



THE PRINCIPAL WORLDS OF THE EASTERN FRINGE

The following cartographical information gives a precis of the most strategically important locations within the newly-created and conquered Eastern Fringe of the galaxy in the early years of the Horus Heresy, around 008.M31, with specific attention paid to those areas that would become the focus of the fighting.

THE PATH OF TEARS

A chain of stars strung between the bottom of the Nostramo sector and leading inexorably to the heart of the Thramas sector, named the Tithe Road on official Imperium star charts, but more often as the Path of Tears by those who dwell along its length. The Tithe Road was one of several recruiting areas for the Night Lords – so-called for the tithe of its population they took in exchange for their protection – comprising some 50 or more worlds with few boasting more than small and isolated outposts of humanity. These small colonies were the only riches to be found in this region, their settlers proving to be both resilient and strong but without any great wealth of weapons or resources to draw the attention of the mighty.

TSAGUALSA

Classification: Barren world [Legiones Astartes stronghold]

Little more than a vast black rock, Tsagualsa is set far from the weak sun at the heart of its system, only a feeble light reaching the massive deserts of bleak mica that cover much of its surface, broken only by drifts of huge, glassy boulders of midnight rock. Its only wealth is in the stark black rock that forms its crust and its position along the strategic Tithe Road between Nostramo and Thramas. The small cities and quarries that had once marred its barren surface were annihilated by the Night Lords at the very start of the Thramas Crusade. Utterly destroyed, the settlements were razed and the few survivors herded into their flaying pits and slave corrals, it was the end of Tsagualsa as an Imperium colony and the beginning of the war to control Thramas. The corpse-strewn world would rise to prominence when the Night Haunter selected it as the site of his new fortress, intended to replace Nostramo, which the Primarch had ruined by his own hand as punishment for its fall into corruption.

By the time the war for Thramas was begun, there were little more than the barest of foundations laid upon the dark sands of Tsagualsa, but as the war progressed so too would the construction of Curze's black fortress. Raised by vast hordes of slave labourers and based on the twisted visions of the Night Haunter, it would be an edifice of nightmare and horror.

In the wake of the Lion's incursion on Tsagualsa during the final stages of the Thramas Crusade, it is rumoured that those of the First Legion who fell and were not recovered had their bodies incorporated into the very walls of the growing fortress, and that many other far more foul decorations graced the fortifications of Konrad Curze's new lair.

With the end of the fighting and the disappearance of Curze aboard the *Invincible Reason*, the many halls of this new stronghold would stand empty for a time, avoided by those that still dwelt upon the broken worlds of the Path of Tears. Few dared to trespass in the nightmare precincts of the Night Haunter's realm, even when many claimed that he had fallen and drew breath no more. Yet, within the space of a year, grim tales began to spread that it was once again occupied by dark figures in the midnight armour of the Night Lords. As the Horus Heresy closed upon its brutal climax, Tsagualsa would again rise to dark prominence; not as a fortress of Horus' rebels, but as the centre of a new petty kingdom, one that could have threatened the recovery of the Imperium had it not mysteriously fallen into ruin during the Scouring.



NAME: TSAGUALSA

CLASSIFICATION: BARREN/FRINGE COLONY
[MARGINAL HABITATION/WILDERNESS]

SYSTEM DATA: BB/0097//1223/NX
STELLAR GRID: 99-YN0/NE-88
SEGMENTUM: ULTIMA/EXTREMIS

NOTATION: [SITE OF VIIITH LEGION FORTRESS]

WRACK

Classification: Mining World [*minimal population*]

Typical of the small colonies that were to be found throughout the region, Wrack is a small moon whose atmosphere is considered barely capable of supporting human habitation, with little endemic life and meagre seams of ore. Cold, wracked by violent storms without reprieve, and preyed upon by pirates, renegades and xenos marauders, only the most stubborn colonists chose to eke out a life there, people who welcomed the absence of the Imperium's fledgling bureaucracy. Its inhabitants were a coarse breed of humanity; tough and indomitable and bred to survive in one of the harshest of the sector's worlds, they were the true wealth of this benighted stretch of space. The Night Lords and several regiments of the Nightwatch came to Wrack and the other isolated worlds of the Tithe Road to claim this resource, taking the best of their youth to serve in the Emperor's distant wars and leaving behind a people made bitter to the dreams of Unity by the price they paid for its realisation.

As with so many of the isolated worlds of the Tithe Road, Wrack would not survive the Thramas Crusade. When the Night Lords came at the outset of their new crusade, they claimed every able-bodied inhabitant, either as recruits for the Legion or as slave-fodder for the work gangs. Those who resisted died in torment at the hands of those who had once born the title heroes of the Great Crusade, some of whom had likely once called Wrack home before the blood of the Night Haunter changed them. Wrack, and so many other worlds, would be rendered into a corpse, with only mute and empty colonies standing as a monument to their existence.

Other Minor Worlds of Note

- Cairn [*Hive world*]
- Kruun [*Colonised world, now destroyed*]



NAME: WRACK

CLASSIFICATION: FRINGE COLONY

[MARGINAL HABITATION/LIMITED MINING]

SYSTEM DATA: BD/0053//1223/NX

STELLAR GRID: 99-YNP/NE-89

SEGMENTUM: ULTIMA/EXTREMIS

NOTATION: [ABANDONED POST HORUS HERESY]

THE THRAMAS SECTOR

The last bastion of the Imperium on the outer edge of the galaxy, the Thramas sector was one of the great way-stations for those fleets of the Great Crusade working to bring the Eastern Fringe to Compliance. During the peak of the Great Crusade, it thronged with vast fleets and the wealth of the Imperium flowed into it to fuel its factories and shipyards, and the great and the mighty walked its worlds and set their marks upon its monuments. Its ancient hive worlds had yielded willingly to the armies of the Emperor, for they had long stood upon the edge of the vast wilderness of space and knew well the terror of that which dwelt beyond. By the last years of M30, the sector was past the years of its great glory, the armies and fleets moved on to other warzones, but it remained a seat of much military power, a prize that neither side could ignore as the Horus Heresy blossomed into war.

THRAMAS

Classification: Hive world

[Spire sub-type/Imperialis Armada Port Majoris]

Often known as the Jewel of the East, Thramas has been the seat of empires for millennia, having first been settled long before the fall of Old Night during the glory days of Mankind's first rush to colonise the galaxy. Its vast hive spires chart its history, long-abandoned structures buried in their depths displaying the heraldry of the Centauran Republic, the Tenebris Freehold, the Barony of Thrame and other forgotten dynasties long since lost to history. When the Imperium arrived at the edge of the galaxy they would find it under the control of the Regents of Thramas, a lonely bastion of humankind besieged by all the horrors of the far rim. The Regents of Thramas would freely and willingly accept the rule of the Emperor, joining their armies to His in the fight against the multitude of debased human marauders and ravenous xenos domains that existed beyond the edge of the map. Revitalised by the influx of trade and resources that followed in the wake of the Great Crusade, Thramas would become one of the most staunch supporters of the Imperium in the Eastern Fringe and the centre of innumerable campaigns launched into the dark void beyond the galaxy's edge. Such was its importance to the Great Crusade that the Emperor Himself once set foot upon the world, pausing briefly during the prosecution of the Eighth extra-galactic expedition and the assault on the ancient Khrave mega-nest on Gorgorron, where no light had ever shone.

By the outbreak of the Horus Heresy, Thramas was one of the most fortified systems in the Imperium. The sentinel moons in its outer reaches bristled with macro cannon and laser lances, fleets of warships based at the massive orbital shipyards at the Thramas nadir point patrolled the void, ever watchful for attacks from past the bounds of the Imperium. Thramas itself boasted eight hive cities whose thick armour was studded with gun turrets and guarded by a dozen regiments of the Thramassi Nightwatch, the greatest fortress to be found in those distant, eastern stars. Yet, it was a fortress that looked only outwards, ever prepared for an assault by those that stood outside the Emperor's domain but utterly unready for the onslaught of any enemy from within. No gate within the domain of Thramas was barred to the Legiones Astartes, for those heroes of the Great Crusade had the utmost respect of the people of Thramas, and when Horus sent the Night Lords to claim the east for him, this trust was brutally abused and the defences of Thramas laid bare despite their power.

What had drawn both the Emperor and Horus to Thramas was not its power as a fortress or the wealth of its factories, but rather the strength of its people. Thramas was among the most populous of the border worlds, and host to a strain of humanity well-suited to the rigours of war in the void. It had been the birthplace of many of the Imperium's armies and had tithed recruits to four of the Legiones Astartes. To any warlord who sought to raise a host of warriors, it was a prize beyond compare, for if the Horus Heresy extended beyond a short strike at Terra and became a long war of attrition then victory would be decided by numbers and not by skill. Where the wealth of Triplex might command the greatest short term-advantage to the warring factions that sought control of the Imperium, it was Thramas that held the key to long-term triumph.



NAME: THRAMAS

CLASSIFICATION: SECTOR CAPITAL

[THRAMAS SECTOR]

[HIVE CITY/SIGNIFICANT ORBITAL INFRASTRUCTURE]

SYSTEM DATA: FG/0102//1245/EA

STELLAR GRID: 101-IKX/FE-01

SEGMENTUM: ULTIMA/EXTREMIS

NOTATION: [SECTOR FLEET BERTH/SOLAR AUXILIA
TITHE WORLD]

[ALL ASSETS RENDERED UNVIABLE AT CRUSADE CLOSE]

CRUCIBLE

Classification: Stellar phenomenon

[Category-Omega: Carmine/Mechanicum Fief]

The name Crucible refers to both the eighth planet of the Gharn system and a section of space along the border between the Thramas and Triplex sectors where ships cannot pass. This area, listed on proper star charts as the Thramas Exclusion Zone, and better known to the chartist captains of the Eastern Fringe as the Crucible Field or the Graveyard of Stars, hosts nearly a dozen black holes of varying sizes all clustered within the space of only a few dozen light years. The sheer power of these disruptive stellar phenomenon is felt even in aetheric space, forming a huge vortex in the Warp from which few human craft have ever emerged and blocking all passage between the Thramas and Triplex sectors along this vector. It is the Exclusion Zone that forces all merchant and military traffic to travel via the slower stable warp channels that lead to the hive world of Sheol III, creating a strategic bottleneck in warp travel to and from the lower regions of the Eastern Fringe and bringing great wealth to Sheol III.

The Exclusion Zone itself has long fallen under the purview of obscure taghma from the Forge World of Triplex Phall, who maintain a research station on its periphery. This taghma, the Ketriox, ostensibly involved in the development of exotic particle weaponry, would avoid the fall of Phall and remain a potent renegade force for much of the Thramas Crusade. Lurking within the depths of the Crucible Field, Taghma Ketriox would emerge to fall upon isolated Loyalist garrisons and transport convoys, wielding weapons capable of tearing apart the fabric of realspace and breaching even the thickest armour. It would take an entire Chapter of the First Legion to finally end the threat of the Ketriox, waging a month-long campaign of traps, feints and decoys to lure them into a decisive battle that saw only a few ragged survivors escape back into the Exclusion Zone.

QETESH

Classification: Hive World [Border outpost]

Sitting at the very edge of the Thramas Sector, Desperation, fifth planet of the Qetesh system, was of little strategic importance and warranted a garrison of the Thramassi Nightwatch only due to its proximity to the Hûda Gulf. Other than its role as a minor sentinel fortress along the Imperium's furthest border, it served as little more than a minor hive world populated by those courageous enough to make a home so far from Terra. When it fell out of contact in the earliest stages of the Thramas Crusade, as the Night Lords began to rampage and murder a path across the sector, few of the powerful noted its absence. Yet, its capture by the Night Lords was a critical move in the Night Hunter's initial plan for the fall of Thramas, serving as a secure point for his fleets to marshal and a crucial link in the flow of supplies from Ulan Hûda to the Night Lords. The 128th Regiment of the Nightwatch made a brave stand, holding the main hive for eight days as the Night Lords toyed with them, capturing the bravest of their warriors for the creation of bloody trophies of war and terrorising the colonists. However, when the defences finally fell, the Night Lords left none alive, decorating the city with the bones of the fallen and converting its facilities into one of a number of hidden shipyards.

Other Minor Worlds of Note

- Moritane [Knight world]
- Sheol III [Hive world]
- Kodan [Hive world]
- Serk [Hive world]
- Sedraan [Colonised world]
- Aeolay [Colonised world]



NAME: CRUCIBLE FIELD ['GRAVEYARD OF STARS']

CLASSIFICATION: STELLAR ANOMALY/SHIPPING

HAZARD

[EXTREME GRAVITATIONAL DISTURBANCE
/AETHERIC VORTEX]

SYSTEM DATA: N/A

STELLAR GRID: 100-UHL/FE-33

SEGMENTUM: ULTIMA/EXTREMIS

NOTATION: [ZONE PERDITAS – ALL DATA SEALED BY
ORDER OF ARCHMAGOS PRIME, TRIPLEX]

THE TRIPLEX SECTOR

The Triplex sector was dominated by swathes of barren systems, largely uninhabitable and empty. A wasteland of ore rich rocks, old dying stars and a few scattered clans of abhuman miners and prospectors, which was far from any established trade route and cut off from the more populous sections of the region by fierce warp storms. Sat at its heart was the system of Triplex, its triple Forge Worlds the centre of all industry in the sector and the greatest prize in the Eastern Fringe. With Triplex, a general might control the entirety of the eastern half of the Imperium, for it rivalled great Anvillus in power, and many aspiring warlords cast their gaze upon this prize as the Horus Heresy erupted.

TRIPLEX

Classification: Mega-industrial complex and sector capital

The beating heart of the Eastern Fringe was the system of Triplex, one of the greatest industrial hubs in the entire Imperium, rivalling even great Mars and Anvilus in the capacity of its forges. By its labour had the Great Crusade won the distant stars of the east, and it was by the products of their manufactoria that civilisation was sustained in those hostile systems that sat at the very edge of the galaxy. Home to the three-fold Titan Legio Victorum and several hundred militant taghma, the system was also one of the greatest concentrations of military force in the east. The few inhabited worlds and scattered mining colonies in the sector were held in thrall to Triplex by the threat of its anger and the necessity of its protection in the face of the terrors that lurked in unknown space. It was a nascent power that strained at the bonds of the Emperor's law and the dictates of distant Mars, one that saw in Horus' rebellion a chance for their own ascent even as they professed their loyalty to the newly founded Imperium.

TRIPLEX GALATIA

Classification: Forge World [Grade Primaris-1]

The Forge World of Galatia was the first of the triple forges to be established, its birth long since lost to history in those ancient days when the Explorator fleets of the Mechanicum set forth blindly into the void, seeking fertile new lands in which to grow and expand. For long centuries, it would reign as the overlord of local space, its dominion assured by the strength of the Legio Victorum I, the Foe Slayers, and the sheer proclivity of its Tech-Priests. It would only be with the arrival of the Emperor that it would stumble and fall behind its sibling forges, for Mars took a hand to curb the power of this new rival and petitioned the Emperor to take only the Legio Victorum II for His Great Crusade, sealing the remaining two slivers of the Legio to the defence of Triplex. This would see Galatia cut off from the riches of the Great Crusade, which would flow instead into the hands of Phall. Denied the glory of war and the spoils of victory, Galatia turned inwards and its tech-adepts began to walk forbidden paths in search of power, paths long forbidden by the decree of both Mars and Terra.

So it was that when the representatives of the Warmaster and of its brother forge, Phall, sought to turn them to their cause they found a ready ally, one more than prepared to throw off the shackles of the Imperium. With the promise of rich rewards from the Warmaster himself, Galatia began to slowly stockpile weapons of war built to new and fearsome specifications, shipping the more orthodox examples of their craft to the Imperium in order to keep up the pretence of loyalty that had been thrown across the system like a shroud. History has often suggested that Galatia, despite its new hidden allegiance, did not take a hand in the death of Thule and kept its warriors and Titans absent from the fratricidal conflict. Yet, it remains guilty of the lesser sin of standing by as the Legio Victorum III and the warriors of Thule died, and of stripping bare the corpse that remained of its brother forge, unleashing at last its heretechanical hosts once the battle had been decided in order to seal its pact with the Traitors.

Galatia's triumph would be short lived. For though the bones of Thule would nourish its industry and fuel the construction of new armies and void craft in anticipation of the Traitor conquest of the Eastern Fringe, the arrival of the Lion and his Dark Angels would seal the fate of the darkened forge of Galatia. Utterly destroyed by the Dreadwing, it would stand as a warning of the fate of Traitors and a token of the First Legion's wrath that Phall could neither forget nor ignore. Even by the end of the Horus Heresy, it remained largely unvisited, for few wished to risk calling down the First Legion's censure upon themselves despite the riches and secrets that lay buried in the ruin of Galatia's pride and ambition.

TRIPLEX PHALL

Classification: Forge World [Grade Primaris-1]

Phall was the second of Triplex's great forges, and the only one that would survive the ravages of war in the Eastern Fringe. Though it had begun as little more than an adjunct to Galatia, its parent forge, Phall, had grown swiftly during the years of Old Night, developing both an impressive industrial base and a significant martial tradition. Driven by a stubborn pride and a desire for greatness, Phall had long stood at the forefront of Triplex' wars, defending it from the threat of xenos invasion and expanding its small domain across the sector. By the time of the Emperor's arrival, the Legio Victorum II, the Foe Hammers, had grown to rival that of Galatia and would win the honour of representing Triplex among the armies of the Great Crusade. The spoils of their victories as part of the Emperor's vanguard would see Phall grow to eclipse its erstwhile brethren, gaining resources and glory from across the galaxy and catching the eye of the Warmaster himself. Indeed, Phall would become one of the main shipyards for the vast fleets of the Great Crusade outside of Sol itself.

Under Horus' patronage they would become the foremost power in Triplex and the Eastern Fringe, assuming a belligerent and prideful air in their dealing that brought about the ire of Mars, which had once favoured them. The archmagi of Sol's red world would work to isolate Phall and Triplex, denying them access to technology and influence within the strange network of the Omnissiah's servants as they sought to ensure that none could challenge their dominion amongst the ranks of the many Forge Worlds. It was this quiet campaign waged against them that would set Phall to the research of technologies forbidden to them by the dictates of Mars, aided by Horus and representatives of those scattered forges that had struck bargains with the Warmaster, as the magi of Phall sought advantage in their struggle against the Martian ascendancy. In retrospect, this seems one more gambit orchestrated by Horus, seeding rebellion and dissent across the Imperium that he might later wield as a weapon. What might have become of it had it been left to fester we can only guess but, with their research incomplete and ambitions not fully realised, Phall and Triplex would be brought to heel by the Dark Angels.

Phall was spared the full extent of Lion El'Jonson's wrath only so that it might repay the hurt it had done the Imperium with the labour of its manufactoria and the life-blood of its warriors; a price it was bound to pay were it to avoid the fate meted out upon fallen Galatia.

Its vast wealth and grand armies were bled dry in the prosecution of the Lion's campaign against his brother, the once-magnificent halls bedecked with trophies of the Great Crusade reduced to soot-stained assembly lines for the Loyalist cause. The proud archmagi of Phall were humbled and set to labour under the oversight of Dark Angels forge masters, their work examined for any sign of treachery or deviance, while the princes and Titans of the Foe Hammers were sent into the most dangerous warzones of the war to pay their penance in death. By the end of the Thramas Crusade, Phall was much reduced in power and strength, its mere survival such a struggle that it posed no further threat to distant Mars.

TRIPLEX THULE

Classification: Forge World [Grade Primaris-III]

The smallest of Triplex's three Forge Worlds, the tale of Thule is born and ended in tragedy. It was founded by tech-magi cast out of Galatia in its early days for the practise of an extreme branch of Mars' orthodox doctrine that abhorred and condemned even the primitive servo-automata still in production amongst the Mechanicum's scattered worlds. Their obsession with the purity of mechanical devices and the subtle blending of man and machine in the form of servitors and MIU links put them at odds with the rulers of Galatia, who trod an increasingly deviant path in their research and lust for power. Thule would grow only slowly, starved of resources and shunned by their siblings, having reached the lowest grade of primaris ranking by the time of the Imperium's arrival at Triplex.

Driven to struggle against their brethren for every last shipment of ore and batch of new subjects, Thule had long engaged in a hidden war with the other forges of Triplex, one fought by a small taghma of heavily-modified servitors and the agents of the Malagra sect rather than by the Titans of the Legio Victorum III, the Foe Breakers.

It was a conflict that would only intensify after the Emperor inducted the warriors of Phall into His crusade and gave it access to all the riches of the wider Imperium. As it had always done, Phall held its newfound wealth at arm's reach from the tech-magi of Thule, both a taunting reminder of the power Phall held and a mocking promise of what they might enjoy should they bow before Phall as Galatia had chosen to do.

Stubborn and convinced of the rightfulness of their cause, the rulers of Thule refused to buckle beneath the growing influence of Phall. When the Warmaster's emissaries came in secret to offer them Horus' favour for their loyalty, the archmagi of Thule spurned them as servants of Phall and its sneering hereteks. The hidden war then took a more savage turn, with bombs and data-phage infections wreaking havoc on outposts of both Forge Worlds as well as upon Thule itself. It would be Thule's retaliation, the assassination of a Phallian archmagus by a trio of Malagra adepts, which would set the pyre for the final tragedy of Thule's tale. In the opening months of Horus' rebellion, open war would arrive in Triplex as Phall took up arms against its least sibling, setting the Legios Victorum I and III to open battle. As with any war between brothers it was fought with a vicious and unrelenting spite, with no mercy offered or expected, and by the time of the Night Lords' arrival in the system, there would be little but ruins left of the once-proud Forge World of Thule.

Other Minor Worlds of Note

- Shan Mor [Knight world]
- Yaelis [Hive world]
- Catarra [Mining world]



NAME: TRIPLEX [GALATIA/PHALL/THULE]

CLASSIFICATION: MECHANICUM SOVEREIGN

FORGE WORLDS

[EACH FORGE WORLD GOVERNED AS A SEPARATE SOVEREIGN DOMAIN]

SYSTEM DATA: AA/2203//0012/AQ

STELLAR GRID: 99-NZZ/ME-02

SEGMENTUM: ULTIMA/MAJORIS

NOTATION: [TRIPLEX THULE/TRIPLEX GALATIA
RENDERED UNVIABLE AS ASSETS BY ENEMY ACTION]

THE AEGIS SECTOR

Dominated by the twin worlds of Memlock and Heraldor, the populous worlds of the Aegis sector were the bread basket of the Eastern Fringe. The fertile agri-worlds that abounded in this otherwise calm sector had not ceded their independence easily to the Imperium, having fought a short but bitter war before reluctantly accepting the Emperor. Though sworn to the Imperium, they had long begrudged the tithes they sent to distant Thramas to fuel the Great Crusade, and remained Compliant only by the constant vigilance of the Imperial Army regiments set over them as sentinels.

HERALDOR

Classification: Hive World [Sub-surface sub-type]

Chief among the worlds of the Aegis sector, Heraldor had once grown fat and strong on the trade of slaves taken from the isolated worlds of the Yaelic nebula and the outer colonies of Gulgorahd. Its marauders had been the terror of the Eastern Fringe, clashing with the ships of Thramas and Gulgorahd in the years before the Emperor's arrival in an effort to forge a petty kingdom of its own. Allied with the clan-lords of Memlock, the Hierarchs of Heraldor would not surrender their dreams of conquest in the face of the Emperor's arrival and fought a brief war against His Legions. Ironically, it would be the Night Lords that led the assault on Heraldor, decorating the deeply buried halls of its hives with the Hierarchs' skins and forcing a bitter surrender to the will of the Emperor. It was a submission that would fester among the surviving nobles of Heraldor, emerging many years later as a foul and spiteful hate that would lead them to the side of Horus as the rebellion against the Emperor reached the Eastern Fringe.

Heraldor itself was a small world whose wealth was found in the fertile soil sited at the feet of the immense volcanoes that dominated the surface of the planet, farmed by legions of slave-workers that were easily replaced after each new eruption replenished the fertile volcanic soil. Even after the coming of the Emperor, Heraldor would be worked by unwilling hands, for the Great Crusade could not do without its produce. Prisoners and the condemned from a hundred worlds would be shipped to Heraldor to slave in its burning air and produce harvests to feed the armies of the Imperium. The Hierarchs dwelt in labyrinthine hive cities buried deep beneath the most stable parts of Heraldor, an insular and corpulent breed of humanity dedicated to its own pleasure above all else; the emissaries of Horus found them easy to turn to his cause and open to the most simple of bribes. They would meet their end in those same cthonic halls, cornered by the advancing warriors of the Thramassi Nightwatch and the Ultramarines and besieged for 18 long weeks, though the Emperor's warriors would accept no second surrender and left Heraldor a broken and empty world.

MEMLOCK

Classification: Agri-world [Grand Terrestrial sub-type]

Memlock is an aberration, a world nine times the size of distant Terra and yet possessed of eerily calm and stable seasons, its three identical moons each fixed in optimal orbits to promote beneficial tides and winds. Ancient ruins that dot the surface hint at an artificial origin at the hands of some unknown xenos clade, though the tech-nomad clans that dwell there forbid outsiders from investigating the ruins for fear of ancient curses. As with bitter Heraldor, Memlock resisted the Emperor's peace in battle but, in contrast to its old ally, held few grudges in the victory of the Legiones Astartes, for they had no great dreams of conquest, only a desire to remain isolated and uncontaminated by the wider host of humanity. Once the battles were over they returned to the vast harvest-crawlers that were their homes and continued the unending harvest, the produce of Memlock surety against any violation of their sovereignty, for the newly-forged Imperium was a hungry creation.

When the Horus Heresy arrived in the Eastern Fringe, Memlock seemed at first bound to remain loyal, the majority of its clan-lords unwilling to set themselves to a war that they had no part of. Yet the emissaries of the Warmaster were cunning, and found among the clan-lords those that sought power over their peers, those unhappy with their isolation and ignominy. These they armed and prepared, setting them upon those that favoured the Emperor in a brief and vicious civil war. Memlock would join the Warmaster, its clans bound to him now by the blood of their kin and a determination to claim a new glory in exchange for the death they had wrought on their own. Rather than surrender or die in bitter defiance when the war in the east turned against them, many of the renegade clan-lords abandoned Memlock and fled to the Warmaster's side. Some are thought to have even fought as part of the horde that landed on Terra itself, though their dedication to the Warmaster's dark patrons would warp them into something terrible to behold.

VERSTUN

Classification: Colonised World [Aero-stat colony]

An otherwise unimportant way-station on the long and unstable warp canals that lead from Ultramar to the Eastern Fringe, Verstun is a collection of loosely-allied colony stations set in orbit of a vast gas giant. Its immense orbital refineries mine the surface of the giant's atmosphere; the fuel they produce earning a meagre living for the hardy colonists. When fighting broke out between Loyalists and Traitors within the Eastern Fringe, Verstun stood apart, seeking to remain neutral in a war that seemed outside of their interests. Neutrality lasted until the first of Heraldor's war barges arrived in orbit, their guns enough to see the pledge of Verstun's colonists to the cause of the Warmaster – for the alternative was a slow death in chains. The fuel produced at Verstun would feed the fleets of the Night Lords and their allies, allowing them to maintain a mobile stance, keeping ahead of the Dark Angels and their superior firepower.

It would not be the vengeful ships of the Dark Angels that saw to its fall, but rather those of another Legion. Survivors of the scattered Ultramarines fleet, drawn to nearby Tigrus, broke free of the Warp to drive out the Night Lords and burn the barges of Heraldor in a naval battle lasting three days and culminating in a series of savage boarding actions on the colony-stations. Rather than surrender the wealth of Verstun, the Night Lords detonated the atomantic reactors at the core of the largest refineries, the nuclear death of those platforms igniting the gas giant's atmosphere, denying the Loyalists any comfort from their victory and putting an end to the colony. Yet, despite this act of wilful spite, the opening of a second front on the far side of the Aegis sector was a turning point in the war for the Eastern Fringe, one from which the Night Lords would not recover.

Other Minor Worlds of Note

- Mennis Rho [Agri-world]
- Subere [Agri-world]
- Kerro-Val [Knight world]

THE GULGORAHD PROTECTORATE

In the time before Old Night, this sector was a thriving centre of human expansion, but little of that glory survived the millennia of isolation. Battered and broken by endless waves of xenos invasions and human renegades, its people had taken refuge in grim strongholds and made war the sole focus of their industry. Though they survived Old Night, they became isolationist and distrustful, envious of the wealth of Triplex and the glory of Terra, a people brought to Compliance only through struggle and hardship. As the Horus Heresy returned the galaxy to strife and terror, Gulgorahd looked once more to its ancient feud with Triplex and the glory of its lost power.

GULGORAHD

Classification: Forge World [Grade Secundus-I]

Once a mighty and proud bastion of the Mechanicum with outposts and thrall-forges across the sector, Gulgorahd could lay claim to an ancient and vast dominion. Yet it would suffer harshly for this glory during the years of Old Night, where terrible warp storms swept across the galaxy and tore apart the old realms of humanity's golden age. Gulgorahd and its many holdings bore the brunt of xenos invasions and debased human marauders. Gulgorahd's old strongholds fell one by one in a series of brutal conflicts that would slowly bleed its armies to a fraction of their former size and break its once-immense manufacturing capacity. When the Emperor and His Great Crusade finally arrived in that distant sector of space, mighty Gulgorahd was reduced to a single forge and a handful of client worlds.

Gulgorahd eagerly accepted its new allies and a place within the ranks of the Mechanicum, eager to regain its lost glory, only to find that many of its old places of power were either ruined beyond any return or claimed now by others. Of all their new rivals, the lords of Gulgorahd found that the triple forges of Triplex had benefitted most from their fall, claiming many of their old mines and fortresses as their own and refusing all overtures for their return. It was the beginning of a bitter feud, one that Gulgorahd was ill-equipped to win – for the Emperor forbade open war among His servants. Instead, it would simmer and grow to obsess the lords of Gulgorahd, who schemed incessantly for the overthrow of Triplex and the reclamation of lost glories.

Many in the Eastern Fringe beheld the approach of war and the rebellion of Horus with fear and trepidation, but not the lords of Gulgorahd. This was the chance they had awaited, a last chance to humble Triplex and seize that which had been taken from them by force. They cared not for the greater politics of the Horus Heresy and threw in their lot with the Loyalists not because they wished to preserve the Emperor and His dominion, but rather only because Triplex had backed the Traitor Warmaster.

The Legio Adamantus and all the armies of Gulgorahd were loosed into the fray without reserve and, despite the hardship that awaited them, the cold greed of Gulgorahd would be rewarded by fate far more generously than the purer motives of others. For, when the Legiones Astartes left the Eastern Fringe, Gulgorahd stood triumphant in the ashes of its domain.

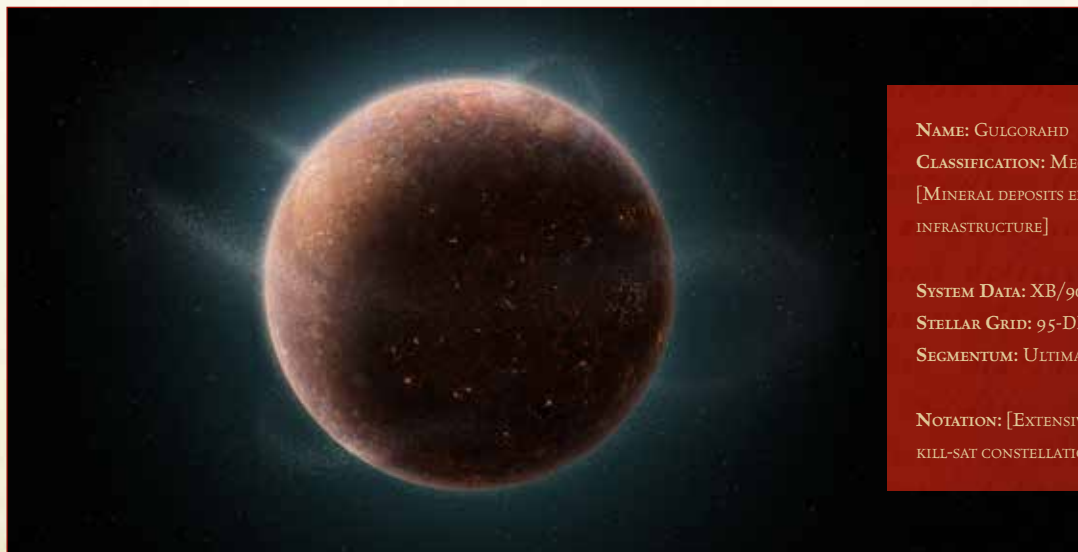
BASTION-019

Classification: Knight World [Subterranean fortifications]

One of many small outposts of the broken empire of Gulgorahd, Bastion-019 served as both a vast network of mines and a formidable fortress. Here, one of several Knight houses sworn to Gulgorahd sat sentinel over the borders of that shrunken realm, its warriors reduced to little more than servitor drones and Houses reduced to simple numbers in order to best serve the ruthless masters of Gulgorahd. Shorn of their limiting human needs and desires, they could serve as unsleeping guardians and untiring defenders of Gulgorahd, so reduced was that empire in power that it must marshal what few assets remained as efficiently as possible. The efficacy of this policy was to be proven during the Thramas Crusade, for the warriors of House-019 would fight the invading forces of the Night Lords and Triplex long past the point of mortal endurance. Within the endless labyrinth of fortified bunkers and tunnels that lay below the surface of Bastion-019 they fought without pause, rest or fear and held back a force many times their number for many months. Their dedication, measured in the devastated ruins of their home and the vast number of their fallen, received little reward from their masters – though rumour holds that among the broken fortifications of Bastion-019 stands a legion of hidden shrines, each dedicated to a fallen warrior now freed from an eternity of servitude.

Other Minor Worlds of Note

- Bastions 001-101 [Fortress worlds]
- Caldari [Mining world]
- Sedonis [Mining world]



NAME: GULGORAHD

CLASSIFICATION: MECHANICUM SOVEREIGN FORGE WORLD
[MINERAL DEPOSITS EXHAUSTED/EXTENSIVE SUB-SURFACE
INFRASTRUCTURE]

SYSTEM DATA: XB/9065//0045/XT

STELLAR GRID: 95-DFL/ME-25

SEGMENTUM: ULTIMA/MAJORIS

NOTATION: [EXTENSIVE ORBITAL MINEFIELDS AND AUTOMATED
KILL-SAT CONSTELLATIONS, APPROACH WITH CAUTION]

THE HÛDA GULF AND THE OUTER VOID

Beyond the edges of the maps of the Imperium was to be found a great stretch of wild and dangerous space. Here, xenos terrors and lost enclaves of debased human cultures still held sway and preyed upon each other, even raiding into the Thramas sector and testing the defences of the Nightwatch. VIIIth Legion fleets had listed the region as of negligible value to the Imperium, discouraging committing the resources of the Great Crusade into conquering the barren worlds of the gulf, mounting occasional punitive expeditions of their own into unknown space. Yet, as M31 began, the region remained as chaotic as ever, its secrets still hidden at the outbreak of the Horus Heresy.

ULAN HÛDA

Classification: Rogue Forge World [Grade Extremis-1]

In the years before the Thramas Crusade, Ulan Hûda was little more than a rumour, a dark legend spoken of by the most adventurous of chartist captains in hushed tones. Known as the predator-forge, it was a monstrous creation of heinous and twisted technology that prowled the systems beyond the edge of the Imperium and devoured entire worlds to sate its hunger. The truth later made plain was to be no less terrifying than the legends, for if anything it would prove more unbelievable than any fabricated tale. Ulan Hûda had begun as a minor Forge World, stranded within the isolated systems later known as the Ghoul Stars. There, cut off from all aid and succour and surrounded by hordes of foul xenos, its archmagos perceived only one route to survival – they would make themselves more terrifying than those that opposed them.

Forced by direst need, the first tech-magi of Ulan Hûda refashioned their home by means of technology long deemed utterly forbidden by Mars, for in its use they risked harm to the very fabric of space. Buried deep within the core of Ulan Hûda, a series of arcane engines were created that would allow it to breach realspace and sojourn within the Warp itself. Moving from system to system, Ulan Hûda became a scourge, overwhelming those weaker than it and fleeing those that were strong. Those they overthrew were subsumed by the predator-forge, their worlds reduced to a slurry of broken earth and the people that once dwelt upon them reformed as servitors and cogitator cores.

Technology, both human and xenos, was incorporated into the refashioned shell of Ulan Hûda until it little resembled anything known to Mankind and its rulers could no longer be called sane.

Such a horrific creation could not be welcomed openly within the Imperium, indeed such were its transgressions that, by Imperial law, it would be destroyed for the taint of the forbidden and xenos that it had taken into itself, and yet it escaped all sanction as the Imperium reached the fringe. Records found amongst the ruins of Tsagualsa during the Scouring indicate that factions within the Night Lords purposefully concealed the predator-forge from Imperial scrutiny. In return, they received a share of its forbidden spoils, strange technologies and exotic slaves, as well as the services of its misbegotten Titans, the Legio Phasma or the Void Spectres. In the last years of the Thramas Crusade, this alliance would be openly revealed as the Night Lords unleashed Ulan Hûda upon the Imperium in an attempt to turn the tide of a conflict that seemed to have gone against them.

Ulan Hûda would suffer grievous hurt during the fighting, wounded by the sacrifice of the warrior known as the Saviour and harried by the fleets of the Dark Angels, but no report from any Loyalist force speaks of its final destruction. Indeed, a number of records from the Scouring speak of sightings of strange and misshapen forges in the farthest reaches of the Imperium, only for such worlds to vanish when later forces arrive to investigate, only the broken remains of border posts left behind. Ulan Hûda, it seems, has retreated into the realm of legend once more, a dark tale made all the more terrifying for the fact that it likely still lurks somewhere in the darkness beyond the galactic rim.



NAME: ULAN HÛDA
CLASSIFICATION: ROGUE FORGE WORLD
[MINORIS CLASS]
[ARTIFICIAL MOON, NO NATURAL BIOME]
++[PLANATAEPHAGE: PREDATOR-FORGE]++

SYSTEM DATA: ZX/0001//0001/XX
STELLAR GRID: VARIABLE/
NO CURRENT DATA
SEGMENTUM: INCOGNITO

NOTATION: [MACRO SCALE PLASMA DRIVE AND
WARP DRIVE ENABLES LIMITED STELLAR MOBILITY]
++[DRIVEN FROM IMPERIAL DOMAINS, BUT NOT
DESTROYED WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THE
THRAMAS CRUSADE]++

THE DOMINION OF STORMS

Though within the borders of the Imperium, this long and sparsely inhabited stretch of space that linked Ultramar, the Eastern Fringe and the Northern Rim was largely unmapped. Known as the Dominion of Storms for the warp storms and aberrant stellar phenomenon that plagued it, this region was not part of the Eastern Fringe, nor part of any of the Legiones Astartes-sworn territories, yet it would prove vital to the war fought within the Eastern Fringe. It would be this region that saw the procession of Word Bearers and World Eaters forces that would sack Ultramar while the Night Lords fought in the Thramas sector, and it was also here that the Ultramarines and their allies would stage a stubborn resistance. The successes of these Legions within the Dominion of Storms would have a dire impact on the war for Thramas.

TIGRUS

Classification: Forge World [Grade Primaris-III]

Situated inbetween the distant Eastern Fringe and the growing empire of Ultramar, the Forge World of Tigrus had long been a stout supporter of the Great Crusade, its warriors ever eager to display their fervour in battle. Few would doubt its loyalty to the Imperium and the design of the Emperor, and this loyalty would seal its fate. Horus had his servants, the lords of the Word Bearers and World Eaters, dispatch forces to isolate and destroy Tigrus before it could move to support either Ultramar or the worlds of the Eastern Fringe. Fortunately for the Imperium, the carnage of the assault on Calth and the ongoing Shadow Crusade in Ultramar meant that only a small force of Traitor warriors could be spared to assault Tigrus, a force that the loyal magi of that world met and scattered in battle. It would be forces dispatched from the bastion of Tigrus that would aid in turning the tide of both the war in the Eastern Fringe and the Shadow Crusade, the warriors of Tigrus ever willing to face death and hardship in the name of loyalty and valour. The lords of Tigrus would be honoured by many for their steadfast bravery and the sacrifice of so many of their own in the name of victory.

HALE

Classification: Legiones Astartes Outpost [Ruined/depopulated]

Hale was little more than an isolated outpost of the Ultramarines Legion, home to a single company of warriors set as sentinels over the shipping routes between Ultramar and the wider Imperium. In the early months of 007.M31 the garrison would be scattered by three Chapters of the World Eaters, part of the vast armada that was headed to the battlefields of distant Calth, and to the commanders of the Traitor host it seemed a matter now ended. However, the rebels had underestimated the tenacity of the Ultramarines, leaving only a single Chapter of their own to secure the warp channels of the region before departing. Within a month, the survivors of the Ultramarines force had returned, along with stragglers from the Loyalist forces fleeing the Isstvan system and other garrison forces, and set upon the World Eaters, their numbers greater than the Traitors but not as unified a force. It was a battle that seemed as though it could only end in bitter stalemate and mutual annihilation until a single battle cruiser broke from the Warp and lent its firepower to the Loyalist cause. That ship was the *Fifth Horseman*, one of the Dark Angels craft sent by the Lion to seek allies for the battle unfolding around Thramas. The Loyalist forces, numbering almost 3,000, were quick to volunteer their aid in the war against the Night Haunter. In reward for their stalwart bravery, the Lion would later decree that they could bear the symbol of his Legion, for those that fought by his side with honour would ever be truest sons. Even in these latter days, with the Ultramarines scattered by the edict of the Second Founding, there remain a few that still carry a vambrace or pauldron in the stark black of the Lion's heraldry.



NAME: HALE

CLASSIFICATION: LEGIONES ASTARTES [XIIIth]

FIEFDOM

[FLEET WAY-STATION/LEGION FORTRESS]

SYSTEM DATA: ED/4502/0037/HE

STELLAR GRID: 88-EDO/UC-19

SEGMENTUM: ULTIMA/CENTRALIS

NOTATION: [RUINED/DEPOPULATED 007.M31]

++[UNDER LOYALIST CONTROL AS OF 010.M31]++

