, fighting in its own way until the day it becomes one with the Tyranid gestalt.

All <CULT> **INFANTRY** and **BIKER** units with this ability gain a **Cult Creed**, so long as every unit in its Detachment is from the same cult. The **Cult Creed** gained depends upon the cult they are drawn from, as shown on the page opposite. For example, a **Rusted Claw** unit with the **Cult Creeds** ability gains the 'Nomadic Survivalists' **Cult Creed**. If you have chosen a cult that does not have an associated **Cult Creed**, you can choose the creed that best suits the fighting style and strategies of the cultists that hail from it. Note that due to their purely xenos nature and physiology, **GENESTEALER** units are an exception and do not gain a **Cult Creed**.

BROOD BROTHERS

Several **GENESTEALER CULTS** units also have the **BROOD BROTHERS** keyword. These units can be included in a **GENESTEALER CULTS** Detachment without preventing other units in that Detachment from gaining a **Cult Creed**.

Note, however, that **BROOD BROTHERS** units do not themselves benefit from any **Cult Creed**.

In addition, to represent **Astra Militarum** forces that have been subverted, you can include **ASTRA MILITARUM** units and **GENESTEALER CULTS** units in the same matched play army, even though these units do not have any Faction keywords in common. In such cases, ignore the **ASTRA MILITARUM** units when choosing your army's Faction.

If your army is Battle-forged, you can only include one **ASTRA MILITARUM** Detachment (one in which every unit has the **ASTRA MILITARUM** keyword) in your army for each **GENESTEALER CULTS** Detachment in that army. You cannot include **ASTRA MILITARUM** named characters in these Detachments, and these Detachments cannot be **Specialist Detachments**. These **ASTRA MILITARUM** Detachments are then known as **BROOD BROTHERS** Detachments, and every unit in them that has the <REGIMENT> or **MILITARUM TEMPESTUS** keyword must replace it in every instance on its datasheet with **BROOD BROTHERS** (if a unit does not have either of these keywords, it simply gains the **BROOD BROTHERS** keyword).

BROOD BROTHERS Detachments do not gain any of the Detachment abilities listed in *Codex: Astra Militarum*, such as **Regimental Doctrines**, nor can they use any regiment-specific Stratagems, Orders etc. Furthermore, **INFANTRY** models in **BROOD BROTHERS** Detachments increase their **Leadership** characteristic by 1 and they gain the **Unquestioning Loyalty** ability (pg 78). Units in **BROOD BROTHERS** Detachments do not gain the **Cult Ambush** ability. Your Warlord cannot be from a **BROOD BROTHERS** Detachment, and you cannot give any Relics to **BROOD BROTHERS** CHARACTERS. In addition, the **Command Benefits** of all **BROOD BROTHERS** Detachments included in your army in this way are halved (rounding up). This reflects that such Detachments are not a Genestealer Cult's primary fighting force, and the acquisition of such military assets is costly in terms of resource.

MATCHED PLAY RULES

If you are using a Battle-forged army in a matched play game, the following rules apply:

GENE-SECT

You can include each **GENESTEALER CULTS** CHARACTER only once in the same Detachment. For example, a Detachment could only include one **Patriarch** and one **Magus**.

BROODFATHER

If your army includes any **PATRIARCHS**, no other **GENESTEALER CULTS** or **BROOD BROTHERS** CHARACTER can be your Warlord.

CULT CREEDS

CULT OF THE FOUR-ARMED EMPEROR: SUBTERRANEAN AMBUSHERS

Hailing from the Trysst mining dynasty of Ghosar Quintus, the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor lies in wait beneath the planet's crust before launching a long-planned and decisive ambush. Some of their number never see the light until the day of insurrection; when the moment comes, these troglodytes attack with speed and savagery.

Until the end of the first battle round, add 1 to Advance and charge rolls made for units with this Cult Creed. Starting from the second battle round, if a unit with this Cult Creed is set up on the battlefield, then until the end of that turn, add 1 to Advance and charge rolls made for that unit.

THE PAUPER PRINCES: DEVOTED ZEALOTS

The cultists of the Pauper Princes are so zealous they would gladly hurl themselves on an active frag grenade to protect their cult leaders. When their organisation is threatened, they fight like madmen to pull down and slaughter those who threaten their ascendance.

You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by a unit with this Cult Creed in a turn in which it made a charge move, was charged or performed a Heroic Intervention.

THE HIVECULT: DISCIPLINED MILITANTS

The brothers and sisters of the Hivecult are no strangers to war. They fight in tight-knit military units, whether they hail from hive ganger cultures or the military organisations of the Imperium. Each is well drilled in the use of sidearms as well as repurposed industrial tools, and in battle they fight with an uncanny discipline that sees them triumph against the odds.

If a unit with this Cult Creed fails a Morale test, halve the number of models that flee (rounding up). In addition, units with this Cult Creed can still shoot in a turn in which they Fall Back, but if they do so you must subtract 1 from their hit rolls in the Shooting phase of that turn.

THE BLADED COG: CYBORGISED HYBRIDS

The Genestealer Cult that has taken hold in the forge worlds of the Imperium numbers a great many cyborgs amongst its flock. They seek to make man, machine and alien one single, all-conquering organism, and in doing so find a supernatural resilience that makes them strong and hardy combatants.

All models with this Cult Creed have a 6+ invulnerable save. Models with this Cult Creed that already have an invulnerable save instead improve their invulnerable save by 1 (to a maximum of 3+). In addition, **INFANTRY** models with this Cult Creed do not suffer the penalty to their hit rolls for moving and shooting Heavy weapons.

THE RUSTED CLAW: NOMADIC SURVIVALISTS

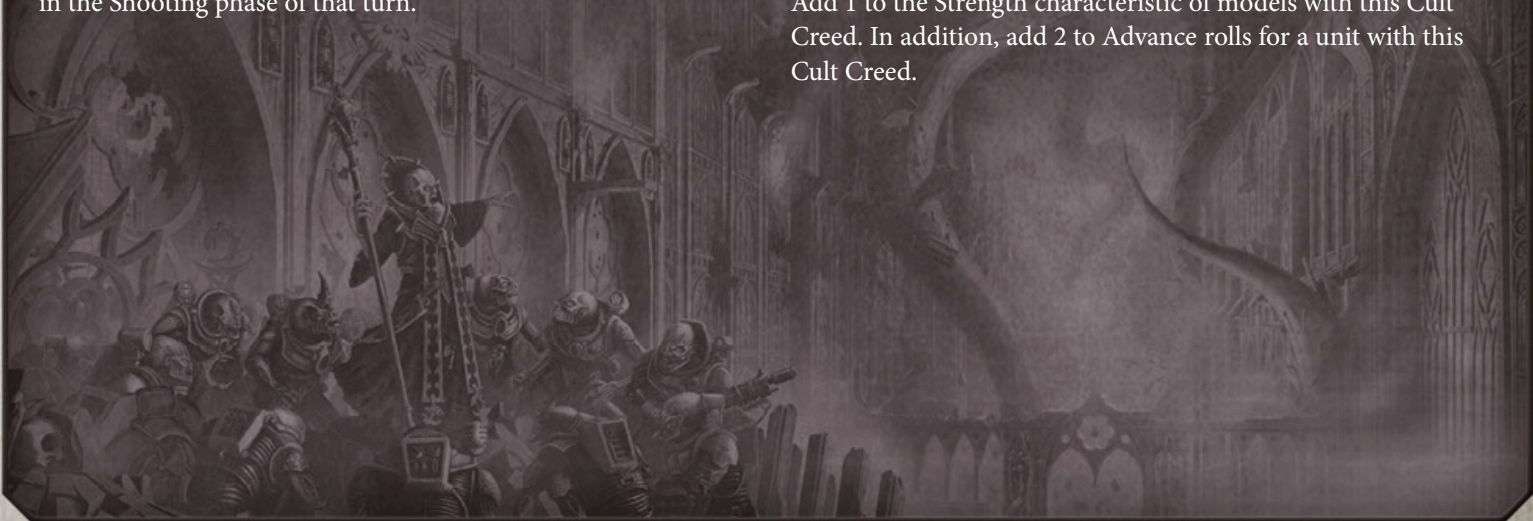
The Rusted Claw believe that all things will rust and fade away in time, and that they need but endure to outlast the inequities of the galaxy. They are toughened in body as well as in philosophy; though they take no real care over their material possessions and are hence often clad in a motley of rags and tattered leather, the skin and chitin beneath is as hard as oak.

When making saving throws (excluding invulnerable saving throws) for a model with this Cult Creed, add 1 to the result if the weapon being used to make the attack has an Armour Penetration characteristic of 0 or -1. In addition, **BIKER** models with this Cult Creed do not suffer the penalty to their hit rolls for moving and shooting Heavy weapons or for Advancing and shooting Assault weapons.

THE TWISTED HELIX: EXPERIMENTAL SUBJECTS

The Twisted Helix excels in the arts of insane alchemy and dark experimentation. Its neatly attired Biophagus progenitors create monstrous hybrids of all sizes and shapes, the energies of forbidden bio-chemical concoctions boiling through their veins to lend uncanny strength and speed.

Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of models with this Cult Creed. In addition, add 2 to Advance rolls for a unit with this Cult Creed.



STRATAGEMS

If your army is Battle-forged and includes any GENESTEALER CULTS Detachments (excluding Auxiliary Support Detachments), you have access to the Stratagems shown below, meaning you can spend Command Points to activate them. These help to reflect the unique tactics and strategies used by the forces of the Genestealer Cults on the battlefield.

1CP

CLANDESTINE GOALS

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

The cultists who infest this world know well that secrecy can be made into a weapon of war.

Use this Stratagem before the battle if your army is led by a GENESTEALER CULTS Warlord and you are playing a mission that uses Tactical Objectives. For the duration of the battle, keep your Tactical Objectives secret from your opponent, only revealing them when they are achieved.

1CP

DEVOTED CREW

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

Though their bodies may be wounded and their vehicle malfunctioning, the crew of this war asset remain unbowed.

Use this Stratagem at the start of any turn. Select a GENESTEALER CULTS VEHICLE model from your army. Until the end of the turn, use the top row of the model's damage table, regardless of how many wounds it has left. This ends immediately if the model is reduced to 0 wounds.

2CP

LURK IN THE SHADOWS

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

In dark nooks and crevices the true believers of the cult whisper and skulk, all but invisible to those who approach.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your opponent's Shooting phase. Select a GENESTEALER CULTS INFANTRY unit from your army that is entirely on or within any terrain feature. Until the end of the phase, enemy models can only shoot that unit if it is the closest unit that is visible to them.

2CP

MONSTROUS VIGOUR

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

The Aberrants of the cult's dark underbelly take a grim satisfaction in their ability to shrug off horrific damage.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your turn. Select an ABERRANT unit from your army. Until the start of your next turn, add 1 to Bestial Vigour rolls made for that unit.

1CP

THEY CAME FROM BELOW...

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

Genestealer Cultists use subterranean tunnel networks to evade their foes, lurking underground until the time to strike is right.

Use this Stratagem before you reveal an ambush marker. Select up to 3 units (excluding VEHICLES) from your army that are set up in ambush. For each unit that you select, remove one ambush marker from the battlefield. The selected units are no longer set up in ambush and are instead set up underground, as described in the Cult Ambush ability (pg 78).

1CP

METICULOUS UPRISING

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

A long-planned strategy comes to fruition as the cultists rise up.

Use this Stratagem before you reveal an ambush marker. Move up to 3 of your ambush markers up to 12" each. These markers cannot be moved within 9" of any enemy models or outside your deployment zone.

1CP

HYPER-METABOLISM

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

Even the most grievous wounds can be sealed over by those with the alien biology of the Tyranid under their skin.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Movement phase. Select a GENESTEALER CULTS CHARACTER from your army. That model regains D3 lost wounds.

1CP

BROODCOVEN

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

The war leaders of the cult each have their own methods and specialisations, the better to entrap and slay the enemy.

Use this Stratagem before the battle if your Warlord is a PATRIARCH. Select up to one MAGUS and up to one PRIMUS from your army. Generate a Warlord Trait for each selected model (note that these models are only regarded as your Warlord for the purposes of these Warlord Traits). All three models must have a different Warlord Trait. This Stratagem can only be used once per battle.

1CP

RIGGED TO BLOW

Genestealer Cults Stratagem

Genestealer Cults are willing to sacrifice any asset for the cause.

Use this Stratagem when a GENESTEALER CULTS VEHICLE model from your army that is equipped with a cache of demolition charges is destroyed. Do not roll a D6; that model automatically explodes.

1CP

THE FIRST CURSE*Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

The original brood of Genestealers to infect the host planet can grow ever stronger on the psychic fodder of its cultists.

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Select a **PURESTRAIN GENESTEALER** unit from your army and roll a D6 to see which effect applies to this unit for the duration of the battle: on a 1-2, each wound roll of 6+ for an attack made in the Fight phase by models in this unit inflicts 1 additional damage; on a 3-4, add 1 to Advance and charge rolls made for the unit; and on a 5-6, the unit loses its Swift and Deadly ability but the Save characteristic of models in the unit is changed to 4+. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

1CP

CULT REINFORCEMENTS*Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

The cultist hordes flow onto the battlefield in an endless tide.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Movement phase. Select a **GENESTEALER CULTS** unit from your army that has the Troops Battlefield Role. You can return up to D6 slain models to that unit, with each set up in unit coherency and more than 1" away from any enemy models – if it is not possible to place a model in such a way, it is not returned to the unit.

2CP

DETONATE CONCEALED EXPLOSIVES*Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

A cache of explosives, stolen from an industrial site and set up long in advance of the day of insurrection, is remotely detonated by a cult agent just as the enemy grows near.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Shooting phase if any **GENESTEALER CULTS** models from your army are on the battlefield. Select an enemy unit on the battlefield and roll a D6. Subtract 1 from the result if the unit is a **CHARACTER** and add 1 if the unit contains 10 or more models. On a 4+ that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds; on a 7+ it suffers D6 mortal wounds instead.

1CP

SCANNER DECOYS*Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

The Patriarch's faithful make sure to disguise both their true numbers and their whereabouts.

Use this Stratagem when you set up a unit from your army that has the Cult Ambush ability in ambush. Place four ambush markers for that unit instead of one. If you have used this Stratagem, then when you reveal ambush markers, once there are no units from your army remaining in ambush, remove all of your remaining ambush markers from the battlefield. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

3CP

A PERFECT AMBUSH*Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

The faithful spring the perfect ambush; the foe is greeted with a hail of bullets and a horde of fanatics bearing down upon them.

Use this Stratagem in the Movement phase, immediately after you set up an **INFANTRY** or **BIKER** unit from your army that has the Cult Ambush ability on the battlefield. That unit can either move D6" (even if it has arrived as reinforcements), or it can shoot with all of its ranged weapons as if it were your Shooting phase (using this Stratagem in your own turn does not prevent that unit from shooting in your Shooting phase or making a charge move in the Charge phase of this turn).

2CP

TELEPATHIC SUMMONS*Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

The cult's kin are drawn from the hidden places of the world with a summons heard in the soul as much as by the ears.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Psychic phase. Select a <CULT> **PSYKER** model from your army. That model cannot attempt to manifest any psychic powers this phase. Instead, roll 3D6; you can add one new <CULT> **INFANTRY** or **BIKER** unit to your army if it has the Cult Ambush ability and its Power Rating is equal to or less than this roll (otherwise, no new unit is added). That unit is immediately set up on the battlefield anywhere that is more than 9" from any enemy models.

1CP

RETURN TO THE SHADOWS*Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

Those kissed by the void find it easy to melt away into the shadows once their bloody ambush has been launched.

Use this Stratagem at the end of your Movement phase. Select one **INFANTRY** or **BIKER** unit from your army that has the Cult Ambush ability and is more than 3" away from any enemy models (you cannot select a unit that arrived as reinforcements this turn). Remove that unit from the battlefield. At the end of your next Movement phase, that unit is set up on the battlefield again, anywhere that is more than 9" from any enemy models. If the battle ends before this unit is set back up, it is destroyed.

2CP

LYING IN WAIT*Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

Revealing themselves from carefully prepared positions, the true believers appear as if from thin air.

Use this Stratagem when you set up a unit from your army that has the Cult Ambush ability as reinforcements. When setting up that unit, it can be set up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 3" from any enemy models, but that unit cannot make a charge move this turn.

1CP**EXTRA EXPLOSIVES***Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

A batch of explosives, carefully acquired to avoid scrutiny from the authorities, is expended in one massive blast.

Use this Stratagem before a **GENESTEALER CULTS** unit from your army is selected to shoot or fire Overwatch. Up to 10 models from that unit that are armed with Grenades can throw a Grenade this phase, instead of only one model being able to do so (no more than five of these models can throw demolition charges).

1CP/3CP**GRANDSIRE'S GIFTS***Genestealer Cults Stratagem*

The relics taken reverently from the Patriarch's lair include captured guns, sentient blades and strange biomantic artefacts.

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Your army can have one extra Sacred Relic of the Cult for 1 CP, or two extra sacred Relics of the Cult for 3 CPs. All of the Sacred Relics of the Cult that you include must be different and be given to different **GENESTEALER CULTS CHARACTERS**. This Stratagem can only be used once per battle.

3CP**A PLAN GENERATIONS IN THE MAKING***Cult of the Four-armed Emperor Stratagem*

Of all the military forces in the galaxy, the Cult of the Four-armed Emperor prepares the most thoroughly for the day of battle. Its plans to counter the foe are works of dark genius.

Use this Stratagem just after your opponent has spent CPs to use a Stratagem, but before the effects of that Stratagem are resolved. Roll a D6; on a 1 your opponent's Stratagem is resolved as normal. On a 2-5 your opponent's CPs are refunded, but the Stratagem they were using is not resolved and cannot be attempted again this phase. On a 6 the Stratagem they were attempting to use is not resolved, cannot be attempted again this phase and the CPs spent are lost. This Stratagem cannot be used if there are no **CULT OF THE FOUR-ARMED EMPEROR** units on the battlefield, and cannot be used to affect Stratagems used 'before the battle' or 'during deployment'.

2CP**CHILLING EFFICIENCY***The Hivecult Stratagem*

Well trained by the Astra Militarum and the hivelords of their home worlds, the soldiery of the Hivecult know well how to bring down the largest threats.

Use this Stratagem after a **HIVECULT** unit from your army has attacked an enemy unit in the Shooting phase and the attack resulted in the enemy unit losing one or more wounds. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by other friendly **HIVECULT** units that target the same enemy unit this phase.

1CP**OVERTHROW THE OPPRESSORS***The Bladed Cog Stratagem*

The deep-seated enmity concealed by the Bladed Cog's outwardly stoic demeanour can boil up in a heartbeat, sending its warriors into an indignant frenzy.

Use this Stratagem before a **BLADED COG** unit (excluding **GENESTEALER** units) from your army is selected to fight in the Fight phase. Until the end of the phase, each time you roll an unmodified hit roll of 6 for an attack by a model in that unit, that model can immediately make an additional hit roll against the same target using the same weapon. These bonus attacks cannot themselves generate any further attacks. These extra attacks are instead generated on unmodified hit rolls of 5 or 6 when targeting **IMPERIUM** units, or on unmodified rolls of 4, 5 or 6 when targeting **ADEPTUS MECHANICUS** units.

1CP**DRIVE-BY DEMOLITIONS***The Rusted Claw Stratagem*

The riders of the Rusted Claw attack with reckless verve, making close-range explosive attacks on the foe before speeding off in a cloud of flame and swirling dust.

Use this Stratagem before a **RUSTED CLAW BIKER** unit from your army shoots in your Shooting phase. Until the end of the phase, add 1 to hit and wound rolls made for attacks with that unit's Grenade weapons. After this unit has resolved all of its shooting attacks this phase, it can immediately make a move as if it were your Movement phase, but cannot charge this turn.

1CP**VENGEANCE FOR THE MARTYRED***The Pauper Princes Stratagem*

The faithful flock of the Pauper Princes go to great lengths to protect their elders and betters – should one of their heroes fall, they will swarm like angered hornets to take their revenge.

Use this Stratagem when an enemy unit destroys a **PAUPER PRINCES CHARACTER** model from your army. For the remainder of the battle, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by friendly **PAUPER PRINCES** models when they target the enemy unit that destroyed that character.

3CP**MONSTROUS BIO-HORRORS***The Twisted Helix Stratagem*

The swollen, bulging frames of the Twisted Helix's Aberrants contain distended adrenal sacs that can drive them into a frenzy of bloodletting. It is shocking indeed to witness.

Use this Stratagem at the end of the Fight phase. Select a **TWISTED HELIX ABERRANT** unit from your army. That unit can immediately fight again. In addition, until the end of the turn, subtract 1 from the Leadership characteristic of enemy units while they are within 6" of that unit.

BROODMIND DISCIPLINE

The Patriarch and Magus are potent psykers, able to use their formidable powers to bend others to their will. This mental dominance not only ensures that the gestalt consciousness of the cult's masses serves as one, but can also be channelled to crush those who would oppose their plans before they reach fruition.

Before the battle, generate the psychic powers for PSYKERS that can use powers from the Broodmind discipline using the table below. You can either roll a D6 to generate their powers randomly (re-roll any duplicates results), or you can select the psychic powers you wish the psyker to have.

D6 RESULT

1 MASS HYPNOSIS

The psyker's eyes glow strangely as they cast their gaze across their chosen victims, using mental dominion to put them into a trance-like state so the cult can take them apart at leisure.

Mass Hypnosis has a warp charge value of 7. If manifested, select an enemy unit within 18" of and visible to the psyker. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, the target cannot fire Overwatch, fights last in the Fight phase even if it charged, and must subtract 1 from its hit rolls.

2 MIND CONTROL

Palsied fingers twitch and facial muscles spasm as the psyker's chosen mark is taken over completely. Relegated to a mere passenger within their own body, they are forced to witness their own traitorous actions as they open fire upon their trusted comrades.

Mind Control has a warp charge value of 7. If manifested, select an enemy model within 12" of the psyker and roll 3D6. ~~If the score is less than that model's Leadership characteristic, nothing happens, but if it equals or exceeds it, that model can immediately shoot another enemy unit of your choice, or make a single close combat attack against it, as if it were part of your army. Models cannot attack themselves, but they can attack other members of their unit.~~

3 PSIONIC BLAST

The psyker focuses the alien hatred of their kind into a blaze of pallid energies. Where their gaze falls, the enemy are consumed – the last thing they hear is a shrill screech of triumph.

Psionic Blast has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, select an enemy unit within 18" of and visible to the psyker and roll 2D6. If the result is less than the highest Leadership characteristic in that unit, it suffers 1 mortal wound, otherwise it suffers D3 mortal wounds.



4 MENTAL ONSLAUGHT

The psyker, well used to forcing their will upon those who would resist them, intensifies their hypnotic power to such a degree it can cause their victims' brains to swell to bursting point inside their skulls.

Mental Onslaught has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select an enemy model within 18" of and visible to the psyker. Each player then rolls a D6 and adds their model's Leadership characteristic to their result. ~~If your score is higher, the enemy model's unit suffers 1 mortal wound; if the selected model is still alive you then repeat this process (each player rolling a D6 and adding their respective Leadership) until either the selected model is destroyed, or you fail to inflict 1 mortal wound by having a score higher than your opponent's.~~

5 PSYCHIC STIMULUS

The unknowable power of the cult's gestalt soul flows into the psyker's chosen instruments, spurring them into a religious frenzy that sees them attack with hyperactive speed.

Psychic Stimulus has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select a friendly GENESTEALER CULTS unit within 18" of the psyker. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, that unit can charge even if it Advanced (though not if it Fell Back) and they always fight first in the Fight phase, even if they didn't charge. If your opponent has units that have charged, or that have a similar ability, then alternate choosing units to fight with, starting with the player whose turn is taking place.

6 MIGHT FROM BEYOND

An alien strength lurks in every being that carries the Genestealer Curse. With a low whisper that rises to a scream, the psyker amplifies this hidden might, and their followers are swollen with empowering energy born of the void itself.

Might From Beyond has a warp charge value of 7. If manifested, select a friendly GENESTEALER CULTS INFANTRY or BIKER unit within 18" of the psyker. Add 1 to the Strength and Attacks characteristics of all models in that unit until the start of your next Psychic phase.

WARLORD TRAITS

If a GENESTEALER CULTS CHARACTER is your Warlord, they can generate a Warlord Trait from the table below instead of the one in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. You can either roll on the table to randomly generate a Warlord Trait, or you can select the one that best suits their temperament and preferred style of waging war.

D6 RESULT

1 FOCUS OF ADORATION

The warlord inspires such insane devotion that their minions will leap headlong into battle in order to win favour.

Friendly <CULT> INFANTRY and BIKER units can perform a Heroic Intervention whilst they are within 6" of your Warlord, even if they are not CHARACTERS.

2 SHADOW STALKER

The gloom seems to cling to the warlord like a shroud as they emerge grinning from the darkness, claws flexing in anticipation of the kill.

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target your Warlord.

3 BIOMORPH ADAPTATION

The power of the Hive Mind flows through this warlord's veins, their physiology showing evident bio-gifts and lethal enhancements.

Add 1 to your Warlord's Attacks and Strength characteristics.

4 BORN SURVIVOR

Perhaps gifted with regenerative powers by the immortal Hive Mind, this warlord can shrug off even the most crippling of injuries to fight on.

Reduce any damage inflicted on your Warlord by 1 (to a minimum of 1). For example, if your Warlord fails a saving throw against an attack that inflicts 3 damage, they will only lose 2 wounds.

5 ALIEN MAJESTY

An aura of palpable grandeur surrounds the warlord, making their mere presence a powerful stimulant to the nerve of their followers.

Add 3" to the range of your Warlord's aura abilities.

6 PRETERNATURAL SPEED

Uncannily fast in thought and deed, this warlord makes a blisteringly quick attack its best form of defence.

Your Warlord always fights first in the Fight phase, even if they did not charge. If the enemy has units that charged, or that have a similar ability, then alternate choosing units to fight with, starting with the player whose turn is taking place. You cannot select this Warlord Trait for a LOCUS (if randomly selected for a LOCUS, treat this result as Biomorph Adaptation instead).



'We are biological perfection. We blend the ingenuity and cunning of Mankind with the blessings of the Star Children. We are stronger, faster, more intelligent than any who challenge us. We will take that which is ours from the upworlders, and remake it in the image of our true masters. It is our destiny.'

- Monthros Amaparha,
Speaker of Galactic Truths

CULT WARLORD TRAITS

If you wish, you can pick a Cult Warlord Trait from the list below instead of from the Genestealer Cults Warlord Traits to the left, but only if your Warlord is from the appropriate cult.



CULT OF THE FOUR-ARMED EMPEROR: INSCRUTABLE CUNNING

Those warlords who serve the Four-armed Emperor prepare the battlefield on which they fight with inhuman levels of focus.

Once per battle, if this Warlord is on the battlefield, you can re-roll one hit roll, wound roll or saving throw made for a friendly CULT OF THE FOUR-ARMED EMPEROR unit. In addition, if your army is Battle-forged, roll a D3 before the battle begins; you gain a number of additional Command Points equal to the result.



THE HIVECULT: HIVELORD

The warlords of the Hivecult often hail from gun-running gangs and black market military groups in which firepower is valued above all else.

Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made with ranged weapons by models in friendly HIVECULT units whilst they are within 6" of your Warlord.



THE BLADED COG: SINGLE-MINDED OBSESSION

The warlords of the Bladed Cog share their host civilisation's methodical and hyper-focused attitude to war, each identifying and eliminating a single priority target with obsessive fervour.

After deployment, but before the first battle round begins, select one unit from your opponent's army. You can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made by friendly BLADED COG units whilst they are within 6" of your Warlord when targeting the selected unit.



THE RUSTED CLAW: ENTROPIC TOUCH

The warlord's very touch is metallophagic; tiny nano-organisms consume the armour of the enemy whenever they lay their palms upon them.

~~Each time you roll an unmodified wound roll of 6 in the Fight phase for a model from a friendly RUSTED COG unit whilst it is within 6" of your Warlord, the Armour Penetration characteristic of that attack is improved by 1 (i.e. AP0 becomes AP 1, AP 1 becomes AP 2, and so on).~~



THE PAUPER PRINCES: BELOVED GRANDSIRE

Any one of this warlord's numerous descendants would take a bullet for their elder without hesitation.

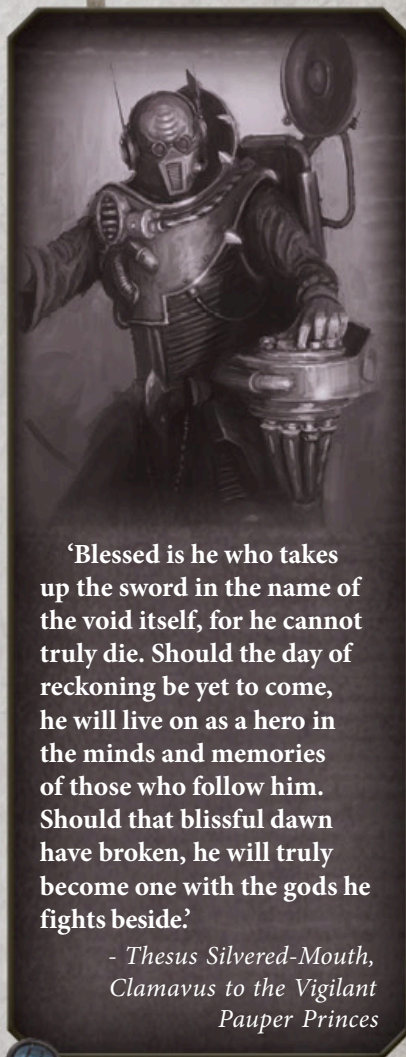
Add 2 to Unquestioning Loyalty rolls made when you fail saving throws for your Warlord, or when your Warlord suffers mortal wounds.



THE TWISTED HELIX: BIO-ALCHEMIST

The concoctions brewed by the warlord coat their weapons, be they syringes, blades or claws, to deliver a potent electro-toxic shock to any they infect.

Increase the Damage characteristic of weapons (other than Sacred Relics of the Cult or weapons modified by Sacred Relics of the Cult) used by your Warlord by 1.



'Blessed is he who takes up the sword in the name of the void itself, for he cannot truly die. Should the day of reckoning be yet to come, he will live on as a hero in the minds and memories of those who follow him. Should that blissful dawn have broken, he will truly become one with the gods he fights beside.'

*- Thesus Silvered-Mouth,
Clamavus to the Vigilant
Pauper Princes*

SACRED RELICS OF THE CULT

The strange artefacts held sacred by the Genestealer Cults all have some measure of alien power imbued in them by the gestalt Broodmind of their bearers. Some are grown from a combination of psychic ability and the grisly slop of the Patriarch's genesis pool, whilst others are fashioned as holy relics by the adoring throng and handed down through the generations.

If your army is led by a GENESTEALER CULTS Warlord, then before the battle you may give one of the following Sacred Relics of the Cult to a GENESTEALER CULTS CHARACTER. You cannot give any of these Relics to BROOD BROTHERS CHARACTERS.

Note that some weapons replace one of the character's existing weapons. Where this is the case, you must, if you are playing a matched play game or are otherwise using points values, still pay the cost of the weapon that is being replaced. Write down any Sacred Relics of the Genestealer Cults your characters may have on your army roster.

ICON OF THE CULT ASCENDANT

Cast in blood-blessed platinum, its wyrm-forms polished to a high sheen, the Icon of the Cult Ascendant has been bathed in the psychic energies of the Broodmind. The relic adorned the back of the Great Patriarch's throne for many centuries, soaking up his sheer otherness until it imbued every mote of metal and scrap of oiled cloth. As the time of war comes to pass, the icon is detached from its resting place with the greatest of care and given to the cult's foremost Iconward. Those who fight in its shadow find the power of the Broodmind thrilling through their veins.

ACOLYTE ICONWARD only. Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of friendly <CULT> INFANTRY and **BIKER** units whilst they are within 6" of the bearer.

SWORD OF THE VOID'S EYE

The sentience within the Sword of the Void's Eye is far more intelligent than its wielder, for within it lies a portion of the Hive Mind. The bio-fleet descending upon the host planet uses the eyes of the sword to spy on the populace and sample the thoughts of those whose blood it tastes. When laid at rest it will slither out a thin tongue that curls and twists in the dust, analysing the dead skin cells of the populace and gleaning vital bio-secrets for the invasion to come.

Model with bonesword only. The Sword of the Void's Eye replaces the bearer's bonesword and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Sword of the Void's Eye	Melee	Melee	+2	-3	D3
Abilities: You can re-roll hit and wound rolls for this weapon.					

AMULET OF THE VOIDWYRM

This crescent-like wyrm-form writhes with psychic power, so much so that in the fog of war it seems to have tendrils of darkness coiling around it. When the bearer is in peril, they subconsciously channel the Shadow in the Warp through the amulet, blotting them from the minds of the enemy at a critical moment.

Add 1 to saving throws made for the bearer against ranged weapons. ~~In addition, enemy units cannot fire Overwatch at the bearer.~~

SCOURGE OF DISTANT STARS

The Brotherhood of Distant Stars whispers of the Scourge – a void-cold sentience that moves from weapon to weapon, aiding the wielder as he lays low the fool and the unbeliever. Whether it inhabits the blade of an Acolyte Iconward or the bonesword of a Primus is of little import – whosoever threatens the wielder will find their life sapping from a mysterious wound as soon as they raise their blade.

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with the bearer's melee weapons. In addition, each time an enemy model targets the bearer with a melee weapon and your opponent rolls an unmodified hit roll of 1, the attacker's unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.

OPPRESSOR'S BANE

The masterwork pistol known in the cult's folklore as Oppressor's Bane has been machined to superhuman tolerances, fashioned with expert care by the finest of artisans. It is so well weighted it can be spun on the finger in a blur between each killing shot, drawn in an instant and lined up along perfectly crafted gunsights to pick out enemy leaders even amongst a milling throng. It fires bullets of depleted transuranium that can punch a hole through an armoured car to kill the hated tyrant riding within.

Model with an autopistol or liberator autostub only. Oppressor's Bane replaces the bearer's autopistol or one of their liberator autostubs, and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Oppressor's Bane	12"	Pistol 3	4	-2	2
Abilities: This weapon can target enemy CHARACTERS even if they are not the closest enemy unit. You can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made with this weapon when targeting enemy CHARACTERS .					

DAGGER OF SWIFT SACRIFICE

Those who work to hinder or reveal the cult are killed in long and painful ritual sacrifices to better appease the Patriarch, often using a weaponised form of the cult's symbol. The Dagger of Swift Sacrifice was devised not for a protracted kill, however, but a near-instantaneous one, the toxin-crystals upon its blade potent enough to kill even a Clawed Fiend with a single scratch.

Model with a cultist knife or Sanctus bio-dagger only. The Dagger of Swift Sacrifice replaces the bearer's cultist knife or Sanctus bio-dagger and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Dagger of Swift Sacrifice	Melee	Melee	User	-2	2
Abilities: Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. This weapon always wounds on a 2+ unless it is targeting a VEHICLE or TITANIC unit. If a CHARACTER model loses any wounds as a result of an attack with this weapon but is not slain, it suffers D3 mortal wounds after the bearer has made all of its attacks.					

THE CROUCHLING

The most favoured of cults are visited by the Crouchling, a skittering Familiar that talks in a high, reedy voice. Though small and weak of limb, the Crouchling is a powerful psychic presence, able to cast hypnotic spells and visit mind-wracking hallucinations upon those who earn its master's ire.

PATRIARCH or **MAGUS** with Familiar only. The Crouchling replaces one of the model's Familiars. The Crouchling follows all the normal rules for a Familiar with the following additions: whilst the Crouchling is alive, the Patriarch or Magus it accompanies knows one additional psychic power from the Broodmind discipline (pg 113) and adds 1 to any Psychic tests it takes when attempting to manifest a psychic power from the Broodmind discipline.

THE GIFT FROM BEYOND

This long-barrelled rifle is painted with the blood of the Patriarch, freely given and potent enough to bless its wielder with uncanny predatory instincts. The gift it bestows upon those under its sights is the blessing of a swift death delivered from afar.

Model with Jackal sniper rifle or silencer sniper rifle only. Add 2 to wound rolls for attacks made with this model's Jackal sniper rifle or silencer sniper rifle unless it is targeting a **VEHICLE** or **TITANIC** unit.

SWORD OF THE FOUR-ARMED EMPEROR

This peculiar sword has not one blade, but four bound as one – when its handle is given a sharp twist, the blade splits and splits again until it resembles a sheaf of gleaming tentacles or a striking hydra more than it does a conventional blade. It symbolises the cult's ability to shroud itself in normality until the time comes to reveal the hideous and lethal truth.

CULT OF THE FOUR-ARMED EMPEROR model with bonesword or Locus blades only. The Sword of the Four-armed Emperor replaces the model's bonesword or Locus blades and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Sword of the Four-armed Emperor	Melee	Melee	User	-3	1
Abilities: Each time the bearer fights, it can make 4 additional attacks with this weapon.					

VOCKOR'S TALISMAN

This talisman drives the wielder to acts of great bloodshed. It is said to contain the departed spirit of Vockor Mai, known as the White Creeper, the scourge of New Gidlam's aristocracy. When Vockor Mai's charismatic allure proved ineffective against the hivelord Thorne due to a protective artefact, Mai crept into the man's bathhouse and slashed his throat with the razored edge of this metallic wyrm-form. In the legends of the Hivecult, the talisman harbours some of that malevolent and murderous intent to this day, and glows hot in the presence of those who have earned the cult's ire.

HIVECULT model only. You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with the bearer's melee weapons when targeting enemy **CHARACTERS**. In addition, each time you roll a wound roll of 6+ for an attack with one of the bearer's melee weapons, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage, unless it is targeting a **VEHICLE** or **TITANIC** unit.

MARK OF THE CLAWED OMNISSIAH

This custom electoo, worn just under the skin of the chest, looks somewhat like a many-clawed incarnation of the Omnissiah. It fizzes with potent bio-electricity, lending its wearer a permanent rictus grin and an aura of static energy that crackles around them. The electoo generates a potent force field that can turn aside even a pinpoint shot from a lascannon. In times of great physical exertion it can release a burst of power so intense it fries the synapses of those who get too close to the wielder.

BLADED COG model only. The bearer has a 4+ invulnerable save. In addition, each time this model finishes a charge move, select one enemy unit within 1" of it and roll a D6; on a 2+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

METALLOPHAGIC STAVE

This rust-clad staff of office leaves trails of metallic flakes as it is swept through the air, though it never breaks or loses its structural integrity. War machines touched by the stave are beset by a plague of corrosion; in a matter of seconds they rust away as if left for years to the mercy of the elements.

RUSTED CLAW MAGUS only. The Metallophagic Stave replaces the bearer's force stave and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Metallophagic Stave	Melee	Melee	+2	-5	D3
Abilities: Each time you roll a wound roll of 4+ for an attack made with this weapon that targets a VEHICLE , the target suffers 1 mortal wound in addition to any normal damage. If you roll a wound roll of 6+, it suffers D3 mortal wounds instead.					

RELIQUARY OF SAINT TENNDARC

The sacred remains of Saint Tenndarc are of vast spiritual importance to the Pauper Princes. It is said that Tenndarc, a Magus of the first gene-sect, dove in front of his Patriarch to save him from a sniper's bullet. He died in the process, but that act of martyrdom has echoed through the cult ever since, inspiring the wider flock to acts of great self-sacrifice and dogged perseverance even when the worst of fates befalls them.

PAUPER PRINCES model only. Friendly **PAUPER PRINCES** units automatically pass Morale tests whilst they are within 6" of the bearer. In addition, roll a D6 each time a friendly **PAUPER PRINCES INFANTRY** or **BIKER** model is destroyed whilst it is within 6" of the bearer, before removing that model from the battlefield. On a 4+ that model can either shoot with one of its ranged weapons as if it were your Shooting phase, or make a single attack with a melee weapon as if it were the Fight phase.

ELIXIR OF THE PRIME SPECIMEN

The constant, methodical experimentation of the Twisted Helix has led to a great many claims of the perfect bioform's creation. The finest bio-alchemical concoction to come from the distilleries of Vejovium contains the rendered-down essence of the Great Spined Beast, manufactured from the corpse of a captured Tyranid wrecker organism that the cult gave much to acquire. Those who imbibe the resultant elixir swell with physical power, their muscle mass increasing to surreal levels even as their minds fill with bloodlust.

TWISTED HELIX model only. Increase the Attacks, Toughness and Wounds characteristics of the bearer by 1.

POINTS VALUES

If you are playing a matched play game, or a game that uses a points limit, you can use the points costs to determine the total points cost of your army. To do so, simply add together the points costs of all your models and their wargear.

The points values in this book have not been included as they are out of date; for current points values, please refer to the most recent Munitorum Field Manual and/or any relevant supplements which released afterward for this army (e.g. Psychic Awakening).



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TACTICAL OBJECTIVES

The Genestealer Cults obsess about their battle plans, refining them and running simulations until they are absolutely sure they have the best possible chance of success before they commit their resources. In this intense focus lies great strength.

If your army is led by a GENESTEALER CULTS 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 Genestealer Cults player generates a Capture and Control objective (numbers 11-16), they instead generate the corresponding Genestealer Cults Tactical Objective, as shown below. Other Tactical Objectives (numbers 21-66) are generated normally.

D66 TACTICAL OBJECTIVE

- | | |
|----|-----------------------|
| 11 | Lay Low the Oppressor |
| 12 | Spread Panic and Fear |
| 13 | Spring the Trap |
| 14 | Martyrs to the Cause |
| 15 | Claim Dominion |
| 16 | Kill the Unbelievers! |

11

LAY LOW THE OPPRESSOR

Genestealer Cults

The enemy rally around their own figureheads and leaders too. Lay them low to prove the supremacy of the cult.

Score 1 victory point if any enemy **CHARACTER** models were destroyed by a **GENESTEALER CULTS** or **BROOD BROTHERS** unit from your army during this turn.

14

MARTYRS TO THE CAUSE

Genestealer Cults

Every cultist life spent in protection of the Patriarch's chosen leaders is a triumphant testament to the strength of the creed – and the futility of opposing it.

Score 1 victory point if any models from your army, other than **CHARACTERS**, were slain this turn as a result of using the Unquestioning Loyalty ability.

12

SPREAD PANIC AND FEAR

Genestealer Cults

The time has come to bring ruin to the upworlders. Burn away their illusions of safety with the terrible fires of truth.

Score 1 victory point if any enemy units failed a Morale test during this turn.

15

CLAIM DOMINION

Genestealer Cults

This land belongs to the Patriarch alone. Rip it forcefully from those who would keep it from him.

Score D3 victory points if you control an objective marker that was controlled by your opponent at the start of the turn.

13

SPRING THE TRAP

Genestealer Cults

Long has this day been planned for. Show the true cunning of the cult's masters by closing your stranglehold upon the witless sheep of the enemy's military force.

Score 1 victory point if any units from your army with the Cult Ambush ability were set up on the battlefield as reinforcements during this turn. Score D3 victory points instead if any enemy units were also destroyed by such units during this turn.

16

KILL THE UNBELIEVERS!

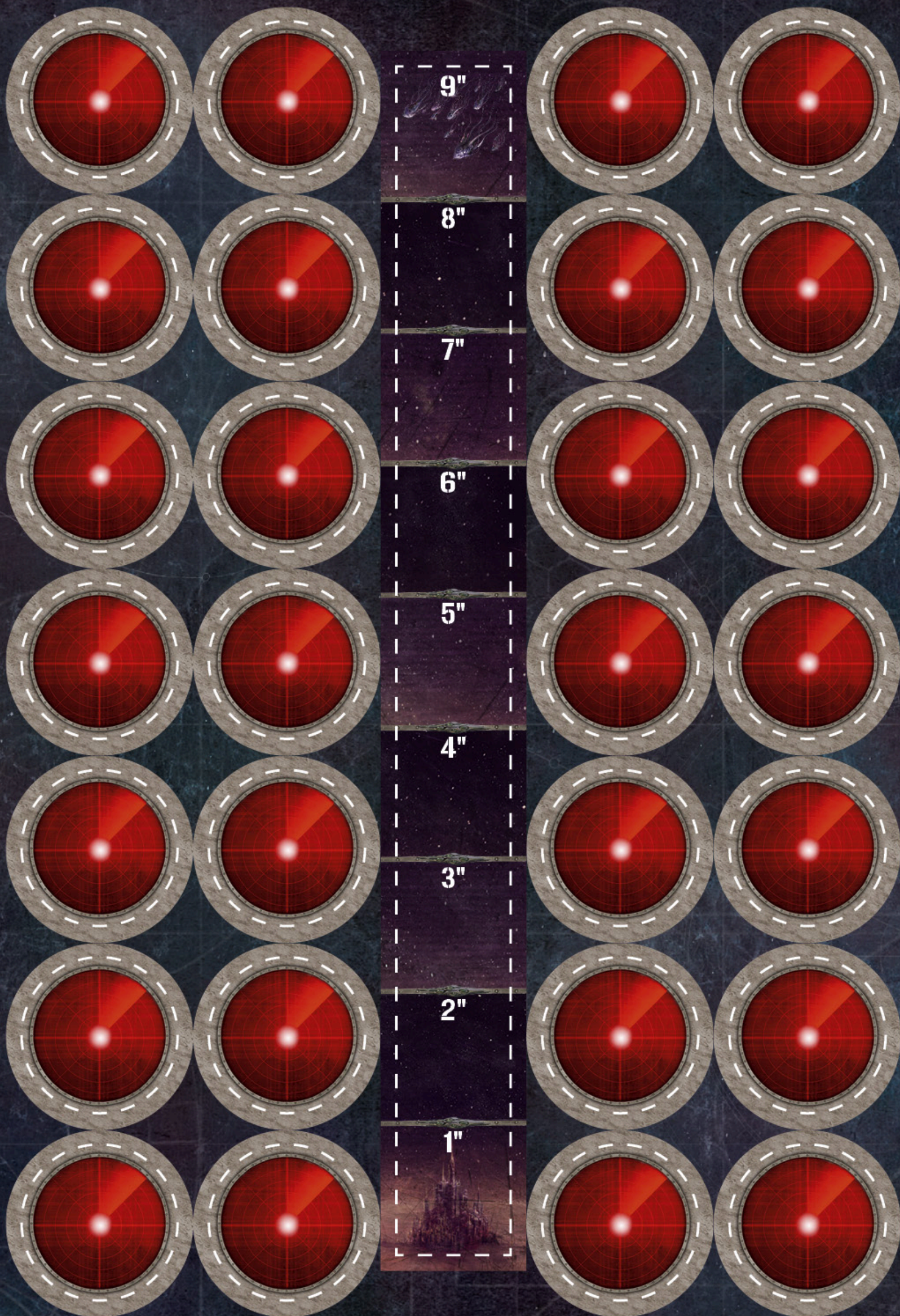
Genestealer Cults

There is no purer act in the eyes of the Patriarch than to bring death to those who stand in the uprising's path.

Score 1 victory point at the end of the turn for each enemy unit that was destroyed by a **GENESTEALER CULTS** or **BROOD BROTHERS** unit during this turn (to a maximum of 6 victory points).

'Now is the time, brothers and sisters! Cast off the shackles of Imperial oppression! Embrace the love of the Four-armed Emperor. Cry rapturous welcome to the Star Children, for with their coming we shall all be raised up to a higher state of unified glory. Praise be, brothers and sisters, for the Day of Ascension is upon us!'

- Mordecai Storn, Voice of the Final Days



WE THINK YOU'D LIKE...

The Orks are the most barbaric, the most belligerent and amongst the most numerous beings in the galaxy. A brutal warrior race for whom might makes right, the greenskins live for war. They are incredibly tough and single-minded, seeking little beyond the thunder of guns, the roar of fast vehicles, and the satisfying crunch of their knuckles into their enemies' teeth. When enough Orks gather together they form a Waaagh!, a grand crusade of savagery that sweeps through the galaxy in a tide of ramshackle war engines and psychotic destruction. Now, with the coming of the Great Rift, the Orks are on the warpath like never before, and the very stars tremble in fear.

