

INQUISITOR

Heavenfall



INQUISITOR: CONSPIRACIES

GAMES
WORKSHOP

Evergreen - 3150065.M40



Evergreen - present day



"I can't wait to see Daddy again, it's been so long. And I have so many questions to ask him about... the other side."

The tall, impeccably dressed woman ran her slender fingers across the face of the alien symbol, its surface warm to the touch. The evening sunlight, refracted through the shield of force around her home, slid across the strange, organic shape of the alien artefact resting on its silken cushions. To her enhanced perceptions, the thing seemed to hum and writhe with potential. The heart of an ancient planet, hers to command. How fun.

The wrinkles in between the woman's knuckles were the only indication that she had passed her ninetieth year. As with so many of life's problems on Equinox, old age was really just a concern for the poor, clawing out a semblance of life on the rainy side of the forcewall. When the Restoration was complete, old age would cease to be a problem for even them.

Life was about to become something Equinox had more than enough of. The woman trilled deliciously at the thought of her gift to the world – immortality.

At a price.

Heavenfall

by Phil Kelly

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What is *Inquisitor: Conspiracies*?

Welcome Inquisitor. You hold in your hands the third in a series of enlightened tomes; a guide to one of the many dark areas of the galaxy that calls for the attention of the Inquisition. Each *Inquisitor: Conspiracies* book will concentrate on a certain world, planetary system or hive,

detailing the political structure and history, prominent geographical areas, climate and its important continents and cities. Important Characters, such as planetary governors, politicians, sect leaders and so on, will also be profiled. Most significantly each *Inquisitor: Conspiracies* volume will contain a number of campaigns ready for Gamesmasters to pick up and use.

The goal of the *Inquisitor: Conspiracies* series is to provide Inquisitor players and Gamesmasters with a detailed setting in which to play their games. We also hope to inspire Gamesmasters to create their own worlds and 'adventurescapes'. As explained later, the campaigns detailed should not be seen as written in stone but can be used in a setting already thought out by the Gamesmaster if he prefers. Perhaps only one of the scenarios would be suitable. If so, feel free to take what you need for your own use. The campaigns should be used to motivate Gamesmasters to write their own, we have simply provided a universal format that is (hopefully!) easy to use and understand. Remember, the most important aim of *Inquisitor: Conspiracies* is to inspire, not dictate.

The *Inquisitor: Conspiracies* series will not end with the books, but will continue on the Internet. *Exterminatus.com* is the official Inquisitor website where you can find more information and campaigns written by fellow gamers set in the previously published Cirian and Karis Cephalon adventurescapes. We could always do with more, so if you've written a campaign based on the worlds described in any of these three books (or even a campaign that can be easily converted to be played within their settings) then pop over to *Exterminatus.com* and check out the writer's guidelines.

This is the third *Inquisitor: Conspiracies* book and deals with the planetary system of Equinox, particularly the once-paradise world of the same name. The book is divided into a few main sections, some of which you shouldn't read if you plan to play in the campaigns. If you are the Gamesmaster and intend to use this game setting and play the campaigns then you should read the whole book cover-to-cover. Players can read the book once they have played the campaigns and discovered (some) of the secrets of Equinox. We obviously can't physically stop players reading these sections, however, suffice to say it will spoil their enjoyment of the game if they intend to play the campaigns.

So, without further ado, on to the strange world of Equinox...



The Equinox Adventurescape

Any student of astronomy, or for that matter any Imperial Alexmechanic worth his mnemoclusters, can tell that the Equinox system is highly unusual. Orbiting the great, ancient star Graia, the planets that bask in its now-fading light follow a strange stellar ballet far too orchestrated to be put down to coincidence.

The furthest planet in the system, Equinox, spends an unprecedented amount of its long year with the light of the star Graia partially obscured by one of the other planets in the system, or by one of its three moons. Some months of the year, the planet basks in a state of eclipse almost all the time. Although this is of great interest to certain factions of the Inquisition, the Equinox system is but one of hundreds of thousands of remarkable and bizarre star systems across the galaxy, and this twinned with the location of the system – far out on the western fringe of the Segmentum Tempestus – means that its secrets have never been fully unlocked. Why does this world spend so much of its year in this unusual state of half-light? Why do all the planets of the system seem to describe an orbit specifically designed to provide this effect? Why is there no metal in Equinox's crust? All these questions will be asked by astute player characters, and by the end of the adventure, the answers should be theirs. As for the GM, well, read on...

Planet: Equinox

Location: Segmentum Tempestus

Tithe Grade: Experima

Notes: ref: Deterioration

Navigation: UH/AVly

Mean Orbital

Distance: 212,500,000 km

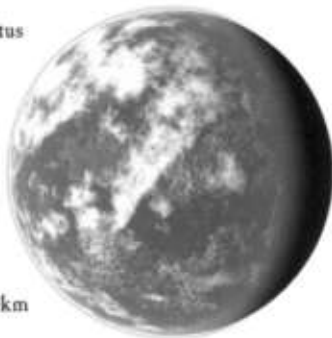
Mass: 3.2

Orbit: 2333

Rotation: 22

Equatorial Diameter: 8,100,000km

Gravity: 0.999 Satellites: 2



THE MAIDEN WORLDS

Long ago, the Eldar were a race whose empire spanned the galaxy, whose mere dreams decided the fate of worlds and quenched the fiercest suns. Now, they are all but extinct – the last fragments of a shattered civilisation plunged into constant warfare and doubt.

An incredibly ancient race, the Eldar are strange and enigmatic aliens who never speak openly of their downfall. The potential of the Eldar mind for sensation, achievement and intensity makes the mind of a human seem sluggish and dull. It was this potential that led to pride and temptation, then decadence, and finally depravity. Powerful psykers, the waking dreams of billions of degenerate Eldar thrill-seekers began to coalesce and take shape within the Warp. Slowly, insidiously, an unimaginably sickening and obscene god was born.

The Great Enemy, Slaanesh, burst into consciousness in a mighty cataclysm that ripped the Eldar race apart from within. Its birth-cries blasted apart the minds of every Eldar within light years, and a psychic implosion tore out the heart of their empire, leaving a pulsing, bleeding afterbirth of pure

chaos in its place. The paradise worlds on the edge of the Eldar empire, far-flung enough to escape the doom the rest of the Eldar race brought upon itself, are the only physical remnant of this once-great empire. These maiden worlds are often colonised by alien races only too eager to rape them for their abundant natural wealth and potential to nurture colony upon colony. Equinox was once such a world, the abundance of life upon its surface magnified by an alien terraforming device so potent it has power over death. That has long ceased to be the case.

There is a rumour amongst the longest-serving members of the Ordo Xenos that the Eldar race, once more powerful than Humanity can truly conceive, had the power to shape stars and create or destroy planets with a whim – believed to be an incredibly advanced technology called terraforming that enables a race to shape a world to its requirements. The Imperium has its own version of terraforming, infinitely cruder and more damaging to the blighted orbs upon which the decrepit organs of Humanity feed. Long aeons ago, the Eldar had created a world of such beauty that the stars themselves danced above it for the pleasure of its inhabitants. In the 41st millennium, this maiden world has been shackled, suffocated and enslaved to the will of a race to which beauty has long since ceased to matter.

However, there are those who would see it restored to its former glory. And waiting in the shadows, ready to reap the rewards of corruption and decadence when the planet begins to rot, is the greatest enemy the planet's creators have ever known...



The Heavenfall Setting

The planet of Equinox, once a jewel in the Imperium's crown, is silently decaying. Deep in the backwaters of Segmentum Tempestus, the planet was inhabited soon after its Eldar creators fled for the safety of the craftworlds. Although Equinox was once a thriving civilised world, almost all of it has degenerated severely. In a few short centuries it has gone from the closest the Imperium could boast to a paradise world to a sodden nightmare of crumbling plaster and mildew-stained rubble. All for one very simple reason: rain.

- Utopia -

THE FOUNDING

Equinox was once an Eldar maiden world, replete with beautiful gardens and wild untamed forest. This dreamscape of verdant pastures and serene sunlight was abandoned by its creators at the time of the Fall of the Eldar. When the slow arm of the Imperium reached out to touch this empty and seemingly perfect planet, it made haste to colonise it.

Equinox proved to be a planet far, far removed from the norm. The weather was perfect at all times, all the necessary water and nutrients for its flora and fauna coursing through a circulatory system of wraithbone catacombs beneath the planet's surface. The seasons had no real meaning other than to chart the passing of each bountiful year. Equinox had the freshness and grace of a perpetual spring morning even when frost glistened on the leaves of its mighty trees, their branches embracing to form a canopy hundreds of feet above. Metal was rare, as there was no ore in the planet's crust, but the populace learnt to use wood and plaster in its stead and import the 'hard goods' they could not do without.

Equinox's new sons and daughters found that their lifespans were extended considerably, allowing them to scale the peaks of artistic and aesthetic achievement unheard of on the worlds from which they had come. As the generations progressed, the planet began to bear Humanity's mark as arcades of beautiful buildings and statues of the pioneers and founding fathers who first settled there punctuated the verdant plains of the planet. The population boomed, and as the various organs of the Imperium attempted to force Equinox into the template imposed on all newly colonised worlds, Humanity began the slow suffocation of the planet's ecosystem.

Over the centuries, the populace of the disease-free, peaceful planet of Equinox had grown to untenable proportions. As the centuries passed, the principal city of Evergreen grew from settlement to capital to metropolis. Unlike most civilised worlds, the major cities of each state spread outward rather than upward, and it was not long until the verdant, rolling hills surrounding each city glittered with hundreds of thousands of lights, every horizon stippled with spires and monuments to the glory of the Imperial Creator. Cities began to blend into one another, major roads joined and connected until some ran for thousands of miles. That Equinox had no natural metals running through its crust mattered little, as the worst conditions its inhabitants' dwellings had to be proof against was a light breeze. Almost the entirety of

Evergreen's surface became studded with urban landscapes to rival even the impeccable city-states of Ultramar.

The wide avenues were covered in dappled sunlight that filtered through a canopy of the hydroponically nourished greatwoods. Every other building was an architectural masterpiece, and the gilded sculptures and alabaster walls characteristic of the populace's dwelling-places were kept gleaming by tiny feeder-insects indigenous to the planet.

The Ministorum presence on Equinox was slight indeed, as it has always been a remote planet, and was reckoned to be a stable and loyal example of an Imperial world. To see it thrive was pleasing to those who set the tithes, and so the dangers of overpopulation were conveniently ignored. Worse still, the Grellier Census, carried out in the latter years of M39, was hopelessly ineffective; the Ministorum chiefs had underestimated badly, neglecting to include the populace in the underground wraithbone complexes of each city-state. With the lack of any major agri-worlds in the system to sustain the burgeoning populace, and much of its arable land now paved with herculite, it was not long before the rot began to set in.

Until that point, the ecosystem of Equinox was self-sustaining and complete, albeit with the exception of the newcomers. The planet's atmosphere had largely been fresh and clean, with the exception of the pollutants belched into the sky by the factoriums of the Administratum and generatoriums of the Adeptus Mechanicus. But slowly, over a period of decades, the climate of Equinox began to change, the atmosphere slowly degrading and denaturing around the proud colonists. One autumn day, Equinox's children stared at the sky in amazement and shock. It had started to rain.

- Dystopia -

THE DETERIORATION

Evergreen was the first among the cities of Equinox to decay, for despite the population's careful nurturing of the city, the technology of the Imperium is flawed in many ways. The profusion of promethium domes and underground industrial complexes powering the great electrical grids across Evergreen silently bled their by-products into the atmosphere, and over the centuries the ecosystems of the planet underwent severe change. Rancid, yellow rain began to stain the facades of the basilicas and plazas, creeping fingers of black mould flourished across the alabaster statues, and the feeder-insects that had quietly and invisibly disposed of Evergreen's bio-waste died out as their environments changed. The rows of majestic trees lining the boulevards and sheltering the populace from the sun's harsh rays withered, the hydroponic systems barely able to keep them alive, their distorted and tangled limbs casting a network of stark shadows across the leaf-litter strewn streets.

A rapid chain-reaction followed as the polluted rain continued to fall. Magnificent buildings, built for beauty rather than durability, collapsed in on themselves; sewer-pipes overflowed onto the streets, the stinking effluent mingling with the rotting leaves to form a carpet of foul-

THE ARCHIPELAGOS

But as with most Imperial worlds, a privileged few found that wealth and influence could solve their problems. A small detachment of Adeptus Mechanicus Techpriests had inadvertently stumbled across a solution when the force-shield they were erecting around their complex proved to be far too dilute, covering a massive area of land with an extremely weak force field sufficient only to induce a slight tingle in a trespasser rather than a lethal shock. However, the now ever-present rain trickled down the outside of the invisible dome. It was not long before this device was replicated across all of the wealthier districts of the planet's surface, preserving certain areas of Equinox as islands of paradise amongst the hellish, tumbledown mulch of collapsed architecture and rotting vegetation that carpeted the rest of the planet. Today, these areas are protected by looming walls to keep out undesirables, and their wealthy, indolent inhabitants live a life of luxury in what they have named the Archipelagos. Equinox can truly be said to be a dichotomy of heaven existing alongside hell.



smelling mulch. Disease ran rampant throughout the populace, and the slow, lingering starvation closing its grip on the cities began to hit hard in a pattern repeated across the entire planet. Overpopulation was no longer a concern, but by then, it was far too late to reverse the planet's journey towards disaster.

With the deterioration of their environment, the population of Evergreen had also begun to degenerate. Many saw their world falling apart around them and, rather than fleeing to the solid, ugly Ecclesiarchy churches that stood inviolate as the wonders of the city toppled and degraded into a homogenous mush, turned to darker powers to restore their once-beautiful lives. Many saw the plagues spreading through the rotting city take their children, their siblings or their lovers, and made pacts with the powers waiting in the dark corners of the plague-zones for their survival. Yet more of the population were reduced to murder and cannibalism by the shortage of food, at first trying desperately to feed their families, later reverting to instinct alone, ultimately becoming blood-soaked ghouls that roamed the streets with the blasphemous syllables of their new patron on their lips. Few had knowledge of how to rebuild their shattered lives, and many longed for the city that still lived on in their memories, wishing for one thing above all other: change.

THE PURGING

In the latter years of M41, the distress signals sent to the major organs of the Imperium by the Adeptus Ministorum and the Ecclesiarchy finally bore fruit. A small contingent of the Silver Skulls Chapter split from their main battleforce heading back through the Segmentum with the aim of cleansing the degenerating planet of the influence of Chaos. A bloody and unmerciful pogrom, organised with typical efficiency by the Commanders of the Silver Skulls, tirelessly swept through the cities of Equinox one by one. The low-tech resistance they met posed no real challenge, with the exception of the occasional daemonic manifestation eventually countered by the chapter's Librarians. The Space Marines were practically unopposed in their methodical slaughter of the impure. The once-fecund population of Equinox, already halved by disease and starvation, was halved again, and unsalvageable areas of the city-states were appropriated as mass graves. The few remaining buildings and monuments durable enough to withstand the long, slow Deterioration were shattered and burnt by the severity of the purge. The Silver Skulls left as quickly as they had struck, fading to nothing more than a bloody memory in the collective consciousness of the survivors. Vast numbers of the Ecclesiarchy were drafted in to reaffirm the Imperial Creed;

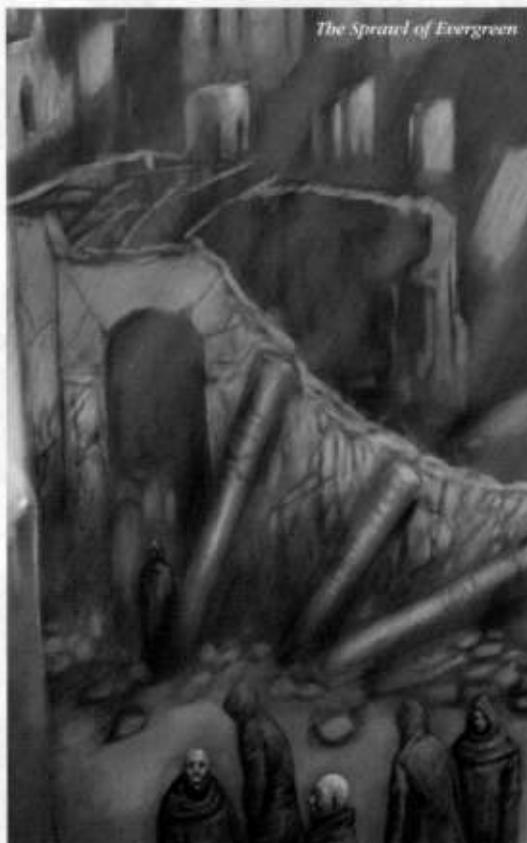
taking care to portray the Silver Skulls as shining knights driving out the impure as they nurtured the populace toward stability.

Slowly, and with immense effort, the planet of Equinox was brought under the Imperial yoke once more. Looming, blank-faced Arbites complexes rose from the mouldering rubble of the once-great cities, and gang warfare, once a common sight on the broken streets of the city-states, was all but eradicated. The underground industrial complexes were salvaged by a delegation of Adeptus Mechanicus, and power was restored to the growing number of shanty towns and hospices blossoming amongst the tumbled ruins of Equinox's former glory.

- The Three Tiers of Evergreen -

THE SPRAWL

Evergreen is now a grey, rotting mockery of its name. Its once-clean streets are clogged with an accumulation of filth and matted vegetation that swings between hard crust and thick quagmire depending on the season. The black market and slave trade is rife, despite the best efforts of the Arbites; there are just too many places to hide. Networks of winding tunnels have been dug through the ruins, many of which have become half-submerged over the years. It has attracted many undesirables eager to trade guns and other hard goods to the degenerate inhabitants of the sprawling seas of rubble.



THE CATACOMBS

The dank underground tunnels of the wraithbone catacombs and subterranean generator complexes are mostly flooded, and flotillas of refugees exist on rafts made from compacted refuse and salvaged wood under the city streets. An entire subculture thrives below the city; and, in much the same way

as an Imperial Hive, it has spawned gangs and affiliations amongst the scavengers. Although Evergreen's underground wraithbone catacombs have but one level, they extend for hundreds of miles in all directions. Collapses still occur even now, entire blocks of sodden earth sliding into the flooded corridor-canals of the underground system to leave a wraithbone skeleton jutting into the city above. Only the industrial complexes have anything approaching stability, and are maintained as though they were bunkers in a warzone by the Adeptus Mechanicus stationed there. It is a source of wonder that they remain on the planet in such number, and it is highly unlikely they remain for purely altruistic purposes.



THE CANOPY

Perhaps the most bizarre aspect of Evergreen's corrupted ecosystem is the withered, tangled canopy above each of the city's streets; the gnarled trees that are the only living remnant of the city's once-great arboreal network. Many of the trees are dead already, but some are over a thousand years old and their branches form a lattice so tight that, were they ever to blossom and grow leaves, the streets below would be cast into total darkness. The atavistic ape-things that subsist in the canopy, often referred to as the tree-creepers, are white-furred and aggressive. The city abounds with rumours of nocturnal raiding parties descending into the grottos and making off with domesticated or feral animals, babies and even adolescents. It is a blessing that the canopy can only support beings of a certain size and, as such, the tree-creepers are merely regarded as a nuisance by the local authorities. Nevertheless, it is unnerving in the extreme when the fleshless bones of an animal or child rain down from the canopy to the street below. Even more unnerving is the possibility that they are direct descendants of the unfortunates hunted down during the Purge, for it is certain that mutants still hide amongst the labyrinthine tunnels of the ruined city.



The Equinox System

The planets that orbit the great star Graia are all very distinct, and it is believed by the more credulous of Equinox's population that the different planets affect more than just the light levels when they pass across the face of the sun. There are even those that believe the planet's creators may have altered the solar system purely for the strange and wonderful effects the frequent eclipses have on their dwelling-place.

ODESIA

Odesia is a water planet of the most scintillating blue hue. From space, it looks like a sapphire hanging in the firmament, a perfect orb surrounded by a skirt of small, water-covered moons. The oceans of Odesia teem with life, though none are visible to the naked eye. They are almost always becalmed, but the violent storms that assail Odesia every month have such force that to set up anything more than a temporary research or agri-station on the world has proven almost impossible.

When Odesia takes its place across the sun, Equinox's atmosphere becomes close and heavy, but with a pleasant coolness to it. The rain, a by-product of Humanity's intervention, intensifies for the period in which Odesia is in place – this lends a -5% visibility penalty per 10ft through which the character is attempting to see (unless of course they are underground, inside a building or within one of the Archipelagos).

GHYTE

A massive, featureless cream-grey orb that slowly bubbles and rumbles as if it was covered in a thick quicksand, Ghyte has such a heavy gravitic pull that anything settling upon it is sucked down under its surface to be lost forever. However, despite its lethal nature, Ghyte is synonymous with tranquillity and introspection; indeed, when the light of Graia is cast around it, it becomes difficult to contemplate anything else.

Whilst Ghyte covers the centre of the sun, any character attempting to take actions will only take an action for every 5+ rolled on his Action dice rather than the usual 4+. So if a character with Speed 4 rolls a 3, 4, 4 and 6 for his actions he would only get one successful action rather than the normal 3 for such a roll.

USING THE ECLIPSES TO YOUR ADVANTAGE

During the campaign, feel free to choose any of these planets as the one that is crossing the face of Graia at the time the characters are investigating – this can vary as quickly as from one night to the next, or you can keep to the one planet right the way through the campaign. You'll find that they make the character's jobs that much easier, or that much more difficult, and can become a great helping hand or hindrance as the players continue the adventure. If the characters are doing a little too well, maybe Endemion, the dark planet, is ascendant. If they need a helping hand and have been badly shot up, the bright orb of Diurnus lends its blessing at a critical time.

Let's pass the control of this solar system over to your capable hands...

DECALIOS

The gas giant Decalios is the second largest of the planets in the Equinox system. A beautiful emerald green, this planet is made from a hitherto undocumented psychoactive gas – normally referred to as Decalium by those influential and wealthy enough to have purchased it through Equinox's black market. The rare expeditions into Decalios's corrosive atmosphere by the lunatics and desperados that dare attempt such a feat inevitably set the successful on the gravy train for life. The unsuccessful find themselves broken down and assimilated into the heavy green gases swirling around the planet's surface.

When Decalios passes across the face of the sun, it eclipses it almost entirely. The wan green light that bathes the planet not only lends an ethereal and strange look to the tumbledown plaster landscape of the Sprawl and the glistening spires of the Archipelagos, but also lends protection from the ravaging creatures that would press themselves into the minds of those who lose control of their psychic abilities. All psykers may treat their abilities as wyrd abilities whilst Decalios eclipses the sun.

DIURNUS

Diurnus, a world not much larger than a moon that clings close to the massive orb of Graia, has an erratic but extremely fast orbit. The surface closest to the sun boils and



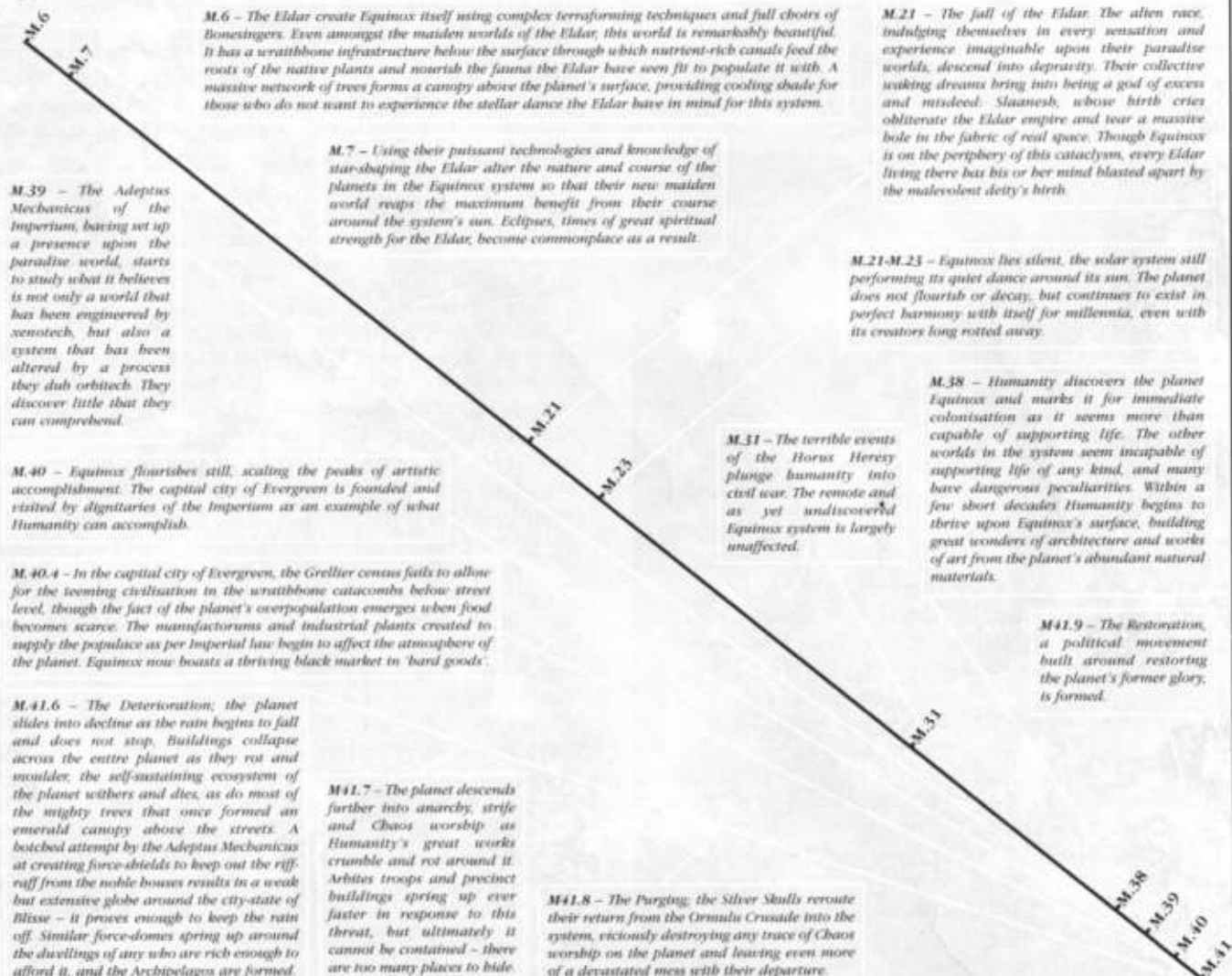
bubbles constantly, whilst the black side of the planet fuses and beals, only to be split open again the following day. When Diurnus passes over Graia in a state of Equinox, at first it looks as if a tiny piece of the sun has been eaten away. However, when this small planet reaches the epicentre, the effect is incredible: a bright ring of fire with a solid black core that casts an invigorating light over the denizens of the world below.

Whilst Diurnus passes completely in front of Graia, forming a great halo of amber light, those under its auspice benefit from great energy and physical stamina. Any Recovery or System Shock roll made whilst Diurnus is centrally aligned against Graia is automatically passed. Bear in mind this will usually only be for a couple of hours, or at the very most a whole night.

ENDEMION

The dark planet of Endemion roils and spits green-black tendrils of gaseous matter toward anything that approaches its orbit. It is commonly associated with madness and strife, and when Endemion eclipses its parent star, it does so completely, leaving an impenetrable blanket of darkness across the cityscapes through which nightmares slip and crawl. It can be assumed that the ill-favoured planet was not always this way, but one thing is certain: when Endemion eclipses Graia, madmen and monsters roam the streets.

EQUINOX TIMELINE



If you decide that Endemion has blotted out the sun for the duration of an eclipse, then whenever a player (or NPC) suffers damage, he must roll on the Hallucinogen Effects table on page 89 of the rulebook as the baleful lens of the gaseous planet works its strange magic on their minds.

GRAIA

When the sun that Equinox orbits is completely visible, casting its barsb but energising amber light onto the planets spinning around it, those of strong mind that witness its kiss find a fire in their hearts and a beat in their bellies that even night cannot dispel. It seems that it is not only the flora of those planets that benefit from the strength of Graia's undying light.

When there is no eclipse at all, the players find themselves under the influence of the great ancient star itself. Any character that does not already have the Heroic ability counts as having this trait until the next eclipse. If a character already has this trait, he or she may re-roll any 1s rolled for their Action dice per turn, not just a single dice.

There are also minor moons that pass across the surface of the sun on an intermittent basis, but these have no effect other than the aesthetic. It might be an idea to start the characters off in one of these periods of minor eclipse and work up to the big names above when the characters understand a little more of the nature of the planet.

Dramatis Personae

INQUISITOR LICHENSTEIN

"Do not presume to judge me, or the methods I choose to employ, petty-minded fool. You cannot comprehend the magnitude of the task I have undertaken, nor the consequences should I fail."

Inquisitor Lichtenstein is a dangerous radical thought by almost all of his order to be utterly insane. He has been declared Excommunicate Traitoris, and is actively being pursued by one of the galaxy's most noted witch hunters, Tyrus. It was Lichtenstein's single-minded obsession with the artefact codified as the Librarium Heresius that freed the daemon prince Phara'gueottla from its prison on Karis Cephalon. Since then, his fate and that of his warband has been inextricably linked with that of the daemon, Tyrus and another radical Inquisitor; an ex-daemonhost called Kessel. These three clashed on Karis over a manifestation of the daemon prince on the barren world of Paganus Reach, and again at Cephalon Spaceport where Lichtenstein actually managed to break Kessel free from Tyrus's custody. In return, Kessel arranged for Lichtenstein's safe passage to Equinox, a world where, under the false name of Thravian Flast, the dangerously obsessed Inquisitor searches tirelessly for the true location of the Librarium Heresius.

Lichtenstein is an old, old man, but the sheer strength of will behind his steely features shocks all who meet his gaze. There's a touch of madness in his grey, staring eyes; Lichtenstein is on a quest to save Mankind from enslavement at the hands of an ancient mechanical race who worship death. Since no one believes him, he's vowed to do it by himself. He knows that within the Librarium Heresius is a powerful weapon against these ancient killing machines. Lichtenstein will do anything, including the harnessing and utilisation of Chaos – the nemesis of the xenos threat – to locate and command this ancient artefact.



ACOLYTE CHRIDIOS, THE TALL MAN

"What a refreshing viewpoint. Have you quite finished? May I proffer my own? Excellent."

Chridios is the go-between for Lichtenstein and anyone who he has dealings with on the surface of Evergreen. An extremely tall, rangy man with pallid, pockmarked skin and a tendency to enjoy watching others squirm, Chridios is a nasty piece of work but one who recognises Lichtenstein's extreme methods as valid. This is due in part to the fact that Chridios very much likes being above the rules – he has served three radical Inquisitors in the past, both successfully and discreetly. Chridios typically wears a masquerade-style half-mask that covers his face from the nose up – this is rendered in the shape of a lion's face with a sun-like mane fanning outward from its scalp. Inside this mask lie advanced sensor arrays, infra-red scopes and photochromatic visors enabling him to monitor everything down to the heart rates of those he talks to. This has given Chridios a reputation for being able to tell when people are lying to him.

Chridios is the nominal head of Cell Alphic, one of the small but tested group of underground operatives that act as Lichtenstein's enforcers and facilitators. Along with Requiell Morglin, a foul-mouthed but beautiful gunslinger with an extremely flippant and irritating attitude, and Creeperbleed, a hulking, silent Plutonian specialising in demolitions, Cell Alphic command a good portion of the Catacombs. This is mainly due to their influence with an underground gang known as the Nightstalkers – filthy scum to a man with a reputation for harbouring mutants.

SIGUEL DE CHARYBDIS

"Welcome, my curious friends, welcome. You will find many horrors here, and perhaps a few pleasant surprises, should you wish."

Siguel de Charybdis is the ringleader of the Circus of Horrors, a travelling freakshow that haunts the Catacombs on powered skiffs as a front for their thriving black market trade. Unusually, Siguel is not readily identifiable as a mutant – he is a shorter-than-average man with swarthy skin, but aside from being completely hairless and having filed his teeth into points for a uniquely disturbing grin, Siguel appears not to bear the stigma of mutation. Nonetheless, you don't become the ringmaster of so grand a collection of freaks as the Circus of Horrors without a seriously impressive party trick. In fact, Siguel can slowly liquefy and reform at will, turning his flesh into the consistency of molten wax until he forms a living pool of fluid gristle quite capable of locomotion and almost entirely impervious to injury. Although he has the decorum not to attempt this in mid-conversation outside of his show, when the Circus has been raided in the past Siguel has liquefied and funnelled his molten form into the windpipe of more than one oppressor, resulting in a particularly grisly death. This aside, Siguel is actually a pretty nice guy, and although he happily deals in all manner of 'hard goods' (metallic objects) and black market drugs, he encourages a thieves' honour amongst his charges and makes sure that even the most unfortunate mutant is well-looked after – for the price of a little dignity. After all, the show must go on.

Siguel's son, Delagio de Charybdis, also lives with the freakshow as one of the exhibits – a massive wall of pink-grey

flesh who long ago forgot how to assume a humanoid form and now lives as an amorphous mass of protruding hands and features. Siguel is fiercely protective of his unfortunate child and will not tolerate anyone making his life more difficult than it already is.

'BOREAS', EXCELSIS MODEL SERVO-SKULL

"++prrt...btbtbtbt...bt...prrrrrrrtcbk++"

Built from the cranium of Boreas Volvu Inighu, a respected Magos of the Adeptus Mechanicus, the Excelsis model Servo-skull 'Boreas' is an advanced version of the anti-gravitic servitor skulls used by the nobility of the Imperium. At least three quarters of the skull is covered in either a chrome sheath to protect its delicate workings or fold-out hatches that allow Boreas's many digital manipulators and delicate sensor-probes to emerge. Its primary limbs end in a tiny pair of thumbless 'hands' capable of everything from operating computer terminals to completing complex surgery. In Boreas's right socket is some of the most complex recording equipment the Adeptus Mechanicus have ever manufactured, fully capable of storing a year of footage and playing back sections at the vocal command of one it recognises as its master. Boreas was stolen from the Adeptus Mechanicus homeworld of Mars by the rogue Magos Dmitri, a separatist who joined forces with Lichtenstein after making an uncomfortable discovery on his home planet. Through Dmitri, Boreas acts as Lichtenstein's eyes and ears on the planet of Equinox.



JANSEN MALACHAI

"Ab, now let's see, that, bmm, that looks bad, take this, breathe in, breathe out, good, and relax... <SNAP> and just pass me that cloth would you? I think the Emperor likes you after all."

Jansen Malachai was once a torturer in the employ of the ruling classes of Equinox, and was accustomed to a life of luxury torturing the enemies of the Veridian Elite for his master Matriche. However, on entering the Basilica Sanctus Josmane during an ill-judged public relations exercise by his master designed to convince the Ecclesiarchy of his piety, Jansen Malachai found the Emperor, and renounced his profession there and then. After receiving a beating from Matriche's Elite guard that crippled him in body and spirit, his master left Malachai in a pool of blood on the floor of the Basilica. After an extensive period under the care of the Sisters Hospitaller mission housed at the Ecclesiarchy cathedral, Malachai found he could walk again, after a fashion. He is now running what amounts to a free surgeon service for anyone who approaches him, for the greater glory of the Emperor.

Jansen Malachai has taken up residence in the shattered theatre of the Aquis Bene, a once-magnificent example of Evergreen's architecture shattered forever by the drop pods of the Silver Skulls Space Marines during the Great Cleansing. He listens to old wax cylinder recordings of Imperial Choral music that reverberate around the splintered dome of the amphitheatre under which he works. He is addicted to Reflex, and will not operate without it - this replaces his tranquillity with dangerous hyperactivity when he wields the scalpel.

REQUIEL MORGLIN

"Emperor wept and soiled himself, will you stop being so bleeding big-and-mighty? Just for a second?"

Requiel is one hell of a fiery lady, renouncing her noble birth at the age of nine and blazing her way out of the Archipelagos with one of her father's coveted plasma pistols. She'd been practicing.

Requiel slouches like a stevedore, chews lho-sticks whole, spits habitually and, as Chridios puts it, has a bad case of "Catachan mouth" - she swears violently enough to make an Explicator blush, as often as she can. She's one hell of a looker under all the dirt and the sneering contempt, but the PCs probably won't pick this up as she'll be busy picking her nose. She wears a battered flak jacket, has long, dirty blonde hair tied in a loose topknot, and heavy, industrially protected boots complemented by a customised tool belt packed with different types of ammunition. She is an expert in the procurement and maintenance of black market weaponry, and the first port of call for anyone in the Catacombs who needs their sights straightened or weapon stripped.

Requiel was sickened by the horrific indulgences and hedonism of her parent culture in the Archipelagos, and lived a rich fantasy life in the mazes and gardens 'hunting' her babysitters until she was old enough to shoot straight - something she proved very, very good at. Her one-girl breakout from the Archipelago of Euphoria caused no less than sixteen deaths, eighteen million Imperial Krugerrands of property damage and nine cases of third degree burns. She is something of a legend on both sides of the force walls separating Evergreen's privileged from its unfortunates, and is a fierce champion of revolution within the underground movements of the Catacombs.



JUVIET GRELLIER

"Good eeeevening! Darling things, just look at you, was it raining outside in the slums? Of course it was! No more nasty rain here. Welcome to paradise."

A hostess beyond compare on the outside and a devious evil monstrosity within, Juviet Grellier is a classically beautiful auburn-haired woman apparently in her mid-thirties. The truth of it is that she is well over ninety years of age, countless rejuve treatments in her youth and her allegiance to the Dark Powers in later years allowing her to keep her stunning looks. She maintains the illusion of an up-and-coming protégé, but has been the power behind the throne of Euphoria for several generations. In the strange and timeless world of the Archipelagos, this kind of anomaly goes without question, provided you can carry it off with style and humour.

Juviet (everyone in Euphoria pronounces this You-vi-yay) is a devotee of the Prince of Misdeed, Slaanesh, and her body is covered entirely with a latticework of obscene tattoos the colour of dried blood, with the exception of her face and hands. This 'trend' has been emulated by almost all of her minions and sycophants, so that even when they perform the naked rituals demanded of their god, they appear to be clothed after a fashion.

Once the privileged daughter of an influential politician and a direct descendent of the Grellier family fortune, Juviet is an immensely influential member of the Archipelago community and has spread the worship of Slaanesh far and wide as the head of the Restoration movement. She holds lavish balls every season, and has something special planned for the next one – Juviet has laid her hands on a very unusual instrument to provide the music for her next soiree, if music it can be called...

A well-spoken and impeccably mannered lady who always seems to be playful, in actual fact, Juviet is a cold, calculating monster.



THE SENTINEL

"Exitus acta probat. Exitus acta probat. Exitus acta probat. Exitus acta..."

A noted haven to criminals and vagrants of every stripe due to the limitless places to hide, Evergreen attracts madmen like a corpse attracts daggerflies. No one knows where the serial killer known as the Sentinel came from, or what his mission was, although Lichtenstein suspects he was sent by another Inquisitor to assassinate Juviet Grellier or her predecessor. All that is certain is that this Vindicare Assassin is dangerously unhinged – whoever or whatever he encountered on his mission has driven him clean out of his mind. A consummate and pitiless sniper, the Sentinel is now feared across the entire population of Evergreen, both in the Archipelagos and the Sprawl: it seems he is slowly and methodically killing off the population of the capital city in accordance with some criteria only the Sentinel himself knows. So far, the attempts of the Arbites to track and neutralise this rogue assassin have proved completely futile.



ALANTHRASIL SWIFTBLADE

"I do what I must, it is that simple. I left the concept of desire behind many years ago. Do you understand the concept of duty?"

Alanthrasil Swiftblade, is an Eldar pirate prince and warrior beyond measure. Of all the creatures upon the blighted orb that is Equinox, Alanthrasil best knows the true history of the planet, what it once was and what it has the potential to become. Freed from almost certain destruction at the hands of an Imperial fleet by Inquisitor Lichtenstein, the Eldar Prince had sworn an oath to fulfil a life-debt to the radical. However, the task that Lichtenstein has in mind for Alanthrasil snugly correlates with a task he would have attempted in any case, for at the heart of it lies the fate of a planet once beloved to his race and now in grave danger of falling under the dominion of the Great Enemy.

Alanthrasil is a tall, lithe being with the grace and distance of all Eldar. He is almost supernaturally arrogant and dismissive to all bar Lichtenstein himself, who he treats with eloquent contempt. Every single movement Alanthrasil makes uses exactly the minimum amount of force or effort, be it gliding through a maze of rubble like a ghost or decapitating a gang of scavengers with a complex and graceful sword-form. He is a true master of the dreadsword he carries, his sister's soul-stone bound into the hilt, and a royal pain in the ass to boot.

INQUISITOR SCARN

"I kept my promise while you were deemed useful to me, you now no longer serve a purpose"

Always working from the shadows, the methods of Inquisitor Scarn have been labelled anything from eccentric to heretical. He has been an Inquisitor for many centuries, often disappearing, presumed dead, only to reappear many years later. Scarn avoids direct confrontation at all costs preferring to manipulate and blackmail. If conflict is inevitable then he will strike from the darkness with the Hand of Scarn, an assassin fiercely devoted to her master. The Inquisitor himself will rarely fight, always making sure that any direct confrontation is on his terms.

How to Run the Campaigns

There are many ways to run an Inquisitor campaign, from a total free-form narrative campaign (ie, making it up as you go along) as described in the campaign section of the Inquisitor rulebook, to the intricately structured (everything described down to the last statistic) kind of campaign. The way campaigns are formatted and written in Inquisitor: Conspiracies falls somewhere between the two. As already mentioned in the introduction, the Inquisitor: Conspiracies supplements have been designed to inspire rather than dictate, so, if as a Gamesmaster you feel the campaign, as described, is not going in the direction you'd like, or we've missed out on a great opportunity for a scenario, then please change it. This book is but a humble tool to be used as you see fit.

Before you play a campaign it is highly recommended that you read it through first as this will allow you to plan ahead and everything you need will be close at hand.

The format used here is that of a plot tree. This forms the overall structure of the campaign, and by following the plot tree you can find out which scenario or chapter is next. Whilst the plot tree is fairly static as printed, Gamesmasters can add scenarios or even miss ones out if they wish, depending on how their campaign unfolds. You'll notice that at times the plot tree forks depending on the decisions the players' characters make, but notes as to how to handle this will be alongside the relevant parts.

As well as the plot tree, chapters and scenarios, a campaign contains four other sections. The Campaign Overview gives a summary of how the campaign will play out, allowing GMs to plan the necessary scenery and even alter it if they want to. The Cast section details any NPCs (non-player characters) that will be present in the campaign. Remember that GMs will need to make sure they have some relevant models to use as the NPCs that appear in a scenario.

The Briefings section gives the players' hooks as to why their warbands would be taking part in the campaign. It is up to the GM as to how they give players this information; they can simply tell the player face-to-face or, more imaginatively, write the briefing text out as a scroll to be given to the player a couple of days beforehand. You could even e-mail it to the player in the guise of an astropathic message or, if you want to go the whole hog, record the briefing onto a tape and deliver it through mysterious means such as a brown envelope with the Inquisitor symbol drawn on!

Finally, at the end of the campaign there is the Alternatives section. This gives details on what other directions you could take the campaign, more ideas for scenarios and what could happen next if you wish to continue the campaign.

SCENARIOS

If a campaign was a TV show (and we're talking about the action-drama genre here, not Hollyoaks) then scenarios would be the action scenes, the bits your models are there for! To help the GM understand how each scenario works I've divided each one into three main sections. Maps are included if they are needed. Setting describes the area and terrain that the scenario will be played in. The GM should use the Setting section to set up the gaming table for the scenario. The Objectives section describes what each player needs to achieve to move on to the next scenario. Special Rules tells a GM how the game mechanics may differ from normal.

THREAT LEVEL

Each scenario has been given a Threat Level. This gives Gamesmaster an 'at a glance' summary of how potentially dangerous it will be to the player's characters. The Threat Level has five ratings. A Threat Level of one would rate as a minor chance of casualties and/or deaths, for instance a stakeout against a low-level henchman. A scenario with a Threat level of five would have to be taken very seriously by the players as they may lose some or even all members of their warband. For instance, taking on a ballroom full of undying madmen. It is up to the GM whether they tell the players the Threat Level or not, some GMs use it as an internal guide for themselves while others enjoy the apprehension on the players faces when they tell them the Threat Level of a scenario they are about to play.

CHAPTERS

To carry on the analogy given in the Scenario section above, if scenarios are the action scenes then chapters are the talking/plot development scenes. These are not usually played out on the tabletop, but are still needed to further the narrative. The method a GM uses to present a chapter to the players can vary greatly. Usually the best way is to 'roleplay', especially if a chapter consists of a conversation. If you are unfamiliar with the term 'roleplay' then we'd suggest asking a member of your gaming group, as trying to describe the sheer scope of roleplaying would take up a lot more space than we have available here! Suffice to say roleplaying takes place in the GM's and players' imaginations rather than on the tabletop. Of course, this is not the only method a chapter can be presented, and GMs are encouraged to think of unique ways to get the information across to players. If there is a particularly cool way of presenting a chapter to the players, then it's described in italics at the end of that chapter's section. Again, remember these are only suggestions, since some may take quite a bit of effort to organise, so feel free to disregard what you don't like or present the information in any way you feel.



Welcome to the Freakshow

The player characters are under instruction from the higher authorities of the Inquisition to travel to Evergreen, the capital city of Equinox, and root out the fugitive Inquisitor Lichtenstein, declared Excommunicate Traitoris over two years ago and still not brought to justice. The last Imperial agent to have visited Evergreen, Interrogator Augute Balthor of the Ordo Hereticus, filed a report detailing his fruitless search – he uncovered a drugs network that runs underneath the cityscapes, but no evidence of the radical Inquisitor. The player characters disagree, however – the Emperor's Tarot has led them to this place for a reason and their divinations concur. The fugitive is still planetside. Not only that, but several months ago an Imperial Assassin was dispatched to take out a figure the Inquisition believed to be furthering an anti-Imperial Creed in the capital. The assassin has still not reported back. The PCs wish to get to the bottom of this mysterious city-state and the rotten undercurrent that haunts it.

HARD GOODS? HARD LUCK!

Equinox is a planet with no naturally occurring metal or ore. As a result, anything made of or containing metal (hard goods) is extremely rare and must be imported from other systems altogether. Getting hold of a vehicle, an auspex or even an ammo clip is very difficult without the right contacts. As a result, try to keep a careful eye on how much ammunition the players expend – once they are out of ammo, that's their lot, until later in the adventure when they either raid the Arbites Munitorium or meet up with the desperado and arms dealer Requiel Morglin. This should add a nice edge of danger to the later scenarios in the first campaign – the Inquisitors and their warrior bands may even have to rely on their wits and their fists to get them out of trouble.

Lastly, an Imperial sympathiser has informed the player characters via a Servo-skull messenger that the black market is almost saturated with an emotic called miliotoxin. This is pumped through the catacombs into the underground 'circus of horrors' to heighten the thrill that its patrons get from its extensive and well-managed freakshow. The circus is in town, and hence so are the player characters – their information names one Siguel, the ringmaster of the freakshow, as the man to speak to for narcotics and hard goods. It's a solid lead, and they believe that by interrogating key members of the local crime scene they may garner information about not only any possible cult activity, but also the whereabouts of their quarry and his renegade warrior band. The PCs should be briefed accordingly, read the above out to them if you so wish.

During this campaign, the PCs travel into the network of wraithbone that lies under the city, where they locate the freakshow and its patron, Siguel. However, just as the PCs are about to interrogate the ringleader, the canal network is raided by what seem to be Arbites enforcers. Bedlam ensues as the Grotesques (mutants basically) of the Circus of Horrors scatter or fight for their lives, and the PCs have to fight their way out. Siguel is captured and taken away by the Arbites.

When the PCs locate the Precinct Keep that Siguel is being held in, they arrive to find the place in pitch darkness, the power out and the corridors stalked by criminals and Arbites enforcers in equal measure. They fight their way through the chaos and eventually find Siguel in the Munitorium, where he fights tenaciously before eventually surrendering. The PCs interrogate him, and he tells all – his right-hand man, Herod, supplies an Archipelago cult called the Restoration with as much miliotoxin as they require. As for Lichtenstein, all Siguel knows is that the Nightstalkers – a gang that operates from within the abandoned Beltane hydroponics networks in Evergreen Core – have boasted that they are safe from Inquisitorial scrutiny. This should be like a red rag to a bull for the PCs. On their way to the gang's HQ they are shot at, seemingly indiscriminately, by a sniper who holds an important clue for the next campaign.

After fighting their way into the Nightstalkers' headquarters, the Chamber of Roots, the PCs realise they have walked into a trap. They are outnumbered ten to one by the one gang on the planet that seems to be armed to the teeth. Here, they met up with others who bear the Inquisitorial rosette – the



members of Cell Alphic – including Acolyte Chridios, one of Lichtenstein's lieutenants. After denouncing these operatives as the puppets of a dangerous radical, the PCs are shocked to find that the Servo-skull Boreas has in fact been gathering evidence that the players themselves are hardly on the straight and narrow. The players, badly hurt by their encounters with the sniper and the gang itself (and running low on ammo), call an uneasy truce with the other Inquisitorial operatives. It is here that the PCs uncover the true nature of Equinox, the real dangers that face it, and the dire fate that threatens everyone who lives upon it.

BRIEFINGS

These briefings will set the scene for the player characters and give them an idea of how to roleplay the chapters that occur throughout this campaign. Whether the PCs are of a radical or puritan persuasion will ultimately matter little; they end up fighting alongside those they would normally see as rivals or enemies in a mutual effort to take down a Chaos cult that threatens to save the world, but at a terrible cost. Remember these briefings are only starting points, and PCs should be encouraged to be free-thinking – the more roleplaying they do, the more information they will garner.

If there is more than one player you are running this campaign for, have them form an uneasy alliance – Boreas the Servo-skull holds a lot of the keys to uncovering the mysteries of Evergreen, and it can't be in two places at once.

Puritan Brief

The infamous Inquisitor Lichtenstein has been tracked to this rotting backwater world, notorious for its many places to hide. But where Witch-Hunter Tyrus has failed, you will succeed, bringing the traitor to the Emperor's Light, and justice. Your contact planetside has supplied you with a Servo-skull to guide you to the leader of the criminal underground, operating under a front of a mutant circus. Not only that, but your Ordo still harbours suspicions that there is an anti-Imperial cult operating in this city. If you can cull some freaks as well as torture some more leads on Lichtenstein and his blasphemous cult out of these degenerates, so much the better.

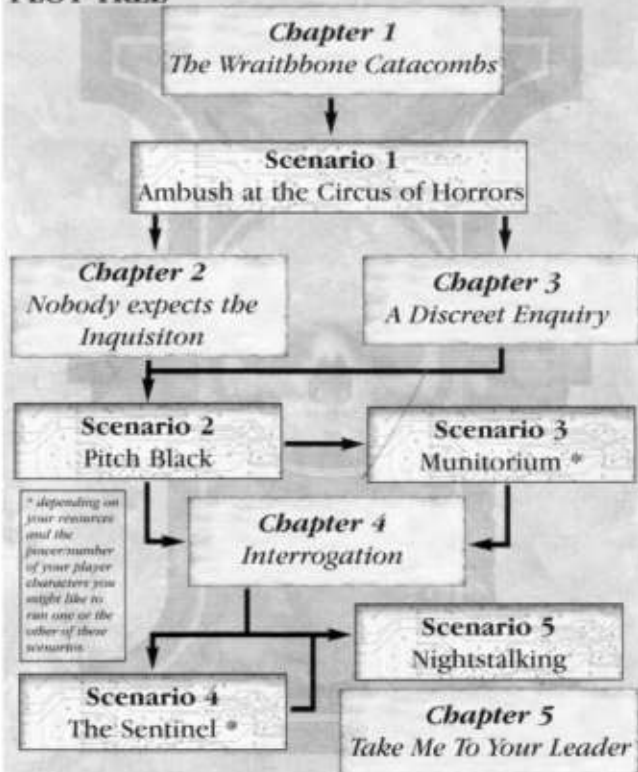
Radical Brief

The rogue Inquisitor Lichtenstein is said to be operating on this godforsaken planet, and you have your suspicions that he may not be as insane as your Ordo insists. Your contact planetside has provided you with a Servo-skull bearing details of everything known about Equinox, and of a powerful black-marketeer who could be an ideal source of information. The rumours of an anti-Imperial cult also intrigue you – the Emperor's Tarot indicates that there is something very wrong about Equinox, and that it centres on life-force. The Adeptus Mechanicus are not the only Imperial agents to recognise this planet's potential as a mine of information about ancient xenos technology.

CAST

The PCs will come across several interesting and unique individuals in this campaign, so rope in as many models as you can – you might like to try borrowing some from friends or your local gaming store to make up the numbers. Here's a short list of what models you could use for each of the cast members of this campaign – this is by no means an exhaustive or proscriptive list, so feel free to improvise. The exact number of antagonists in each scenario is left vague – you should have a feel as to what your PCs can handle, given their numbers and power level. Remember, your players have good imaginations, so if you need to use stand-in models,

PLOT TREE



then that's not really a problem. If you absolutely can't lay your hands on any models that could fit the bill, you might just have to skip that chapter and impart the relevant clues or information through our good friend Boreas the Servo-skull (see below) – don't pull this trick more than once though or it will take a lot of the fun out of the campaign.

Cast Member

The Grotesques

Model

Quovandius, Fabian, Krashrak, Chaos Henchmen (any), Warhammer Chaos Spawn, Warhammer Monsters (any), models made from the Genestealer conversion pack, Jeremiah.

The Arbites Enforcers

Barbarettia, Lucretia Bravus, Major Jaxon, Sergeant Black, Enforcer, Arbites Judge

Siguel de Charybdis

Civilian/Mutant

Boreas

Inquisitor Servo-skull (any)

The Chromebounds

Barbarettia/Lucretia Bravus's Cyber-mastiff

The Sentinel

Vindicare Assassin

Nightstalker Gangsters/ Escaped Prisoners

'Slick' Devlan, 'Toothpick' Murke, Talon, Damien Bloodhound, converted Civilians

Don't fret if you think you'll have trouble getting hold of these models, you won't need all of them, and if necessary you can always skip a few scenarios detailed later on. Statlines and details for each of these cast members can be found in the appendices.

Siguel De Charybdis

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
45	70	55	70	75	85	65	90	70

Equipment: None.

Special Abilities: Liquefy (Siguel may become a gristle-like fluid with immunities to all weapons barring flamers. This process takes four successful actions to complete).

The Sentinel

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
86	95	70	60	95	30	65	100	30

Equipment: Long Rifle; Ranger Finder; Armour 6 (all areas).

Special Abilities: Nerves of Steel; Rock Steady Aim.

CHAPTER ONE – THE WRAITHBONE CATACOMBS

The players descend into the wraithbone catacombs beneath Equinox, negotiating the flooded canal-streets over treacherous planks and wooden bridges. Think of this place like a subterranean Venice and you're not far off the mark – it's all canals and mould-slick ledges, with once-beautiful wraithbone arches punctuating the tunnels at regular intervals. In some places the street above has fallen through, leaving the catacombs open to the air. The PCs follow a network of candles as thick as a man's thigh and the peeling posters they illuminate (depicting Siguel himself and Grotesques of all stripes) until they reach freakshow central. When they get there, describe as many hideous freaks as you can, locked into iron-barred cells (with close reference to the models you've put together for this scenario) so the players get the general idea. Here's a few to get you started:

Mercy – a woman with a heavily veined face, able to distend her jaws and extend flaps on either side of her head to form a jagged frill. Her arms end at the elbow in jagged, clawed bone spurs. She hisses as the PCs pass.

Dartaigne – this hunchbacked, bony creature prefers to walk on all fours, and his skin leaks blood from every pore (actually a blood-like substance imbibed especially for the performance). He is making an awful screaming noise.

Ayax – this ape-like degenerate has a spine curved almost into a C, with long burn-covered arms draping on the ground. Great fangs protrude from between his lips, and rows of blinking eyes run down his neck and flanks.

Lady Icthya – this truly bizarre creature seems at first to be a cone of dirty rags, possibly once a fine dress, with long cleated hooves emerging to prop her up, scratching symbols in the dirt. She has two snapping, barracuda-like heads, seeming to chatter to one another in some weird piscine code...

...and so on. All players are affected by the weirdness of the place – even the most hard-bitten is a bit freaked by the grotesques and the presence of the miliotoxin in the air. Sooner or later, let them find their way to the Ringleader, Siguel, by their own means – a Puritan might intimidate his whereabouts from a frightened Grotesque (or even start shooting/attacking straight away, kicking off Scenario One prematurely – if this happens just make sure they see Siguel being led away by Arbites), whereas a Radical might simply search around, or even be approached by Siguel himself, intrigued by these off-worlders and the opportunities they represent. He's about to uncover a little more than he bargained for...

This chapter is best roleplayed. Let the PCs examine the xenos architecture and curse and spit at how terrible the mutant abominations are for a bit before they meet Siguel – a character who looks practically normal apart from his sharpened teeth. He will welcome them with open arms to his freakshow, but be a little guarded – he has two minders and talks from across an unbridged canal. Roleplay the exchange as long as you like before plunging headlong into the action.

SCENARIO 1 – AMBUSH AT THE CIRCUS OF HORRORS

Threat Level 2/3

The Inquisitors have announced their presence and are about to start interrogating the Circus's ringmaster when they hear booted feet splashing along walkways. A harsh shout – "All mutants and mutant sympathisers cease and desist immediately!" announces the presence of an Arbites raid acting on a tip-off, just as Siguel is about to start telling the PCs what they want to hear. Siguel begins to liquefy in response (to the shock of the PCs), but is bit by a stun round that drops him where he stands. The bars to the freak-cages slide open and all hell, as it is prone to do, breaks loose.

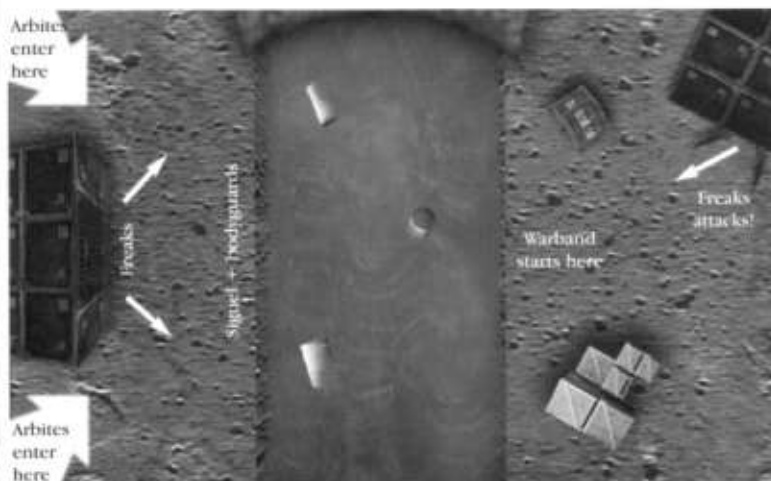
Setting: The Catacombs themselves, either side of a large, deep canal of running water. Siguel conducts his dealings from the far side so as not to expose himself to danger – any

assailants would have to cross the canal to get to him. However, the Arbites agents approach from the other side – the PCs will be limited to ranged combat, depleting their precious ammo, and as the Arbites are firing indiscriminately they may have to take down some servants of the Imperium as well as Siguel's mutant bodyguards.

Objectives: Although they don't know it, the PCs objectives are not only to get out alive (easy enough) but also to see Siguel captured and led off by Arbites troopers. They must fight their way through the attacking mutants on their side of the table (two or three should be about right) and survive a hail of fire from the Arbites that aren't engaged fighting mutants or dragging Siguel away. Once they see Siguel's capture, along with the subdual and capture of many of the freaks, they can exchange fire with the Arbites enforcers for as long as they like before escaping. Note that the noise of gunfire in the Catacombs is deafening enough to render all attempts at communication useless.

Special Rules: MILIOTOXIN – this drug, pumped in its gaseous form around the whole of this section of the catacombs, accentuates sensation. Any Nerve, Recovery or System Shock test (as well as any psychic power-induced test you deem suitable) is at -15 within the Catacombs.

Any PC that jumps into the brackish water flowing through the audience chamber must pass a series of consecutive Strength tests – make sure these last as long as it takes for the Arbites soldiers to drag Siguel away before the swimmer(s) reach the other side. Move the swimmer(s) downstream every successful action so they get the impression the current is strong. If they exit the board, tough luck – they will have to hook up with their fellows topside later on.



BOREAS – A HANDY LITTLE DEUS EX MACHINA

Boreas the Servo-skull has lots of information for the PCs should they need it, and can act as your voice throughout the campaign. If the PCs are on the wrong track (or even the right track, and need a bit of steering into the action), then use Boreas to guide them back onto the course of the narrative. Don't be wary of doing this – the more the PCs come to trust the little traitor the better the last scenes of this campaign will be. He has extensive information on the planet's history and inhabitants – players would do well to 'Ask Boreas' whenever they get stuck. Just remember, the little chap never communicates vocally, and will flash up hololiths onto flat surfaces whenever he needs to impart information. Lastly, remember that he is Lichtenstein's tool and will further the radical's agenda (getting the PCs through the events below to finally fall into the clutches of Cell Alphic) at all times. Naturally, he will not disclose information about Lichtenstein or his obsessive quest for the Librarium Heresius, situated deep in the Grellier mansion, under any circumstances.

CHAPTER 2 – NOBODY EXPECTS THE INQUISITION

There are many ways of finding the whereabouts of the PCs' quarry. Puritans are likely to try the official channels. After the altercation in the Catacombs, they'll be pissed off enough to start wielding some clout. They make enquiries at a local precinct house as to where the latest band of mutants and weirdos have been taken in, and one flash of an Inquisitorial rosette later the Arbites personnel they question give the PCs the address of the Precinct Keep they need.

There is no desperate need to roleplay this section, unless of course you want to let your Puritan players throw their weight around and sbock the carapace pants off some poor overworked Arbites personnel – who will let slide the fact that he's already got plenty on his plate with the 'Sentinel', a mystery killer with a nasty habit of blowing peoples' brains all over the city walls. The PCs might enjoy this scene so it's up to you how much effort you put in on this one. After strutting their stuff, the PCs are given the address of the Precinct Keep in which Siguel is being held, and the cell in which he is recovering.

CHAPTER 3 – A DISCREET ENQUIRY

Investigators of a more Radical bent may well wish to tread softly, keeping their presence in the capital city nice and quiet. If so, they still have a couple of ways to follow their rapidly departing lead and find out his new whereabouts for later questioning.

- The PCs get their new Servo-skull friend, Boreas, to follow the Arbites and their captives through the Catacombs and back to Precinct Keep 41D. Once Boreas has that information, he will rendezvous with the PCs and let them know.
- The PCs find a refugee Grotesque following them and confront him. The Grotesque wants Siguel broken out and thinks the PCs can help – he will divulge the address of the Precinct Keep if asked the right questions in the right way.

Whatever method the PCs choose to track down their lead, allow them to get the address of the Precinct Keep (after a modicum of roleplaying) and move swiftly onto the next Scenario.



SCENARIO 2 – PITCH BLACK

Threat Level 2

The players, seething at the fact they were shot at by Imperial agents, march towards Precinct Keep 41D with the express intention of not only interrogating Siguel but also putting the fear of the Emperor into whoever was responsible for the debacle in the Catacombs. However, when they enter the Precinct Keep, it seems that the fun has started without them...

Setting: This is quite an unusual scenario in that it uses one section of board at a time rather than the full set – if you have a modular board made of three separate 2'x4' sections just lay them down one at a time, either side by side or end to end (improvise the floorplan as you go – thick card wall sections will be invaluable). This is because the whole Precinct Keep is in pitch darkness, and the winding corridors don't allow the PCs to see far in any case. What methods the PCs use to see their way around is up to you but it's ideal to have Boreas playing a low light around the corridors with his eyebeams. Play this one for spookiness – it's a spartan, pitch-dark building filled with scampering freaks, murderous criminals and shaken-up, trigger-happy Arbites personnel. The PCs should never know what's around the next corner. If you've played the computer game Resident Evil, go for that feeling – only in the dark. You might like to actually lower the lighting in the room you're gaming in to simulate this effect.

Objective: The PCs have one objective, plain and simple: find Siguel de Charybdis. Once the PCs have expended a decent amount of ammo, taken a few hits and had a good time blowing away the denizens of this darkened Precinct Keep (or once you have rolled 6 times on the chart below, your call), have them make Initiative tests – a PC who succeeds will spot a large slick of glistening, lumpy flesh

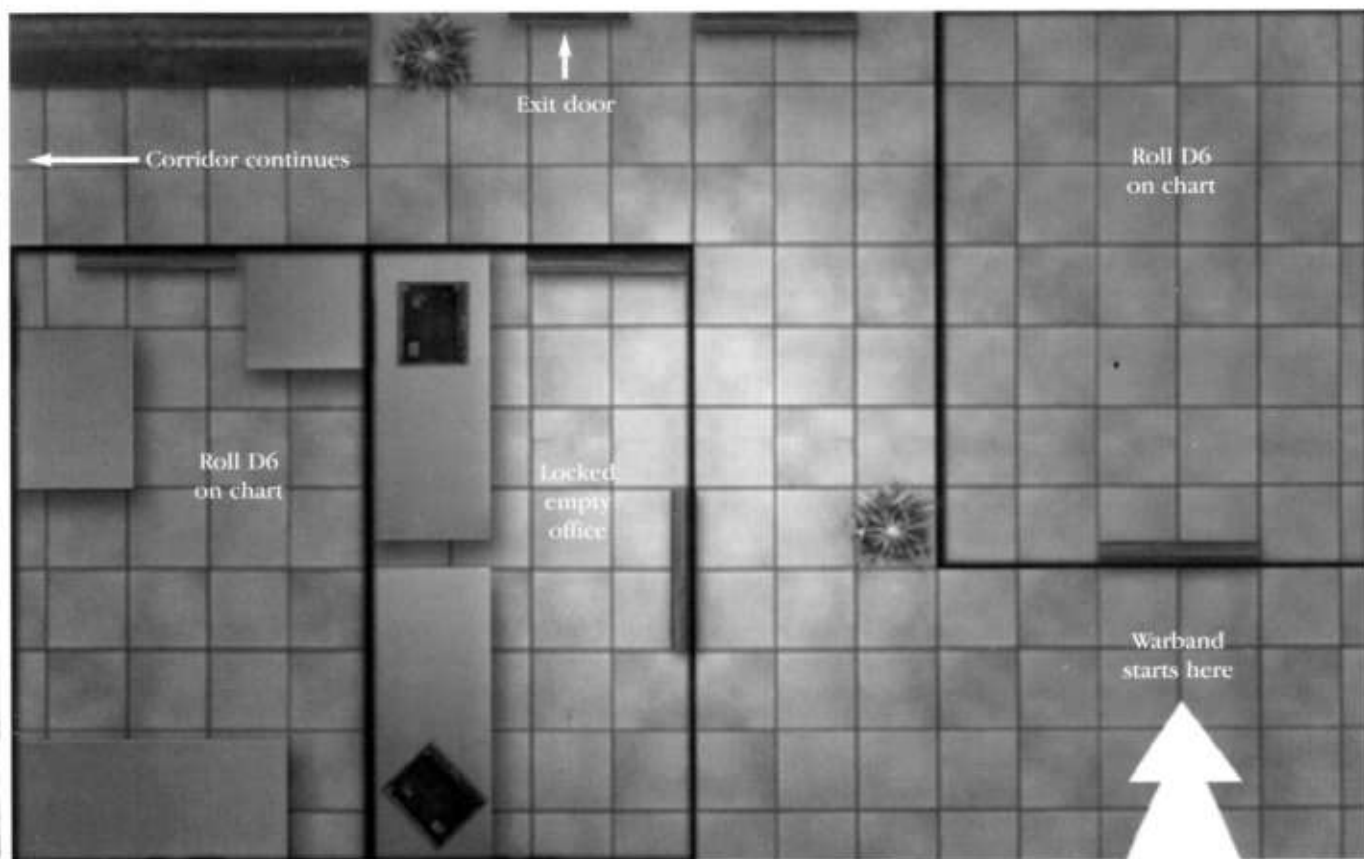
slithering its way around a corner. They should follow this, as it's the liquefied form of Siguel – no mere barred cell can hold this chap. If the PCs are doing well, it slithers wetly under a locked door marked Munitorium. If they are badly hurt (or you are short of time), they will corner it, where it will reform, unsettlingly, into Siguel (skip to Chapter 4). The liquid form of Siguel is immune to all forms of attack the PCs might inflict upon it barring flame of any kind – if the PCs use flame attacks on him, he will reform, screaming (again, skip to Chapter 4).

Special Rules: Set the board out section by section, with as many corridors as possible. The maximum distance a model can see (without augmentative measures) is 10 yards. Whenever a member of the warrior band turns a corner, opens an unlocked door or enters a new area, roll a dice on the following chart to see what they find:

D6 roll	Denizen
1-2	Nothing
3-4	D3 Escaped Criminals
5	D3 Escaped Grotesques
6	D3 Arbites

If a 6 is rolled, the Arbites that come round the corner will attack the PCs, thinking that they are escaped criminals – it is not common knowledge that the Inquisition is planetside. The PCs will have a tougher fight on their hands than against any Grotesque or Escaped Criminal band. If the PCs are canny and pull something out of the bag, making a good case for persuading the Arbites to join them (Leadership tests at -50 are a good place to start), you might want to let one or even two Arbites join them in their pursuit of Siguel. After all, that way you can kill someone off in the next fight scene with a bit of flair!

An example section of the Precinct Keep might look like this:



SCENARIO 3 – MUNITORIUM

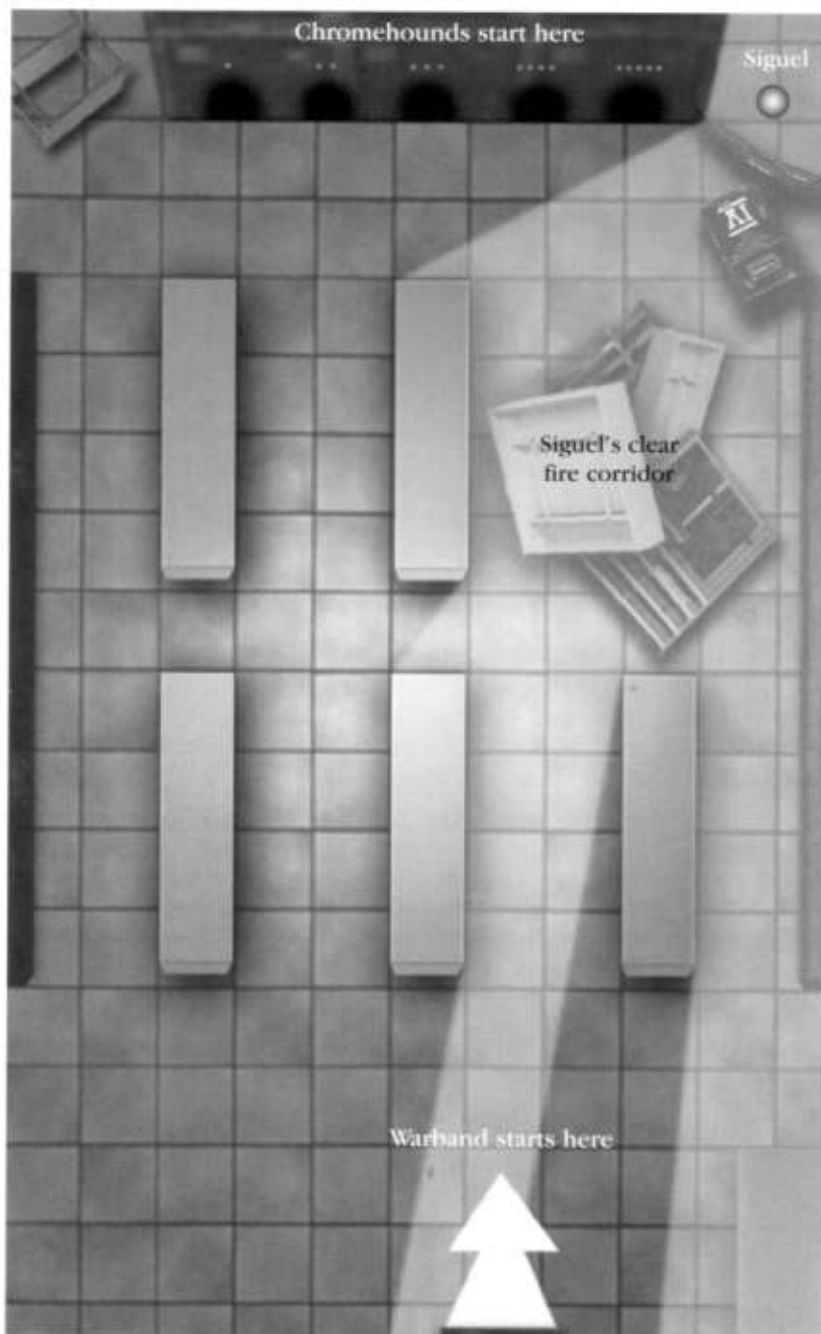
Threat Level 1 +1 per 2 Chromehounds present

The players have tracked the liquefied form of the freakshow leader Siguel to Charybdis deep into the darkened corridors of the Precinct Keep, and have isolated him in the Munitorium – one of the few concentrations of hard goods in the entire city. After all, that's where all the guns are kept...

Setting: The arsenal of the Precinct Keep, a large room with only one entrance. This is barred by a massive, heavy, metal door that is jammed shut due to the power cut Siguel and his fellow escapees have engineered. However the PCs get inside, make sure Siguel has had plenty of time to prepare – he's come up with a few trump cards at the back of the shadowy weapons depot. He now commands a number of previously inert Chromehounds, a durable and rare type of Cyber-mastiff that are the pride and joy of the Evergreen Arbites Precincts.

Objectives: Drive off or disable the Chromehounds and get to Siguel, now armed to the pointy teeth and barricaded in at the back of the munitorium. He will eventually take a kicking but it is important he lives long enough to answer the PCs questions.

Special Rules: The Chromehounds have been given the order to 'attack' and will answer only to Siguel's voice pattern. They go for the nearest target at all times (barring their new master). Siguel will open fire indiscriminately even if it means hitting his new pets. Siguel has set himself up a barricade of suppression shields (4 additional Armour Points on each location), has donned Arbites-issue carapace armour, and is armed with a heavy stubber (the biggest gun he could find). He'll be firing it on full auto, naturally. This is one narked-off freak – a lot of his friends have died in the last few hours.



Once Siguel has taken 20 or more damage he surrenders and is captured (have one of the PCs find a nice new flamer on the racks at some point – something that is guaranteed to make Siguel talk) – at this point he can be interrogated thoroughly. The PCs can pick up all manner of weaponry here should they need to, but most of it is out of ammo. The gear the PCs can pick up is as follows:

- The aforementioned flamer
- Siguel's heavy stubber (tripod-mounted and sadly not man-portable)
- 16 pump-action combat shotguns, plus 20 Executioner rounds in specially marked wooden caskets.
- Carapace armour in all sizes from Medium to Extra Large (standard Arbites issue)
- 16 Bolas Launchers (standard Arbites issue)
- 16 Suppression shields (standard Arbites issue)
- 16 Shock Mauls (standard Arbites issue)

Yes, the Arbites are very well equipped indeed upon the troubled world of Equinox. The Imperium looks after its own – eventually.



CHAPTER 4 – INTERROGATION

The players have finally captured Siguel, and are ready for some answers. Due to Siguel's unusual physiology, they might find that torture is not the way to glean information from Siguel. However, if anyone strikes upon the idea of threatening that his circus will be disbanded, he will sing like the proverbial canary. Encourage the PCs to get the most out of him – they've been through enough to arrange this little interview, after all. If they haven't already roped in a couple of Arbites Enforcers, have a pair join the party halfway through the interrogation – make sure these two (Judges Vudmann and Lenquel, for the record) are at the players' beck and call from now on. Should the PCs ask the right questions, Siguel is quite talkative and prepared to tell them about the following in a supreme effort to make them go away and leave him alone:

If the PCs ask about the anti-Imperial cults or his black market dealings:

i) The black market gig he has going, and how his right-hand man, a flame-breathing mutant called Herod, supplies the rich and privileged of Equinox with a steady supply of drugs.

ii) The Archipelagos, and the fact that they are riddled with hedonists and thrill-seekers, some of whom are devoted to the pursuit of pleasure in all its forms – the Archipelago of Utopia has recently bought up his entire caravan's supply of organon, obscura and miliotoxin.

iii) The gun-runner Requel Morglin, the Tall Man that accompanies her on her 'business trips', and how she fell from grace to become a legend on both sides of the force walls before she threw her lot in with the Nightstalkers.

If the PCs ask about Lichtenstein or rogue elements of the Inquisition:

i) The only mention he's heard of the Inquisition is of the Nightstalkers – a gang that operates from within the abandoned Beltane hydroponics networks in Evergreen Core. They have boasted that they are safe from Inquisitorial scrutiny. Tell the players there's only around ten members of the gang – Siguel's parting gift – there are actually more like forty.

It is up to the PCs how they deal with Siguel after this. If they are of a Radical bent, they may consider him to be a useful contact and let him go about his way. If they are Puritans, they may kill him on the spot for his crimes against the Imperium. He plays no real part in the rest of the campaign, so let them do as they will.

You should roleplay this chapter. Try to keep Siguel scared but with a wounded self-confidence – he is beaten but not broken. The most important element of this scene is that the PCs find out about the Nightstalkers and the fact they are based in the Beltane hydroponics network.



SCENARIO 4 – THE SENTINEL

Threat Level 3

The players have a new lead, and have loaded up with the intention of locating one of the major gangs in the area. They are travelling the streets of Evergreen in the dead of night, looking for an entrance into the Beltane hydroponics network, when a sniper's bullet spatters the brain of a harmless-looking manufactory worker all over them. Whilst they look on in shock, Judge Vudmann's face explodes outwards and he crumples like a sack of wet sand. They are under attack from a sniper!



Setting: The rain-soaked, tangled streets of Evergreen Core, amongst the debris of a ruined civilisation with plenty of places to hide. Make sure there are as many tall buildings in the area as possible; this scenario's all about climbing and height. Snipers like a good vantage point, after all. You might like to spray up a bunch of Pringles tubes or shoe boxes just for this scenario, or really go for it and make some tumbledown ruined towers for your Vindicare Assassin to hide in.

Objectives: The players must find and neutralise the sniper before he finds and neutralises them! Once they have located the sniper, let them take him out – he will execute a nice dramatic swan dive into the streets below. He won't have died, however (Imperial Assassins are extremely difficult to finish off) and the PCs can rush to investigate his twitching body. If they try to question him, it transpires that he is completely deaf, and will make gasping, burbling sounds in place of words. There is stark madness in his eyes, and he will cover his ears as if warding off some terrible noise when the PCs approach. This is a hint of what is yet to come – clever PCs will take note. Having fallen onto a shattered pillar, he is a broken man, and will eventually convulse and die with a long, keening wail.

Special Rules: This is a cat-and-mouse game where the hiding and visibility rules should get a real workout. Luckily, this assassin lost his mind when he saw something terrible in the Archipelagos, and so unlike his brother Vindicare Assassins not every shot is a confirmed kill. Do not disclose his location, rather let the PCs work it out by telling them from which direction the shots come. Canny players will use the remaining Arbites Judges and the panicked civilians milling about as bait whilst they crawl and scamper from cover to cover. Once the PCs have narrowed down the Sentinel's location to a single building, have them converge on it and take him down. Hurt the members of the party by all means, but do try not to spatter any of the warband's brains across the decaying mulch of Evergreen's streets unless you absolutely have to...

Don't stint on the heroic leaps in this scenario, and feel free to reward any high-altitude derring-do. This scenario should include lots of crawling across moonlit rooftops under the fire of a deranged killer, so make it tense.

SCENARIO 5 – NIGHTSTALKING

Threat Level 1

The players have escaped the lethal sniper in the streets above and found the underground Beltane hydroponics lair used by the Nightstalkers. They can tell this because the members of the Nightstalkers gang, fiercely territorial, are opening fire upon them as they advance further into their territory!

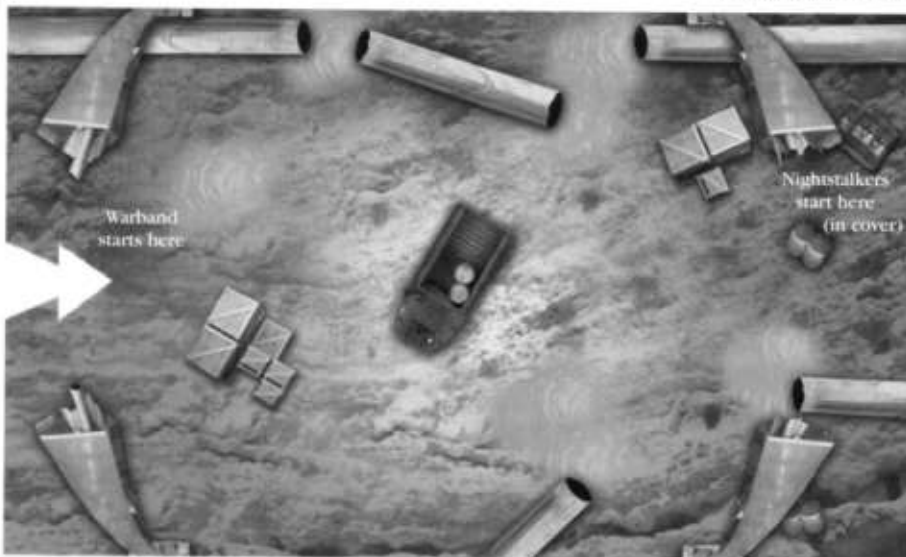
Setting: This scenario is set in the midst of the filthy, smelly mulch that clogs up the roads and once-great Beltane hydroponics system used as a lair by the Nightstalkers. These gang members all have an Ouroboros (a snake eating its own tail) tattooed like a band across their foreheads, and a dirty white armband on their right arms that the player characters first mistake as wound dressings. Shattered archways loom overhead, and every piece of cover seems to house one of the members of the well-armed gang. The PCs must fight their way through these gang members in a running gun battle

that pulls them deeper into the darkness until they are completely underground, where the Nightstalkers will spring their trap (see below). Play this game on a 6'x4' board and keep the players moving – if you have modular boards, whenever one board (at the end that the PCs started off on) no longer has any models on it, remove it and place it on the opposite end of the table so that the Nightstalkers can fall back as they fight, drawing the players on.

Objectives: The players must hunt down and kill/capture Nightstalker gang members whilst pressing further into the underground networks. In essence, all characters must move right down to the other end of the table, under gunfire, for the scenario to end as the trap is sprung. Bear in mind the Nightstalkers are more interested in drawing the PCs deeper (and giving them a few nasty injuries to strengthen Chridios's position) than in killing them – you should avoid close combat if at all possible. Once the PCs have all sustained a fair amount of damage, let the trap fly – it's time the PCs met some of the other good guys in the storyline.

Special Rules: If any of the players are so badly hurt it looks like they are not going to make it, have Boreas inject some stims that will keep their Speed up to normal levels and keep them on their feet. If the PCs are in real trouble, simply spring the Nightstalkers' trap prematurely.

Just as it looks like the PCs have got the last of them, several score of gang members melt out of the shadows, high-calibre shotguns, autoguns and even old fashioned arquebuses aimed squarely at our heroes. The PCs should realise they are outnumbered and outgunned. They are blindfolded and guided, stumbling, through miles of shin-deep, brackish water and rotting vegetation into the Chamber of Roots (go to page 22).



CHAPTER 5 – TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER

If the PCs box clever and manage to somehow incapacitate and question one of the hostile, territorial Nightstalkers, their ingenuity should be rewarded. Have the gang member in question put up a serious fight before knuckling under to the player's commands. However, once it has been established just who is the boss (by whatever means the players deem necessary) the captive, assuming he hasn't been rescued by his friends, will take the players deep into the hydroponics network to see the bosses. An astute character who can pass a Sagacity test at -20 will notice a flash of recognition in their hostage's eyes when Boreas hoves into view.

Roleplay the gang member as terse and uncommunicative, only responding to the direst threats. Once the PC has been suitably cowed, have him sullenly lead the PCs deep into the underground network, into the fabled Chamber of Roots and the Nightstalker's trap (see Scenario 5).

Dear Lady Gredlee,

With regards to your recent communication, I can reassure you that you still remain under my protection. It is true that there has been a heightened Inquisitorial presence here of late but this is nothing to concern your good self with. Your fears over Lichtenstein's influence are also inconsequential as I have already taken steps to neutralise him. Please feel free to continue as planned, nothing will get in the way. You have my word as an Inquisitor.

Yours <CENSORED>

ALTERNATIVES

The campaign described here is by no means exhaustive or immutable – you can change or adapt as much or as little of it as you like depending on your preference and the models in your collection. Alternatively you can play around with the plot to suit the characters in your player's warbands or just the direction you want to take your campaign in. For instance, maybe you want to consider the possibility that Siguel joins forces with the PCs instead of fighting them – he is a powerful figure in the Equinox underground and has an information network beyond compare. Maybe Lichtenstein approaches them directly straight off the bat and makes them an offer they can't really refuse. You could make more of the Arbites characters introduced after the Precinct House missions, and have the Inquisitors team up with the local lawmen to take down the sniper that is plaguing the city. In short, feel free to have the players grubbing around in the urban nightmare of the sprawl for as long as you like.

The Chamber of Roots

The Chamber of Roots

The Nightstalkers will escort them into the Chamber of Roots, where the walls are covered in hundreds of tangled, dead roots that seem to muffle the sound completely. Acolyte Chridios is seated in a wooden alcove carved out of one of the larger roots, the diameter of which is a good two or three metres. The trees to which these roots belong must be truly huge. He will be slumping it down there, smoking a lho-stick (an affectation he has learnt gives him a lower-class appearance). The chair is once of a ring of eight very similar chairs. The whole place is knee-deep in toxic sludge, and sump-rats scurry between the character's legs. It's almost like a mini-mangrove swamp. The remote location plus the dodgy company should tip the PCs off to the fact that this is no normal Inquisitor's operative we are talking about as the tall, mysterious figure holds up an Inquisitorial rosette. He is, of course, one of Lichtenstein's Acolytes.

Acolyte Chridios, otherwise known as the Tall Man, is surrounded by a coven of lurking cohorts – the gang is amply funded and supplied by Chridios and its members are very loyal. To attack would be madness, as the PCs are badly hurt and seriously outnumbered. Not only that, but the tall, brooding figure standing half-obscured in the shadows of the roots is none other than the legendary Eldar Pirate Prince Alanthrasil Swiftblade, assigned by Lichtenstein as a bodyguard for Chridios. The PCs know full well from their

briefings that the Eldar swordmaster could take a few of them down by himself – a further incentive not to attack. These two powerful individuals are two of the members of Cell Alphic, Lichtenstein's operatives upon Equinox.

Chridios will greet the PCs with his usual supercilious tone, and remark that they look like they have seen better days. As the PCs have seen the Acolyte's Inquisitorial rosette they may well suspect him of being in league with Lichtenstein (or even being the rogue Inquisitor himself) and will most likely challenge him – as a radical and a heretic if they are Puritan, as an impertinent son-of-a-grox if they are Radical. If they don't, have Chridios bait them until hostile words are exchanged. At this point Chridios will play one of his trump cards ("your methods are not exactly without reproach either, it would seem") snapping his fingers – Boreas will glide over and settle above his shoulder, where the little judas will replay flickering pict-captures upon the brackish water: the characters shooting Arbites personnel, causing major property damage, using innocent civilians as bait, consorting with mutants/daemonhosts, using psychic powers, and so forth. Illuminating stuff – the Servo-skull has been recording them all along. Not enough to prosecute an individual as powerful as an Inquisitor, but enough to prove Chridios's point. The PCs will be enraged, as it seems they have been set up from the start.



Rival warbands battle in the catacomb-canals of Evergreen

Chridios will casually reveal that the 'Imperial sympathiser' they were contacted by at the start of the campaign is his field commander, and that he could never have contacted them through official channels – the riddle of Equinox's future is way too... delicate for that. They should put two and two together and realise that this cloak-and-dagger secrecy is due to Inquisitor Lichtenstein – he cannot operate openly and hence has been manipulating them from the start. The Radical believes he can kill two birds with one stone, sending his pursuers into the depths of a Chaos coven and causing the perfect distraction for him to close in on the Librarium Hereticus. For now, though, it would seem that the player characters are embroiled in the dark goings-on of the planet, and are probably hungry for some answers.

It is at this point that Chridios makes his job offer. Although he cannot kill them if they refuse, if the PCs do not listen or agree to Chridios's plan he intends to use Boreas's footage as leverage to make their presence extremely widely known on the planet, busting their operation wide open and warning their enemies (including the Radical they want to capture so badly) of their approach. They can limp out of there on their own, battered and extremely low on supplies – assuming of course they make it out of the hydroponics labyrinth within the next month or so. If the PCs do listen up and agree to help, Chridios will share all the knowledge he has about the cult he suspects to be operating in the city, have them escorted by armed guard to a safe house, arrange for them to restock their badly depleted ammunition and have their wounds seen to by one of the most skilled Chirurgeons in the city.

Although they will hate Chridios for it, the PCs should agree to work with him (for the time being at least) so that their investigation is not compromised. If they do so, Chridios will answer questions on any of the following topics.

The Miliotoxin connection: this sensation-enhancing drug has been found at the scene of several cult activities, especially those devoted to the god of pleasure, Slaanesh. Chridios believes that this is just what is rotting at the heart of the Archipelagos, and that the sooner an unannounced investigation clears this up, the better.

The previous Inquisitorial investigation: Chridios believes that the last investigation turned up so little because the guilty parties were forewarned of the Inquisitorial presence on the planet. His sources tell him that the PCs' presence is so far undetected, and that a surprise raid would turn up far more evidence of corruption. This is where they come in.

The Sentinel: Chridios knows little more than the man on the street about Evergreen's notorious killer, but if the PCs mention they took him down and that he covered his ears when they approached, Chridios will look disturbed and thoughtful. He mentions that Slaanesh worshippers often utilise extreme forms of noise as stimulus in their orgies. PCs wise enough to follow this line of questioning might be thinking about investing in a nice set of earmuffs at this point.

Requiel Morglin: He says that they will get a chance to ask her any questions face-to-face, as soon as they reach the safe house.

Inquisitor Lichtenstein: Ah, the notorious Radical – he has heard that the heretic has just left the system and will give them information as to where and when should they prove successful in their investigations. This is, of course, a red herring quite capable of taking on Moby Dick in a fin-fight, designed to get them off his master's trail.

The anti-Imperial cult/xenotech: If the PCs ask about this (and they should), Alanthrasil will speak up:

"The Restoration. In their pride the human witch seeks to grant that which is not hers to give, the gift of life. They claim they wish to restore our planet's former beauty, to turn it from hag to maiden world once more, but they mean to place hell itself beneath their thin façade of paradise. They must be stopped."

The PCs are nearing the truth, but the Eldar warrior cannot be drawn further on this topic at this time. He's a moody swine at the best of times, and these mon-keigh disgust him.

Once the PCs have covered some or all of these topics, they are well placed to move on to the next campaign. Make sure they find out about the last point at the very least, even if you have to steer the conversation in that direction yourself.

When the PCs have finished talking to Chridios, they are escorted out of the hydroponics network (the scenic route, naturally) by Alanthrasil and a bodyguard of fifteen Nightstalkers. As they climb back into the ruined streets, this section of the story draws to a close.

This section will take at least half an hour to roleplay properly, as it contains plenty of exposition as a reward for the PC's hard work so far. You might want to give it longer if roleplaying's your thing – it is vital to the plot and so should not be skimmed over if you can help it.

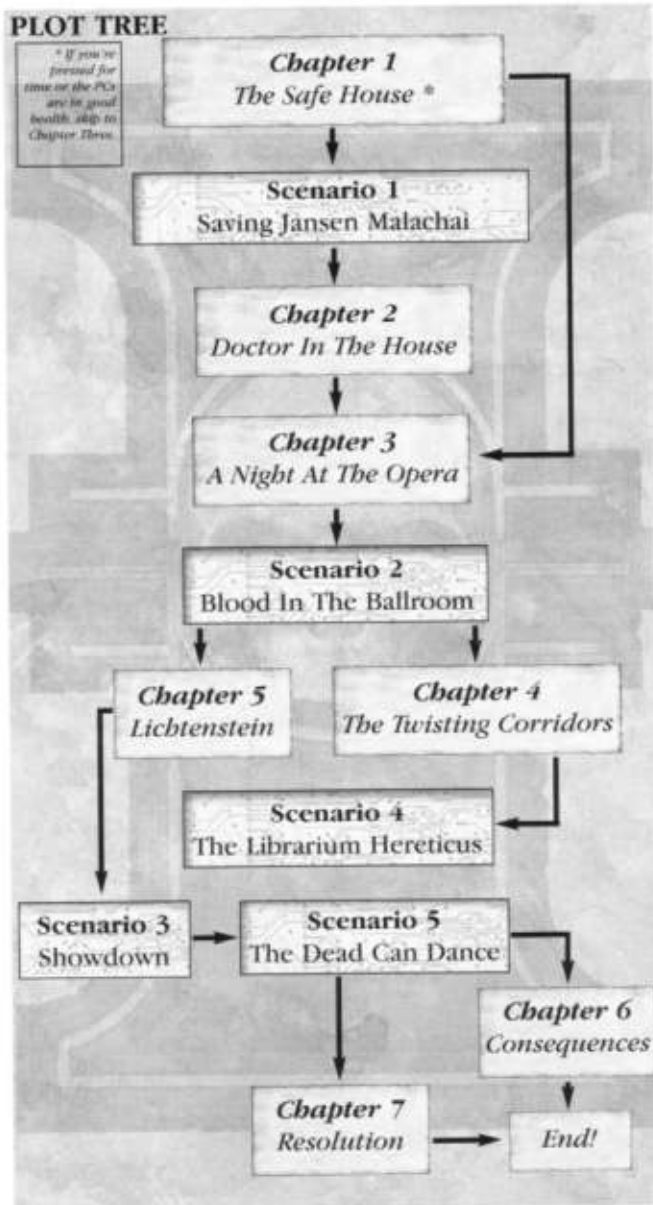


Euphoria and Death

This section of the campaign is where all the storylines and subplots seeded so far tie together, and the player characters begin to realise that what they are caught up in actually determines the fate of the entire planet rather than just the fate of a few individuals. The bad guys, hitherto working away behind the scenes, are getting close to their goal of unleashing the power of the ancient Eldar terraforming technologies upon the world. Having joined forces with Chridios, and therefore Inquisitor Lichtenstein, the players are finally uncovering more of the puzzle. As this second campaign unfolds, the players must make a choice. Either they will realise the danger that faces this world, and that they must act fast to stop the plague of life that is about to change Equinox for the better – and then immeasurably for the worse. Alternatively, they could focus on their original goal – to capture Lichtenstein – and by omission of action allow the Restoration to go ahead with their plan. After all, this planet could use a facelift! In this way it is really down to the player characters whether they restore Equinox to a paradise, albeit one riddled with corruption, or force it to remain as a spiritually pure but totalitarian dystopia. This campaign can be played on its own, but the two campaigns really should run into each other if at all possible. If not, just play from the Chamber of Roots onwards, tell the characters everything they would have otherwise found out in the first campaign and get stuck into the second.

The majority of the Euphoria and Death campaign takes place inside one of the Archipelagos, the beautiful and privileged parts of this world where those with the right lineage frolic and laugh as the masses starve in the rotting ruins outside the forcewall. The key to getting inside the Archipelagos, and therefore into the corrupt circle of Slaaneshi cultists, is Requiel Morglin. This foul-mouthed gun-runner was once a porcelain-pretty girlchild of Utopia – as much a part of that particular Archipelago as Juviet Grellier, who watched the feisty youngster grow up and has been waiting for her to get bored of 'slumming it' and return to the fold for many years now. Juviet is actually very fond of Requiel and her feisty spirit, as much as she is still capable of experiencing normal human emotions. This is the cover by which the player characters will be entering Utopia – as members of the Lady Requiel's entourage when she makes her triumphant return into high society – minus the smoking lho-stick, loaded bandoliers and copious oil stains, of course.

Whilst the players are infiltrating the Imperial Ball, the hostess Juviet Grellier will meet them, and probably grow suspicious. However, she knows that anyone not devoted to the Prince of Misdeed, her patron deity, will find the evening's 'entertainments' very difficult to bear – her performer for the evening is a hideous daemonic instrument she calls Cacophonelle. The thing's screams will deafen or drive insane any who do not bear the favour of Slaanesh. Luckily, the PCs are made of sterner stuff, and will break out of the ballroom (eventually) to find the twisting, Chaos-tainted corridors of the mansion leading to Juviet's inner sanctum. It is there that she plans to activate the Pandoraque, an Eldar terraforming device in the shape of a miniature world that floods the planet with pure life force. This ancient artefact, designed to prevent the original Eldar inhabitants from untimely death, is so powerful that when activated it



A WORD ABOUT SPACE MARINE CHARACTERS

Unfortunately for some, this campaign has an element of subterfuge and subtlety in it – about halfway through the players will be called upon to infiltrate a high-society Imperial Ball. Needless to say, a monstrous superhuman killing machine clanking around and bellowing 'heresy' at powdered courtiers will compromise the warband's cover, now matter how resourceful his tailor. As a result, it is recommended that anyone with a Space Marine character in his warband leaves the big guy at home, at least for the parts of this campaign that involve espionage. Never fear, though, he can always burst through a stained-glass window when the killing starts!

Equinox back to life – the massive trees, the feeder-insects, the birds, the rotting corpses of every living thing that has died on the planet since its colonisation...

Luckily, Alanthrasil Swiftblade knows the history of his race well, and realises that the activation of the Pandoraque will transform the planet into a paradise that just happens to be filled with undying hedonistic Chaos worshippers, safe in their islands of perfection, and several million walking corpses that will roam the rest of the planet until Juviet grows bored of immortality. Not exactly what his forefathers had in mind when they designed Equinox. It is up to him, Requiell and the players to decide whether the Restoration achieves its goal or not, a decision that is complicated when the notorious Inquisitor Lichtenstein finally plays his hand...



CAST

For this section of the campaign, you will need the following models, or appropriate stand-ins.

Cast Member	Model
<i>Boreas</i>	Inquisitor Servo-skull (any)
<i>Requiell Morglin</i>	Sister Repentia
<i>Alanthrasil Swiftblade</i>	Alanthrasil Swiftblade (duh)
<i>Inquisitor Lichtenstein</i>	Eisenhorn
<i>Ghaustos</i>	Cherubael
<i>Juviet Grellier</i>	Jena Orechiel
<i>Cultists</i>	Sevorina and Sevara Devout

Inquisitor Lichtenstein

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
94	75	71	73	89	84	90	91	88

Equipment: Heavy Stubber with Shot Selector, Motion Predictor, Manstopper Rounds, Dum-dum rounds, Combat Shotgun with Hellfire Shells, Psy-booster, Flak armour on chest, arms, legs, Daemonsword with Gnawing and Warplame abilities (WP 84).

Special Abilities: Heroic, Force of Will, Leader, Rock Steady Aim, Ambidextrous.

Psychic Powers: Telekinesis, Psychic Impel, Banishment.

Ghaustos, Lichtenstein's Daemonhost

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
48	49	55	53	50	84	99	89	26

Equipment: None.

Special Abilities: Force of Will, Void-chill, Invulnerable, Shadow, Regeneration, Vampirism.

Psychic Powers: Frostblast (as fireball), Bloodfreeze (as Bloodboil), Blinding Flash, Terrify.

Boreas

Servo-skull (see page 90 of Inquisitor, combines med-skull and hunter-skull abilities).

Requiell Morglin

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
45	75	45	55	70	85	65	90	40

Equipment: Paired bolt pistols, plasma pistol, flechette, dum-dum and manstopper rounds, laser sight, Flak armour on chest and legs.

Special Abilities: Gunfighter, Hipshooting, Deadeye shot, Rock Steady Aim, True Grit.

Jansen Malachai

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
25	15	45	40	40	35	75	20	10

Equipment: Knife, Inhalers of Spook and 'Slaughter with 3 doses each.

Special Abilities: Medic.

Juviet Grellier

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
45	55	45	60	80	85	95	70	90

Equipment: Daemon weapon – knife with Vampyre, Entrance (WP 80), ornate duelling pistol heirloom (+20 to hit), arcane tattoos (count as 5 armour on all locations except head).

Special Abilities: Leader, Nerves of Steel, Dodge, Feint.

Psychic Powers: Choke, Psychic Shriek, Puppet Master, Fleshy Curse (see Inquisitor Annual 2003).

Alanthrasil Swiftblade

See Inquisitor Annual 2004.

CHAPTER ONE – THE SAFE HOUSE

The player characters, led by Alanthrasil Swiftblade (the Nightstalkers don't venture into the streets, knowing that the Eldar can take care of himself), eventually reach the safe house, on a street known as Glorious Imperator. The name belies the nature of the road, however; it is as tumbledown and ramshackle as any other street in the Sprawl. This abandoned building used to be a prison, and the basement, where the prisoners were executed by a two-man firing squad, is haunted by the unquiet ghosts of those murderers and heretics who were put to death there. This ensures that even the homeless and desperate give the place a wide berth, making it a perfect hideout for the agents of Cell Alphic. The dim luminas make for a grim, fairly warehouse-like atmosphere, and there is a coppery hint of blood over the smell of disinfectant. Psykers will hate it, because of the lingering spiritual residue of all of those who have been executed here.

When the players enter the dingy, dusty confines of the Munitorium-sized building, they see that a pair of heavy-duty combat boots have disturbed the dust, the footprints leading upstairs. When they get up there, they are greeted by a loud belch and a blue-white smoke ring – Requiell Morglin is lying on a standard issue Imperial bunk, her booted feet propped on a small prayer-effigy of the Golden Throne. If any of the players challenge her piety, she will look wounded and point at her 'purity seal' – an observant character may notice she's made it herself out of toilet paper and earwax. Evidently this is a lady who doesn't take the Imperium too seriously – she will get a kick out of winding up any stiff Puritan types present. However, the PCs need her, and if anyone makes an aggressive move, they will find Eminielle – Alanthrasil's Diresword – at the throat of their most senior member, humming an unnatural chord.

Once the introductions have been made, Requiell will open hidden compartments loaded to the gills with contraband hard goods, bitterly acceding that she is to give the player characters anything they need from her stash – all the ammo, grenades, ear protectors and locked and loaded weaponry the player characters could ask for (the PCs may load up on any Common item or standard ammunition in the rulebook). Once they have kitted themselves out, she will recount her unusual history, her flight from the Archipelago of Utopia, and outline Chridios's plan to infiltrate the Grellier mansion.

The PCs are to wear the finery she indicates in the hidden compartments above the bunks, and accompany Requiell on her triumphant return to high society as her entourage, making their grand entrance at Juviet Grellier's Imperial Ball – apparently one of the largest social gatherings the Archipelagos have seen in years. She herself will be wearing a ballgown fit for a princess (she looks horrified at this) and will affect some kind of airs and graces to make sure the Ball carries on as normal – last time the Inquisition played its hand, evidence of all suspicious activities disappeared almost instantly. Once the PCs have confirmed their suspicion that there really is a Slaaneshi cult operating in the Archipelagos, they are to call in back-up and begin the extermination of any heretics they find, including Juviet Grellier herself should she be guilty.

Naturally, things are not likely to go that smoothly. But first, the PCs should get fixed up, and Requiell knows just the man – Jansen Malachai, the Chirurgeon of the Aquis Bene.

Play Requiell as thoroughly obnoxious, but with a charming edge of capriciousness and a coy manner that shines through if the PCs get too irate – she can be a real charmer when she wants to be, and she knows full well that Lichtenstein will add her to the ghosts in the basement if she and the characters fail to create the distraction he is counting upon.

CHAPTER TWO – DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

Jansen Malachai is almost pathetically grateful to the characters for saving him, and will hobble over to them spouting benedictions and thanks to the Emperor above. He is a fervently religious man and this should come across, much to Requiell's amusement. When he gets a chance to examine the PCs, he will tut and fuss, and insist that they allow him to stitch them back together again. Despite the fact he is addicted to Reflex and his hands shake a little as he labours over the ramshackle operating table, Malachai is a gifted medic – each player may heal 2D3 Wound boxes of damage from their character sheets and take 3D6 off their Injury total. This should bring them back to close-on full strength for the final confrontations. In addition, Malachai gives them an inhaler of Spook, and two Injectors of Spur, one of which has no sheath for the needle, one of which has a dirty brown cap (you can catch all kinds of things from this chap's medical practices...) and the blessing of the Emperor. The PCs, feeling healthy and with a warm glow of saving a devout Imperial servant, make their way back to the Safe House.

CHAPTER THREE – A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (or "REQUIELL MORGLIN, YOU SHALL GO TO THE BALL")

Having gone back to the safe house, made their preparations and dressed to kill in more ways than one, the player characters and Requiell are ready to enter the high society of

SCENARIO 1 – SAVING JANSEN MALACHAI

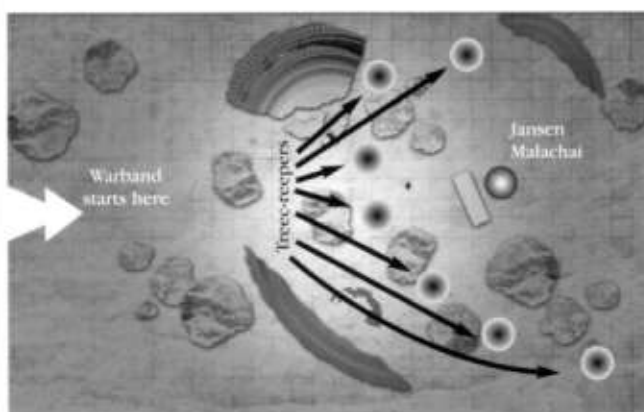
Threat Level 2

It's time for some action! The player characters, battered and in need of some serious medical attention, have travelled to the Aquis Bene in search of the Chirurgeon Jansen Malachai. However, when the players arrive, they find Malachai in a ring of white-furred, atavistic tree-creepers, come down from the Canopy to hunt the weak and infirm and drag them back into their arboreal dens...

Setting: The Aquis Bene is an abandoned theatre that was once one of the most beautiful buildings in Evergreen, with a magnificently decorated dome that once made the Sistine Chapel look like painting-by-numbers. Since the Deterioration, the Bene (like everything else outside the forcewall) has started to collapse in on itself, and the dome has been shattered forever by a Silver Skulls drop pod that slammed straight through it during the purges. Under the shattered dome, cowering behind his operating table as the rain pours in from the shattered roof, we find Jansen Malachai, keeping a circle of tree-creepers at bay with a sputtering torch. As the PCs enter, the white-furred ape-things turn as one and attack!

Objectives: Kill the sub-human tree-creepers whilst sustaining minimal damage themselves, and keep Malachai safe – he's not much use to them as a corpse.

Notes: This scenario is really only here for two purposes – to get the PCs fighting again after a long interlude of plot development, and to show just how capable Requiell is as a gunslinger and Alanthrasil is as a swordsman. Have them show off accordingly, carving their way through as many ape-creatures as possible. The PCs, in pretty bad shape at this time, should concentrate on keeping themselves and Malachai alive. This shouldn't be too difficult as the tree-creepers really are pretty weak. To represent them, you might want to get your hands on some Warhammer monsters – Rat Ogre models will do fine as they will be about the right size and are ugly enough to double as these arboreal predators.



the Archipelago of Euphoria. Have the PCs rehearse their roles as Requiell's entourage – an Inquisitor or Adeptus Mechanicus Magos could be an advisor, a Desperado or Enforcer could be a bodyguard, and so on. You should find entertainingly subservient roles for the more pompous characters in the group. Requiell herself will undergo a transformation from guttersnipe to the belle of the ball, she pretends to hate all this dressing up but the PCs can tell she secretly digs it. Stubbing out her lho-stick on the heraldry of

the duopede-led carriage Chridios has laid on for their travel arrangements, she beckons for the player characters to join her.

The players roll through the shattered streets in their anti-grav carriage, the finest piece of kit they have seen planetside since they landed, feeling like kings amongst the squalor until they reach the forcewall. The massive, smooth plaster walls are faceless and unblemished, topped with elegant crenellations that bely the lethality of the gun nests hidden behind them, used only if the scum decide to try anything. The force wall crackles and fizzles as the PCs pass through it, leaving them tingling but nothing more. The ever-present rain stops pattering, something that feels very strange indeed to the PCs. Requiel emits a small whoop of delight when the infernal noise finally stops. The carriage draws to a halt, and Requiel leans out, all bodice and cleavage, to talk to the impeccably dressed sentries either side of Euphoria's main gate. After a tense ten minutes of waiting whilst they vox through to their superiors, the players hear a smooth 'shlunk' of mag-locks disengaging and the main gates swing open. The sight that greets them is like something out of a fairy tale.

The Archipelago of Euphoria is a wonderland of domes, spires and architectural masterpieces that elegantly curl around the natural hill on which the Archipelago was built. Rococo facades and friezes, pristine and untouched by rot or mildew, line every wall, and mosaics of glittering gold and white curl around pillar and street alike. The light refracting through the forcewall sparkles from towers and gilded rooftops, and a clear, resonant bell peals through the still air as the duopede carriage wends its way through the streets to the mansion at the centre of this island of paradise. The PCs have never seen such affluence.

When the players reach the Grellier mansion, they disembark from the carriage, slightly awkward in their finery, and allow Requiel to sweep majestically after them. She really does scrub up well, but after all, she was born to it. They are greeted by the Majordomo Eli Manouk, tall, thin and with the half-mask of a fox, who fawns and purrs over the prodigal Requiel (stressing how she's blossomed into a beautiful woman) before they are finally shown inside. Juviet greets them personally, rushing to kiss Requiel on either cheek amidst cries of 'dahling' and 'but look how you've grown'. She leads them to the party, pride and satisfaction in her every step. The interior of the Grellier mansion is simply breathtaking.

The main ballroom, where the guests are shown to, is a picture of grace and opulence. There are dancers around the walls, twisting and moving every so slowly, none of them older than their late teens, and all of them seem to have a blank expression on their faces. They are drugged, of course, but their dance is sinuous and entralling. The hall is filled with foppish courtiers and laughing, beautiful women, some of whom are dancing in a stately and measured way. Above them hang massive chandeliers, capped with candles the width of a man's thigh. The music playing is tranquil and laid-back, almost hypnotic.

All of the people in the room are wearing masks of some sort – passive empty faces seem to be popular. Insects, eagles, lions, skulls, and shifting Rorschach ink blots are also in evidence. If any of them are asked about the evening's entertainment, they will divulge that the performer is one Cacophonelle, a prodigy of Juviet's who is apparently quite unusual. Just how unusual Cacophonelle is, the players are about to find out. Half daemon, half musical instrument, she

is hardwired into a machine that amplifies her voice a hundredfold. Hideous and twisted, to all intents and purposes, she is just a head laced into a pearl-inlaid amplifier stack.

The PCs will eventually be told to hush, and the dancers become still. Miliotoxin silently drifts through the vents into the room. After an appropriately tense moment, the curtains at the far end of the room will part, strobe lighting will come on, white noise will scream out from Cacophonelle, and the dancers will go into apoplectic fits. Many of those present will start to writhe on the floor in a carpet of limbs and lolling mouths. To the horror of the players, those present seem to be enjoying it immensely – these are Slaaneshi cultists and no mistake. But it's absolutely deafening in here, and the players would be well advised to get out before their brains start to dribble out of their ears.

It's not absolutely necessary to roleplay this section, but it will add to the feeling of being in a different environment if you have the time.



CHAPTER FOUR – THE TWISTING CORRIDORS

The players plunge deeper into the twisting corridors of the mansion, the dreadful noise of the ballroom finally left behind them. Requiel has, somewhat rashly, dashed off ahead. The further they go into the corridors, the weirder and more chaotic their surroundings get. The walls crawl and writhe like the skin of some intestinal parasite, the oil portraits dotted along them ranging from unsettlingly lifelike nobles to twisted, hellish things dressed in silken finery. The candles that sputter and spit along the walls, emanating a stink of human fat, flicker and die as the PCs pass. As the players press further into the labyrinth of the mansion, the figures in the portraits begin to reach out with fleshy claws, gibbering and screeching for the souls of the intruders. A simple prayer to the Emperor will fend off these marauding daemon-images, with varying degrees of success depending on how devout the character in question is. Turning a corner, they see Requiel at the end of the corridor, her legs kicking, caught by one of the larger paintings – she is being pulled into it by fleshy, veined hands. By the time the PCs get there, she has been pulled into the painting altogether: it is now a sickeningly graphic likeness of a familiar woman in a ballgown being assaulted by vile Slaaneshi daemons.

By now, the PCs should be thoroughly spooked, wanting to get the hell out of there, but the way back is pitch dark, and the more astute members of the party should have realised that the stranger things get, the closer to their quarry they are. They plunge on, and eventually emerge in Juviet's inner sanctum, the Librarium Heresius, as the final act unfolds. Proceed to Scenario Four.

SCENARIO 2 – BLOOD IN THE BALLROOM

Threat Level 2

The Slaaneshi cult have gathered for reasons other than doing the foxtrot, and Juviet has reasoned that this orgy of noise and flesh will distract the newcomers long enough for her to complete her ritual with the Pandoraque in her inner sanctum. As the PCs fight against both clawing hands and deafening noise, some new additions to the party arrive...

Setting: This scenario is set in the finest of Evergreen's ballrooms, now carpeted with the convulsing and writhing members of the Restoration cult. They will claw and scratch at the PCs legs, and the players can empty clip after clip into the revellers, killing as many as they wish until blood covers the marble floor – it matters little. The revellers will really only slow the players down – the danger here is Cacophonelle, and she's protected by a 4D10 force shield (one of the original shields that, when diluted, form the forcewall.) As the PCs look around, they see Juviet dart out of the door at the far end of the ballroom, and give chase.

Objective: The players are really best placed getting the hell out of there, as it is nearly impossible to reach Cacophonelle (the stage is set several metres above the marble floor of the ballroom with no stairs in sight) and she is protected by an extremely powerful force shield. Their objective is to get to the door that Juviet fled through without their minds melting under the aural onslaught of Cacophonelle.



Special Rules: Miliotoxin is being pumped into the ballroom to help the cultists better appreciate this 'performance' – See Ambush at the Circus of Horrors for the special rules.

Due to the clawing, writhing mass of bodies that spasm in delight at the deafening white noise emitted by Cacophonelle, the players only get actions on the roll of a 5+ rather than the usual 4+, and all movement is slowed by 2 inches. There are so many revellers it is pointless to use models for them, just use a bit of imagination and assure the players no matter how many bullets they empty into the sea of limbs and ecstatic bodies there will always be more to slow their pursuit. The hideously loud screams emanating from the daemon-machine have the potential to physically damage anyone who is not a devotee of Slaanesh – players without bionic ears must pass a Toughness test at -15 each turn, or else will find blood streaming out of their ears and must add D6 to their Injury total. Psykers add D10 to their total instead, and may not use psychic powers whilst this is in effect. Players canny enough to have got to the bottom of the Sentinel subplot may have brought some kind of protection for their ears – if this is so, they take only D3 damage per failed Toughness test. No verbal communication is possible in the ballroom.

Notes: When the PCs near their goal, have them spot two figures sprint into the hall at the far end (where the PCs came in). The PCs can tell by the grace and stature of the one on the left that it is Alanthrasil Swiftblade. The other, struggling to keep up with the Eldar pirate, wears a cloak over a golden breastplate and has Boreas gliding along behind him – this is Inquisitor Lichtenstein. As the PCs are about to leave, the voice of an old man, strained and urgent, but powerful nonetheless, is projected into their heads:

"She has the Pandoraque in her sanctum! If we do not stop her she will unleash the life-force of an entire Eldar planet!"

It is up to the PCs how they respond to this, but make sure they go with their gut instincts – it's too loud to confer. After all, it doesn't sound like the end of the world (you know better, of course). If the PCs guess this is the dangerous Radical Lichtenstein (probably obvious by the model), they may shoot at him or plunge their way back into the writhing revellers to catch him. If they do this, Lichtenstein will dart into the nearest exit, Alanthrasil at his side. If they decide to pursue him further, Requiel will dash off after Juviet, leaving the players to their own agenda – skip to Chapter Five. If they go with her after Juviet, go on to Chapter Four.



SCENARIO 3 – SHOWDOWN

Threat Level 4

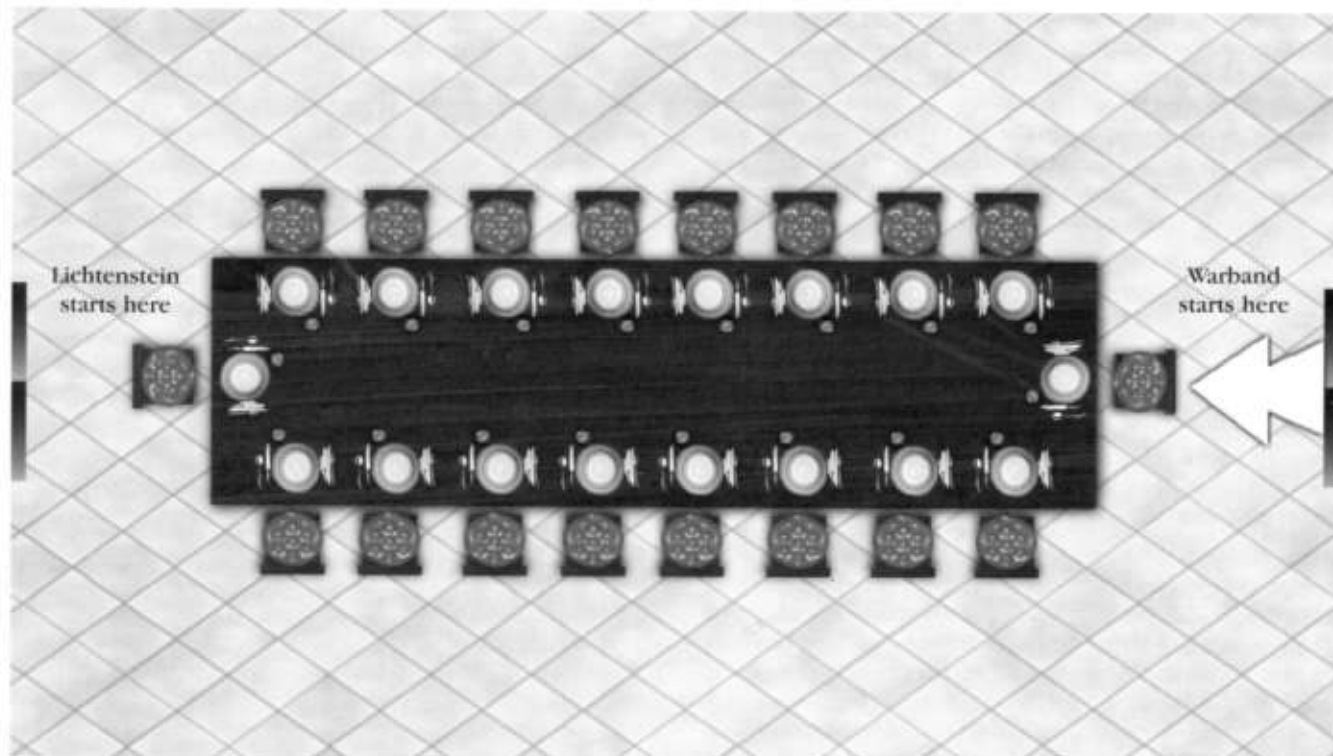
The heretic Inquisitor Lichtenstein has been found at last! The Inquisitors could well have expected to find him in this hive of evil, no doubt he is responsible for the infernal cult infecting this place. His pet daemonhost has manifested, proof that his Radicalism is as strong as ever – bring this traitor to justice!

Setting: The grand dining room of the Grellier mansion. This is as opulent and ostentatious as the rest of this massive building, with huge crystal chandeliers, high-backed chairs and a massive bloodwood table set with the finest silver cutlery and diamond-studded glasses. Arrayed around the room are unusual artifacts on plinths; vases, sculptures, alien artworks, and the heads of the last people to have displeased Juviet. The players should have a lot of fun smashing this room up in their final confrontation with the heretic Inquisitor.

Objective: Take Lichtenstein down, dead or alive (dead is much, much safer – he's not been an Excommunicate Radical for this long without having some tricks up his sleeve) and destroy his henchmen.

Special Rules: The bloodwood table has an Armour Rating of five, and the chairs two.

Try and get a swordfight versus Lichtenstein or Alanthrasil along the table at some point, scattering cutlery and priceless glasses all over the place – it's nice and dramatic, and fits with the opulent surroundings. Once they have delivered the Emperor's justice, the players follow the corridors that lead back to the ballroom – as they make their way back, they feel a hot tingle pass through them; something strange has just happened. Later, when they arrive at the ballroom, they find out just how strange...



CHAPTER FIVE – LICHTENSTEIN

The players storm their way through the writhing bodies of the cultists in the ballroom in hot pursuit of the heretic Inquisitor Lichtenstein. Running down the corridors, they find the walls frosted and covered with sheets of ice, slowly cracking and sloughing to the floor. The taint of Warp magic is in the air, and a thick pool of grey slime, tendrils of dry ice smoking from it, confirm the suspicion that some kind of manifestation has occurred here. The PCs do not let this slow them, however, and plunge further into the mansion after the Inquisitor and his foul alien cohort. It's not long before they find him, crossing a grand dining room. He has the Eldar, Alanthrasil, with him, his Servo-skull Boreas, and a vile, tentacled humanoid thing that floats next to the chandeliers, ice crystals flickering in the air around it – the daemonhost Ghaustos.

You should roleplay the exchange between the characters and the rogue Inquisitor, with lots of "In the name of the Immortal Emperor we call you Excommunicate Traitoris" and "Meddling fools! By stopping me you doom this planet to an eternity of living death" type dialogue. For the players, this is the prelude to the showdown they've wanted all along, so get some juicy end-of-film banter in there before the dice start rolling – after all, there is no way Lichtenstein is coming without a fight.



SCENARIO 4 – THE LIBRARIUM HERESIUS

Threat Level 4

Close to completing her diabolical plan, Juviet Grellier is enacting a ritual allowing her to open the Pandoraque and dedicate her new world order to her patron god, Slaanesh. Not if the players have anything to say about it...

The PCs plunge headlong into the inner sanctum of the Restoration cult, the Librarium Heresius, where Juviet keeps all her forbidden lore. The room is filled with naked, dancing figures – Juviet and her cultists – and a great brazier burns underneath a slowly-spinning silver globe in the centre of the room (heat activates this alien device). The sphere seems to suspend itself, and cracks are appearing across it, allowing tiny beams of white light to spill into the room. This is the Pandoraque, an Eldar terraforming sphere that contains enough pure life force to saturate an entire planet, and it's about to go nova...

Setting: The Librarium Heresius is a large room packed to the gills with all the arcane texts that Juviet and the Grellier dynasty have accumulated over the centuries. Though there is enough blasphemous material here to condemn Juviet and her family several hundred times over, we're only really interested in the one in the middle of the room – the ancient Eldar Pandoraque. As the PCs burst in, Juviet will deliver a short speech in the best tradition of evil villain types the galaxy over before setting her minions upon the player characters.

"I don't know why you're so concerned, it's going to be just perfect, we can all live forever! Don't you want to live forever? I've so many wonderful things to show you..."

With that, the cultists attack.

Special Rules: Juviet will stay put as her minions launch themselves into close combat – she isn't really a fighter in any case. If she is shot at, she'll hide in the cover of the Pandoraque and brazier.

As the Pandoraque ripples and splits over the flames, the door at the back of the room bursts open wide and Lichtenstein, Alanthrasil, the Servo-skull Boreas and Lichtenstein's pet daemonhost, Ghaustos, charge through into the room (he summoned the 'host' when things got tough in the twisting corridors). If the players are fast enough, they can either arrest Lichtenstein as Excommunicate Traitoris when they are low on strength and let the Pandoraque pour life-force throughout the planet, or let him silence the device first.

If they choose the former, this is simple enough – enact the combat, but halfway through have everyone levelled and knocked unconscious by the exploding Eldar artefact. When the players awake, Lichtenstein and his cronies have disappeared, and the lingering taste of the Warp is in the air – Radical witchery, without a doubt. Then proceed through Scenario 5 to Chapter 6 – Juviet has achieved her Restoration through the infighting of the Inquisition, even though they were perfectly placed to stop her.

If the players are either too embroiled in combat with the cultists to get to Lichtenstein, or they simply choose to let him shut off the Pandoraque before delivering the Emperor's Justice, then they observe the following.

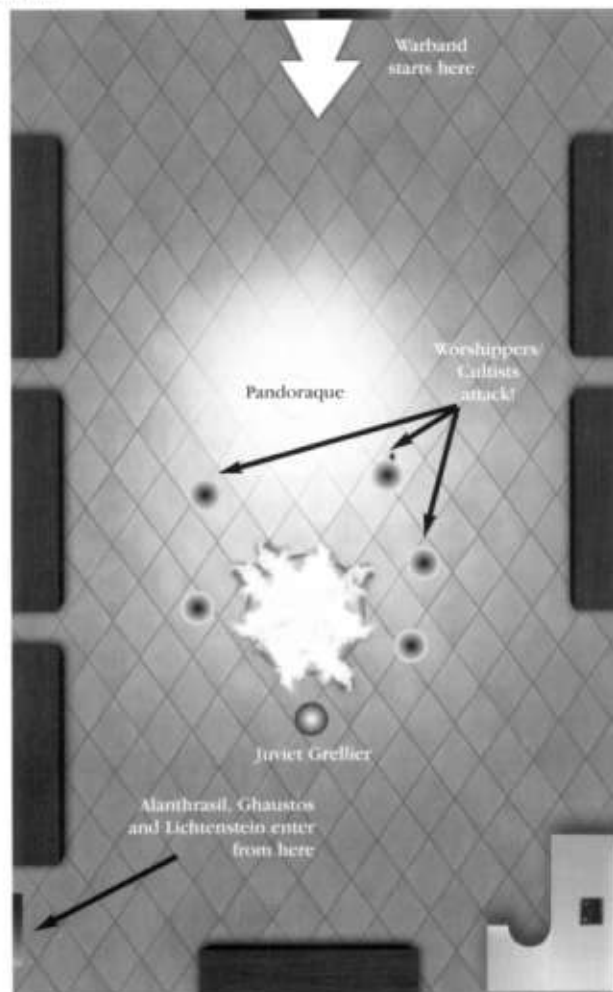
The daemonhost, Ghaustos, drifts forward and extends two reedy arms into the flames beneath the brazier, frost pouring off him until the flames are completely extinguished. Juviet Grellier, if she is still alive, screams in anger and digs her claws into the daemonhost's back, fighting like a wildcat in

the few seconds before Alanthrasil appears beside her and her head parts company with her neck. The end of the Grellier dynasty comes to Equinox with a wet thud. Ghaustos then touches the Pandoraque with the tentacles around his waist. Ice crystals begin to plink across it as the alien device cools to freezing in seconds, cracks closing as it becomes inert once more. Almost immediately Lichtenstein lifts the device with his mind, and gives a single command; "Exitus". The daemonhost flings its arms back in a cruciform position and they all vanish from sight, including the Pandoraque, leaving nothing more than the lingering taint of Warp energy in the air. The PCs have lost them.

This is not the end, however, because the rays of the Pandoraque had escaped into the mansion, it is practically buzzing with life-force. The cultists, any dead characters or members of Lichtenstein's warband, and the body of Juviet Grellier begin to twitch and shake. Some of them sit up, looking puzzled and probing the gaping wounds that finished them off. A low, wordless moan comes from the bloodied lips of Juviet's head, and her eyes flick round to observe the characters as her mouth twists into an ugly approximation of a smile.

Put simply, it's zombie time.

The PCs can spend all day cutting the dead cultists to tiny chunks if they wish, but sooner or later someone will come up with idea of putting the place to the torch (someone always does). The Librarium Heresius is full of dusty old tomes and rich fabrics, and goes up like a stack of dry wood. The PCs run back through the mansion, and eventually end up back at the ballroom. There's a nasty surprise waiting for them.



SCENARIO 5 – THE DEAD CAN DANCE

Threat Level 5 – this is the big one!

When the players get back to the ballroom, they are horrified to find that the Imperial Ball has started again, even though half of the dancers are clearly dead, crimson-black flowers of blood spreading across their finery. As the PCs burst in, the dancers turn to them, the joy on their faces twisting into rage. As one, the crowd of dead revellers and cultists closes on the PCs – better get that chainsword ready...

Setting: The ballroom, detailed previously. The layout should be exactly the same.

Objective: Kill zombies and get the hell out!

Special Rules: LIFEZONE – the Pandoraque's essence has leaked through into the ballroom, and touched all those the

PCs have previously butchered. The well-dressed zombies (it's up to you how many you use but it should be at least 10) have the same profiles as the cultists, but have -1 Speed. They will attack unceasingly – ignore Injury Total damage for anyone that gets wounded (including the PCs). Just pay some attention to the Wound boxes – it's not possible to kill people in this Lifezone, but you can still incapacitate them by lopping off limbs.

Have the PCs take lots of damage if you like, because it can't kill them either. Soon the ballroom will be a scene of bloody chaos, and the players will realise they should be getting the hell out of there. Have them fight their way through the zombies and escape out of the main entrance. If Lichtenstein escaped with the dormant Pandoraque, proceed to Chapter Seven. If the PCs killed him and/or the Pandoraque activated fully, proceed to Chapter Six.

CHAPTER SIX – CONSEQUENCES

The players exit the Grellier Mansion, and the sight that greets them is enough to take their breath away. It's stopped raining. Waves of life-force practically pulse from the Archipelago in which they stand and, as they watch, greenery flourishes and sprouts from horizon to horizon like a stop-motion film. Spring has come to Equinox, in a big way – even the mighty trees flourish and breathe once more, their canopy bursting into verdant life. The sun breaks completely free of the clouds for the first time in decades, its rays falling on the faces of the shocked player-characters and lighting up the flourishing city below. The planet has been brought back to life, and despite it all, it's an incredible feeling to be responsible for that.

However, underneath this flourishing façade lies a terrible secret – they have effectively killed death on this world. Nothing can die, and the dead are brought back to life – not whole and sound of mind as they would be if the Pandoraque was used correctly, but rotten and insane like all good zombies should be. The PCs have achieved something close to immortality, but doomed this world to a future of madness and corruption, a fate pleasing to the gods of Chaos. As the full realisation of what they have done sinks in, the players realise there is only one possible future they can allow for a world in the grip of the Plague of Life, the future reserved for all planets that are an abomination in the eyes of the Emperor – Exterminatus...

You don't need to roleplay this scenario, talking it through will be fine. Let the PCs get the feeling they are deciding the fate of the world – it's the case, after all – and that they are potentially responsible for the destruction of a billion souls.



CHAPTER SEVEN – RESOLUTION

After fighting their way through the few cultists and zombies that try to stop the PCs from escaping the Grellier Mansion, the players make the journey back to the filthy but reassuringly sane side of the forcewall. Although enough life force leaked out of the Pandoraque to temporarily affect Euphoria, the players bought Lichtenstein enough time to stop it from infecting the whole planet with a Plague of Life, waking the dead and plunging Equinox into a beautiful but corrupt existence where the rot was on the inside rather than the out. Evergreen, and by extension the whole planet, is still a rain-soaked urban nightmare under the rigid yoke of the Imperium, just as it should be.

The players have, to all intents and purposes, won. Congratulate the PCs, explain any fine points of the plot that they may have missed if you wish, and pack up.

It's up to you where you take it from here, but we recommend the pub.



ALTERNATIVES

There are several different directions you can take this plotline – you might even have come up with a couple yourself over the course of reading through the missions. For instance, you might like to let the PCs know a little more of the picture and ignore the Pandoraque's power to defy death, so that they allow Juviet to activate the Pandoraque but then exterminate all Chaos cultists and presence right the way across the planet, leaving Equinox with a lot in the way of paradise and very little hell. You might like the players to be at close quarters with Lichtenstein as Ghaustos teleports them out, so they are also teleported out hot on his heels – or even in one of his private sanctums. You might want to introduce a daemon servant of Juviet's in the Librarium Heresius and kill the characters off altogether (gasp – imagine the looks on your player's faces) only to have the Pandoraque activate and bring them back to life as a party of undead. The sky's the limit – Equinox is really just a backdrop, it's up to you to bring out the colour and the personalities involved in your plot.

The Appendices

The Appendices are a Gamesmasters tool for use in the Equinox Adventurescape. It is split into three sections. Further Campaign Hooks, Henchman Profiles and a Players information handout that is on the inside back cover. This is also available as a PDF from the Exterminatus.com website.

FURTHER CAMPAIGN HOOKS

We have presented two campaigns to use in the Equinox Adventurescape but this is only the beginning. Within the campaign background are thousands of seeds that can be expanded into full campaigns. Here are a few examples.

Excommunicate Traitoris

In the PC's hurry to save Equinox from becoming a world crawling with the living dead, they allowed the noted heretic and traitor Lichtenstein to escape via some unfathomable warp-magic. Is he still planetside, and if so, can the players track him down, capture or kill him and take possession of the Pandoraque themselves?

The Walking Dead

With the life energies of the Pandoraque released, the place is absolutely crawling with zombies! The player characters must hunt down and kill as many as they can – you might want to keep a tally to see who can bag the most walking dead before the warbands make their escape.

Purge the Heretics

The players have prevented Juviet's evil plans from reaching fruition, but her mansion is still riddled with Slaanesh-worshipping cultists. As agents of the Emperor's holy Inquisition, there really is only one thing left to do...

Radical Measures

Lichtenstein has escaped with his prize, and the more radical thinkers of the warband want to know just what he and Alanthrasil Swiftblade intend to do with it. When they track him down, he's heading out of the system, with the coordinates of a dead world punched into his navicom. Just what is this maniac up to?

The return of the Silver Skulls

Rather than ordering Exterminatus, the player characters have called in a series of surgical strikes to purge the planet of the plague of life that is reducing it to anarchy. Who better to conduct such pogroms than the nearby chapter of the Silver Skulls?

Consequences

The players must answer to an Inquisitor Lord who questions just how their investigations progressed to the point where every living soul upon Equinox had to be exterminated. Things turn nasty when the Inquisitor Lord turns out to have an agenda of his own...

The Librarium Heresies

Such a vital repository of arcane lore cannot be allowed to just go up in smoke. How much of the blasphemous library can the players salvage, and what will they do with the texts they rescue?

The Spoor of Scarn

The player characters have detected the esoteric methods of the rogue Inquisitor Scarn as the story of Equinox unfolded. What is his involvement with this planet, and how can they hunt him out on a planet famous for its myriad hiding places.

HENCHMAN PROFILES

FREAKSHOW GROTESQUE

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
45	45	55	65	60	50	45	60	50

Equipment: Improvised hand weapon, 10% chance of an Autopistol.

Special Abilities: Each grotesque will have D3 mutations. (See Inquisitor Annual 2003).

ARBITES ENFORCER

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
65	65	60	60	80	70	70	75	70

Equipment: Pump-Action Combat Shotgun with 6 Executioner rounds; Shock Maul; Frag Grenades; Carapace Armour; Fully Enclosed Helmet with Rebreather.

Special Abilities: Subdue.

Chromehounds: As cyber-mastiffs but with Speed 4 and Armour 6.

ESCAPED CRIMINAL

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
65	55	55	55	55	45	50	70	45

Equipment: Improvised club.

Special Abilities: None.

TREE-CREEPER

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
60	05	45	30	75	25	05	20	05

Equipment: Sharp Teeth and Claws (D6 damage).

Special Abilities: Furious Assault.

NIGHTSTALKER GANG MEMBER

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
55	65	55	50	65	50	50	60	45

Equipment: 60% of Stubber, Combat Shotgun or Laspistol; Knife; Flak armour on all locations except head.

Special Abilities: None.

GRELLIER MANSION CULTIST

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
65	55	65	50	70	70	70	80	45

Equipment: Short sword, arcane tattoos (count as 3 armour on all locations except head).

Special Abilities: None.

The hooded figure slumped into his baroque chair.

Things may have not gone to plan on Cephalon but events had played out here just as he intended, the Inquisitor thought. Lichtenstein, in particular had proved to be surprisingly malleable, but now his usefulness was at an end.

"Vornan" called the Inquisitor and almost instantly a tall, pale and blind figure appeared just behind the seated Inquisitor. Without looking round the Inquisitor spoke.

"Contact, Tyrus. Tell him an old friend has news..."

REF: Inq/01159168328/WD

AUTHOR: Inquisitor Maximus

SUBJECT: Equinox: findings to date

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: Heed the Unspoken Oath

>>ATTACHED SYSTEM DATA DOWNLOAD<<

>>TRANSMITTING<<

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Name: Equinox

Location: Segmentum Tempestus

Attitude: VHI/HS199

Distance from Terra: 65,000 light years

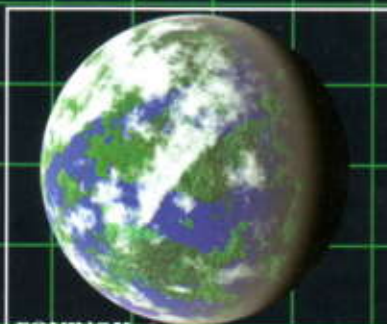
Primary Type: 4K

Orbital Bodies: 2 N-class

>>ATTACHED PLANETARY DATA DOWNLOAD<<

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EQUINOX

Sector: Graia

Location: Segmentum Tempestus

Tithe Grade: Experima

Notes: ref: Deterioration

Navigation: UH/AVly

Mean Orbital Distance: 212,500,000 km

Mass: 32

Orbit: 2333

Rotation: 22

Equatorial Diameter: 8,100,000km

Gravity: 0.999

Satellites: 2

Founding: Equinox was found in M.38, and was considered to be an ideal candidate for settlement. Extensive evidence of terraforming - the planet was originally classified a paradise world although the planet's designation has changed twice since that point as the Imperium has sculpted it in its own image.

Notable Historic Events: The planet of Equinox experienced a severe deterioration, architecturally, culturally and spiritually, in the later years of M.41.6. In part this is believed to be because of the Grellier Census - an estimate of the planet's population that proved to be horribly inaccurate due to the subcultures that lived below the surface of Equinox. As a result far too little in the way of food, goods and law enforcement agents were supplied to the planet, and the society began to turn upon itself. Simultaneously the high level of industrial pollution began to take its toll, manifesting in downpours that saturated the metal-free architecture of Equinox, causing its once-great buildings to crumble into a landscape of rubble and mulch. Blasphemous sects and Chaos worship spread across the planet and a full purge was enacted by the Silver Skulls chapter of the Adeptus Astartes in M.41.8

Notable features: There is no naturally occurring metal upon Equinox. This means weaponry is rare and that it has a thriving black market. The criminal underworld of Equinox is extensive and very difficult to control due to the labyrinthine warrens that cover its surface.

Past Inquisitorial Involvement: A recent investigation by Inquisitor Augute Balthoir of the Ordo Hereticus in pursuit of suspected Chaos cultist activity in conjunction with the proscribed substance Millotoxin was abandoned due to lack of evidence.

Unsubstantiated Data: It is thought that the Archipelagos, areas of architectural beauty that have been protected from the pollution and elements by forcefields, play host to the aristocracy of Equinox. It is suspected that the tendrils of Chaos worship have spread into these decadent sub-cultures, and that the Adeptus Arbites have very little influence within their confines.



Inquisitor: Conspiracies - Heavenfall

The world of Equinox was once a beautiful and verdant Eldar maiden world. That is until the Imperium arrived and soon the toxic rain came, destroying and rotting all the once-glorious landscapes. Now a strange group of nobles calling themselves the Restoration wish to bring Equinox back to its former glory, but at what cost?

This supplement contains:

2 complete campaigns comprising of 10 unique game scenarios and 12 narrative chapters.

A detailed overview of the Equinox Adventurescape including special rules for the different eclipses.

Descriptions of important characters, organisations and history of the Graia sector.



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