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CODEX SUPPLEMENT

IMPERIAL FISTS



IMPERIAL FISTS

THE SONS OF DORN

CONTENTS

Introduction	3
The Imperium's Shield.....	6
Phalanx	8
Chapter Organisation	10
The 1st Company	12
The 2nd Company	13
The 3rd Company	14
The 4th Company	15
The 5th Company	16
The 6th Company	17
The 7th Company	18
The 8th Company	19
The 9th Company	20
The 10th Company	21
Chapter Command.....	22
Armoury	23
A Glorious History.....	24
The Crimson Fists	26
Rynn's World.....	28
Uniforms and Heraldry	29
Tor Garadon	32
Darnath Lysander	34
Pedro Kantor	35

Architects of War	36
Forces of the Phalanx.....	47
Bastion of Dorn	48
Exemplars of Dorn's Legacy.....	50
Captain Lysander	51
Tor Garadon	52
Pedro Kantor	53
Sentinels of Terra	56
Warlord Traits	57
Relics of the Fists	58
Special-issue Wargear	59
Stratagems	60
Geokinesis Discipline	62
Tactical Objectives.....	63
Imperial Fists Name Generator	64



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INTRODUCTION

Approach with honour, champion of Terra! In your hands you hold priceless wisdom – a recounting of the deeds and duties of the proud Imperial Fists. Study these pages well, and learn of the Chapter's storied history; take heart from the faithful service of the sons of Dorn, and know that the Imperium shall never fall so long as they stand ready in its defence.

For ten thousand long years, the Imperial Fists have fought for the Emperor's dream, striving to bend an untamed galaxy to Mankind's will. For them, the Great Crusade never ended, it merely changed form. Where others fight and die in order to preserve the Imperium's dwindling holdings, the sons of Dorn blaze a trail of reconquest through the galaxy, bringing back into the fold worlds separated by warp storms or xenos expansion. This determination has not been without its price. The Imperial Fists have many times had to rebuild from the barest numbers in order that their mission may continue. Yet continue it has, their sacrifices of blood and bone gladly made, for such is the calling of the sons of Dorn.

The Imperial Fists offer a glorious journey to collectors, painters and gamers alike, with vibrant heraldry and a rich range of heroes, battle tanks and infantry ready to grind their foes' fortifications into the dust. Within, you will find all the inspiration you need to bring your collection to life, including a comprehensive heraldic system comprising battle honours, company markings and much more. This book also details the most famous of the Imperial Fists' successor Chapters: the Crimson Fists. Whether you wish to take up either of these Chapters' honourable mantles, or raise a new banner and found a successor Chapter of your own, you will find all the guidance and inspiration a loyal son of Terra requires. With this tome in your hands and a proud heart to give you purpose, your collection will soon be ready to take its place in the annals of Mankind!

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

THE IMPERIUM'S SHIELD: Here you will find the noble history of the Imperial Fists, including an overview of their void-borne home *Phalanx* and details of their greatest battles and campaigns.

ARCHITECTS OF WAR: Here you will find a showcase of beautifully painted Citadel Miniatures displaying the heraldry and company markings of the Imperial Fists, as well as example armies to inspire your own collection.

EXEMPLARS OF DORN'S LEGACY: This section contains datasheets and points values for the unique units available to the Imperial Fists and Crimson Fists.

SENTINELS OF TERRA: This section provides additional rules for armies drawn from the Imperial Fists and their successor Chapters that allow you to transform your collection of Citadel Miniatures into an unstoppable force of Dorn's sons.

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



As the heavy guns of Imperial defence emplacements and mobile armour pound the foe, the Imperial Fists sally forth from their bastion to meet the Alpha Legion traitors head on.







THE IMPERIUM'S SHIELD

The Imperial Fists were the most stalwart of the Space Marine Legions during the Horus Heresy, and their legend has grown with every passing century. Such heroism has always claimed its blood-price, but this is a burden the Imperial Fists bear with fortitude, for they know that their Primarch, Rogal Dorn, would have expected nothing less. Such is the Primarch's inheritance: bluntness and hard-headedness, leavened by idealism and a passion for the dream of an Imperium restored.

Like so many of his brother Primarchs, Rogal Dorn had seized a warrior's destiny long before his reunification with the Emperor. Adopted into the ruling families of the Inwit System, his talent for discipline and order had expanded that star-flung dominion's boundaries further than anyone had before him. In Dorn resided the perfect balance of humours. He had a mind appreciative not just of metal and machinery, but also the flesh and blood that must wield such tools in matters of war. Furthermore, Dorn was possessed of a stalwart idealism that melded perfectly with the Emperor's Great Crusade, and equipped him well for leadership of the fledgling VII Legion.

The Imperial Fists soon became the Emperor's praetorians; a duty they discharged with honour on worlds beyond count as the Great Crusade wore on. From the first, they proved masters of the bloody work of siege-craft. Under their Primarch's guidance, they raised and broke fortifications like no other force, safeguarding the nascent Imperium with an ever-expanding curtain wall of fortress worlds and deep-space bastions. To Dorn's calculating eye, the Imperium was a fortress and Terra its central citadel. Mankind's far-flung worlds were more than dominions to be reclaimed – they were vital ramparts in a growing whole that Dorn envisioned as the Bastion Imperialis, and owed service as readily as they were owed protection in return. As a result, few felt the betrayal of the Horus Heresy more deeply than the brooding Rogal Dorn. Each world that plunged into rebellion cracked the foundation of the immortal fortress he had laboured to build.

Though the Imperial Fists Legion is long gone – its battle-brothers divided amongst the Black Templars, Crimson Fists and other successor Chapters during the Second Founding – the Chapter that bears its name maintains the duties and traditions of old. At the end of the Scouring, the Imperial Fists observed what

they saw as the rest of the Imperium giving up on the Emperor's dream of a united Mankind, and swore to continue the fight – alone if necessary. It is said that the Great Crusade never ended for them. Refusing to focus their efforts on simply preserving what remains of the Imperium, the sons of Dorn have ever campaigned across the galaxy, prosecuting war against the enemies of Mankind.

THE PRIDE OF DORN

It is held that the Imperial Fists' finest hour came during the siege of the Emperor's Palace – the fortifying of which Rogal Dorn had been pivotal in carrying out. In truth, however, the Imperial Fists have many times been vital to the Imperium's survival, though it is a point of honour amongst the sons of Dorn that such victories are spoken of only out of need. Whilst the sons of Dorn have never been afflicted with the same clandestine secrecy endemic to the Dark Angels, neither do they approve of the braggartism that permeates Chapters such as the Space Wolves. As individuals and as a Chapter, the Imperial Fists seek purpose in the performance of great deeds, not the recounting of them. Thus, those who first encounter the sons of Dorn often perceive them as sombre and cheerless warriors. Those that know them better – not least their rivals in so many ways, the Ultramarines – recognise the passion that all Imperial Fists keep under tight rein. This continual mortification is necessary, for pride has ever been the Imperial Fists' greatest weakness.

Pride is a powerful force. It can spur a warrior on to great deeds even as those around lose all hope. It dredges fresh strength from the most debilitating of fugues, and brings forth the flame of victory from the embers of despair. Yet pride is a sword that cuts both ways, as the Chapter has too often found to its cost. *Phalanx's* Librarian contains many tales of

'Brothers! It falls to us to rebuild that which was broken. To remake the glorious Bastion Imperialis that was the Primarch's dream and duty. The flesh and bone of Mankind itself will be the rampart; the blood of traitors and heretics the mortar that binds the fastness as one. We will bring light to the dark of the Imperium Nihilus, and glory to the Emperor!'

*- Darnath Lysander,
Captain of the 1st Company*



Imperial Fists who have died needlessly, driven to fight on when Chapter and Imperium would have been better served by warriors shamed but still alive. Squads, companies and still greater portions of the Chapter's strength have been known to perish in this manner. Such losses would have destroyed the Imperial Fists, but for a recruit reserve far deeper than that of most Chapters coupled with a stubborn determination that has seen the Chapter cling to survival more than once. It is a source of pride that so long as one battle-brother yet stands to hold the Chapter banner high, the sons of Dorn will never truly be defeated. Unlike many other Chapters, the Primaris did not offer the Imperial Fists salvation, but rather an influx of ready warriors that took a flourishing Chapter to unprecedented heights of martial achievement.

In an attempt to counteract the Chapter's destructive pride, the Chaplains of the Imperial Fists preach credos intended to instil a more measured approach to war. Any defeat can be reversed, the Chapter's neophytes are taught, provided that there are warriors yet alive to see the matter done. But these teachings are just balms to soothe the incurable. Stubbornness is as

much a part of the Imperial Fists as their Primarch's gene-seed, and it is a rare battle-brother who can resist its lure forever.

For an Imperial Fist, every battle is a test of will. Those who master their pride are able to embrace the strength it offers, but also have the wisdom to know when it tempts foolishness. Such Space Marines become heroes, but they can never truly escape the hubris of their blood.

A DESIGN RENEWED

In the Era Indomitus, the mission of the Imperial Fists grinds on. Dorn's designs for the Bastion Imperialis, abandoned in the wake of Horus' betrayal, have been taken up once more. Priority is given to securing the Imperium Sanctus – those domains not sundered from Terra by the Great Rift – but the Imperial Fists are also adamant that the Imperium Nihilus must not be abandoned. Scattered worlds that have not known the Emperor's rule in centuries are bound by fresh bonds of protection and fealty. Tyrants and warlords who deem themselves safe behind towering walls and adamantium redoubts are taught new and brutal lessons: that there is no fortress the Imperial Fists cannot cast down, no shelter to be found

amongst the rubble, no weakness too small for the sons of Dorn to exploit, and nowhere to hide from their vengeance.

Guilliman's launch of the Indomitus Crusade is seen by many in the Imperial Fists as proof of a truth long-held – that the galaxy would be a very different place had Dorn and not Guilliman crafted the fate of the broken Imperium in the Heresy's wake. Though Dorn eventually embraced the principles of the Codex Astartes and broke his beloved Legion into lesser Chapters, he did so not out of desire, but out of necessity. That the Codex still holds sway over the Imperial Fists some ten thousand years on is testament to their characteristic refusal to abandon any challenge once embraced.

To the Imperial Fists the tempered aggression of the Indomitus Crusade feels more like the strategy of vanished Dorn than reborn Guilliman. They are not the only ones to believe that the crusading Lord Commander of today is in many ways a different man to the Primarch of yore. But unlike most who share this perspective, the sons of Dorn wholeheartedly approve of the change, taking it as confirmation that Dorn's precepts are in ascendance once more – whoever issues the orders.



Stalwart warriors all, the Imperial Fists are the epitome of Humanity's will to survive and its determination to dominate the galaxy no matter the obstacle, no matter the odds, no matter the foe.



PHALANX

A technological wonder of an age long lost, the battle station *Phalanx* serves the Imperial Fists as both home world and warship. To walk its halls is to walk in step with the greatest heroes of the Chapter, for *Phalanx*, more than any other construct of flesh or machinery, is the Imperial Fists' heart and soul, a relic bequeathed by a vanished Primarch to his embattled sons.

Phalanx's origins lie shrouded in the Dark Age of Technology, its builders and purpose lost to the great, yawning void that swallowed so much of Mankind's turbulent history. But it endured where the records of that time did not, battered and broken in the skies above the ice world Inwit; dormant and awaiting a master who could bind it to dutiful service once more. *Phalanx* found that master in Rogal Dorn, under whose exacting gaze the mighty battle station was restored to function. It was the labour of many arduous years, for many of *Phalanx*'s systems baffled even the most adept of Inwit's tech-savants. Nonetheless, by the time the Emperor arrived on Inwit in search of his lost son, *Phalanx*'s firepower dwarfed that of entire fleets, and its armoured hide was thought proof against even the fury of a dying star.

Thus did Rogal Dorn first greet his father, from the bridge of a war vessel whose girth rivalled that of a small moon, its foredeck crowded by battle cruisers while fighter craft untold billowed from its hangar bays. Yet *Phalanx* was not Dorn's challenge to the Emperor, but his gift. The battle station was a generous pledge of fealty, for even in that golden age it was unique in its power and fortitude. When the Emperor bade *Phalanx* remain ever in Dorn's keeping, as haven and monastery of war to the battle-brothers of the VII Legion, it became the enduring symbol of an unbreakable bond between father and son.

In the days of crusade and heresy, *Phalanx*'s shadow fell across a thousand worlds, the fury of the Imperial Fists following close behind. So formidable was the vessel that in the opening salvos of the Horus Heresy, the traitor Primarchs were said to account for the location of *Phalanx* before planning any assault, lest its judgement be visited upon their schemes at a most unwelcome hour. Had *Phalanx* taken a wider role in the Heresy, many battles might have unfolded differently, but Dorn sequestered the battle station over Terra to safeguard the Imperial Palace. It is testament to *Phalanx*'s unyielding strength that it survived the Heresy's final days, its vigilance never failing even in the darkest of times.

SANCTUM AND SHRINE

In the millennia since the Horus Heresy, *Phalanx* has continued to serve as the Imperial Fists' fortress monastery, acting as a crucial base for their fleet-borne operations. Though Terra is officially recorded as the Chapter's home world, to the Imperial Fists this is true only whilst *Phalanx* lies in orbit above that most blessed of planets.



Whether recruits are tithed from Terra, the Jovian moons, Inwit, Pharos, Necromunda or any of a score of other worlds, it is to *Phalanx* that they are brought – no matter where in the galaxy the space station is to be found – there to undertake the next phase of selection and training in the Halls Martialis. So vast is *Phalanx* that entire decks are given over to training fields designed to test aspirants to their very limits, each specially developed to represent every kind of combat environment the Imperial Fists can expect to encounter. These rigorous training cycles assess thousands of inductees, though just handfuls will prove themselves worthy of Rogal Dorn's gene-seed and legacy.

Of those that remain, perhaps half survive to earn the lesser honour of induction into *Phalanx*'s Auric Auxilia – a standing body of troops tasked with the station's defence – or else serve as feudal overseers and proctors on the tithe worlds. Even the dead serve, in their way, their matter compressed to super-dense specks around which the ordnance for *Phalanx*'s punishing macro-cannons is crafted.

Phalanx is a world unto itself, crewed by millions of souls and accompanied by a fleet of a size and splendour otherwise unseen since the time of the Great Crusade. Within its battle-scarred shell lie dusty passageways untrodden for many generations, and halls that yet echo with the stentorian decrees of warriors long-dead. Even those reaches well-travelled by shuttle-craft, grav-train or unflagging stride seem full of old ghosts and ever watchful eyes. It is as if Dorn himself is still present, judging the deeds of those who follow in his footsteps.

The battle station is a stronghold such as only the sons of Dorn could design, thick with emplacements, bastions and entire fortresses of unsleeping watch. Slinking aboard unheeded is possible only through great trickery, and afterwards an intruder will find death in every hallway. Even accredited emissaries to *Phalanx* are accompanied at all times – a restriction especially trying for Adeptus Mechanicus delegates, who yearn to delve into the vessel's secrets. But infraction means death, swiftly delivered.

Yet above all, *Phalanx* is a temple to duty, its lumens ever suppressed to sombre tones. Every wall is adorned with reminders of battles won and lost, telling of glorious heroics and iniquities beyond forgiveness. No workmanlike, clinical hulk is *Phalanx*; it is a work of immense and brutal art. Ornate murals and bas-reliefs decorate its passageways, commemorating victories on Terra, Askanisa, the Consus Drift, Malodrax and a thousand others. Kilometres-long halls with floors of polished marble are filled with trophies innumerable; the last remnants of races and empires utterly lost to memory after they were conquered by the Imperial Fists. Meanwhile, towering likenesses of fallen battle-brothers gaze sternly across hangar bays and moorings, the heroes of old vigilant still in the Emperor's service.

Deep in *Phalanx*'s venerable heart, sealed from all but the most trusted outsiders, are the shrines of the Imperial Fists. The Temple of Oaths was once the spiritual heart of the VII Legion, dedicated to





the ideals of the Great Crusade. It now stands sealed and forbidden, for those who were once permitted to walk its halls without leave from Dorn have been dead for millennia. The nearby Cloister of Remembrance is the Chapter's closest equivalent. Where the Temple of Oaths is said to be hung with captured trophies and battle honours, the Cloister is unfurnished and austere. It is here that the Captains of the present renew oaths taken beneath the statues of heroes.

Surrounding these two great shrines is a ring of armouries, meditation chambers and arenas, each named for an ancient battle honour. Ritualised duelling is a common and encouraged practice within the Imperial Fists, for it not only allows disagreements to be settled before they have a chance to fester, but also keeps mind and body sharp.

Perhaps the greatest shrine of all is *Phalanx's* strategium, from which commands are issued not only to the battle station itself, but also to the accompanying fleet. *Phalanx* is deployed according to the will of the Chapter Master, but fights under the direction of the Commodore – a company Captain elevated to such exalted office only after accruing a spotless battle record spanning many decades. Supported by officers, navigators, tech-magi and the myriad panoply of void-borne war, the Commodore acts without fear or doubt, marshalling the *Phalanx's* formidable wrath with the precision of a true veteran.

It is in the strategium also that the Chapter's officers renew their oaths before Dorn's stasis-locked, skeletal hand. Though wishful rumours abound that Dorn continues the noble fight to this day, this hand is the only known remnant of the Primarch since his disappearance aboard the Despoiler-class Chaos battleship *Sword of Sacrilege*. It is rightly said, with grim humour uncommon among his otherwise stoic sons, that Dorn yet has a hand in every world liberated and every heretic slain.

A LEGEND REBORN

Yet for all *Phalanx's* glory, it is suffused with a sombre, ineluctable truth. Millennia of constant warfare have taken a high toll. Despite unceasing effort, more of the mighty vessel's systems fail each year, and the skill required to repair them has long passed out of living memory. By the close of the 41st Millennium, *Phalanx*

functioned at a bare tenth of its former glory. It but seldom bestrode the stars as a colossus of war, and its venerable engines were coaxed to life only in the most dire need. Once home to a Legion over a hundred thousand strong, with millions of serfs, menials and attendants, many of its vast halls and barracks are now abandoned, not needed by the much smaller Chapter that carries the Legion's name.

Worse yet, during a fateful battle above doomed Cadia during Abaddon the Despoiler's 13th Black Crusade, *Phalanx* bore the wrathful brunt of not only the arch-traitor's Black Fleet, but also an entire Blackstone Fortress. *Phalanx* emerged victorious, but thereafter lingered long in Terran orbit, where its wounds were tended on the orders of Roboute Guilliman himself. The Primarch Reborn determined that his brother's legendary vessel would once again ply the stars in the Emperor's name, cleansing the galaxy of foes.

In an act of rare solidarity, Custodes of the Shadowkeepers Shield Host opened

one of their dark cells and presented Vorn Hagan, the Imperial Fists Chapter Master, with secret technology that had been hidden deep within their vaults. They claimed that it would perhaps give the sons of Dorn a chance to restore their spiritual home and flagship to at least some of its former glory. Embracing this gift graciously, the Imperial Fists immediately put this technology to work, with staggering results.

Once the repairs were completed, *Phalanx* operated at a level not seen in countless years. Normally dispassionate Imperial Fists gazed in wonder at chambers that had been forgotten, as cannons that had long been dormant hummed into life. Some openly speculated about the possibility of an ulterior motive behind the Adeptus Custodes' aid; Captain Lysander insisted that security vetting protocols be redoubled throughout the ship's crews and systems lest spying eyes had been left amongst them. Regardless, the battle station is born anew, outshining any Imperial vessel, and now traverses the stars ready to strike down the enemies of the Imperium once more.



There are few foes *Phalanx* cannot overwhelm, and fewer still who do not tremble in its terrifying presence. In the Era Indomitus it plies the stars, repaired and ready to fight.



CHAPTER ORGANISATION

The Imperial Fists follow the logistical teachings of the *Codex Astartes* – the treatise written by Roboute Guilliman to curtail the power of the old Legions. Though the Imperial Fists were more hesitant than other Legions to adopt the Codex, its wisdom came to be accepted, and has helped to guide the sons of Dorn to countless triumphs.

Rogal Dorn rejected the teachings of the *Codex Astartes* at first. Embittered by the long wars of the Horus Heresy and the merciless Scouring that followed, he resented that Guilliman – who had fought only peripheral campaigns while Dorn had stood in defence of the Emperor's Palace itself – now dared to dictate matters of war and duty to the Imperial Fists. Dorn remained intractable, yielding only when another round of costly civil war seemed inevitable. Recognising the ruinous path his pride had charted, he agreed to respect the principles of the *Codex Astartes*. Henceforth, the Imperial Fists would be a Legion no longer, but one Chapter amongst many.

Where some Chapters made modifications to the *Codex Astartes* to suit their individual needs, the Imperial Fists applied no such alterations. Once committed to Guilliman's precepts, they remained so without deviation. This was in no small part due to the fact that the most fiercely independent warriors of the old Legion were excised into the Black Templars during the Second Founding. Those who remained were determined to master the tenets of the *Codex Astartes*, and prove themselves the equals – or indeed, the superiors – of the Ultramarines, even in the application of Guilliman's doctrines. As a result, aside from a few organisational quirks centred around accommodating *Phalanx* into the

Chapter hierarchy, the Imperial Fists are supremely Codex-adherent.

The 1st Company consists of hardened warriors promoted from elsewhere in the Chapter, and is rightly famed for its precision Terminator assaults. It is uncommon for 1st Company battle-brothers to take to the field as a single formation, however. Instead, they usually deploy in smaller numbers to form the granite core of a strike force.



The 2nd through 5th Companies are the Battle Companies – carefully balanced to ensure a versatile response to any threat a war zone might present. Each is a self-contained army in its own right, more than capable of bringing a campaign to a successful conclusion with a combination of overwhelming fire and furious close-quarters assault. While the *Codex Astartes* specifies the ratio of battleline, close support and fire support squads, it is considerably less precise concerning the specialised wargear these units should draw from the Armoury. Accordingly,

Imperial Fists Battle Companies make prodigious use of Centurion warsuits and Gravis armour, greatly increasing each company's firepower.

The 6th through 9th Companies serve as the Imperial Fists' Reserve Companies. These are primarily concerned with supporting the Battle Companies during deployments, either by providing additional punch to a particular discipline of warfare, or by filling gaps opened up by casualties. The Reserve Companies seldom shoulder the burden of a war zone without support from elsewhere in the Chapter, but each is more than capable of doing so should need arise. Indeed, Chapter command encourages such deployments when suitable, seeing them as excellent training opportunities. More than any Chapter, the Imperial Fists consider battle distinct from drill only in the higher level of bloodshed anticipated.

The 10th Company is the Scout Company, responsible not only for tutoring neophytes in the Chapter's ways of war but also for maintaining a corps of experienced Vanguard squads. Vigorously trained by experienced veterans of the Chapter, the neophytes who fight as Scouts come to understand both their craft and their Chapter. Those neophytes that make it this far have already survived the rigours of the initial selection process, but their true training has barely begun.

THE INITIATE'S PATH

The *Codex Astartes* holds that a battle-brother's journey should be a linear one, beginning in the Scout Company, and passing in turn through the Reserve Companies to hone their skills. In most Codex Chapters, this means that a battle-brother who earns elevation from the Scout Company will progress in precisely that order, first battling the foe from a distance in the 9th Company, then eye-to-eye in the 8th, before finally harnessing both lessons in perfect balance in the Reserve Battleline Companies of the 7th and 6th. Only then are they deemed worthy of a posting to one of the Chapter's Battle Companies.

However, the *Codex Astartes* does not specify the precise order of transition – a fact of which the Imperial Fists take full advantage. Thus most graduates of the Imperial Fists 10th

Company are elevated first to the 8th Company, where they are encouraged to purge themselves of any impetuosity through the fury of close assault, the better that they might come to know the discipline expected of an Imperial Fist. Cleansed of distracting humours, they then progress to the 9th Company, where a more settled soul makes for a smoother grasp of the precision fire doctrines for which the Chapter is renowned.

From there, they pass through the Reserve Battleline Companies as normal, but the focus on precision fire remains such that by the time a battle-brother enters one of the Chapter's Battle Companies, there are few warriors in the galaxy more accomplished in delivering death to those who shelter behind walls or within bunker complexes.

Seen below is the strategic disposition of the Imperial Fists Chapter at the beginning of the Indomitus Crusade.



ARMOURY
Atornus Geis
Master of the Forge

Techmarines
Servitors
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships
Warsuits



RECLUSIAM
Harcourt Guaron
Master of Sanctity

Reclusiarch
Chaplains



CHAPTER COMMAND

Gregor Dessian
Chapter Master

Commodore Mirac Chalosa
Lord Phalanx and
Master of the Fleet

Honour Guard
Chapter Equeries
Serfs and Servitors



APOTHECARION

Talan Dyserna
Chief Apothecary

Apothecaries



LIBRARIUS
Xeros Darsway
Chief Librarian

Epistolaries
Codiciers
Lexicaniums
Acolytum

1ST COMPANY

'The Emperor's Shield'
Veteran Company

Captain
Darnath Lysander
The Emperor's Wrath

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Veteran Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles
Land Raiders



2ND COMPANY

'The Scions of Redemption'
Battle Company

Captain Zandar Chiros
Master of Rituals

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles



3RD COMPANY

'The Sentinels of Terra'
Battle Company

Captain Tor Garadon
The Bastion of Defiance

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles



4TH COMPANY

'The Victors of Brax'
Battle Company

Captain Alars Lydoro
Master Armourer

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles



5TH COMPANY

'The Heralds of Truth'
Battle Company

Captain Dravastis Fane
Keeper of the Archive

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles



6TH COMPANY

'The Siege Hammers'
Reserve
Battleline Company

Captain Hector Antaros
Master of Vigilance

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Battleline Squads

Battle Tanks
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles



7TH COMPANY

'Guardians of Phalanx'
Reserve
Battleline Company

Captain Orpheus Taelos
Bearer of the Grail

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Battleline Squads

Battle Tanks
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles



8TH COMPANY

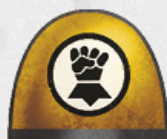
'Dorn's Huscarls'
Reserve Close
Support Company

Captain Aeneas Strom
Wielder of Terra's Flame

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Close Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles



9TH COMPANY

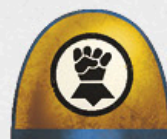
'The Wardens'
Reserve Fire
Support Company

Captain Miklos Kaheron
Master of Devastation

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Fire Support Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles



10TH COMPANY

'The Eyes of Dorn'
Scout Company

Captain Metrios Carr
Master of Reconnaissance

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Vanguard Squads
Scouts

Bikes
Land Speeders
Transport Vehicles



THE 1ST COMPANY

THE EMPEROR'S SHIELD

The 1st Company have borne many names over the millennia, each reflecting the Chapter's wider duties at the time. In the days of the Dark Imperium, they use a title that represents their inviolable mission: to make Terra the central citadel of an unbreachable fortress. That it also serves to remind Guilliman of the Imperial Fists' finest hour is likely no coincidence.

As the Imperial Fists' Veteran Company, the warriors of the 1st carry out both the heaviest of combat duties and the oldest ceremonial roles. They are the Chapter's thunderbolt, striking from troubled skies to deliver the Emperor's Light where it is needed most. In keeping with the Imperial Fists' affinity for siege-craft, they have long been known to deploy in Tactical Dreadnought Armour, favouring the bluntest of weapons from an arsenal scarcely known for its subtlety. Thunder hammers, cyclone missile launchers and chainfists are commonly utilised, the better to breach any fortifications in the Company's path. Such has ever been the Imperial Fists' way – to strike where the enemy is strongest, and hammer humiliation upon their broken bodies.

However, in recent years, the 1st Company has displayed a tactical flexibility seldom seen in the annals of the Imperial Fists. The credit for this can most readily be laid at the feet of its Captain, Darnath Lysander, a rare son of Dorn who has come through the crucible of pride and humility with lessons learned. Lysander's long tenure as commander of the 1st has seen the company undertake a more flexible battlefield stance. Lighter and nimbler marks of armour are deployed as a scalpel, where the hammer of Terminator assault is wasteful, or inefficient. Where before the 1st would overrun an enemy position and leave the tasks of securing vital ground and winnowing out the last defenders to other companies or Astra Militarum regiments, now they as often detail Veterans from their own ranks to assume these duties. How long such doctrines will survive Lysander's elevation or death remains to be seen. Stubbornness and the drive for glory is in the Imperial Fists' blood, and few of Lysander's potential successors have learned the lesson that a warrior's duties take many forms.

When the fires of war ebb and rare moments of repose are offered, the 1st Company serve as the guardians of the Chapter's relics – much as their predecessors in the old Legion once did. Each arena aboard *Phalanx* is maintained

under the watchful gaze of a Veteran Sergeant and his squad – as are the artefacts stasis-locked within. Indeed, many Veteran Sergeants of the 1st abandon their own name upon attaining that lauded rank, adopting instead the name of their duelling arena's foremost battle honour. Should that Sergeant earn promotion to elsewhere in the Chapter, he leaves that name behind. Thus when Aeneas Roma left the 1st to become Captain of the 8th, he was no longer entitled to bear the fabled 'Roma' battle honour as his name, and became Aeneas Strom once more. Such tradition forms a deeper 'honour brethren' within the Chapter. When a strike force's commander calls upon aid from the 1st Company, he is certain to request those marked as his brethren by their battle honours.

'Gaze upon the deeds of old, brothers, but remember always that the triumphs of history are naught but ash unless reconsecrated by the blood and valour of the present, in every battle of every war. Our ancestors stood witness at the birth of the Emperor's dream. Our inheritors will see that dream complete!'

- Captain Darnath Lysander



The Imperial Fists bear their Chapter symbol on the left shoulder pauldron and their squad number and battlefield role on their right.

Veteran Intercessor Halsor carries an auto bolt rifle. The white of his helmet and pauldron trim indicates his Veteran status and membership of the 1st Company. The marking on his right shoulder indicates that he is a Veteran of the 5th Squad.

THE 2ND COMPANY

THE SCIONS OF REDEMPTION

The 2nd Company are the custodians of the Chapter's collective guilt, fighting ever to make amends for failures past. Thus the name Scions of Redemption is no figurative title. Their search for atonement colours the company's every action, both on and off the field of battle, and will never cease.

The Imperial Fists hold a reputation for the aggressive pursuit of penance for even the slightest failures. Rogal Dorn's belief that pain burns away impurity and brings necessary clarity is enshrined within the Chapter's oldest rituals, most notably in the use of the Pain Glove – a horrific web of electro-fibres designed to stimulate nerve endings and hold the wearer fully conscious while his body burns in simulated fire.

Nowhere in the Imperial Fists Chapter is Dorn's legacy of purity through pain observed more passionately than in the 2nd Company. Though Imperial records are at best mixed on the topic, it is traditionally held that it was the 2nd Company's failure that led to the Chapter's near-annihilation during the era known as the Rise of the Beast – a dismal day that left but a single Imperial Fist standing, and the Chapter's future reliant on reconstitution from its successors.

Every failure since, no matter how small, is considered a throwback to those dark times, as if the 2nd Company itself is somehow cursed with weakness. And such weakness can, of course, only be excised through pain.

In another Chapter, the 2nd Company would perhaps be purged, its battle-honours struck and a new, unsullied tradition begun. But the Imperial Fists are nothing if not shaped by their history, and over time the 2nd Company has come to represent something more than its own failures. Tolerating the open wound of the company's presence has in many ways become the Chapter's own penance – a burden borne for inadequacies past. In turn, the 2nd – even the new-comes Primaris, who can hardly be held culpable for the failures of old – bear that penance alongside their own, mortifying flesh and fallible spirit in the Pain Glove's grasp.

This obsession has led to the 2nd Company adopting the most methodical of battle tactics, for they are determined not to invoke further dishonour through rash behaviour. Thus do they advance in a mechanical manner perhaps more fitting to the robotic maniples of the Adeptus Mechanicus than the Adeptus Astartes, with transport-mounted squads and Bikers performing vanguard reconnaissance while the 2nd Company's main body advances, bolt rifles roaring a penitent hymn.

Yet service in the 2nd is certainly not considered dishonourable or shameful. On the contrary, there is no nobler cause than to bear the collective sins of one's brothers, however inflated by ritual and collected guilt those sins might be, and to seek to atone for them. Thus the 2nd Company fight with a cold fury surpassing even that of their comrades, determined to restore not only an honour lost in ages past, but to sustain that of all those they call brothers.



THE 3RD COMPANY

THE SENTINELS OF TERRA

The 3rd Company perhaps best represent the tenacity of the Imperial Fists, but also reveal the cost of the Chapter's unflagging resolve. The Sentinels of Terra have on many occasions been reduced to the barest handful of battle-brothers, only to claw themselves back from the abyss through adherence to the precepts the Imperial Fists holds most dear.

It has long been a credo of the Chapter that blood spent in battle is an offering made to the Emperor. If such is true, then there are none higher in the Emperor's sight than the Sentinels of Terra. Despite suffering punishing casualties in the final years of the 41st Millennium, the Imperial Fists 3rd Company never fails to rise anew, stronger and deadlier than before. Indeed, Chapter Master Vorn Hagan was known to refer to the 3rd Company as a single entity of war that sloughs off its weakness in the maelstrom of battle, like a serpent rubbing its belly upon rock to divest itself of old scales.

In a Chapter known for its inflexible ways, the 3rd Company are unusually adaptable to circumstance, often disdained by other sons of Dorn for possessing a martial stance more suited to the Ultramarines. If such is meant in insult, the Sentinels of Terra bear it proudly, content that their roster of victories speaks for them thunderously.

Such is the attritive nature of the 3rd Company's battles that their ranks more than any other have seen aggressive reinforcement. The need to keep the Sentinels of Terra at fighting strength has been so great at times that the usual progression between companies has been overridden. Space Marines from every Reserve Company, and even especially promising neophytes undergoing final transformation, have all transferred directly to the 3rd Company. Such has become merely another reason to cast askance gazes at the 3rd. Yet here, the company's adaptability again proves its worth. As part of the rites of induction into the company, new battle-brothers must spar with one of the Sentinels' Sergeants in *Phalanx*'s duelling rings. Fluidly adjusting their fighting style, the experienced Sergeant will quickly pitch the inductee from their feet. Bruises and broken bones are quickly mended, but serve as swift eliminators of pride, forging strong bonds of brotherhood.

Undying hatred burns in the Sentinels' hearts for the Iron Warriors Warsmith Shon'tu. On many occasions have they pursued this foe, only for him to slip out of their grasp even when they thought his wounds were beyond recovery. Shon'tu has instigated Tyranid incursions and Ork predations, and is responsible for the deaths of hundreds of Imperial Fists. His head is eagerly sought by the 3rd Company, and will be theirs in time.

The Sentinels continue to serve as only they can, spearheading the assault when the bluntness of the 1st Company or the flagellatory zeal of the 2nd would bring problems of their own. With each battle won or lost, they edge closer to perfection; to the epitome of what it means to be not only an Imperial Fist, but a member of the Adeptus Astartes. Whether they will ever reach that hallowed state or perish striving for it remains to be seen, but their road will surely be one of honour.



THE 4TH COMPANY

THE VICTORS OF BRAX

Even in a Chapter renowned for its siege-craft, the battle-brothers of the 4th Company have earned great distinction as fortress breakers. Seeing subtlety as prevarication, they seek victory through direct means, crushing the foe amidst the roar of Land Raider engines and the pulverising tread of warsuits.

When the Alpha Legion provoked an uprising on the fortress world of Brax, the Imperium's initial response ended in disaster. While internecine warfare raged from bastion to bastion, the Alpha Legion played no role on the shifting battlefronts. Instead, they focused their efforts on the secret seizure of Brax's skyfire arrays, and waited for the inevitable planetstrike. Unaware of the trap, Lord General Praecillus ordered a full-scale assault as soon as the punitive fleet arrived in orbit. In the slaughter that followed, Praecillus lost a Titan Legion, six Astra Militarum regiments and no small quantity of auxiliary assets, without ever claiming more than a kilometre of Brax's bunker complexes.

'Let the skies roar and the world tremble! I come to this place with the Emperor's fury in my soul, and I shall not be denied!'

*- Captain Alars Lydoro,
at the Conquest of Brax*

By the time the Imperial Fists 4th Company diverted from the Mangora battle zone, Praecillus had already requested authority to commence Exterminatus. For the 4th Company's Captain Lydoro, such measures halted just shy of heresy. The Imperial Fists had reclaimed Brax from the darkness of the Noctis Aeterna but a decade earlier, and the fortress world had become a linchpin in the Bastion Imperialis reborn. Ignoring Praecillus' bluster with customary stoicism, Lydoro wasted no time in launching a planetstrike of his own; one that would reverse the Imperium's fortunes.

It began with a punishing orbital strike on the northern continent's skyfire complex, Brax Ultima. A Drop Pod assault at demi-company strength followed before the thunder of the bombardment had echoed away. Outnumbered a dozen times over, the Imperial Fists suffered horrendous casualties, and Lydoro himself lost both an arm and an eye in the intense fighting. But thanks to the Imperial Fists' dogged determination, the Alpha Legion were driven back into Brax Ultima's sprawling aegis

defence lines, long enough for Lydoro to seize control of the skyfire complex and unleash his true assault.

Not for nothing did Alars Lydoro carry the title of Master Armourer. Ahead of the battle, he had commandeered every uncommitted suit of Centurion and Gravis armour for the 4th Company, and every Land Raider that could be spared. Scarcely had the sky above Brax Ultima gone dark when the remainder of the company roared into battle aboard gunships of every stripe. This golden fist crushed the Alpha Legion counter-assault before the wounded Lydoro's position could be overrun, and thereafter ground its way through the trench lines towards the neighbouring complex of Brax Proxima, their advance as remorseless as the unfolding of history. By the time Brax Resplenda fell three days later, elements of the stymied relief army defied the callow Praecillus and threw their support behind the 4th Company. Only then, with the big guns of the Astra Militarum's heavy artillery hammering out a hymn of inevitable victory, did Lydoro give himself over to the care of his Apothecaries.

The conquest reshaped the 4th Company's identity, not least with their new moniker – the Victors of Brax – which the Chapter Council decreed would ever after celebrate their fearless dedication to the Bastion Imperialis. As the Indomitus Crusade unfolds, the company fights as an unstoppable, pulverising fist, its forces bolstered by the armoured warsuits and battle tanks that filled Brax's aegis lines with traitor blood, as well as the wondrous Repulsor and Repulsor Executioner gravitic tanks that Dorn would surely have admired.

What the Victors of Brax lack in speed, they more than compensate for in sheer, intractable mass. Though their attacks may seem relatively slow and grinding, it is often the case that they leave behind no trace of those foolish enough to be caught in their path. Captain Alars Lydoro leads them still, an augmetic arm and eye replacing those lost in his hour of triumph. It is rumoured that this eye's gaze is ever drawn to the Iron Warriors strongholds on the Daemon world of Medrengard, the destruction of which would be the ultimate challenge for the ultimate siege breakers.

THE ARMOUR OF TYR

Amongst the 4th Company's relics is a suit of Cataphractii Terminator Armour worn during the Horus Heresy by Captain Amandus Tyr, who perished in the Battle of Phall at the hands of Perturabo, Primarch of the Iron Warriors. Conventional practice would see such a suit in the keeping of the 1st Company, alongside the rest of the Chapter's limited store of Tactical Dreadnought Armour. However, Chapter Master Vladimir Pugh decreed that the Armour of Tyr would ever look to the 4th Company for guardianship, in recognition of their valour and sacrifice in reclaiming it from the benighted Iron Warriors stronghold of Brisengard. Such a relic is a direct link to the Chapter's earliest history, and therefore to Dorn himself.

Pugh never lived to see the Armour of Tyr unleashed in righteous battle once more, for it took many long centuries to scrape away the indignities levied upon it by the Iron Warriors and restore it to full function. Ever since, however, it has been the honour of the 4th Company's Captain to wear the suit in battle and continue the legacy of a long-dead hero. Had Captain Lydoro worn the Armour of Tyr during the Conquest of Brax, his left arm might well still be flesh and blood to this day. Alas, the suit's bulk precluded its use in the Drop Pod assault, and a warrior such as Lydoro would never have countenanced ceding command to another, even though it meant leaving the armour behind.

THE 5TH COMPANY

THE HERALDS OF TRUTH

For the Heralds of Truth, war is an ideological contest as much as it is a test of might. Misdirection and subterfuge they disdain as unfitting tools for a righteous warrior, and meet every contest head-on, no matter if circumspection might have better served the Emperor's cause.

The Heralds of Truth are responsible for preserving the *Scriptum Ascenda* – the great archive of Rogal Dorn's commentary on the Great Crusade, the Heresy and the Scouring that followed. Dorn was famously direct in his manner of speech, and there is little doubt that his uncompromising view of the galaxy as a whole – and the Imperium in particular – would be nothing short of shockingly enlightening to modern scholars. However, no scholar has ever been permitted to roam the archive's corridors – only the 5th Company's

senior officers and chosen members of the Reclusiam and Librarius are permitted access. Alas, the truths contained therein are fractured and fleeting, their secrets slipping away as tech-adepts labour to maintain *Phalanx*'s venerable functions. What remain are snippets and snatchings of once encyclopaedic journals, Dorn's great military schema, and predictions of the unfolding millennia now reduced to little more than garbled prophecy.

Still, the 5th Company endeavours to see that Dorn's voice remains heard in the Imperial Fists' dealings. As Keeper of the Archive, its Captain holds a unique

position on the Chapter Council, and his voice carries further in matters of strategy and doctrine than his rank might suggest. It is telling that in ten millennia of Chapter history, more Chapter Masters have been appointed directly after leading the 5th Company than those from all other companies combined.

On campaign, the Heralds of Truth deploy with grim procession and heraldic panoply, bearing banners and company relics from the days of the Legion. Gothic script proclaims the lineage of every squad and battle tank – their deeds, their triumphs and the roster of the slain – for one truth decreed by the 5th stands out as pre-eminent: that even the lowliest and most wretched of men can be raised to heroism, if they are but given inspiration. It is the company's sacred duty to ensure that those liberated by the Imperial Fists are left in no doubt as to who is responsible. Proud banners are raised on fortifications and battlements, and statues struck from stone to mark battles hard-won. Thus do Rogal Dorn and the Emperor claim new victories ten thousand years after either last trod the contested dirt of far-flung worlds, and long-sundered populaces learn their names and legends anew.

CAPTAIN DRAVASTIS FANE

When Dravastis Fane first entered the *Scriptum Ascenda*, he was struck by a revelation. Amongst the scattered records, he gleaned Dorn's fears that the corrupting tendrils of Chaos burrowed far deeper into the Imperium than any suspected, and hinted at an unfolding pattern too vast for one mind to easily comprehend. Vorn Hagan, then Chapter Master and himself once commander of the 5th Company, resolved to enter the archive in search of corroboration. But war intervened, and *Phalanx* became embroiled in the Fall of Cadia. The *Scriptum Ascenda* suffered untold damage during that fateful battle, and many entries Fane had consulted were lost.

Unable to prove his revelation, Fane's obsession has only grown stronger. His search for truth has become a personal one, driving him to distant worlds whose secrets might portend events yet to come. So Fane believes; but whether his theories hold any truth has yet to be revealed.



THE 6TH COMPANY

THE SIEGE HAMMERS

For all Rogal Dorn's belief in the Bastion Imperialis, he knew that even the strongest of walls were worth nothing without righteous warriors upon their ramparts. Such wisdom echoes down the centuries, forming the adamantium core of the 6th Company's mission.

The mission of the Adeptus Astartes is one of lightning war, to overwhelm the foe's defences and leave nothing but broken dreams in their wake. Yet the anarchy of battle seldom allows warriors to fight entirely in the manner of their choosing. No matter how well-laid the plan or how disciplined one's comrades, there comes a time when the tide turns, and attackers are forced on the defensive. Dorn understood this well, having seen the advances of the Great Crusade undone and Terra itself placed under siege, and when his Legion was broken into Chapters he ensured that one full company would master the arts of siege-craft from upon the battlements rather than before them, ensuring that should the Imperial Fists ever find themselves on the defensive, they would know triumph.



Thus was the foundation of the Imperial Fists 6th Company laid down, borne on the shoulders of those who had excelled in the grim trench warfare of the Iron Cage – that great and bloody conflict in the immediate aftermath of the Horus Heresy between the Imperial Fists Legion and those who are their twisted reflection, the Iron Warriors. The newly formed 6th Company embraced all the lessons unintentionally taught by jealous Perturabo and his Iron Warriors, buttressing an already accomplished understanding of siege-craft with the grim science of defence. If the stern eye of Dorn was not motivation enough, the hope of one day visiting ruin on the traitors of Medregard with doctrines of their own devising was a spur to greatness.

Such ruin has yet to be delivered, but the traditions of the 6th continue. As one of the Chapter's Reserve Battleline Companies, the Siege Hammers are responsible for a significant

proportion of every battle-brother's training, ensuring that in times of need all Imperial Fists can fall back on the lessons learnt in the company. Indeed, those who remain permanently with the Siege Hammers as Sergeants only grow more accomplished in their bloody trade, their specialised wisdom coming to the fore whenever battle must be endured from behind fortress walls. There is no defensive position the steely-eyed Sergeants of the 6th cannot improve upon, and it is a rare Captain who does not form his battle plans around a core of these officers' devising.

As the Imperial Fists prosecute their wars in the Era Indomitus, 6th Company squads accompany a high proportion of strike forces, tasked with securing sites of strategic importance as the campaign rages on. Indeed, at Xalto V, a world in open rebellion, Intercessor Squad Phaerion oversaw the construction and defence of a rampart complex that stretched for a league between the main landing fields and the volcanic foothills. So lethal were the layered defences and automated kill zones built into that lonely stretch of rampart that those few battle-brothers held their ground with no aid save from the servitors responsible for its construction. For nearly a week, Idolatrix Serrasta spent the lives of her blood-drunk cultists against the wall until its fall became a total obsession. Serrasta took the rampart at the last, slaughtering all but one of the battle-brothers who had stymied her advance. But by then the Xaltoic Heresy was all but crushed, the regiments of Astra Militarum who had declared for the Idolatrix obliterated by the 4th Company's pinpoint strikes and her hordes of cultists exhausted by the indomitable warriors of the 6th.

In support of its defensive duties, the 6th Company draws heavily from the Chapter Armoury, supplementing its infantry-borne heavy weapons with Thunderfire Cannons, Dreadnoughts and artillery tanks. When assembled en masse, the Siege Hammers' preferred battle formations are often mistaken by chroniclers for those of the 9th Company, so overwhelming is their output of fire. Indeed, Captain Antaros has many times boasted that his 'mere' Reserve Battleline Company will match the 9th's fury any day – a claim that never fails to rouse Captain Kaheron's ire.



BATTLELINE MARKINGS

The heraldic markings indicating that an Imperial Fists squad is of the battleline role can vary depending on a number of factors, including company or squad leadership, the campaign being fought and the nature of the enemy being engaged. Nonetheless, the pointed arrow always remains the focal point for the design, ensuring that officers can swiftly identify their battleline squads even in the fiercest fighting.

The Ork roared its last. The guttural sound swallowed the choking snarl of the chainsword's motor and the wet rasp of ruined flesh. The greenskin's ravaged body joined the others clogging the breach in the manufactorum's outer wall.

The strong wind joined with the roaring thunder of engines and the crackle of shoota-fire. The work was not yet done.

Ardan keyed his vox. 'Strike Force Hammerfall, report.'

'Squad Solus reporting. The refinery remains secure. One casualty.'

'Squad Trenon reporting. Compromised by artillery fire. Falling back to secondary positions.'

Other responses crackled in from across the battle zone, issuing tallies of greenskins slain and estimates of those remaining.

A thunderous boom tore the remainder of the ferrocrete wall apart. A mechanical behemoth loomed out of the drifting smoke, small arms fire blazing from gun ports in its mismatched hide. The Stompa's gun arm clattered in reload.

'All squads, withdraw to secondary positions,' said Ardan. 'May the Emperor...'

Searing light converged through the smoke. The Stompa's gun arm disintegrated in a deafening explosion as the chambered shell detonated.

A trio of Land Speeders appeared around the war machine's flanks. Familiar sounds joined the clamour of battle. The roar of Rhino engines, the scream of plasma incinerators and the staccato fury of bolter volleys.

The vox crackled with a new voice. 'Captain Taelos to Hammerfall. Hold your ground, brothers. The 7th stands with you.'

THE 7TH COMPANY

THE GUARDIANS OF PHALANX

The 7th Company are charged with the defending of *Phalanx*. None know the layered defences of its halls as well as they, nor guard them so jealously. In them tvvhere is a reverence for the ageless machine normally observed only in the Chapter's Techmarines.

So important is the bond between the 7th Company and *Phalanx* that when a Captain ascends to the company's command, his primary heart is ritually removed and replaced with an augmetic device crafted from the battle station's own components. This transfer of 'flesh' serves to remind the Captain of his new-struck bond – the augmetic heart is considerably heavier than the one it replaces, and causes an ever-present pressure in his chest.

Towards the end of the 41st Millennium, when *Phalanx* was almost destroyed twice over – once at the hands of the Daemon Prince Be'lakor, and again during the war for doomed Cadia – the 7th Company lamented that duty had called them elsewhere so that they were not present for such conflicts. Indeed, so struck by prideful guilt was Gregor Dessian, then Captain of the 7th, that when the Great Rift manifested, he and his company embarked on a penance crusade to its leading edge. Dessian and the 7th suffered great trials on worlds writhing with daemonic corruption, beset by rebellion and enslaved by Heretic Astartes, but were left stronger for it. All for the best, as Dessian would soon after be called upon to succeed Vorn Hagan as Chapter Master following the latter's death in Terra's defence.

Dessian now rules the Imperial Fists, and *Phalanx* has been restored to a level of magnificence not seen for millennia – thanks to secret technology provided by the Adeptus Custodes – and once again sails the stars, a symbol of hope to the Imperium and doom to its enemies. Determined that the battle station should never again be so humbled, but loathe to perpetually commit an entire company to defend against an attack that might never arise, Dessian authorised Captain Taelos to expand the ranks of *Phalanx*'s standing guard, the Auric Auxilia. This Taelos has done with characteristic gusto. Where once the Auric Auxilia drew solely from aspirants not quite deemed worthy of the Primarch's gene-seed, its ranks now include several thousand drawn from the Cadian diaspora, who offer service in exchange for a debt to *Phalanx* that can never be repaid. It is a practice not without its controversy, placing as it does more military might in the hands of a Space Marine Chapter. To date, Guilliman appears swayed by the

argument that those wars that cannot be won through *Phalanx*'s might alone will hardly be swayed by a few thousand extra guardsmen. Moreover, Dessian's decree appears to be paying off. Though *Phalanx* is seldom wholly without battle-brothers of the 7th Company, the remainder of the company's warriors now campaign for the Imperium once more, their ancient charge secure under the watchful eye of the irascible Praetor-Colonel Talia Karsk. The former Astra Militarum officer also has a secondary duty, entrusted to her in secret by Taelos. The Captain seeks to know why the Custodes so freely gave over their hidden treasures, and what the answers to that dark question might imply. It is Karsk's secret purpose to investigate these matters, and report her findings to Taelos alone.



On the surface, the extended duties of the 7th Company are not so different from those of the 6th, based as they both are around the methodical slaughter of aggressors. But in actuality, there is much to divide the two. The 6th favour static positions, backed by overwhelming firepower, while the 7th draw heavily from the Chapter's reserves of Land Speeders, Repulsors and transport vehicles, adopting a much more flexible battle stance. It would be impractical to defend *Phalanx* any other way, for its passageways are many, and its approaches labyrinthine. Perhaps, at the height of the Imperial Fists' glory, they could have relied upon sufficient warriors to hold its halls as they would a fortress' walls. In the Era Indomitus, such dreams are folly. Any who seek to defend *Phalanx* must be adaptable in the extreme, utilising a mobile defence to catch the foe off guard – a methodology that translates well to planetary campaigns, whenever the 7th Company deploys as one.

THE 8TH COMPANY

DORN'S HUSCARLS

There is one company where the Imperial Fists' otherwise immutable tenets of discipline give ground to more aggressive, impulsive strategies, grudgingly excused as necessary for the purging of youth and inexperience. As wild as these impulses appear to the Imperial Fists, to outsiders the 8th appear only marginally less stiff-necked than the rest of the Chapter.

To trace the origins of the 8th Company's unusually impulsive behaviour, one must delve back in time to the era known as the War of the Beast, and to the rebuilding of the Chapter thereafter. To all outside the Imperial Fists this event is unknown, but within the Chapter it is a story told still. At a time of incredible peril, after immense sacrifice, the Imperial Fists were on the brink of extinction. In response their successor Chapters, recognising that within their armour beat the hearts of sons of Dorn, seconded battle-brothers from their own ranks to restore the First Founding Chapter to full strength. These men were sworn to observe the traditions of the Imperial Fists over their own, but the oath was seldom obeyed entirely. A Space Marine's nature is burned into him by indoctrination and by training, and such things are not easily set aside.

Such was the case with Helbrant Alderic, formerly of the Black Templars, who saw to the rebuilding of the 8th Company. Though sprung from the same stock as the Imperial Fists, the Black Templars were ever hotter-blooded than other sons of Dorn. The doctrines Alderic laid down reflected this, focusing on headlong assaults over the

balanced close support tactics of Assault Squads, Bikes and skimmers. Now thick with former Black Templars whose old habits died hard, the restored 8th Company took readily to Alderic's methods.

Before Chapter Master Maximus Thane could rectify the situation, the Imperial Fists were scattered across the galaxy, confronting rebellions arising in the wake of the deposing of Drakan Vangorich. It was in such conflicts that the 8th Company was truly reborn to war, earning battle honours across the Segmentum Obscurus. Amongst these were many campaigns under the notional command of Wolf Lord Harald Firetooth, whose Fenrisian bravado only encouraged Alderic's aggressive approach.

It is said that by the time the 8th Company returned to *Phalanx*, they were all but unrecognisable as Imperial Fists. Such is surely exaggeration, but it is known that the company suffered censure from the Chapter Master. However, when Thane wrathfully divided the 8th's battle-brothers between the other active companies, he noted that rather than carrying Alderic's impetuous ardour with them, they ever after displayed discipline that put even

the most stoic to shame. It was as if by allowing their aggression to run unfettered they had purged that part of themselves, and emerged all the stronger for it. Thus was Alderic, who had faced censure for his mishandled leadership, restored to command, and the logistics of the Chapter reshaped to ensure all battle-brothers who ascended from the ranks of the Scout Company would first progress to the 8th, in order to excise their youthful wildness.

The tradition continues to this day. Far from honing the combined close support tactics Thane once desired, the modern 8th Company still favours a spearhead of assault troops. Bikes are employed as a means to bring battle-brothers blade-to-blade with the foe, rather than for the purposes of mobile fire support. The origins of this change to the Chapter's practices are immortalised on many company banners – a golden figure bearing Alderic's original cruciform-hilted sword portrayed alongside representations of Harald Firetooth's personal sigil. The story might also be told by the epithet Dorn's Huscarls. While many believe it refers solely to the Primarch's bodyguard of days long gone, some say it honours kinship with the huscarls of Russ.



CLOSE SUPPORT MARKINGS

As with many Chapters, it is the hot-headed warriors of the Imperial Fists' Close Support Squads who display the greatest variation in battlefield role markings. Nevertheless, as a Codex-adherent Chapter the Fists keep this variation of iconography within limits that ensure the bearer's role is never in doubt. With or without terminating arrows, the 'X' symbol signifying close support is always kept completely recognisable as a result. In the intense ferocity of close quarters combat, Space Marines must be able to quickly identify their charges and squad mates – anything that compromises this puts peak combat efficiency at risk, and will not be sanctioned.

THE 9TH COMPANY

THE WARDENS

Imperial Fists recruits prove themselves as Astartes in the 10th Company, purge their recklessness in the 8th, and learn discipline worthy of Dorn during their time in the 6th and 7th. But it is in the 9th Company that a battle-brother truly becomes an Imperial Fist, for it is here that he learns the Chapter's central tenet: that firepower triumphs over all.

To witness the 9th Company at their bloody work is to see war unfold as Dorn would have wished. It is to watch the creeping advance of Fire Support Squads, their fury reinforced by formidable battle tanks and artillery as the Chapter's revered Dreadnoughts look on. The ground trembles and the sky screams as positions are scythed clear of foes, ramparts toppled and bastions broken beneath an overwhelming torrent of fire. Though Dorn ever acknowledged that the prosecution of war was a council of many voices, the roar of big guns resonated in his soul even to the day of his disappearance.

The Imperial Fists 9th Company serves as the Chapter's senior Reserve Company, giving all battle-brothers a vital grounding in the brutal arts of siege-breaking. But the 9th also functions as an unofficial fifth Battle Company, more often forming a strike force's core than dividing its brothers across manifold battle zones. Even in an age where heretics and xenos have grown bolder in the face of what they perceive as a weakened and vulnerable Imperium, campaigns untold are still effectively ended when Chapter Master Dessian utters four simple words: 'Send in the 9th.'

Captain Kaheron has commanded the 9th Company for more than three centuries, gaining a reputation as a disciplinarian that has come to eclipse all other officers in the Chapter. Employment of the Pain Glove is more common within the 9th than in any other company, and Kaheron has at his disposal many other relics of chastisement besides – some of which even the Chaplains refuse to endorse. Whatever his methods, under Kaheron's watch the 9th Company has become more formidable than ever; and when the 9th rises in power, so too does the Chapter as a whole, as the Wardens of today will fill the ranks of tomorrow's Battle Companies.

In matters of traditional besiegement, the Wardens prioritise combat from static positions, obliterating defences from fortified vantage points. Should such emplacements be absent, brothers of the 6th Company are often called in to oversee their construction. For this reason, the 6th and the 9th commonly deploy together, the one to fashion a strongpoint from which the other can pummel the hapless foe. When it is not a sole fortress that must be humbled but rather a sprawling domain, the 9th Company perform fights

on the move, requisitioning transports and battle tanks from the Chapter Armoury. Predators, Vindicators, Land Raiders and Repulsor Executioners spearhead the advance, cleansing the field with merciless fire while Fire Support Squads prepare to break the enemy's resistance once and for all. Like Dorn, the Wardens prefer fighting across blasted ground than through turbulent skies, but when the mission calls for it they deploy gunships in pursuit of specific objectives, utilising their aircraft with all the discipline and skill for which the sons of Dorn are known.

Yet patience is perhaps the 9th Company's chief weapon, more cherished than any asset to be found in the Chapter's Armoury. The timing of the shot, after all, matters just as much as its placement, lest a glimmer of exposed weakness be lost behind restored shields, or the firer be cheated of his kill by the battle's flow. Thus it is not unknown for the 9th Company's positions to go utterly silent for extended periods, only to erupt with uncompromising fury when the opportune moment arrives. Such judicious restraint by the Wardens has been the salvation of many Imperial worlds, and doubtless many more to come.

FIRE SUPPORT MARKINGS

The Imperial Fists' Fire Support Squads vary their battlefield markings in the same fashion as many other squads in the Chapter. While many use variations of the Codex-adherent triangle, some squads use a stylised explosion or fire burst. Even to the ignorant observer, such symbols leave little doubt as to the tactical role of the bearers, and this appeals greatly to the Imperial Fists' rigid sense of honour and distaste for shadowy deceit. Should an enemy see a squad bearing such a symbol and flee before the inarguable might of those wearing it, all the better, for the swifter the victory, the swifter new campaigns can begin.



THE 10TH COMPANY

THE EYES OF DORN

Firepower, taught Dorn, is worthless without eyes to guide it. Such is the mission of the 10th Company – to identify weaknesses in the enemy position, and relay them to the Chapter's fire support elements. The task is a dangerous one, often requiring warriors to advance far beyond the possibility of extraction. As such, it is the first true test of a neophyte's ability.

Under the Codex Astartes, the 10th Company's dual function is to continuously provide training for those who would become full Space Marines, and to maintain ten squads of experienced Vanguard Space Marines. The precise manner by which this is handled varies from Chapter to Chapter, but in the Imperial Fists, the 10th Company are required to get close to the foe – sometimes closer than any other elements within a strike force. This is especially true of the Vanguard Squads, whose more aggressive mission often brings them eye-to-eye with the enemy. While vulnerability can be discerned from afar, the Imperial Fists' precision warfare requires a closer, more personal examination which often reveals weaknesses that a more distant analysis might miss.

Thus the Eyes of Dorn employ their infiltration skills to observe and report. They overcome boundary patrols and sentries in bursts of merciless endeavour, slipping beneath the brittle shell of the enemy's perimeter to identify targets ripe for exploitation. Among the company's neophytes, only the most senior are trusted with heavy weapons for engaging the enemy at range. A battle-brother of the Imperial Fists must earn the right to harness the Armoury's fury, and by their very nature Scouts are amongst the least tested of the Chapter's warriors.

When the Chapter deploys its armoured formations, the warriors of the 10th are expected to act as its outriders, racing forward upon Bikes and Land Speeders

to outpace the main advance. Once again, their primary task is to gather reconnaissance data in anticipation of the Chapter's main assault, but it is a rare Captain of the 10th Company who is content to limit his charges to such peripheral engagements. After all, a Space Marine is forged in war. Before rising from the ranks of the 10th Company, a neophyte will have an impressive tally of kills to his name, possessing a roster of battle honours that eclipses all but the most hardened veterans of the Astra Militarum as well as a number of hard-won wounds demonstrating his courage. It is a testament to the incredible capabilities, standards and resolve of the Imperial Fists that such neophytes are among the Chapter's least blooded and experienced.



The left shoulder pad of this warrior bears the Chapter icon, while the right indicates that he belongs to the 10th Squad and performs a battleline role.

Infiltrator Brother Dysus Strech is armed with a marksman bolt carbine. As a warrior of the 10th Company his pauldron trim bears no distinct heraldic colour, in keeping with the Codex Astartes.

LEGACY OF DORN

Each strain of Astartes gene-seed is different to the next, its post-human potential undermined by failing sequences or the unquantifiable genetic variations of the Primarch to which its existence is owed. In some cases, notably the Space Wolves and Salamanders, these changes manifest as profound mutation, but other differences are less pronounced.

In the case of the Imperial Fists, imperfections of gene-seed have robbed them of the sus-an membrane that allows a Space Marine to enter a state of suspended animation. Nor do they possess a Betcher's gland, which enables an Astartes to spit poison at his foe. Naturally, the Imperial Fists mourn neither loss. Indeed, Chapter luminary Rhetoricus was known to proclaim that such abilities are mere crutches for less-accomplished warriors.

**'DO WE BEMOAN SUCH LOSSES? NO!
WE ARE THE FISTS! WE DO NOT NEED
TO HIBERNATE OR SPIT VENOM. WE
CRUSH OUR ENEMIES!'**

- Teachings of Rhetoricus

CHAPTER COMMAND

Chapter Command is the domain of the Imperial Fists' greatest heroes. It is here that decisions are made concerning not only combat deployments, but also matters of ritual and tradition. For to be an Imperial Fist is more than a military duty alone. It is an ideological calling, handed down from one generation of battle-brothers to the next.

The Imperial Fists Chapter Council is no meeting of equals, but a coming together of a ruler and his valued advisors. While the Chapter Master seldom takes action of supreme import without consulting his council, he alone decides when and where the Chapter deploys its might and how it pursues its duty. Not lightly will the Imperial Fists join an ongoing campaign; passion does not sway the lord of the Chapter, only reason and the prospect of improving the lot of embattled Mankind. Such practice has caused friction in the past, with dark mutterings of censure from more frustrated and haughty petitioners. But in truth, it is a rare Chapter Master who refuses many requests – the Imperial Fists are not the kind to decline an opportunity to fight the enemies of Mankind lightly. In the Era Indomitus, with myriad Adeptus Astartes Chapters flung far across the stars, Chapter Master Gregor Dessian feels perhaps more keenly than any of his predecessors the responsibility of the Imperial Fists to set an example for others to follow.

Second only to the Chapter Master is the Lord Phalanx – a title that carries with it the more commonplace rank of Commodore. Invariably an old soldier denied battle by injury but still crystal-sharp of mind and acumen, the Commodore is responsible for not only *Phalanx* itself, but also its accompanying fleet. Should the Chapter Master be slain or otherwise sundered from contact by the perilous Immaterium or by any other means, the Lord Phalanx will take command until a replacement can be elected from the Chapter's Captains.

Besides the Chapter Master and the Commodore, a further ten seats on the Chapter Council are reserved for the Captains of each of the Chapter's companies. All but one of the remaining seats go to the Reclusiarch, the Master of the Forge, the Chief Librarian and the Chief Apothecary. The esteemed seventeenth chair, set at the head of the council table, remains ever unoccupied in the hope that Rogal Dorn himself may yet return to reclaim his severed hand and take his place as master of the Imperial Fists once more.

Chapter Command also comprises the chambers of specialists without whom the Imperial Fists could not function: the Chaplains of the Reclusiam, who safeguard the spiritual purity of their brothers; the Apothecaries who tend to their brethren's physicality, and retrieve from the fallen the precious gene-seed upon which the Chapter's future relies; and the Techmarines and armourers, without whose labours the Chapter's weapons of war would falter and fail.

Like any other Chapter, the Imperial Fists maintain a Librarian, where Space Marines

with psychic abilities practise their craft. The Librarians of the Imperial Fists are no more subtle than any of their brethren, however, and much of their energies are put towards mastering geokinesis to better aid their brothers in siege warfare. With a mere thought, those so gifted can bring an enemy bunker crashing to the ground, force a breach in mighty bastion walls or open a gaping chasm beneath oncoming enemy vehicles. Likewise they can raise up and rebuild fallen masonry to protect their brothers in an instant, and shore up defences in seconds where servitors might have toiled for hours.



ARMOURY

Deep in the bowels of *Phalanx*, sealed behind towering gates whose bas-reliefs commemorate the first meeting of Rogal Dorn and the Emperor, sits the Imperial Fists Armoury. It is here that the Chapter's weapons and armour are repaired after every battle and readied to serve anew in an epoch of endless war.

Phalanx's Armoury is a source of great pride for the Imperial Fists, but with the majority of its once-full chambers standing empty, it also serves as a sad reminder of losses millennia past.

As inheritors of the VII Legion, the Fists have the honour to bear into battle some of the oldest and most revered relics in the entire Imperium; armour, weaponry and even a number of battle tanks that trace their origins back to the days of the Great Crusade. With their ailing mechanisms placated by diligent Techmarines and their war wounds soothed by unfeeling servitors, such relics serve as well in the Era Indomitus as they did upon their first forging.

Alas, this great trove survives as but a fraction of its former glory. Many irreplaceable treasures were lost in the Chapter's near annihilation during the Rise of the Beast. Though their function was soon replaced by new armaments provided by toiling forge worlds, the spiritual loss echoed through the centuries. Even today, a handful of the Chapter's Techmarines scour the galaxy for fragments of the Armoury's history, stolen

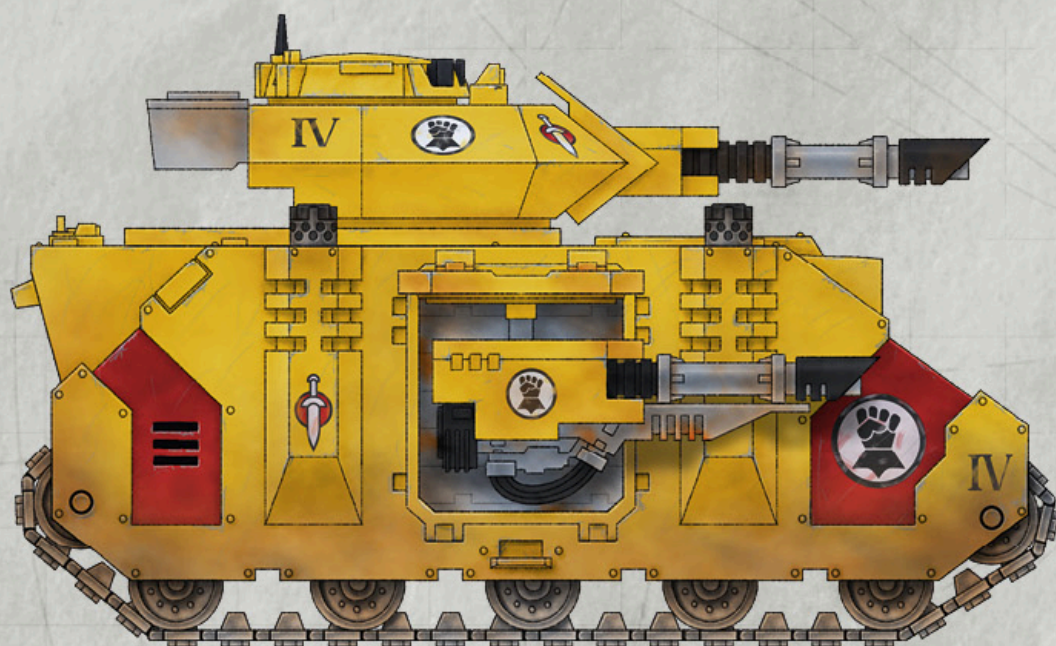
away by greenskin pirates and tinkers. It is a forlorn search, for the loss was suffered thousands of years in the past, and few reclamations are achieved. A rare example is the cowl-plate of Captain Koorland's command Rhino, unearthed from the junk pile of an Ork Warboss in the Charadon Sector during the dying days of M41. Retrieving this relic cost the Chapter two-score lives, but all considered the loss worthy of the trade.

The Armoury stretches as far as the eye can see, rank upon rank of armoured vehicles and imposing warsuits awaiting their next war. Thousands of robotic servitors and tool-wielding Chapter serfs work there constantly, the cacophony of their servo-arms, plasma cutters and blowtorches dominating the corridors day and night.

Diminished though the Armoury is in the eyes of the Imperial Fists, it remains an assemblage of war materiel to be envied by Chapters of later Foundings. It is from the Armoury that company Captains and strike force commanders requisition the heaviest weaponry the Chapter can provide: armoured vehicles

as uncompromisingly lethal as any found within the Imperium's bounds; unconquerable warsuits that augment even a Space Marine's raw might to new and prodigious heights; and of course Dreadnoughts – the cyborg sarcophagi of battle-brothers who fight on from the precipice of death itself after having sustained terribly grievous wounds.

Thus the Chapter's companies can call upon the Armoury to supplement their traditional strengths or compensate for their weaknesses. Befitting the Imperial Fists' chosen way of war, most requisitions focus on enhancing raw firepower. This is especially true of the Battle Companies, whose Captains often feel the need to supplement the two Fire Support Squads under their command with formidable assets from the Armoury, the better to conduct campaigns in the storied name of Rogal Dorn. Vindicators, Predators and Repulsors are seldom out of service – withdrawn only to salve the worst of their war injuries – and Centurion warsuits have become so closely associated with certain companies that there is some doubt as to whether they fall any longer under the Master of the Forge's jurisdiction.



GLORIOUS REDEMPTION

Even in victory, the sons of Dorn tend towards an almost masochistic self-flagellation in thought and deed, determined that their next effort shall not be judged wanting. Thus many vehicles bear names exhorting battle-brothers to greater effort: *Absolution*, *Primarch's Endeavour* and, shown to the left, *Glorious Redemption*. This Predator was well-named, for it played a key role in the 3rd Company's penitent Crusade of Thunder in late M41, fighting with distinction against the Tyranids on Drashin.

A GLORIOUS HISTORY

In every era of the Imperium's history, the Imperial Fists have fought at the forefront of Mankind's most momentous battles. Time and again they have proven themselves loyal, noble and utterly committed to the Emperor's cause. They are rightfully revered in the Imperium and have earned many accolades, including the title Defenders of Terra.

M30-M31 THE DAWN OF THE IMPERIUM

Onassis Campaign

The Imperial Fists spearhead the Onassis offensive during the Great Crusade and capture dozens of star systems for the Imperium.

The Defence of Terra

Rogal Dorn oversees the fortifying of Terra after Horus' betrayal comes to light. When the Warmaster and his traitorous forces eventually reach the cradle of Mankind, Dorn and his Legion are ready to meet them.

The Scouring

In the aftermath of the Horus Heresy, the Imperial Fists prosecute war against the Traitor Legions with more fervour than almost any other loyalist force.

M31-M33 THE AGE OF REBIRTH

The Iron Cage

Learning that the hated Iron Warriors have built a mighty bastion, the Eternal Fortress, Rogal Dorn vows to 'dig Perturabo out of his hole and bring him back to Terra in an iron cage'. Seeds of rivalry sown during the Great Crusade and watered by bloody clashes during the Heresy now blossom into bitter loathing. While the entrenched Iron Warriors fight from superior positions, the Imperial Fists refuse to die. When their ammunition runs out, they fight hand to hand, and the trenches run with blood. Only the timely intervention of the Ultramarines prevents the rival Legions from utterly annihilating each other, and Perturabo escapes Dorn's wrath.

The Beast

The Imperial Fists are nearly annihilated by the Ork uprisings of the Beast, which at their height threaten to destroy the entire Imperium. Enacting the 'Last Wall' protocol, all Imperial Fists successor Chapters are united to halt the greenskin menace.

The Beheading

In a grand coup, the Master of Assassins executes the High Lords of Terra and

declares himself ruler. The Imperial Fists return to Terra, leading elements of several other Chapters, and fight through waves of assassins to strike down the would-be tyrant.

M37 THE AGE OF APOSTASY *To End the Reign of Blood*

At the height of the Age of Apostasy, the Imperial Fists arrive in force upon Terra. It is they who mastermind the siege of the Ecclesiarchal Palace, fighting alongside the Daughters of the Emperor to at last unseat the madman Goge Vandire and end a civil war spanning more than seven decades.

M41 THE TIME OF ENDING *The Feast of a Hundred Duels*

The centennial Feast of Blades, where the descendants of the Imperial Fists compete against one another in ritual duels, comes under attack from a colossal World Eaters assault. The champions of a score of Chapters unite against the threat, matching relic blade and power sword against chainaxe and flail. After a long and arduous battle, the World Eaters are slain to the last. Yet the skies rumble with Khorne's approval, for the Blood God's feast halls are awash with the hot gore of champions.

Blacker Pastures

The Hounds of Abaddon make murderous advance through the Bellicose Stars. The Imperial Fists bring them to battle on Gandor's Providence, raising a network of defensive redoubts that transforms the agri world into a veritable fortress. Unwilling to commit forces to the meat grinder of a siege, the Hounds of Abaddon withdraw to wreak destruction elsewhere.

Fate of the Phalanx

The Iron Warriors and the Daemon Prince Be'lakor seek to upstage Abaddon's Black Crusade by striking directly at Terra. Emerging from a warp rift at the heart of the battle-fortress *Phalanx*, they attempt to turn its unparalleled weaponry on the Emperor's Palace. With the majority of the Imperial Fists engaged elsewhere, defence falls to Captain Garadon and his

newly reconstituted 3rd Company. Aided by the mysterious Legion of the Damned, the Imperial Fists emerge victorious. Garadon and the remnants of his force set a course to Cadia, where, despite *Phalanx's* destruction of the Blackstone Fortress *Will of Eternity* – the world falls to Abaddon's assault. The battered *Phalanx* is instrumental in the final evacuation of Cadia's survivors.

To Safeguard a Primarch

An Imperial Fists strike force aids the rescue of Roboute Guilliman after his fateful voyage to Luna, helping to drive back the pursuing forces of the Chaos God Tzeentch and ensure the Ultramarines Primarch completes his mission to reach the Emperor.

M41 THE ERA INDOMITUS *The Indomitus Crusade*

The Imperial Fists distinguish themselves time and again during the initial stages of the Indomitus Crusade, earning much praise from the new Lord Commander of the Imperium.

The Battle of the Sealed Fist

Captain Garadon leads the 3rd Company to Xalladin II with the goal of repelling Waaagh! Boneskar. A sneak attack by Freeboota pirates sees the 3rd Company stranded on Xalladin's surface, where they fortify the capitol's crumbling defences to buy time for a distress hymnal to summon aid. As the planetary shield flickers, Iron Hands Clan Raukaan arrives, but instead of joining their firepower to Garadon's, they insist that the relic powering the planetary shield be turned over to them. Tempers flare, and the two companies come to blows over the fate of the besieged Xalladini. As the point of no return approaches, the relic detonates, leaving Xalladin II vulnerable to the greenskins. Fortunately, this disaster coincides with the arrival of a Raven Guard relief force. Quarrels set aside in the face of need, Garadon's 3rd stands shoulder to shoulder with Clan Raukaan and the Raven Guard to defeat Waaagh! Boneskar. However, the friendship between the Iron Hands and Imperial Fists is made fragile and tenuous by the experience.



THE CRIMSON FISTS

Of the Imperial Fists' many successor Chapters, none better embody the defiant and unconquerable valour of the old Legion than the Crimson Fists. Ever in the forefront of the endless war against the barbaric Orks, they have been tested in battle like few others, forever rising to new glories as they strive to fulfil their duty.

The Crimson Fists were founded under the command of Alexis Polux during the division of the old Legion. While the more hidebound of Dorn's warriors remained as diehard Imperial Fists and the Legion's idealistic zealots joined Sigismund to become Black Templars, Polux gathered to him the more recently initiated and level-headed of his brethren. While it was many centuries before some successor Chapters – including those of other reluctant Legions – fully embraced the Codex Astartes in thought and deed, the Crimson Fists readily recognised the Codex for the boon it was, and set its doctrines to righteous purpose.

Though the Crimson Fists have battled the myriad enemies of Mankind wherever they arise, they have gained particular expertise against the Orks, honing stratagem and

doctrine against the greenskin menace on ten thousand worlds. This specialisation traces back to the War of the Beast, where the Chapter played a pivotal role in bringing the conflict to an end. Though they did not suffer as greatly as the Imperial Fists during that desperate campaign, the wound went deep enough that the Crimson Fists ever after cultivated a burning desire to purge the Ork threat from the stars.

In the Era Indomitus, the Crimson Fists are in some ways much changed from the Chapter they once were. Notably, their ranks have been swelled by an unprecedented influx of Primaris Space Marines; a gift from Roboute Guilliman himself. For the Crimson Fists, who had spent the latter years of M41 as a devastated brotherhood shrunken by the

disaster on Rynn's World, this was nothing short of transformative. No longer forced into guerrilla actions, they have reached out their bloodied hands across the stars once more. Yet in other ways the Chapter is little changed from that of ten thousand years prior. The traditions of old endure as proudly as in any other Chapter, and the teachings of Dorn and Polux drive the Crimson Fists to greater heights, with the Codex Astartes ruling all.

Thus do the Crimson Fists, who ever represented the most forward-facing warriors of the old Legion, now serve as Dorn's vanguard in a new and turbulent epoch. This is no reckless pursuit; their experiences on Rynn's World yet hang heavy on the Chapter's veterans, who cleave to lessons learnt through years of privation and uncertainty. While the Crimson Fists retain Dorn's legacy of heroism, they march to war ever mindful of victory's cost. After all, every battle-brother slain in the dust of a forgotten world is one who cannot fight for Mankind's salvation in the next inevitable campaign.

Though the Crimson Fists are near-identical to the Imperial Fists organisationally, one key difference lies in their 1st Company, which always numbers 128 battle-brothers in commemoration of the bold survivors of the Crusade of Liberation. Traditionally this company has also gone without a Captain, instead answering directly to the Chapter Master, but Chapter Master Pedro Kantor has broken with this practice, believing that to split his time between Chapter and 1st Company would be to do both a disservice.

In matters of training and progression through the Chapter, the Crimson Fists more closely mirror the Ultramarines than the Imperial Fists, with recruits passing through the 9th and 8th Companies in turn before at last earning a place within the Reserve Battleline Companies. While the Crimson Fists appreciate the value of overwhelming firepower, long years of triumph and defeat have taught them that the disciplined and flexible approach of the battleline is more effective against the savage and anarchic Orks.



Seen below is the strategic disposition of the Crimson Fists Chapter at the beginning of the Indomitus Crusade.



ARMOURY
Jainas Ruzco
Master of the Forge

Techmarines
Servitors
Transport Vehicles
Battle Tanks
Gunships
Warsuits



RECLUSIAM
Hauis Argento
Master of Sanctity

Reclusiarch
Chaplains

CHAPTER COMMAND

Pedro Kantor
Praetor Encarmine and
Chapter Master

Honour Guard
Chapter Equerries
Serfs and Servitors



APOTHECARION
Celurian Varendus
Chief Apothecary

Apothecaries



LIBRARIUS
Delevan Deguerro
Chief Librarian

Epistolaries
Codiciers
Lexicaniums
Acolytum

1ST COMPANY

'The Crusade Company'
Veteran Company

Captain Ishmael Icario
Master of Crusades

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Veteran Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles
Land Raiders

2ND COMPANY

'The Shieldwall'
Battle Company

Captain Steffan Hios
Master of the Shield

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles

3RD COMPANY

'The Red Lightning'
Battle Company

Captain Faradis Anto
Master of the Line

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles

4TH COMPANY

'The Crimson Lancers'
Battle Company

Captain Isidore Haleous
Master of the Charge

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles

5TH COMPANY

'The War Riders'
Battle Company

Captain Razal Solano
Master of Steeds

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

6 Battleline Squads
2 Close Support Squads
2 Fire Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles

6TH COMPANY

'Iron Guardians'
Reserve
Battleline Company

Captain Alejandros Solari
Master of the Watch

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Battleline Squads

Battle Tanks
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles

7TH COMPANY

'The Wardens of Rynn'
Reserve
Battleline Company

Captain Castian Alzonas
Master of the Gates

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Battleline Squads

Battle Tanks
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles

8TH COMPANY

'The Red Path'
Reserve Close
Support Company

Captain Gerarde Garrosso
Master of Blades

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Close Support Squads

Bikes
Land Speeders
Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles

9TH COMPANY

'The Fists of Rynn'
Reserve Fire
Support Company

Captain Raphael Acastus
Master of Siege

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Fire Support Squads

Dreadnoughts
Transport Vehicles

10TH COMPANY

'The Wayfinders'
Scout Company

Captain Caldimus Ortiz
Master of Shadows

Lieutenants
Company Ancient
Company Champion
Company Veterans

10 Vanguard Squads
Scouts

Bikes
Land Speeders
Transport Vehicles

RYNN'S WORLD

Rynn's World is the Chapter Planet of the Crimson Fists, granted to them by the High Lords of Terra in recognition of their valiant efforts during the Voltigern Crusade. With this acquisition the Chapter's long tradition as a fleet-borne crusade force came to an end, and a new era began.

Rynn's World was a generous bequeathal to the Crimson Fists. The planet is located close to the Chapter's primary source of recruitment – the feral world of Blackwater – and its populace proved loyal servants of the Imperium who could be safely left to their own governance. The Crimson Fists therefore established their fortress monastery high in the inhospitable Hellblade Mountains, building it around the remains of the battle cruiser *Rutilus Tyrannus*, and interfered little with the workings of the world over which they had been granted lordship.

The Crimson Fists found Rynn's World to be unsuitable for training, however. In those days the agri world was verdant bordering on idyllic, and lacked the untamed biomes and ferocious fauna that so often serve to hone the Adeptus Astartes. Thus the Chapter sought challenges for their recruits on the feral worlds elsewhere in the Loki Sector, with Rynn's World occupying a largely ceremonial and aspirational role. Here was not a barbarous and poisoned land in need of taming, but rather an example of the solace and prosperity that Dorn had envisioned

for Mankind – the future for which the Chapter had striven over long millennia. Then came the Orks of Charadon.

During their early custodianship of Rynn's World, the Crimson Fists had taken it upon themselves to crush the quarrelling Orks of the Loki Sector. This they did with impressive efficiency, attacking each nascent empire in turn before its pent-up aggression could birth a ferocious Waaagh! But to all things there is an end, and when the Orks at last came to Rynn's World, they arrived in such overwhelming force that neither the Crimson Fists nor their Chapter Planet would ever again be the same.

As battle raged against Waaagh! Snagrod, the Arch-Arsonist of Charadon, a rogue plasma warhead obliterated the Chapter's fortress monastery along with near six hundred battle-brothers. Only the leadership and determination of Chapter Master Pedro Kantor held the Crimson Fists together in the aftermath. What followed was a bloody war of attrition, but the Fists fought on for eighteen months, even when their ammunition was long-spent, and in sacrifice they found triumph.

Rynn's World never recovered from the devastation, and the Crimson Fists spent long years on the brink of destruction. A bloody struggle to rebuild followed, with Kantor ever careful not to waste the lives of his remaining battle-brothers. Alas, this all seemed for nothing with the coming of the Daemon Prince Rhaxor. As the forces of Chaos ravaged Rynn's World anew, Kantor rallied a Chapter barely restored to half strength, and for a second time battled impossible odds with no hope of relief. But this time matters were different. Even as the fate of the Crimson Fists hung in the balance, Roboute Guilliman himself brought salvation – not just in the scattering of Rhaxor's baleful host, but through precious reinforcements to the ranks of the Crimson Fists. Company after company were delivered to the Chapter, fresh warriors heavily armed and ready for immediate combat. In addition, the technologies and resources required to fashion more Primaris Space Marines gave the Crimson Fists more hope than they had dared to hold for years. Though it would take time to induct them into the Chapter's traditions, none doubted these Space Marines would earn the colours they wore.



A LEGACY OF VETERANS

From the tragic losses suffered against Waaagh! Snagrod and Rhaxor's host came a new source of hope. Brutality and hardship had sloughed away the Crimson Fists' weaknesses, leaving a core of battle-brothers as adamant and honed as any to be found in the five segmentums. Thus did Chapter Master Kantor find himself in command of veteran warriors whose skills were much in demand in the aftermath of the Cicatrix Maledictum's birth and the Era Indomitus that followed.

Though many had despaired of the Crimson Fists' survival – let alone their recapturing of past splendour – the Chapter now finds itself much in demand in the campaigns to restore a fractured Imperium. Nowhere is this more true than where Ork warlords threaten worlds cut off from the Emperor's Light. Whether as advisors, kill teams or full Battle Companies, the veterans of the Crimson Fists continue their unending war against the Beast's inheritors, earning a measure of revenge for Rynn's World with every Ork slain.

UNIFORMS AND HERALDRY

Since their founding, the Crimson Fists have held themselves to the organisational standards of the Codex Astartes as firmly as any Chapter, including those descended from its author, Roboute Guilliman. It is in their heraldic display that some differences can be found, but to those versed in the Codex's guidance the iconography used by the Crimson Fists is familiar.



Intercessor Brother Lortan Hesp is armed with an auto bolt rifle. His Chapter symbol is on his left pauldron, while his right pauldron indicates that he is in the 2nd Squad (battleline) of his company.



As per the Codex Astartes, the Crimson Fists designate squad number and battlefield role on the right shoulder pauldron, using the Chapter's characteristic crimson.



Worn on the left shoulder pauldron, the Crimson Fists' Chapter symbol is known as the Bloodied Gauntlet, honouring their first Chapter Master, Alexis Polux.

BATTLEFIELD ROLES

The Crimson Fists identify a battle-brother's battlefield role using the same symbols as any Codex Chapter, displayed within a roundel in the same manner as their Chapter icon.



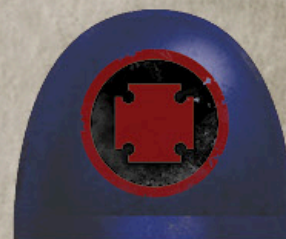
Battleline



Close support



Fire support



Veteran



Command

RANKS

The Crimson Fists do not use the same extent of helm patterning and colouration as their gene-sires, the Imperial Fists. They do employ some variety, however, as depicted below.



Battle-brother



Sergeant



Veteran



Veteran Sergeant



Lieutenant



Captain





TOR GARADON

THE BASTION OF DEFIANCE

Tor Garadon is the Imperial Fists' longest serving Battle Company Captain, an unstoppable warrior in whom the lessons of the Primarch have been distilled to their most punishing form. Tested on a thousand worlds, he is a master of the battlefield, and an unyielding bulwark against those who would oppose Mankind.

Garadon was recruited to the Imperial Fists from the orbitals of Callisto. His wealthy family were only too glad to see him depart. Fate had cursed the young Garadon with a straightforward and stubborn nature, ill-matched to the glittering societal circles his kin frequented. During his first decade of service, Garadon earned commendation after commendation. Despite his deeds, Garadon never sought promotion, nor

was it ever offered to him. Yet his silence concealed a sharp mind, if one little given to revealing itself except when absolutely necessary. The first time this truly came to the fore was during the Nosfer Planetstrike, when Garadon took command of the 3rd Company upon Captain Opara's death, leading the survivors to strike a crippling counterblow from behind the Necron lines.

When Julius Vogen took command of the 3rd Company, he judged there to be more to Garadon than others had allowed themselves to see, and took it upon himself to unlock the potential of his junior battle-brother. By the time Garadon had earned a position in the hallowed 1st Company, he and Vogen shared an unbreakable friendship; one which would later see

the younger Space Marine return to the Sentinels of Terra without hesitation to serve as a Veteran Sergeant.

Vogen and much of the 3rd perished during First Captain Lysander's disastrous assault on Taladorn. That any survived at all was to Garadon's credit, for he defied Lysander's orders and requested assistance from other Chapters of Adeptus Astartes. The aftermath saw a change in fortunes for Lysander and Garadon, who had both come to dislike one another intensely; Lysander was angered by what he saw as the Sergeant's presumption, while Garadon fumed at Lysander's obvious arrogance. Nonetheless, the wisdom of Chapter Master Vladimir Pugh saw them bound together in the Crusade of Thunder. A demoted Lysander became the 3rd Company's new Captain, with Garadon as his senior Veteran Sergeant.

At that time, a desire to restore the 3rd Company was the only goal Lysander and Garadon shared. But in being forced to work together, each gradually came to see the other's strengths. Garadon at last glimpsed beneath Lysander's hauteur to recognise the driven and penitent hero he truly was. For his part, Lysander came to rely ever more on Garadon's knack for improvised warfare and unflagging determination. Though it would be an exaggeration to say that the two became friends, a warrior's bond was nonetheless forged. More often than not, Lysander ceded command of the company's Battleline Squads to his Veteran Sergeant while he himself led the 3rd's assault elements against the foe. By the time Lysander was at last permitted to reclaim command of the 1st Company, Garadon was unanimously acclaimed the new Captain of the 3rd, having proved himself beyond doubt on the battlefields of Taladorn, Drashin and the Magor Rift.

For nearly three decades, Garadon led the Sentinels of Terra to victory after victory, forging a new legend for a company that had once teetered on the edge of destruction. In those years, he was ever Lysander's most trusted comrade, and to see the 1st and 3rd Companies fighting as one was no rare sight. But Garadon had learned more than leadership from the elder Captain – he had learned humility also, and the terrible price levied by unchecked pride.



Thus Garadon cultivated alliances with peers in other Chapters where his own brethren would otherwise have stood distant and aloof. On many occasions he fought alongside Cato Sicarius of the Ultramarines, Colvane Brasch of the Invaders, Castellan Draco of the Black Templars and Erasmus Tycho of the Blood Angels, careful to learn all he could of their particular methods of war and enfold them into his own company's combat doctrines. Indeed, it is said that Garadon and Sicarius even considered one another as friends, although given the Grand Duke of Talassar's famously cold demeanour, such rumours are generally dismissed as fanciful.

Eventually, Garadon left the 3rd Company behind for command of the 2nd. He assumed this duty with great reluctance, for the prospect filled him with great foreboding. Within a year, the 3rd Company was ashes once again, slaughtered at Hydra Cordatus by the Iron Warriors led by Warsmith Honsou. Garadon wasted no time in petitioning the Chapter Council for the right to raise the 3rd Company's banner high once more – a request to which Lysander readily joined his support. Fortunately, many veterans of the Crusade of Thunder yet lived, having found service in other companies across the intervening years. Around this core, Garadon mustered the Sentinels of Terra anew, drawing heavily from the latest wave of recruits as rumours of a new Black Crusade gathered pace.

Alas, for all Garadon's efforts, the 3rd was considered too inexperienced to join the deployment on the Eye of Terror's fringe. Forced to the sidelines while the Imperium burned, Garadon withdrew his company to *Phalanx* and trained them harder than ever. This proved an unexpectedly fortuitous decision, for it placed Garadon and the 3rd Company aboard the venerable battle station when it was most in need of champions to defend it.

But for the deeds of the 'inexperienced' 3rd Company, and Garadon's own shrewd valour in leading them, the latter years of M41 would surely have unfolded very differently. Certainly the Chapter Council believed so, for in recognition of these deeds they appointed Garadon as custodian of the Hand of Defiance – a relic from the Great Crusade of which no warrior since the legendary Chapter Master Lazerian had been deemed worthy.

Some have speculated whether there might be some hidden hand guiding Garadon's

fortunes. After all, he twice survived disasters that laid his company low, and was placed seemingly by chance in Holy Terra's defence and then as saviour of the Cadian diaspora. There are those within the Chapter – particularly the ageing veterans of the Crusade of Thunder – who believe that Garadon is marked for greatness, perhaps even by the Emperor himself.

For his part, Garadon places no stock in such claims, instead citing 'warrior's fortune' as his deliverer. So he forges on through the campaigns of the Era Indomitus, determined to restore a sundered Imperium to glory. Ever striving to set the finest example to his battle-brothers, Garadon went so far as to make hazardous crossing of the Rubicon Primaris in the hopes of binding the old to the new in a Chapter notorious for its suspicion of change. He has never again relinquished command of the Sentinels of Terra, refusing promotion to the most exalted rank, and under his tutelage they are the finest of the Chapter's companies.



Yet Garadon journeys increasingly alone. When he glances about *Phalanx*'s muster halls, the Captain sees too many warriors who do not recall a time before the Cicatrix Maledictum tore the Imperium apart, and worries that he is steadily becoming the proud, embittered relic he deemed Lysander to be at their first meeting. War has taken too many of Garadon's battle-brothers, his fellow Captains amongst them. Of his allies beyond the Chapter, Tycho was lost to the Black Rage on Armageddon; Sicarius is missing, swallowed by the tides of the Immaterium; Brasch perished in the firestorms of Ghola; and Draco was declared excommunicate traitor for deeds too terrible to recount.

Only Garadon's old mentor Lysander remains, unyielding as granite before the storm, as if perhaps he too is preserved for some great and terrible battle yet to come – a battle the two warriors are destined to share...

The forests had burned for days, ever since the Harakoni 117th had made their abortive assault on the darkened fortress. Many guardsmen had burned with them, slain by Warsmith Khanzing's Daemon-forged emplacements.

The Fortress Perditum had stood watch over Hanorio V for a thousand years. But it had a weakness worth exploiting – a stretch of rampart not properly repaired for half a century.

'Is all prepared?' Garadon enquired. He stifled a frown at the sound of his own voice. For all that it sounded the same, it felt strangely different. His whole body felt different since he had embraced the gift of Primaris.

Lieutenant Caras inclined his head. 'The 3rd awaits only your order, sir.'

'And Colonel Thraxos?'

'Claims to need another day. For resupply.'

Garadon grunted. 'And tomorrow he will seek another. The man is craven.'

'Then the assault is ours alone?' A note of anticipation, poorly concealed, rippled beneath the words.

'Indeed, brother.'

The distant fortress thundered a fresh barrage into the smoke-wreathed skies. Explosions rocked the cratered hillside, driving great muddy scars through the Harakoni trench lines. Shouts and screams echoed through backwash as officers restored order. Nearer to, the battle-brothers of the 3rd stood motionless. Waiting.

Garadon set his back to the burning forest and raised his voice. 'Brothers! The Lord Commander himself charges us to cast down these walls and drive the traitors into the flames. Will you follow me into the fire? For Primarch and for the Emperor?'

The reply came from a hundred tongues, bellowed with one voice. 'For their glory! For the honour of the Chapter!'

Garadon allowed himself a grim smile. The galaxy might be changed, but there remained constants in which to take solace. 'Then to your transports, brothers! Tonight, Perditum falls!'

DARNATH LYSANDER

THE EMPEROR'S WRATH

Even for a Space Marine, Darnath Lysander has led a long and bloody career. As Sergeant, he was credited with the defence of Colonial Bridge and hailed as the vanquisher of the heretics of Iduno. After leading the storming of the Aeldari cruiser *Blood of Khaine* he was raised to command of the 2nd Company, and soon went on to avert disaster in the Haddrake Tor planetstrike. For two centuries afterwards, Lysander led the Imperial Fists 1st Company with distinction, earning the highest praises his Chapter could bestow. Then, in the latter years of M40, the strike cruiser *Shield of Valour* was lost to the warp, taking Lysander and a portion of the 1st Company with it. Initially, the Imperial Fists kept vigil, hoping that the warp would give up its prize. However, as the centuries passed, no trace was found of the *Shield of Valour*. In a sombre ceremony, Lysander's name was added to the roster of the fallen and a statue in his likeness was raised in the Hall of Heroes.

Nearly a thousand years later, the *Shield of Valour* re-entered realspace within the orbit of Malodrax, an Iron Warriors stronghold on the fringe of the Eye of Terror. Ravaged by the firepower of three orbital fortresses, the *Shield of Valour* was swiftly disabled. The handful of survivors, Lysander amongst them, were incarcerated and subjected to weeks of torture at the hands of the Iron Warriors. That Lysander survived at all is ascribed to a dauntless refusal to accept defeat. Within a month of his capture, he broke free of his restraints. Unarmoured, and initially with no weapons but his bare hands, Lysander tore a bloody path through the streets of Malodrax's planetary capital, stole a shuttle, and escaped.

It is difficult to say which emotion rose strongest amongst the Imperial Fists when they learned that Lysander still lived – joy that one of their greatest heroes had returned, or fear that his travails had left him tainted. For months, Lysander endured an exhaustive investigation in which every fragment of his being was tested. Though the Chapter's Apothecaries, Librarians and Chaplains exerted every technique at their command, no trace of physical, mental or spiritual corruption could be found. To the deafening cheers of his battle-brothers, the oldest of which had not been born when



the *Shield of Valour* was lost, Lysander was restored as the 1st Company's Captain.

Though the path was fraught with bloodshed and sacrifice, Lysander soon led the Imperial Fists in the assault that laid waste to Malodrax, repaying in blood the tortures meted out in its dungeons. Before the dust had settled, Lysander was on the move once again, vowing to scour the Iron Warriors from the galaxy once and for all. This crusade has become a beacon of defiance and reconquest worthy of Rogal Dorn himself, for Lysander knows not how to accept defeat, and girds himself accordingly. The combined layers of protection offered by his armour, iron halo and storm shield turn him into a veritable walking fortress, as durable as any battle tank. Should the Imperium fall, he will surely stand atop the rubble alone, roaring defiance as the last, suffocating darkness closes in.

'I have spoken to many who proclaim this an age of darkness, saying that only pride sustains us in its grasp. Perhaps that is so, but I will see the Emperor's Light shine again, even if I must topple every fortress, crush every traitorous warlord, and grind ten thousand worlds to dust. These words I speak not out of pride, but out of duty. Duty to Primarch, to Emperor, and to Mankind itself.'

- Darnath Lysander



PEDRO KANTOR

PRAETOR ENCARMINE, LORD OF THE CRIMSON FISTS

Pedro Kantor has served as Chapter Master of the Crimson Fists through the very darkest of days. When Waaagh! Snagrod hit Rynn's World, Kantor was one of a handful fortunate enough to survive the fateful missile strike that levelled the Crimson Fists' fortress monastery.

Weighing up his options, Kantor stoically resolved to make for New Rynn City, where a small force of Crimson Fists stood as sentinels alongside the local garrison. The trek took ten days through a landscape choked with Ork warbands. Scarcely half of the Crimson Fists who had embarked upon the journey survived to reach the city gates, and not a warrior amongst them was unwounded. Yet none wavered in resolve.

No sooner had Kantor arrived than the greenskins came to New Rynn City in force. What the Orks found was no faltering garrison, but a vengeful and determined force of Space Marines. Under Kantor's determined leadership, New Rynn City remained inviolate, and eighteen months later it became the staging area for the offensive that drove the Orks from Rynn's World.

In the aftermath of the fighting, Kantor was presented with a choice few Chapter Masters have ever had to make. Rynn's World had been saved, but the Crimson Fists were a shadow of their former glory. He could lead the remnants of his devastated force in a vainglorious last

crusade, slaughtering as many foes as possible but ultimately leaving nothing remaining of his Chapter but epitaphs etched into gold and stone. Or he could marshal his resources and look to the eventual rebuilding of the Crimson Fists, though to take such a route would require a truly humbling admission of defeat even in victory. It is a mark of Pedro Kantor's superior character that he chose the latter path.

Through those dark years, Kantor held the Crimson Fists together through sheer force of will. Every brother lost was a grievous blow, but he refused to abandon entirely the duty that bound the survivors as one. He embraced the lessons of Alexis Polux as never before, approaching battles not as mere arenas of duty and glory, but as opportunities to hone his sparse recruits into the warriors Mankind needed. Resolved that a paucity of numbers did not excuse laxness of deed, he moulded his shattered Chapter into a guerrilla force without ready comparison, focused on crippling the foe through strategic raids and assassinations. In this endeavour, Kantor met with great success. A mere decade after Waaagh! Snagrod's defeat, the Crimson Fists had husbanded their strength sufficient to muster nearly five full companies.

Alas, history seemed doomed to repeat itself when Rynn's World was struck by daemonic incursions during the warp storms that followed the Great Rift. The Daemon Prince Rhaxor and his hellish legions attacked, and the Crimson Fists were once more outnumbered and besieged. Seeing all he had laboured for coming undone, Kantor threw himself into the defence like a man possessed. Though sorely wounded in the opening engagements, he led three spearheads to drive back the foe.

When Guilliman's Indomitus Crusade made first planetfall, there was not one inch of Kantor's armour not slicked in blood. Deeming himself to be in the presence of a true hero of the Imperium, the Primarch bestowed upon Kantor the title of Praetor Encarmine, and charged him ever after with the protection and fortification of not only Rynn's World, but the Loki Sector entire.



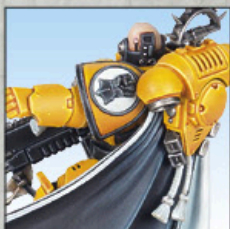
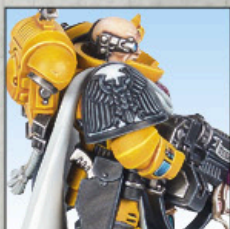
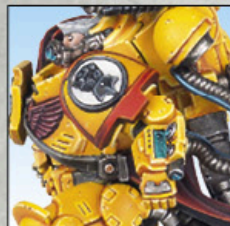
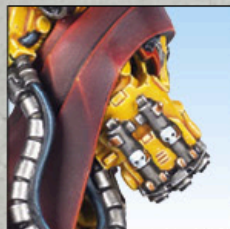


ARCHITECTS OF WAR

Armies of the Imperial Fists are a striking sight upon the field of battle. Resplendent in golden yellow armour, their vehicles and battle-brothers alike bear sigils and honour marks displaying bold and strong imagery, reflecting their utter resolve. These pages show examples of the panoply of Rogal Dorn's scions at war.



Tor Garadon

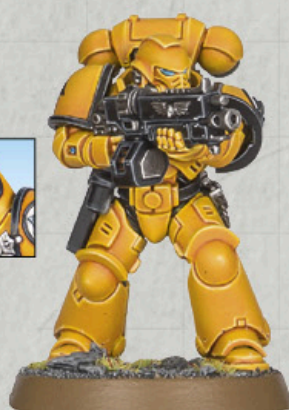


Primaris Captain with master-crafted auto bolt rifle



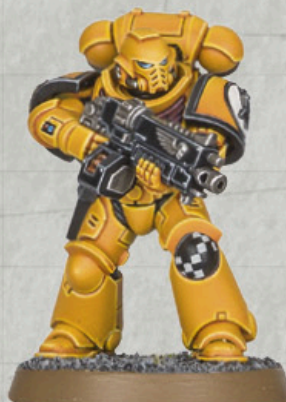


Emerging from the smoke-shrouded ruins of Talcris Skyport, Imperial Fists under the legendary Captain Lysander storm the Ork rearguard's position, ignoring the taunts of the savage xenos before systematically dismantling their defence.



Intercessor Sergeant with bolt pistol and power fist

Intercessors with auto bolt rifles

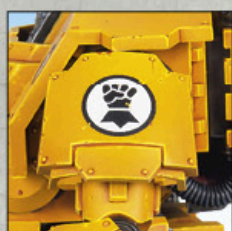


Intercessors with auto bolt rifles

Intercessor with bolt rifle

A formidable gun-line of staunchly disciplined Imperial Fists Intercessors from the 5th Company stand firm in defence of a Skyshield Landing Pad, alongside a mighty Redeptor Dreadnought.





Redemptor Dreadnought with heavy onslaught gatling cannon





A Veteran Intercessor Squad of the 1st Company lays down a furious storm of fire from their auto bolt rifles against the traitorous Chaos Cultists. As immovable as a ferrocrete bunker, the Imperial Fists blast wave after wave of Tarkis Dock's invaders back to their foul masters.



Intercessor Veteran Sergeant with bolt pistol and power fist



Veteran Intercessor with auto bolt rifle



Veteran Intercessors with auto bolt rifles and auxiliary grenade launchers



Veteran Intercessors with auto bolt rifles



Aggressors with auto boltstorm gauntlets and fragstorm grenade launchers



Hellblasters with heavy plasma incinerators



Hellblaster Sergeant with heavy plasma incinerator and plasma pistol



Eliminator with bolt sniper rifle and bolt pistol



Captain Lysander's forces barge their way through the junk forts of Ashline Ridge district, while the ramshackle forces sent to intercept them join the piles of scrap metal befouling this world. Now nothing stands between Lysander's immense thunder hammer and the xenos warlord's head.



A Repulsor Executioner and Repulsor power armor inexorably through narrow streets, their huge weapons array pouring torrents of fire into their traitorous foes before smashing through their crude barricades.



Repulsors are bristling with a wide range of weaponry, enabling them to deal with any opposition they encounter.



Repulsor Executioner with heavy laser destroyer and heavy onslaught gatling cannon



Tor Garadon directs the grinding advance of the Imperial Fists. Assault Centurions break apart reinforced masonry with ease as a Redemptor Dreadnought unleashes torrents of covering fire, cutting down swathes of foes with its heavy onslaught gatling cannon.



In the ravaged aftermath of bombardment, the Crimson Fists stand resolute under the gaze of their Chapter Master, hacking down the traitorous vow breakers of the Heretic Astartes and buying more time for the Astra Militarum to evacuate their assets.

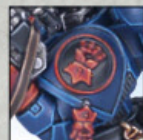




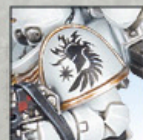
With a deadly Vindicator and implacable Dreadnoughts having smashed an enemy holdfast apart, Pedro Kantor leads his warriors, many clad in indomitable Terminator plate, into the heart of the foe.



Intercessor of the Crimson Fists
successor Chapter



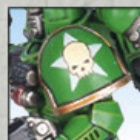
Intercessor of the Sons of the
Phoenix successor Chapter



Intercessor of the Iron Knights
successor Chapter



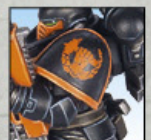
Infiltrator of the Invaders
successor Chapter



Infiltrator of the Excoriators
successor Chapter



Intercessor of the Hammers of
Dorn successor Chapter



FORCES OF THE PHALANX

The Imperial Fists are staunch siege-masters, highly disciplined warriors as capable of holding the line against the most frenzied of foes as of forcing breaches in the enemy's defences. These impressive skills, honed and sharpened through constant warfare, are demonstrated in the two starting forces presented below.

Comprising redoubtable infantry, Strike Force Fane is drawn from the Chapter's 5th Company. The contingent is led by Primaris Captain Dravastis Fane, and he leads a hand-picked squad of Intercessors, directing his warriors' fire unerringly. The Intercessors' auto bolt rifles unleash devastating salvos of fire while they storm forwards to take enemy holdings or make their stand against their foes' assaults. In game terms, this force fulfills the requirements for a Patrol Detachment.

The second collection is smaller in terms of models, but very thematic and powerful. Tor Garadon leads a force of Centurions and Aggressors from the 3rd and 5th Companies. Their

hulking forms bristle with ranged weapons, enormous drills and fists capable of destroying anything from enemy warriors to fortifications. Supporting them is the even larger form of a Redemptor Dreadnought, its multiple heavy weapons spitting death. Incredibly well armoured, this Vanguard Detachment can resist all but the most fearsome return fire.

Both forces are Battle-forged, providing the player with access to a wide range of potentially game-changing Stratagems that encapsulate the Imperial Fists at war. These collections provide many painting and gaming opportunities, and reflect just some of the ways in which Imperial Fists forces can be put together.



Captain Fane gives swift orders to his 5th Company battle-brothers as they advance with auto bolt rifles at the ready.



Smashing their way through a breach in the enemy's fortifications, Tor Garadon's strike force unleash their blistering firepower, taking down swathes of the Imperium's foes in the name of Rogal Dorn.



BASTION OF DORN

By adding more Citadel Miniatures to your Imperial Fists collection, you can build a stunning army with which to tear down the edifices of the Emperor's enemies. To the starting forces on the previous page, we have added more units from the vast range available, the formidable army above now including heavy infantry, Dreadnoughts and battle tanks.

The Bastion of Dorn strike force was assembled by Captain Lysander to storm the traitor-held Devil's Redoubt on Adrannis V. Imperial Fists from the Chapter's Battle Companies were assigned to Captain Lysander's command, serving alongside the warriors of his own 1st Company.

The strike force's core is formed by the Intercessors of Squads Osrak and Saporin. They present an impregnable wall of power armour that advances towards the foe, firing non-stop salvos of deafening bolt-fire on the move. They are supported by the Aggressors of Squad Duranis, each Gravis-armoured Space

Marine a mobile firebase unleashing a storm of bolt shells and explosive shrapnel. With their Captain, Dravastis Fane, they swiftly redeploy within the inviolable hull of the Repulsor known as *Auric Guardian*, its powerful weapons deterring the enemy counter-attack. Meanwhile, Captain Tor Garadon and his Tactical Squads, Nidorsus and Ardajago, are able to respond instantly to threats as the battle unfolds.

The plasma-toting Hellblasters of Squad Caltenis employ the speed and protection of the Repulsor Executioner, *Foebane*, to gain advantageous firing positions as the battle tank's multiple weapons



systems reach out to destroy the foe. The glare of teleportation heralds the arrival of Captain Lysander and Squad Grazensk, deploying them to the enemy's heart. Encased in heavy armour, the Terminators withstand all but the heaviest shots while felling traitors at every turn.

At the army's forefront stride the Centurions of Squad Rysannis and the fallen hero Lordantor, continuing his fight from within the sarcophagus of a Redemptor Dreadnought. Both are nigh impervious to small arms fire, unloading torrents of shots in return before tearing apart the enemy's defences up close.

With three HQ choices, four Troops, three Elites, two Heavy Support and a Dedicated Transport, this Battle-forged army fulfils the requirements for both a Battalion and Vanguard Detachment. This allows the player access to special rules as well as Command Points to spend on powerful and evocative Stratagems.

1. Captain Lysander
2. Tor Garadon
3. Primaris Captain Dravastis Fane
4. Veteran Intercessor Squad, Squad Osrak
5. Intercessor Squad, Squad Saporin
6. Tactical Squad, Squad Nidorsus
7. Tactical Squad, Squad Ardajago
8. Redemptor Dreadnought, Lordantor
9. Terminator Squad, Squad Grazensk
10. Aggressor Squad, Squad Duranis
11. Centurion Assault Squad, Squad Rysannis
12. Repulsor Executioner, Foebane
13. Hellblaster Squad, Squad Caltenis
14. Repulsor, Auric Guardian



EXEMPLARS OF DORN'S LEGACY

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

POINTS VALUES

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

UNITS		
UNIT	MODELS PER UNIT	POINTS PER MODEL (Including wargear)
See latest Munitorum Field Manual and/or recent relevant supplements		



‘To be bequeathed with Dorn’s legacy is the single greatest burden a warrior can bear. But it is also the greatest honour. Never do I fail to give thanks for it.’
- Vorn Saperin,
Intercessor





CAPTAIN LYSANDER



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Captain Lysander	5"	2+	2+	4	4	6	4	9	2+
Captain Lysander is a single model equipped with: Fist of Dorn. You can only include one of this model in your army.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Fist of Dorn	Melee	Melee		+6	-3	3	-		
ABILITIES	Angels of Death (see <i>Codex: Space Marines</i>)						Teleport Strike: During deployment, you can set up this model in a teleportarium chamber instead of setting it up on the battlefield. If you do, at the end of one of your Movement phases you can set up this anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" away from any enemy models. Icon of Obstinacy: When a Morale test is taken for an IMPERIAL FISTS unit within 6" of this model, no more than one model can flee.		
	Walking Fortress: This model has a 3+ invulnerable save.								
	Rites of Battle: Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by models in friendly IMPERIAL FISTS units whilst their unit is within 6" this model.								
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ADEPTUS ASTARTES, IMPERIAL FISTS								
KEYWORDS	CHARACTER, INFANTRY, CAPTAIN, TERMINATOR, LYSANDER								



Captain Lysander's incredible endurance and peerless leadership make him the epitome of what it means to be an Imperial Fist.



TOR GARADON



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Tor Garadon	5"	2+	2+	4	5	7	5	9	3+
Tor Garadon is a single model equipped with: grav-gun; Hand of Defiance. You can only include one of this model in your army.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE		S	AP	D	ABILITIES		
Grav-gun	18"	Rapid Fire 1		5	-3	1	When resolving an attack made with this weapon against a unit with a Save characteristic of 3+ or better, this weapon has a Damage characteristic of D3 for that attack.		
Hand of Defiance	Melee	Melee		x3	-3	3	When resolving an attack made with this weapon, subtract 1 from the hit roll.		
ABILITIES	Angels of Death (see <i>Codex: Space Marines</i>)						Signum Array: At the start of your Shooting phase, you can select one friendly IMPERIAL FISTS unit that is within 3" of this model. Models in the selected unit have a Ballistic Skill characteristic of 2+ until the end of that phase.		
	Iron Halo: This model has a 4+ invulnerable save.								
	Rites of Battle: Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by models in friendly IMPERIAL FISTS units whilst their unit is within 6" of this model.						Siege Captain: When resolving an attack made by this model against a VEHICLE or BUILDING unit, add 1 to the Damage characteristic of the weapon being used for that attack.		
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ADEPTUS ASTARTES, IMPERIAL FISTS								
KEYWORDS	CHARACTER, INFANTRY, MK X GRAVIS, PRIMARIS, CAPTAIN, TOR GARADON								



When Tor Garadon is on the attack, no enemy fortification, however strong, will endure.



Pedro Kantor's inspiring leadership of the Crimson Fists saw him bestowed with the highest of honours by Roboute Guilliman himself.



PEDRO KANTOR



NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv
Pedro Kantor	6"	2+	2+	4	4	6	5	9	2+
Pedro Kantor is a single model equipped with: Dorn's Arrow; power fist; frag grenades; krak grenades. You can only include one of this model in your army.									
WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE			S	AP	D	ABILITIES	
Dorn's Arrow	24"	Assault 4			4	-1	2	-	
Power fist	Melee	Melee			x2	-3	D3	When resolving an attack made with this weapon, subtract 1 from the hit roll.	
Frag grenades	6"	Grenade D6			3	0	1	-	
Krak grenades	6"	Grenade 1			6	-1	D3	-	
ABILITIES	Angels of Death (see <i>Codex: Space Marines</i>)							Oath of Rynn: Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of models in friendly CRIMSON FISTS units whilst their unit is within 6" of this model.	
	Chapter Master: You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by models in friendly CRIMSON FISTS units whilst their unit is within 6" of this model.							Iron Halo: This model has a 4+ invulnerable save.	
FACTION KEYWORDS	IMPERIUM, ADEPTUS ASTARTES, CRIMSON FISTS								
KEYWORDS	CHARACTER, INFANTRY, CHAPTER MASTER, PEDRO KANTOR								

In ten thousand years no hatred has been lost between the Imperial Fists and their bitter enemies, the Iron Warriors. When these foes come to blows, the Imperial Fists' fury knows no bounds, with not an inch of ground ceded or the smallest mercy given.





SENTINELS OF TERRA

In this section you'll find rules for Battle-forged armies that include **IMPERIAL FISTS Detachments** – that is, Detachments that only include **IMPERIAL FISTS** units. These include unique Warlord Traits, Stratagems, Relics, psychic powers and Tactical Objectives that help to reflect the tactics and strategies used by the sons of Dorn on the battlefield. In addition to these, you will also find Warlord Traits, Stratagems and Relics that are unique to the **Crimson Fists** successor Chapter.

ABILITIES

If your army is Battle-forged, then in addition to the Detachment abilities gained from *Codex: Space Marines*, units in your army with the **Combat Doctrines** ability (see *Codex: Space Marines*) gain the **Legacy of Dorn** ability so long as, with the exception of **UNALIGNED** units, every unit from your army is an **IMPERIAL FISTS** unit or every unit from your army is from the same Imperial Fists successor Chapter (see below).

LEGACY OF DORN

The Imperial Fists are peerless siegers, demonstrating an uncanny knack for identifying and exploiting the weak spots of enemy vehicles and fortifications.

Whilst the **Devastator Doctrine** is active, when resolving an attack made with a Heavy weapon by a model with this ability against a **VEHICLE** or **BUILDING** unit, add 1 to the Damage characteristic of that weapon for that attack.

SUCCESSOR CHAPTERS

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

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

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

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

Warlord Traits

If your Warlord is a **CHARACTER** model from an Imperial Fists successor Chapter (other than **CRIMSON FISTS**), you can use the Imperial Fists Warlord Traits table opposite to determine what Warlord Trait they have. Replace the **IMPERIAL FISTS** keyword in all instances in that Warlord Trait (if any) with your Warlord's **<CHAPTER>** keyword. **CRIMSON FISTS** Warlords instead have access to the **Crimson Fists** Warlord Traits opposite.

Chapter Relics

Imperial Fists successor Chapters have access to the Special-issue Wargear Relics (pg 59); Relics of the Fists cannot be given to a **CHARACTER** model from a successor Chapter other than **Crimson Fists** unless you use the **Champion of Blades** Stratagem (pg 61).

Stratagems

All units from Imperial Fists successor Chapters are considered to have the **IMPERIAL FISTS** keyword for the purpose of using Imperial Fists Stratagems.

Psychic Powers

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

Tactical Objectives

Units from Imperial Fists successor Chapters are considered to have the **IMPERIAL FISTS** keyword for the purposes of using Imperial Fists Tactical Objectives.

'You may call me perverse, but few sights bring me greater joy than that of an enemy's fortress looming vast and dark before me. It is the nature of Dorn's sons to relish a challenge, and the higher these heretics raise their spires, the more catastrophic their ruination when we bring them crashing down!'

- Brother-Sergeant Markov

WARLORD TRAITS

The lords of the Imperial Fists epitomise all their Primarch stood for, both to his gene-sons and to the wider Imperium he protected. Stoic in defence, unrelenting in attack, expertly versed in every strategic doctrine of the Codex Astartes and utterly determined to see their foes brought low, these warriors are amongst Humanity's greatest champions.

If an IMPERIAL FISTS CHARACTER model is your Warlord, you can use the Imperial Fists Warlord Traits table below to determine what Warlord Trait they have. You can either roll one D6 to randomly generate one, or you can select one. If a CRIMSON FISTS CHARACTER is your Warlord, you can use the Crimson Fists Warlord Traits table below to determine what Warlord Trait they have.

IMPERIAL FISTS WARLORD TRAITS

1 SIEGE MASTER

There are few who have a deeper understanding of the tenets of siege warfare than this son of Dorn.

When resolving an attack made by this Warlord against a BUILDING or VEHICLE unit, add 1 to the wound roll.

2 INDOMITABLE

This Imperial Fist refuses to yield whilst foes remain before him.

When resolving an attack made against this Warlord, an unmodified wound roll of 1-3 always fail, irrespective of any abilities that the weapon or the model making that attack may have.

3 FLEETMASTER

Orbital firepower is often called upon by this leader.

Once per battle, at the end of your Fight phase, if this Warlord remained stationary and did not make any attacks this turn it can call down an orbital strike. If it does, select one point on the battlefield and roll one D6 for each unit within D6" of that point, subtracting 1 from the result if the unit being rolled for is a CHARACTER. On a 4+ the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds.

4 STUBBORN HEROISM

Unyielding are the Imperial Fists, refusing to relent and exacting the bloody price of victory from their foes even when retreat might prove more prudent.

This Warlord cannot Fall Back. When resolving an attack against this Warlord, halve any damage inflicted (rounding up).

5 ARCHITECT OF WAR

Imperial Fist leaders have a gift for bolstering defensive positions.

When resolving an attack against a friendly IMPERIAL FISTS unit within 6" of this Warlord with a weapon that has an Armour Penetration characteristic of -1, if that unit is receiving the benefit of cover, add an additional 1 to the saving throw. This does not apply to invulnerable saving throws.

6 HAND OF DORN

This champion of the Chapter is a true inheritor of the tactical acumen of his Primarch.

Before the battle, if your army is Battle-forged, roll one D3; you gain a number of Command Points equal to the result.

CRIMSON FISTS WARLORD TRAITS

1-2 REFUSE TO DIE

Like the Chapter itself, this Crimson Fists champion defies death against all odds.

The first time this Warlord is destroyed, roll one D6 at the end of the phase. On a 4+ return this Warlord to play with D3 wounds remaining, placing them as close as possible to their previous position and more than 1" away from any enemy models.

3-4 TENACIOUS OPPONENT

This champion fights all the harder when he is outnumbered by his foes.

When you choose this Warlord to fight with, if there are at least five enemy models within 6" of them, add D3 to this Warlord's Attacks characteristic until the end of the phase.

5-6 STOIC DEFENDER

This leader and his warriors hold their ground no matter the odds.

Friendly CRIMSON FISTS units have the Defenders of Humanity ability (see *Codex: Space Marines*) whilst they are within 6" of this Warlord. If such a unit already has that ability, each model in that unit counts as two models for the purposes of that ability.

NAMED CHARACTERS

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

CHARACTER

Captain Lysander
Tor Garadon
Pedro Kantor

WARLORD TRAIT

Indomitable
Siege Master
Stoic Defender



RELIQS OF THE FISTS

The armouries of the Dorn's sons are filled with storied weapons and equipment. From glory-drenched banners to legendary weapons, the mightiest heroes of the Chapter can draw upon a variety of ancient and remarkably powerful artefacts of war with which to drive back the Emperor's foes.

If your army is led by an IMPERIAL FISTS or CRIMSON FISTS Warlord, you can give one of the following Relics of the Fists to an IMPERIAL FISTS or CRIMSON FISTS CHARACTER model from your army instead of giving them a Relic from *Codex: Space Marines*. These are considered to be Chapter Relics for all rules purposes. Named characters and VEHICLE models cannot be given the following Relics.

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

THE SPARTEAN

This bolt pistol is a true work of the artificer's art. Since its forging in M35, hundreds of warriors have used the pistol to myriad enemies of Mankind. All of its bearers have remarked upon the weapon's potent and noble machine spirit, a presence so manifest that it felt as though the weapon was a battle-brother stood always at their side.

IMPERIAL FISTS model with a bolt pistol or heavy bolt pistol only. This Relic replaces a bolt pistol or heavy bolt pistol and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Spartean	18"	Pistol 2	4	-3	2
Abilities: This weapon can target a CHARACTER unit even if it is not the closest enemy unit.					

THE BANNER OF STAGANDA

The Staganda War was one of the most gruelling campaigns undertaken by the Imperial Fists. Staganda had been severed from Mankind since the Dark Age of Technology and, by the time an Explorator fleet rediscovered the world, the population had been living under brutal Ork occupation for millennia. Though the entire Imperial Fists Chapter was mobilised to reclaim the planet, it was the 3rd Company that bore the brunt of the fighting. In the aftermath, a new standard was fashioned in honour of this epic victory.

IMPERIAL FISTS ANCIENT model only. When resolving an attack made with a melee weapon by a model in an IMPERIAL FISTS unit that is within 6" of a friendly model with this Relic, add 1 to the hit roll.

THE EYE OF HYPNOTH

The Eye of Hypnoth was presented to the Imperial Fists in late M39 in honour of the assistance they provided in defending the forge world of Hypnoth from Waaagh! Kromak. This device is a highly sophisticated and long-ranged auspex array; tradition dictates that it is best employed to detect hidden weaknesses in enemy fortifications.

IMPERIAL FISTS model only. When resolving an attack made with a ranged weapon by a model in an IMPERIAL FISTS unit that is within 6" of a friendly model with this Relic, re-roll a wound roll of 1.

THE BONES OF OSRAK

The legends concerning Chief Librarian Malandar Osrak lie greatly shadowed by the passage of time, dating as they do from late M32 – a period on which Chapter records are notoriously silent. The stories of Osrak's defeat of the nine Daemon Lords of the Maelstrom may well be apocryphal, as might his cleansing of the plague vessel Morbiditus. The toppling of the Gallowfortress, the sundering of the Inimical Gate and the single-handed liberation of Shormidar – all of these are deeds attributed to Osrak that may have grown in the telling. Whatever the truth of these stories, none contest Osrak's sheer psychic might. Even now, centuries after his death, the scrimshawed remains of his skull radiate a formidable power. With proper training, a Librarian of the same gene-seed can bend the Bones of Osrak to his will, accomplishing feats beyond the ken of his fellow psykers.

IMPERIAL FISTS LIBRARIAN only. When a Psychic test is taken for a model with this Relic that is attempting to manifest a psychic power from the Geokinesis discipline (pg 62), you can re-roll the result.

DUTY'S BURDEN

Presented to Chapter Master Kantor by Roboute Guilliman upon the day of his departure from Rynn's World, this masterfully crafted bolt rifle serves as a mark of the Primarch's recognition for all the Crimson Fists have achieved, and a stark reminder of all there is still yet to do. Bestowed upon those champions of the Chapter who face especially trying and crucial battles, Duty's Burden is an exceptionally lethal and utterly trustworthy weapon whose determined machine spirit echoes that of the Crimson Fists themselves.

CRIMSON FISTS model with a master-crafted auto bolt rifle or master-crafted stalker bolt rifle only. This Relic replaces a master-crafted auto bolt rifle or master-crafted stalker bolt rifle, and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Duty's Burden	30"	Rapid Fire 2	5	-2	2

FIST OF VENGEANCE

This master-crafted power fist is blood red, and chipped and marked with hundreds of battle scars. Forged many years before the terrible cataclysm that almost destroyed the Crimson Fists, the Fist of Vengeance was recovered from the ruins of the Chapter's Fortress Monastery, miraculously untouched by the devastation that surrounded it. In the years since that dark day, this symbol of resilience and defiance has been borne into battle by many heroes of the Chapter.

CRIMSON FISTS model with a power fist only. This Relic replaces a power fist and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Fist of Vengeance	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	3

SPECIAL-ISSUE WARGEAR

Just as they recruit from many worlds, so the Imperial Fists can draw upon the industrial artifice of all those planets – along with the armoury of *Phalanx* itself – to furnish their warriors with weapons and wargear. Some of these potent pieces of equipment were crafted upon Terra itself, and thus bear all the hallmarks of the throneworld's peerless craftsmanship.

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

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

ADAMANTINE MANTLE

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

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

ARTIFICER ARMOUR

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

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

MASTER-CRAFTED WEAPON

The Imperial Fists and their successors place great stock in expert craftsmanship, especially when it comes to weapons. The finest examples of their Chapter's artifice are masterpieces of gilded adamantine and scrimshawed bone that strike with merciless fury.

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

DIGITAL WEAPONS

Digital weapons are concealed lasers fitted into finger rings, bionic implants or the knuckles of a power-armoured gauntlet. Short-ranged and powerful, they are typically triggered in the midst of melee in order to blast the enemy point-blank from an unexpected angle when a weakness in their guard is spotted.

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

FIST OF TERRA

These ornate power fists are reputed to be remaining examples of the vaunted Solarite gauntlets used in the fighting on the walls of Terra at the height of the Horus Heresy. Crafted from the most potent materials and rare amongst the Imperial Fists even ten thousand years ago, these finely crafted weapons have sundered the foes of Mankind across the galaxy.

Model with a power fist only. This Relic replaces a power fist and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Fist of Terra	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	D3
Abilities: When the bearer fights, it makes 1 additional attack with this weapon.					

GATEBREAKER BOLTS

An unusual adaptation originally designed to aid Imperial Fists in blasting open the reinforced doors of enemy-held bunkers, these bolt rounds contain an unstable reservoir of hyper-dense liquid theldrite. Upon hitting their target, this substance catapults forwards within its canister and solidifies, adding battering-ram force and a Land Raider's worth of unexpected weight to the impact of the shell.

When you give a model this Relic, select one bolt weapon (see *Codex: Space Marines*) that model is equipped with. When the bearer shoots with that weapon, you can choose for it to fire a gatebreaker bolt. If you do, you can only make one attack with that weapon, but if that attack hits, make D3 wound rolls instead of one (each successful wound roll results in a wound that must be allocated). When resolving that attack, the weapon has an Armour Penetration characteristic of -5 and a Damage characteristic of 1 for that attack.

AURIC AQUILA

When these shining, golden aquila icons are forged, shavings of metal taken from the Phalanx's own armour plates are worked into their makeup. They thus benefit from a fragment of the mighty warship's fortitude and the protective aegis of its ancient machine spirit that helps to shield their bearers from hurts both physical and malefic.

A model with this Relic has a 4+ invulnerable save. When a model with this Relic would lose a wound as a result of a mortal wound in the Psychic phase, roll one D6; on a 5+ that wound is not lost.

WARDEN'S CUIRASS

In the past millennia of war, these resplendent golden plates have graced the chest of many a son of Rogal Dorn. Proudly displaying the flawless sigil of the Primarch, they declare an unbreakable allegiance to the Imperium and the Emperor. Forged with metallic ores whose composition is no longer understood in the Imperium, each of these chest-plates also provides formidable defence, bolstering the wearer's fortitude to that of the heroes of yore.

Add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of a model with this Relic.

STRATAGEMS

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

1CP

BITTER ENMITY

Imperial Fists Stratagem

The Imperial Fists' hatred for their old rivals the Iron Warriors has only grown more intense as the centuries have passed.

Use this Stratagem in the Fight phase, when an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army is chosen to fight with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made with a melee weapon by a model in that unit against an IRON WARRIORS unit, you can re-roll the hit roll and you can re-roll the wound roll.

2CP

CLOSE-RANGE BOLTER FIRE

Imperial Fists Stratagem

The ability to hose your foe in bolter fire while battling toe to toe has proven vital across countless trenches and battlements.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase, when an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army is chosen to shoot with. Until the end of that phase, bolt weapons (see *Codex: Space Marines*) models in that unit are equipped with have the Pistol type instead of their normal type (e.g. a Rapid Fire 2 bolt weapon becomes Pistol 2).

1CP

BOLSTER DEFENCES

Imperial Fists Stratagem

Every true son of Dorn knows how to swiftly fortify even the most untenable of positions.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Movement phase. Select one IMPERIAL FISTS INFANTRY unit from your army that is entirely on or within a terrain feature. As long as that unit remains stationary, when resolving an attack made against that unit, add an additional 1 to the saving throw (this will normally mean you add 2 to the unit's saving throws for being in cover instead of 1). Invulnerable saves are unaffected. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

2CP

BOLTER DRILL

Imperial Fists Stratagem

The sons of Dorn maintain strict fire discipline, standing shoulder to shoulder as they unleash devastating volleys of bolt rounds into the foe.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase, when you choose an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army to shoot with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made by a model in that unit with a bolt weapon (see *Codex: Space Marines*), an unmodified hit roll of 6 scores 1 additional hit.

1CP

SAPPERS

Imperial Fists Stratagem

There is no bastion or fastness, no redoubt, bulwark or strongpoint that the Imperial Fists cannot reduce to ruin.

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

2CP

STUBBORN DEFENCE

Imperial Fists Stratagem

The Imperial Fists favour battlefield strategies that favour their defensive strengths.

Use this Stratagem at the start of the battle, if an IMPERIAL FISTS Warlord from your army is on the battlefield. Until the end of the battle, you cannot discard Storm and Defend objectives, but when you achieve one you score 1 additional victory point. You can only use this Stratagem if the mission you are playing uses Tactical Objectives.

1CP

PAIN IS A LESSON

Imperial Fists Stratagem

To the Imperial Fists, pain is but another didactic tool, a reminder of what their forebears endured without complaint and which they, too, must weather unwavering.

Use this Stratagem in any phase, when an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army that is not a VEHICLE or SERVITOR is chosen as the target of an enemy attack. Until the end of that phase, when a model in that unit would lose a wound, roll one D6; on a 6 that wound is not lost.

2CP

TANK HUNTERS

Imperial Fists Stratagem

The Imperial Fists are masters in the art of crippling the enemy's mobile artillery and siege engines.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase or the Fight phase, when you choose an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army to shoot or fight with. Select one enemy VEHICLE unit. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made by a model in that IMPERIAL FISTS unit against the selected unit, add 1 to the wound roll.

1CP

CHAMPION OF BLADES*Space Marines Stratagem*

Victory in the Feast of Blades brings rewards of favour and recognition for he who earns them.

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

1CP

SENTINEL OF TERRA*Imperial Fists Stratagem*

The most accomplished officers amongst the Imperial Fists' ranks are true paragons of battle, masters of the Codex Astartes' tenets and unfaltering heroes to the last.

Use this Stratagem after nominating an IMPERIAL FISTS CHARACTER model that is not a named character to be your Warlord. You can generate one additional Warlord Trait for them; this must be from the Imperial Fists Warlord Traits table (pg 57). All of the Warlord Traits your army includes must be different (if randomly generated, re-roll duplicate results). You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

1CP

CLEARANCE PROTOCOLS*Imperial Fists Stratagem*

A hail of handheld ordnance deployed at the crucial moment can sweep an area clear in a bloody heartbeat.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase, when an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army is chosen to shoot with. Up to ten models in that unit that are equipped with Grenades can throw a Grenade that phase, instead of only one model being able to do so.

2CP

PRAETORIAN'S WRATH*Imperial Fists Stratagem*

The sons of Dorn favour heavy weaponry and explosives, applying these blunt and decisive solutions wherever possible.

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

1CP

GIFT OF THE PHALANX*Imperial Fists Stratagem*

It is not unheard of for especially accomplished Imperial Fists Sergeants to be granted an artefact from the Phalanx's Reclusiam.

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Select one IMPERIAL FISTS model from your army that has the word 'Sergeant' in their profile. That model can have one of the following Special-issue Wargear Relics, even though they are not a CHARACTER: Master-crafted Weapon; Digital Weapons; Fist of Terra; Gatebreaker Bolts (pg 59). All of the Relics your army includes must be different and be given to different models.

2CP

THE SHIELD UNWAVERING*Imperial Fists Stratagem*

Once the Imperial Fists have captured a site of strategic importance, they dig in and hold their position no matter what the enemy hurls at them.

~~Use this Stratagem at the end of your turn. Select one IMPERIAL FISTS INFANTRY unit from your army that is within 3" of any objective markers. Until the start of your next turn, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of models in that unit, and when resolving an attack made against that unit, add 1 to the saving throw.~~



1CP

SLAY THE TYRANT*Crimson Fists Stratagem*

The Crimson Fists have earned a reputation for liberating planets enslaved by tyrants, slaying the despots themselves so that their power base crumbles.

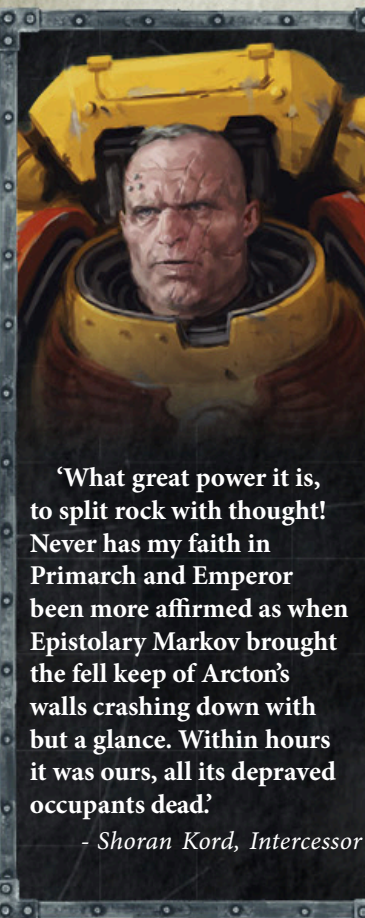
Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase or the Fight phase, when a CRIMSON FISTS unit from your army is chosen to shoot or fight with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made by a model in that unit against a CHARACTER unit, add 1 to the hit roll.

1CP

A HATED FOE*Crimson Fists Stratagem*

Long have the Crimson Fists fought against the Ork empires infesting the Loki Sector and beyond. They have learned much about how best to slay these brutish xenos.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase or the Fight phase, when a CRIMSON FISTS unit from your army is chosen to shoot or fight with. Until the end of that phase, when resolving an attack made by a model in that unit against an Ork unit, you can re-roll the wound roll.



GEOKINESIS DISCIPLINE

Those scions of Rogal Dorn who have power over the warp are masters of stone and iron. Using aetheric energies, they can shatter fortress walls, cast the enemy into great pits in the ground or fortify themselves and their allies with strength drawn from the very bones of the earth.

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

1. TECTONIC PURGE

The Librarian interlocks his fingers, raises his hands high and brings them down in a clubbing blow upon the ground. Psychic energies pour from the impact site, causing the ground to convulse and shudder violently and enemies to be flung from their feet.

Tectonic Purge has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, then until the start of your next Psychic phase, when a charge roll is made for an enemy unit within 12" of this psyker, subtract 2 from the result.

2. WRACK AND RUIN

Reaching out with his mind, the Librarian senses every fault, hairline crack and structural weakness in an enemy fortification, then builds empyric resonance within them until the stronghold shakes itself violently apart.

Wrack and Ruin has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one BUILDING unit within 18" of and visible to this psyker, or select one enemy unit that is wholly within or on a terrain feature and is within 18" of and visible to this psyker. Roll nine D6, adding 1 to the result if the unit you selected was a BUILDING; for each roll of 5+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

3. IRON INFERNO

The Librarian sends his mind questing outward to locate seams of metal, the iron spars of girders and foundations, and any other metallic deposit he can sense. Then, with a furious mental blast, he superheats them all to trigger a devastating pyrometallic eruption.

Iron Inferno has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one point on the battlefield within 18" of and visible to this psyker. Roll one D6 for each enemy unit within 6" of that point; on a 4+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

4. FORTIFY

The Librarian envisions a mighty citadel, ravaged by battle but under swift repair. As he does so he lets his powers wash out across his battle-brothers, compelling their flesh to knit and their bones to set just as the mental fortress is restored to its original magnificence.

Fortify has a warp charge value of 4. If manifested, select one friendly IMPERIAL FISTS INFANTRY or IMPERIAL FISTS BIKER model within 12" of the psyker; that model regains up to D3 lost wounds.

5. ASPECT OF STONE

Thrumming geokinetic energies wreath the Librarian's fists. Iron strengthens his sinews while his flesh becomes unyielding as ferrocrete – in such a state, he becomes all but unstoppable.

Aspect of Stone has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, then until the start of your next Psychic phase, add 2 to this psyker's Strength and Toughness characteristics.

6. CHASM

The psyker slams his palms together, and then pulls them slowly apart. As he does, a wide chasm opens beneath the feet of his enemy and they plunge screaming to their doom in the darkness below.

Chasm has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select one enemy unit that cannot FLY and is within 18" of and visible to this psyker. Roll 2D6: if the result is less than the lowest Move characteristic in that unit it suffers 1 mortal wound; if the result equals the lowest Move characteristic in that unit it suffers D3 mortal wounds; if the result is greater than the lowest Move characteristic in that unit it suffers 3 mortal wounds.

TACTICAL OBJECTIVES

The Imperial Fists are true lords of battle. Their pride and tactical skills are capable of reducing enemy fortifications to rubble, while theirs remain adamant and absolute.

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

OGG TACTICAL OBJECTIVE

- | | |
|----|------------------------|
| 11 | Indomitable Defence |
| 12 | Man the Walls |
| 13 | Disciplined Firepower |
| 14 | Champions of Dorn |
| 15 | Death Before Dishonour |
| 16 | Breach their Defences |

11

INDOMITABLE DEFENCE

Imperial Fists

Stand sentinel over your objectives, no matter the cost.

When this Tactical Objective is generated, select three objective markers. Score 1 victory point if you control one of those objective markers, D3 victory points if you control two of them, and D3+3 victory points if you control all 3. You cannot achieve this Tactical Objective in the same turn it was generated.

14

CHAMPIONS OF DORN

Imperial Fists

Uphold the honour of the Primarch by challenging the foe to personal combat and facing them blade to blade.

Score 1 victory point at the end of your turn if an enemy CHARACTER model was destroyed as a result of an attack made with a melee weapon by an IMPERIAL FISTS CHARACTER from your army this turn.

12

MAN THE WALLS

Imperial Fists

The enemy approach to storm our bastions; make haste to garrison our fortifications and prepare to repel the invaders.

Score 1 victory point if at least three IMPERIAL FISTS INFANTRY units from your army are either embarked inside BUILDINGS and/or are completely on or within terrain features at the end of the turn.

15

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOUR

Imperial Fists

Sacrifice in the face of overwhelming odds is preferable to retreat.

Score 1 victory point if this Tactical Objective has been active at the end of two consecutive turns. Discard this Tactical Objective immediately if an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army Falls Back.

13

DISCIPLINED FIREPOWER

Imperial Fists

Trust to your bolters and take aim brothers! Leave none alive!

When this Tactical Objective is generated, select a number between 1 and 3. Score a number of victory points equal to that number, but only if at least that many enemy units were destroyed as a result of an attack made by an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army during this turn's Shooting phase. Discard this Tactical Objective if it is not achieved this turn.

16

BREACH THEIR DEFENCES

Imperial Fists

The enemy seek shelter within their fortifications. Show them that there is no fortress the Imperial Fists cannot topple.

Score 1 victory point for each enemy unit that was destroyed whilst it was entirely on or within a terrain feature, and for each enemy BUILDING that was destroyed, as a result of an attack made by an IMPERIAL FISTS unit from your army this turn (to a maximum of 3 victory points).

'The Imperium is nothing less than the greatest fortress in Human history. Every world is a bastion, a redoubt made mighty by faith and toil. We are the defenders of this fortress, the praetorians who stand watch upon the walls, and who sally out to shatter each new threat as it masses before the Imperium's gates. While we stand our watch, this realm shall never fall.'

- Former Chapter Master Vladimir Pugh

IMPERIAL FISTS NAME GENERATOR

The Imperial Fists have some of the most culturally varied names seen in any Space Marine Chapter. This is thanks in no small part to the diversity of their recruiting worlds, all of whose peoples have lent aspects of their own dialects and languages to the polyglot whole of this Chapter's identity. If you wish to randomly generate a name for one of your Imperial Fists warriors, you can roll a D66 and consult the table below. To roll a D66, simply roll two D6, one after the other – the first represents tens, and the second represents digits, giving you a result between 11 and 66.

D66	NAME
11	Lydus
12	Darnath
13	Lexandro
14	Nereus
15	Tylaeus
16	Vorn
21	Tor
22	Boreas
23	Jago
24	Oreas
25	Lysor
26	Alsanius
31	Toreus
32	Vladimir
33	Maxos
34	Lordan
35	Issus
36	Jachaeus
41	Mordaen
42	Vorn
43	Antorus
44	Dysus
45	Vidor
46	Gorean
51	Dravyn
52	Cassus
53	Maxim
54	Leandros
55	Quirion
56	Franz
61	Lohr
62	Nidus
63	Ulseyus
64	Geheart
65	Shoran
66	Lyvornus

D66	NAME
11	Hagen
12	Mirhen
13	Garadon
14	Lytanus
15	Danithor
16	Markov
21	Mordelai
22	Julan
23	Darsway
24	Lordann
25	Aximov
26	Vysach
31	Saporin
32	Kolm
33	Dassian
34	Ulrech
35	Attorius
36	Hesp
41	Kalsnech
42	Makarov
43	Thale
44	Strech
45	Halsor
46	Tassius
51	Storn
52	Alvor
53	Ulandro
54	Osrak
55	Thane
56	Gorhagen
61	Carnak
62	Rann
63	Agathon
64	Grazensk
65	Kord
66	Gerlach



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

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



CODEX: SPACE MARINES

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



WARHAMMER 40,000: KILL TEAM

A fast paced tabletop miniatures game, Warhammer 40,000: Kill Team pits teams of elite specialists, ragtag zealots and hard-bitten veterans against each other in vicious skirmish battles to the bitter end. A single squad of well-trained and well-equipped warriors can tip the balance of a wider conflict – with Kill Team, you'll play through countless stories of your own devising that could alter the fate of the galaxy itself.



WARHAMMER 40,000: IMPERIUM NIHILUS VIGILUS DEFIANT

War ravages the sentinel world of Vigilus. Though beset by an Ork Speedwaagh! and a Genestealer Cult uprising, its crucial location at the mouth of the Nachmund Gauntlet makes it an invaluable asset to the Imperium – one that its people will fight to the last to defend. Yet this defiance may cost the Imperium dearly, for on top of all the planet's woes, a Chaos invasion has begun, led by a warlord claiming to be the herald of Abaddon himself!



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