



# THE NIGHT LORDS

**Numeration:** The VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion

**Primogenitor:** Konrad Curze, aka Night Haunter

**Cognomen:** (Prior) None

**Observed Strategic Tendencies:**  
Punitive Actions, Decimation, Enforced  
Pacification, Terror Assaults, Psychological  
Warfare

**Noteworthy Domains:** Nostramo  
(destroyed)

**Allegiance:** Traitoris Perdita

*"We have received your offer of surrender and reject it; we did not come to receive your supplication but to enact judgement. The time to surrender has long passed. The verdict is writ by your own hands. Now is the time to die."*

Night Lords multi-channel  
vox-broadcast  
The Pacification of Listrantia IV

For many Legions we are forced to wonder at how truest loyalty can be turned to treachery, purest devotion to hate, nobility to wickedness, but for the Night Lords we must ask if their hearts always belonged to darkness. Created with a higher purpose perhaps their end could have been different, but their history is one of poisoned ideology and atrocity. Even when they were counted loyal, their nature and actions were ever questioned. Some argued that they were simply a function of necessity, the monsters needed to drag a barbaric age into the light. Some say that they were a mistake, a misjudgment compounded by circumstance. A few wonder if they were damned from the moment they were born, that they were destined never to be a part of the future they

would help create. All such speculation is ultimately pointless; no matter the cause, they are creatures of horror and always were.

#### ORIGINS: THE CHILDREN OF MISRULE

The VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion were soaked in blood from their birth. The Legion's first recruits came from the linked prison sinks of Ancient Terra. In vast caverns filled with the half crushed ruins of millennia there lived men and women who had transgressed against the laws of their masters. Condemned never to see the light again or breathe free air, they lived out their lives in fear and blind darkness. There was no law in these lightless lands, and survival existed only by a blade's edge. Only the strongest and the most ruthless survived in the subterranean warrens, and those who did grew in cruelty and cunning. Fed by a constant influx from the hives above, the prison sinks were an ever hungering gate to madness and murder. But of the millions who lived and died in the sinks, not all had been banished from the world above. Amongst the bloodshed and fear, children were born. Cradled in the dark, and raised amongst death, those who lived over a decade were pale, silent creatures who moved without a sound. *'The night's children'* the prisoners called them, and even the most savage of killers would not seek them out by choice.

It was from these pale children that the Emperor would make the first warriors of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion. Dour, with skin so pale it resembled ash or powdered bone, they were far from their brother Legionaries in manner and appearance. The gene-seed of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion had been well paired with the human stock of its first recruits, if anything it seemed as if one had been made with the other in mind. Besides accentuating their paleness of skin, the gene-seed gave the sons of the underworld the ability to see through darkness to a degree that far exceeded that of other Legions. This gift though was also a curse, forcing them to see the light of suns and stars through filters and flare buffers; even though they now walked in the light of the world above, the warriors of the VIII<sup>th</sup> still walked in the night.

The first use that the Emperor put his VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion to was to bring to heel those who believed that the sins of the past could live on in the Imperium. Several of those who had bent their knee to the Emperor had done so because they believed that it was the only choice. Others, having seen the

#### BLOOD AND ILLUMINATION: THE PAX IMPERIALIS

The Great Crusade brought peace to Mankind, ending wars between peoples and nations, binding all together in unity. It broke the chains of superstition and freed billions from the whims of tyrants. Where before there had been strife and the cloud of ignorance, now there would be a peace and truth. These were high ideals indeed, but ideals that came at a price. Mankind had to be dragged to illumination, and many tried to pull it back into the shadows, into the old ways of ignorance and discord. The Emperor unified Terra not only through words and alliances, but also through force of arms. Illumination and peace had to be won by blood. This was the basic truth of the Pax Imperialis, and when the Great Crusade took to the stars, this truth went with it.

But it was not only in open war that the blood price for peace had to be paid. The enemies of the Imperium were manifold, and even before Horus turned from the Emperor, there were those who nurtured treachery in their hearts, who mouthed words of loyalty whilst seeding discord. While the ideals of the Great Crusade saw warriors marching in open war, the truth was that there were other methods and other less noble battles fought to keep the peace. The Assassin Temples, the networks of informers and the Silent Agents of the Sigillite, the Annihilation Protocols, and the ancient and all but forbidden weapons wielded by a chosen few in the Legions, all these were the tools and warriors by which the Imperium enforced its ideals and, for a time, brought peace to the galaxy.

empires of warlords rise and fall, believed that they were simply part of a temporary arrangement. Crimes against the new order took many faces: from the Saragorn Enclave whose gene atrocities continued in secret, to the psy-breeding of the Court of Antius, and the March of Ten Million, all showed that even in the face of all of the Emperor's might, some would fall back into the ways of Old Night. When such crimes required not simply crushing but retribution, the Emperor sent the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion.

Such actions seemed well suited to the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion. Whether as a consequence of their genetic inheritance, or the combination of their origins and indoctrination, the warriors of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion seem to have tended towards moral absolutism and a drive to enact retribution. There were no shades of grey in the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion's moral universe, no degrees of guilt or innocence. Truth and

falsehood was as day is to night, indivisible and unqualified. The dark was the realm of guilt, lies and monsters, and those who dwelt in the dark knew only the language of blood, the message of swift and merciless retribution for their actions. Justice brought the light to darkness, and justice was neither warm nor caring, but as indifferent and cold as the edge of a knife. The warriors of the VIII<sup>th</sup> were creatures made to live in the dark, and to fight a war for a future of light. In their core, they were warriors for a future without creatures of their kind. At least that is what those who knew the VIII<sup>th</sup> now say. Perhaps memory is too kind, perhaps we wish to believe that there is a nobility in such monsters, where in fact there is only horror. Perhaps we wish there to be a purpose behind atrocity, otherwise how could such creatures be suffered to live?

### NOSTRAMO: REALM OF ETERNAL NIGHT

It would be easy to say that Curze changed everything, that the fall of the Night Lords began at the moment the Emperor reunited his eighth son with his Legion. But it would be truer to say that it was Nostramo that set both Curze and the Night Lords on the path to treachery. Curze was the father of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion, but he had two fathers, two hands that shaped his nature and through him the fate of his Legion: the Emperor who spun the substance of Curze's life, and the planet Nostramo which had raised and taught him. What the Emperor intended for his sons can never be known, but Nostramo can be known.

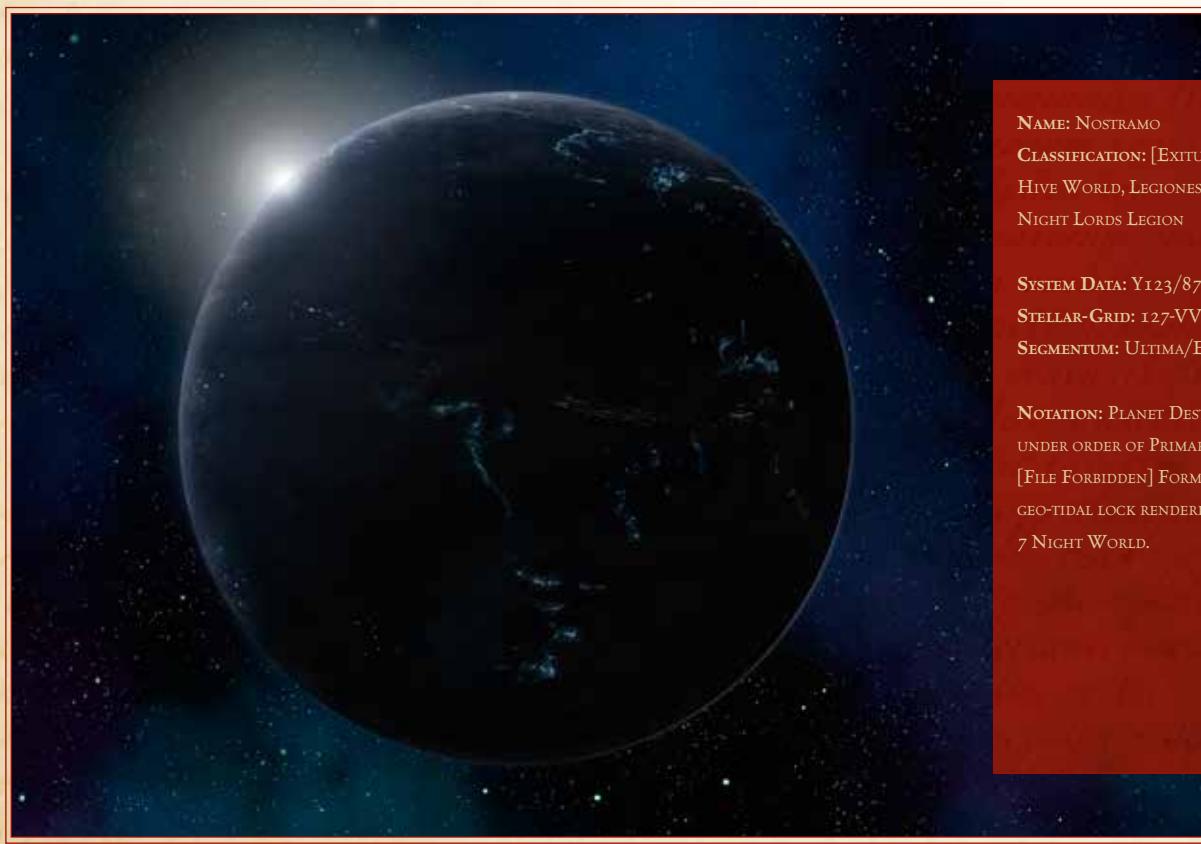
Nostramo was a sunless world of suffering, pain and corruption. At the heart of a string of planets which had kept the ability to cross the stars through the Age of Strife, it was a world of sprawling cities, of smoke, industry, and the sweat of millions. Nostramo's wealth, for wealth there was, lay in the seams of adamantine ore beneath its surface. Worlds far from Nostramo fed on its output, and the mines had long wormed deep into its flesh. Its cities were warrens of stone and iron. Kilometre-tall smoke stacks pointed up at the perpetual night. Bridges of black metal criss-crossed the narrow ravines of alleys and streets. Manses, cathedrals and factories grew from the forest of slums, their faces and roofs crawling with gargoyles. Smog lay over everything like a cloak drawn around

a dying man, turning what little light shone from windows or lamps into sickly haloes. Dust, smoke and the reek of chemicals filled the air, and worked into the flesh of every man, woman and child, trimming away their years so that the best that life could offer was a slow decline in grinding servitude, never glimpsing the brightness of hope or the warmth of true happiness. The people of Nostramo were pale, and most were thin and gaunt, given by turns to distrust, dark humour and callousness. Most of them would die coughing up blood and black dust on a mouldering pallet, but death from lung blight, or having chemicals eat out their bones from the inside was not the worst end that could be found on Nostramo.

The dark owned Nostramo, body and soul, and its existence was a horror to equal any xenos enslavement or nightmare of the Dark Age of Technology. If there ever had been true laws, they had vanished long ago, eaten by the greed of a few and the desperation of many. Murder was the currency of life, and strength came from violence. Every sin great and small had its home in Nostramo's endless night. It has been said by those remembrancers who recorded its history after its reclamation that during this time weeping and pleading were the sounds carried eternally on the wind, and every child grew to know that the only law was that of the knife, and the only right belonged to the strong to do with as they willed.

Corrupt and murderous gangs, whether or not they were named as such, ruled every part of Nostramo. From the heights of nobility to the lowest alley, every inch of Nostramo was someone's domain, someone's territory or hunting ground. In the slum habitation stacks, the gangs ruled by raw fear, killing and torturing as they pleased, fighting wars with the feral packs of outcasts who were closer to animals than men. It is said that many of these gangs ate the dead, treating their territories as a predator might a hunting ground. In the mines and factories which still turned the planet's wheels of industry, the gangs went by names that echoed with a false authority: the Iron Overseers, the Hands of Coregado, the Sons of Toil. Slab muscled and furnace-scarred, they walked the streets clanking with weaponry and reeking of murder, enforcing order that was little more than slavery. In the wealthier areas, the rakeheel sons and daughters of the corrupt nobility gathered in packs, clad in costumes like strutting peacocks, as quick to kill with blade or gun as they were to cast an insult: the Mirthless with their white-painted faces, the Blade Carrion with their cloaks of tattered velvet, the Chatterers with their lips cut away to show sharpened teeth—such were the scions of the planet's ruling class.

No matter what their station, almost all gangs owed fealty to one of the numberless barons, counts and lords, who in turn served



**NAME:** NOSTRAMO

**CLASSIFICATION:** [EXITUS/DESTROYED] FORMERLY  
HIVE WORLD, LEGIONES ASTARTES HOME WORLD,  
NIGHT LORDS LEGION

**SYSTEM DATA:** Y123/8799//L99/Ω

**STELLAR GRID:** 127-VVZ/Ω2

**SEGMENTUM:** ULTIMA/EXTREMIS

**NOTATION:** PLANET DESTROYED BY EXTERMINATUS  
UNDER ORDER OF PRIMARCH, NIGHT LORDS LEGION,  
[FILE FORBIDDEN] FORMERLY NOTEWORTHY FOR  
GEO-TIDAL LOCK RENDERING THE PLANET AS CATEGORY  
7 NIGHT WORLD.

still more powerful men and women, many of whom styled themselves with courtly titles that echoed a long forgotten nobility. Though wrapped in the trappings of birth, blood and feudal right, there was no division between the rulers of Nostramo and its criminal overlords; they were one and the same, cruel monarchs of kingdoms built on sin. Ilgana, the Duchess of Sighs; Balthius, Scion of the Amaranthii; Tyberon, Lord of the Wheel; they were but a few who lived in the time that Curze dwelled in the shadow of their misrule.

Konrad Curze grew to manhood alone. When his capsule descended from Nostramo's skies, it was as a falling comet smashing a benighted city, but of its cargo, Nostramo remained ignorant. As a lone young boy, feral and wary, he shivered in the shadows of broken buildings and atop roofs, living as a scavenger and slaying any who sought to prey upon him, for even as an infant he was possessed of frightful strength and an indefatigable will married to a superhuman and watchful intelligence. The cries of people pleading under the torturer's knife were his cradle songs, and when he slept, he would dream of wars waiting in the stars, the dead heaped on worlds he had never seen, and he would wake with the screams of the dying in his ears and find that they were real. Ever in the dark, isolated and silent, he was more nightmare than demigod. He killed to survive, and discovered that he was not like those that he killed. They were weak and slow by comparison, and fell easily to his hands and fists and teeth. He ate the flesh of vermin to survive and when that was not enough, he ate the dead.

In this cauldron of sin he learned, his mind taking the whispers of thoughts from the flesh he ate, leeching speech and the arts of murder from those he watched. He soaked up all that the darkness could teach him, assimilating it as only the mind of a Primarch could. But the product of this savage tutelage was not a simple murderer or beast. Perhaps something of the Emperor's greater purpose whispered to Curze. He could have become like the rest of Nostramo, a killer and a criminal. Given his nature who can doubt that he would have risen to be the corrupt king of all he surveyed, but he did not. Instead the boy who had grown up amongst the vermin and on the flesh of the dead chose to change his world by bringing it justice.

He began by killing those who crossed his path. Sin had surrounded him since he had first drawn breath – there was no need

### VISIONS OF A DEAD FUTURE: THE NIGHT LORD'S CURSE OF FORESIGHT

Konrad Curze was cursed to know the future. In dreams, visions and the pattern of auguries he could see how others would die, how the future would burn, and how everything that had been would come to ruin. This was not the subtle reading of cause and consequence, but the unkind touch of prophecy. He would see glimpses of the future, plunging into them in bloody dreams and waking visions. Always the path between the present and the future would hide from him, a remote island of horror glimpsed on the horizon of time. For it was always death and ruin that troubled his sight: the death of friends, of brothers, and sons all boiled in flame and blood. He saw his own death and knew that it was at the hand of his father. Curze hid much of this curse, and what is known is only glimpsed through the accounts of others, including Fulgrim who Curze alone confided in, and one has to wonder if, above all else, the absence of hope led him down the path he walked. As the visions haunted him, so too did he reach for understanding. The art of Nostraman cartomancy occupied him in particular, and in the dealing of endless hands he would endlessly sift for the path between the present and the futures he saw.

to seek it out. Murderers and street thugs began to vanish, then whole gangs. Bodies appeared, mutilated and crucified on the walls of buildings. Flayed sheets of skin hung from bridges and severed heads grinned from railings. A name began to follow his deeds, a name that he heard the people of his world whisper, half in fear and half in hope. "The Night Haunter" was the fearful name they gave him —an avenging spirit, an angel of blind justice—a murderer other murderers feared. They began to hunt him: the gangs, the nobles' enforcers and the crime collectives alike and this suited him, for if nothing it brought his prey to him. He killed most who came after him, and let a few live to carry his message back to Nostramo's nefarious courts and princes. Without eyes, without hands, but left their tongues, the mutilated messengers would weep out a simple message; "I am coming for you," they said.

The Night Haunter followed the whispers, the rumours and the truths taken from the mouths of flayed gangers. He killed and mutilated until the streets fell quiet and his name was no longer a prayer for justice, but a plea of the fearful and an entire world was cowed by sheer terror. When the cities slept in silence and the sound of gunfire was a rare murmur, he went before the aristocracy of sin and gave them a choice: kneel and follow his law or be destroyed. Some never left that first council; the rest knelt before their master. Nostramo belonged to the Night Haunter.

### The Spiral of Madness and Horror

Almost a century after the Great Crusade began, the Emperor came to Nostramo. His arrival brought the light of the sun to the night-shrouded world for the first time.

Those who witnessed the reunion of the Primarch and his creator, say that Curze submitted to the Emperor's will as if he had already seen it, as if he was playing out a part he had long feared would fall to him. From that moment on, the fate of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion was set on a path to oblivion.

Legions often changed after the discovery of their Primarch and their surrogate world. In the case of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion, Nostramo and Curze doomed them, but at first they seemed the least changed of all of the Legions upon the return of their gene-sire. There were changes of course, but many of these were relatively small. Nostraman became the language of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion, its curling runes and sibilant words spreading as Nostraman recruits began to outnumber the old Terran born. The character of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion too began to include a dark and cruel sense of humour, and a snide fatalism. New traditions, twisted reflections of Nostroman gang-rites and customs were adopted within the Legion, such as marking condemned Legionaries' gauntlets red to show that a death sentence hung over them. The honorific titles sported by many of the Legion's officers started to take on the form of those of the Nostraman courts.

These changes, though noticeable, did not touch the heart of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion's nature, if anything Curze's return saw the righteous drive to punish intensify. Their ways and methods of war changed not at all, and the integration of Terran and Nostraman warriors was amongst the swiftest of any Legion. The old Legion and the new fitted together like two sides of a coin: both raised from darkness to create order in strife, both made of flesh born in shunned and lightless places.



**ANCIENT CARROW, 'THE REAPER OF NOVAL V'**

**17<sup>TH</sup> COMPANY (THE 'LORDS OF TEMPEST')**

**ISSTVAN V DROPSITE MASSACRE**

The Nostraman sigil inscribed on Ancient Carrow's torso armour marks his allegiance to the 17<sup>th</sup> Company of the Night Lords Legion, called at the time of the Isstvan V Dropsite Massacre the 'Lords of Tempest'. Carrow is known to have favoured a brutal form of ritualised close combat inherited from the shredder-cults of Nostramo.



ANCIENT REEVE 'THE HEEDLESS'  
8<sup>TH</sup> COMPANY (THE 'CIRCLE OF INCLEMENCY')  
ISSTVAN V DROPSITE MASSACRE

Reeve was once a Talon-master of the 8<sup>th</sup> Company, which at the time of the Battle of Isstvan V was known as the 'Circle of Inclemency'. Known originally as Klemen, he fell in battle against Eldar raiders, but through sheer bloody-mindedness survived even though his entire central nervous system had been disassembled before his very eyes. Having been interred within the armoured sarcophagus of a Contemptor Dreadnought, Reeve disavowed his command rank and devoted himself to the glory of battle. Note: Totem-relics of significant enemies mounted on armour, following traditions of numerous Nostraman gang-factions.

### THE DEATH OF NOSTRAMO

Nostramo's death came at the end of a long chain of events which saw the Night Lords relinquishing the last of their honour. The lack of moderation in the Night Lords' methods had attracted scorn and hostility from other Legions. Even as the tally of disgust grew, Curze became increasingly plagued by visions and portents of ruin, calamity and betrayal. He saw everything he had striven to be broken, the order and justice of the galaxy shattered and his sons become monsters without cause or higher purpose. Curze became ever more withdrawn, what little light shone in his being guttering to nothing, and leaving him with nothing but darkness and the screams of a lost future.

Increasingly lost in his own soul, Curze confided in Fulgrim, the only brother he ever trusted. Fulgrim broke that trust, telling Rogal Dorn of his worries that Curze was succumbing to madness. Matters came to a head in the Cheraut system when Curze lost control and almost killed Rogal Dorn. Flying before Dorn's wrath, Curze went back to the shadowed margins that had ever been his refuge. It was at this moment that news of Nostramo reached Curze. The world that he had raised from barbarity had fallen back into criminality and corruption. The men left to rule in his absence had succumbed to greed, and the cities of the sunless world once again sang with the screams of murder. Curze's judgement was simple and swift; the Night Lords destroyed Nostramo. As a Primarch and a Lord of Crusades, it was his right to liberate or destroy as he saw fit, but in the moment that Nostramo died, the Night Lords lost their last tether to restraint, though it would take the treachery of others to bring this change to light.

The truth, however, is that the reuniting of Primarch and Legion was the beginning of a spiral that would see the Night Lords descend further into horror and nihilism. After Curze's departure Nostramo shook off his enforced peace, returning to lawlessness. From this point Nostramo fed the VIII<sup>th</sup> not with the finest of its youth, but with gutter scum soaked in blood and cruelty. Some claim that this began to poison the Legion, twisting its purpose and making many Night Lords simple murderers gifted with the strength of demi-gods. This thesis, though, wilfully ignores a number of factors, not least of which was Curze's leadership of

his Legion. That he came to despise his own sons is likely, but he was still their lord. Far from restraining the Legion he drove it on, bringing peace through atrocity to planet after planet. Sometimes there seems to have been a cause for such methods, but often the only explanations for the decimation of populations, for the skinning pits and crucified cities, seems to be that the Night Lords enjoyed it. They had become not necessary monsters, but simply monsters.

That the Emperor had concerns about the actions of the VIII<sup>th</sup>, and the apparent instability of their Primarch is clear, but

what is not clear is what was done to restrain Curze or his sons. There were words, demands, perhaps even threats, but no action; no hand of judgement to throttle the Night Lords' crimes. Why this was so is a question that can never now be answered, and we are left only with the consequences. The chain of atrocities grew ever longer in the decades before Curze finally turned against the Emperor, like a path spiralling ever downwards into inevitable darkness. Indeed, of all the Legions and their Primarchs, the Night Lords were the most sinister and the most suspect, having been censured for the enormities and massacre carried out in the Emperor's service. They were creatures of the dark, harnessed to the will of a father wracked by righteousness and foreboding; what else could have been their fate but to fall back into the night from which they came?

When forces were assembled to strike against Horus and the four turncoat Legions, there were many who were surprised to learn that the Night Lords had answered the call. For years the VIII<sup>th</sup> had existed on the border between sanction and censure, fighting its own wars of terror like shadows within the forces of the Great Crusade. Such was the desperate spirit of those times that few questioned Curze's aid, and those who did perhaps remembered the Night Lords' need to punish those who strayed from the light. As the treachery of the Dropsite Massacre would show, however, the VIII<sup>th</sup> had not forsaken contact with all elements of the Great Crusade, and their need for retribution had led them to become the traitors and criminals they had once so loathed.

# UNIT AND FORMATION STRUCTURE WITHIN THE LEGION

The inheritance of Nostramo coiled throughout the structure of the Night Lords. Outwardly they followed a pattern close to many other Legions, but behind this basic skeleton: the courts of Nostramo, the gang traditions and aesthetics of terror infused every aspect of the Legion. Callous and brutal though they were, the Night Lords were not without pride, and the trappings and titles of aristocracy and dominion formed a key part of their identity, and rivalry, often violent, was endemic among the Legion. There were few amongst their ranks who did not bear some form of title, and the craftsmanship with which they embellished their weapons and armour was remarkable, if grotesque. Furthermore, far more so than even the most barbarous members of the World Eaters or White Scars Legions, they habitually adorned their armour and vehicles with the brutalised and mutilated remains of those who had resisted them, and made an art of flaying and presenting the dead in order to sow fear in their foes. There was method in this madness, at least at first; such grisly displays were a clear signal saying "*This fate will be yours to share.*"

At the squad level the Night Lords fielded a broad range of units, though taken as a whole the number of breacher and siege configured squads were proportionally rarer than in other Legions. The Night Lords also had a number of unique units: the infamous Terror squads, whose sole purpose was to create and embody a state of horror in their enemies, and the Night Raptors, who would soar above their enemies trailing the bloody remains of their kills while shrieking from modified vox casters. Almost all squads within the Legion had a name that they used in place of the simple designation. So it was that squads within a company might be referred to as Claws, Talons or a number of other epithets often coupled with an indication of hierarchy or honorific: Stygian Talon, Tenth Claw, The Fifth Oathred, to name but a few amongst thousands. The Company was the basic strategic deployment within the Night

Lords Legion and each squad belonged to a company which might number anywhere between 100 and 1,000 warriors. Most companies had a title in addition to their numeric designation. The 27<sup>th</sup> Company were (their names in translation from the Nostraman) 'The Shattered Skull', the 104<sup>th</sup> 'The Sable Brothers', the 71<sup>st</sup> 'The Crimson Judges', and so on. Unlike many others, the Night Lords used battalions and chapters as semi-permanent grouping of companies, rather than a universal structure favouring their own divisions. This seemingly byzantine complexity masked a surprisingly efficient and flexible approach to warfare which allowed the Legion to operate with a high degree of fluidity and to be readily fractured into autonomous units or combined into ad hoc formations as their master dictated.

## Legion Command Hierarchy

Konrad Curze was the Dark King of his Legion, a figure of fear for his sons as much as an object of loyalty. That many were genuinely loyal to him cannot be doubted, but as many seem to have been bound to him by fear rather than adoration, and some hated their gene-sire. Curze appeared not to have cared so long as when he commanded, all obeyed.

Around him the Dark King maintained a court of his most useful sons. The Kyroptera and its members were drawn from senior officers across the Legion and transcended rank. All had a quality that Curze found valuable, though in some cases that quality seems to have been little more than distilled bitterness and cruelty. Membership of the Kyroptera gave no absolute rank, but the fact remained that they were the ruling elite of the Night Lords, and so few others would openly disobey a command from one of them. Alongside these served the Atramentar. A company-strength formation equipped with Terminator armour and armed with the Legion's finest weapons, they were the personal command of the First Captain of the Night Lords and enforcers of order. Renowned for their cold brutality in battle and their unswerving loyalty to their Commander and their Primarch, they seem to have acted as a check on the many fractious elements within the Legion, and though this cannot now be confirmed, it is widely thought that they served as Curze's executioners when the need arose.

Beneath the Kyroptera were the many captains of the companies. The few of these that had been graced with leading several companies under the banner of a battalion or chapter went by a variety of inconsistent ranks including commander, master and regent, amongst others. While these exalted leaders had clear command over the units placed under them, their authority in the Legion as a whole seems to have been more malleable. A regent might have a handful of captains under his command, but be subject to the commands of a different captain if that captain were of the Kyroptera, or exalted in some other way.

Just as squads and companies bore names to set them apart from each other, so too did the commanders of the Legion adorn their names with secondary monikers and titles. Many of these titles had echoes in the cursed nobility and gangs of Nostramo: Talonmaster, the Bloodless, or the Sightless Revenant. A few were no doubt calculated insults that either stuck or were adopted by their bearers out of perversity.

## War Disposition

At the time of the Dropsite Massacre, the Night Lords had been teetering on the edge of renegade status for several years. Apparently fighting their own wars with little or no regard or contact with the rest of the Great Crusade's chain of command, it had been some time since an accurate survey of their strength had been made. Estimates of the strength of the Legion therefore vary wildly. Some put their numbers at a little over 90,000, others at closer to 120,000. The Legion was known to have continued recruiting from subjugated worlds throughout the later part of the Great Crusade, in some cases stealing away the youth of entire systems as the base from which to winnow suitable aspirants. The use of rapid psycho-conditioning and accelerated gene-seed implantation was also known to be widely practiced by the Night Lords, further supporting suggestions that their numbers were at least on a par with many of the more numerous Legions. It is also likely that a number of Night Lords elements were not at the Isstvan system, but were engaged in other self-selected actions in the unconquered corners of the galaxy.

# NIGHT LORDS CARADARA ARMOUR CLAW

The Legiones Astartes Night Lords had access to the full range of war machines utilised by the Emperor's armies during the Great Crusade, and even though the Legion favoured terror tactics and infiltration over set piece battles, it still made use of such mighty vehicles.

Because each of the Legion's companies tended to operate largely independently, most of the Night Lords' vehicles were held at the company level, squadrons operating in direct support of the company's squads. A small number of companies within the Legion choose to operate exclusively as armoured formations, often acting on the direct orders of the Primarch or the Legion

command cadre when several companies were fielded together as a battalion or chapter and more substantial armoured support was required.

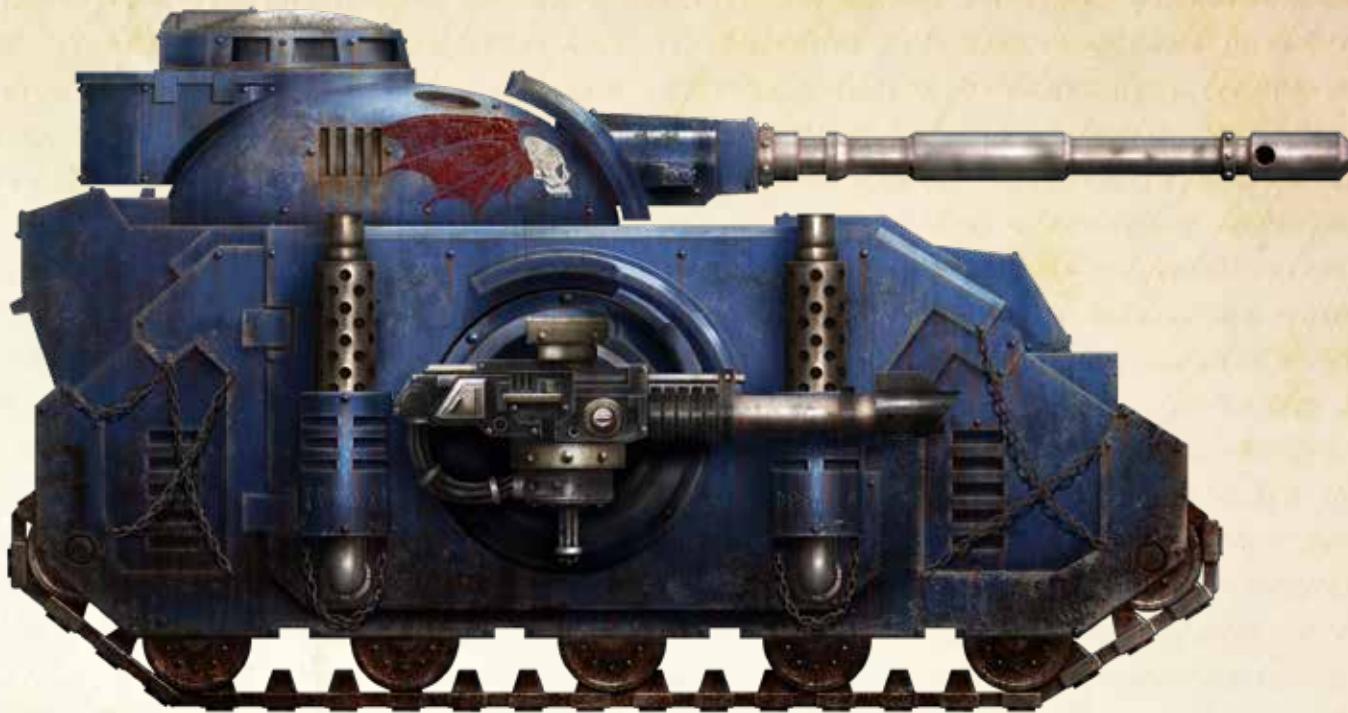
The Caradara Armour Claw is one such company-sized armoured unit whose reputation had spread beyond its Legion before their treachery. The formation's masters have perfected a form of armoured combat which mirrors that utilised by the Legion as a whole. Striking when possible from the darkness of dusk or dawn, the Caradara assaulted the enemy where they were weakest, rampaging through rear zones in order to sever lines of communication, and resupply and isolate

individual concentrations of enemy troops. Having done so, the Caradara destroyed its targets at its leisure according to the proclivities of individual squadron or vehicle commanders. The Caradara were often noted to favour using prow-mounted dozer blades to bury enemy troops in their own trenches, while others gained unholy satisfaction from overrunning helpless defenders and grinding their bodies beneath the tracks of their armoured vehicles. Needless to say, few defences stood long against such brutal assaults.

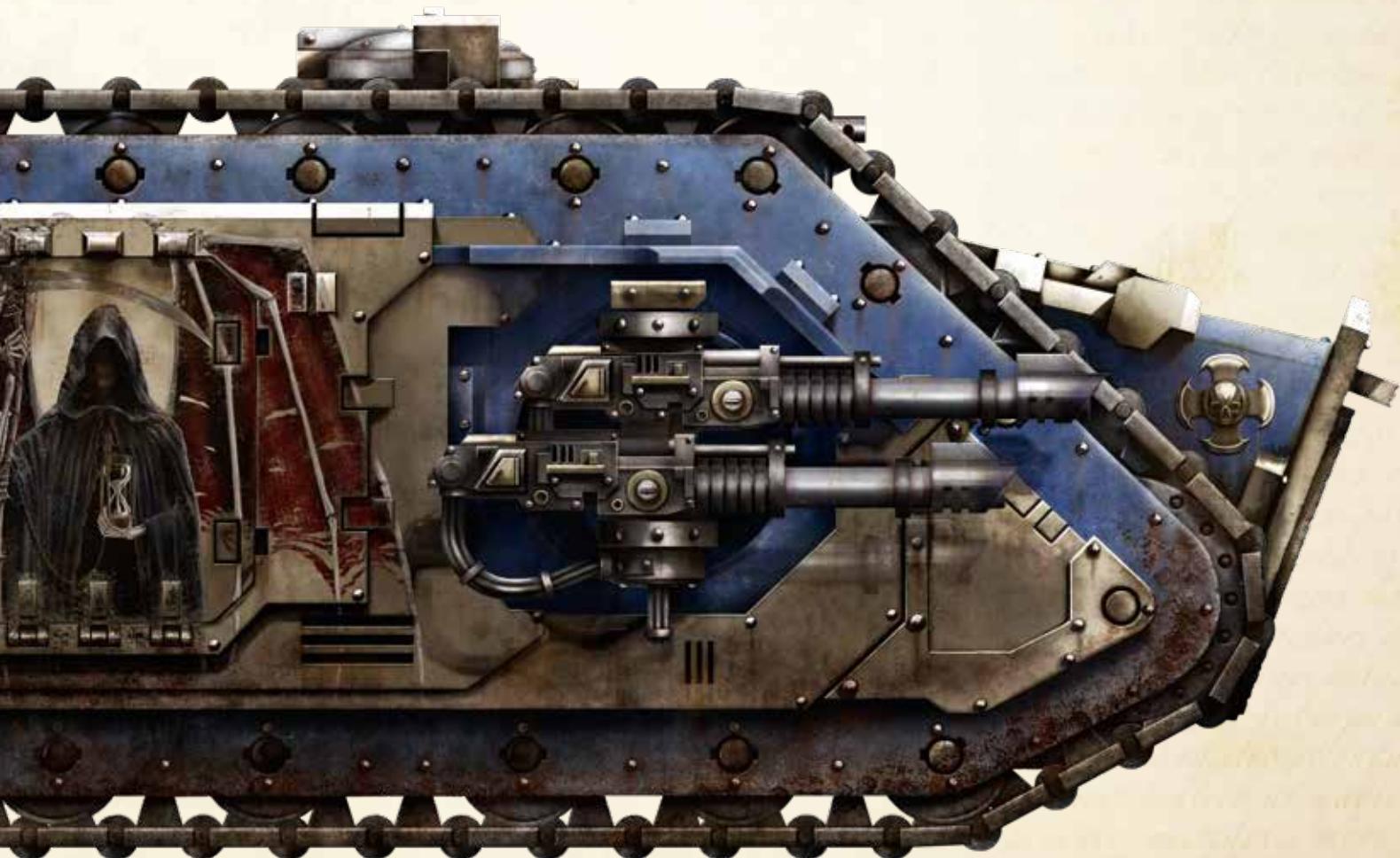


The 'Spectre of Judgement', a common allegorical image utilised by the Night Lords Legion.





**Deimos pattern Predator Destructor:** This vehicle is depicted as it was deployed to the surface of Isstvan V. Evidence of extensive weathering suggests it has been rushed into service following a prolonged campaign, after which there was no time to enact standard maintenance protocols.



**Legion Spartan Assault Tank (designation unknown):** Many of the Armour Claw's larger engines of war bear terrifying symbols of death and woe, often drawn from the bloody culture of Nostramo, but in most cases universal to all human cultures. Few can doubt the meaning of the winged angel of death adorning the side of this Legion Spartan.

# NIGHT LORDS CATAPHRACTII TERMINATOR

VETERAN LEGIONARY UROS KASTAX

SCIENS OF THE BLOODY WARD, 8<sup>TH</sup> COMPANY

(THE 'CIRCLE OF INCLEMENCY')

ISSTVAN V DROPSITE MASSACRE

At the time of the Night Lords' deployment to Isstvan V, Veteran Legionary Kastax was the longest serving member of the 8<sup>th</sup> Company's Terminator Claw. Kastax is known to have participated in the Scouring of Morenna, the Yoggoth Genocides, the Fall of the Lords of Ephrath and countless other campaigns of terror conducted by the Night Lords. He was the sole survivor of the Succoth Perfidy, a battle which cost the 8<sup>th</sup> Company a fearful toll, including the last of its Terran Legionaries. The exact circumstances of that battle remain unknown, though numerous dark rumours circulated in its aftermath.

Kastax is thought to have fallen in battle soon after the Night Lords revealed their allegiance to the Warmaster. The exact circumstances of his death remain a mystery, for so few of the 8<sup>th</sup> Company's Terminator Claws survived the Isstvan battles. But some report his corpse lying amidst those of his erstwhile brothers, and that few of his wounds were to the fore.

## Panoply of War

### 1. Phaestos pattern heavy flamer:

Used by Veteran Legionary Kastax throughout much of his service. He was known to have developed a cruel taste for the fear his foes evinced the moment they realised the nature of their impending death.

### 2. Phobos pattern combi-bolter/plasma gun:

Kastax is known to have carried this weapon at Isstvan V, presumably considering it more tactically flexible than his usual heavy flamer given the anticipated nature of the battle.



# NIGHT LORDS TACTICAL SUPPORT SPACE MARINE

UNIDENTIFIED LEGIONARY

UNIDENTIFIED COMPANY

ISSTVAN V, POST DROPSITE MASSACRE PURSUIT –

RECORDED IN CAPTURED PICT-FOOTAGE

Although his name and formation are unknown, the Legionary depicted here is marked as a member of a Night Lords Legion tactical support squad by the white of his helmet and cuirass plate. His corpse was discovered fifty kilometres north of the Urgall Depression. Much of the extensive weathering of the Legionary's MkIV power armour is ingrained, suggesting he was operating in the field under intense combat conditions for an extended period, making it likely he was involved in the ninety-eight day hunt for those few Loyalists who escaped the slaughter at the Isstvan V dropsite.

The lightning arc motif visible on several sections of this Legionary's armour is generated by sophisticated sub-surface arco projectors used by many amongst the Night Lords to inspire fear and dread in their enemies.

## Panoply of War

### 1. Tigrus pattern bolt pistol:

Standard issue Legionary side arm. Note: Legion iconography.



1.



1.

### 2. Mars-Omega pattern volkite caliver:

A weapon much favoured by many tactical support squads amongst the Night Lords Legion for its terrifying and highly destructive effect.

### 3. Tigrus-Exitus pattern boltgun:

Heavily modified Tigrus pattern bolter used by designated Legionaries in a sniper role.



2.



3.

# NIGHT LORDS TERROR SQUAD



Squad Sergeant Tynok



1.





Legionary Vartan



Legionary Kevark



Legionary Sevan



Legionary Vosk

# NIGHT LORDS ASSAULT SQUAD SERGEANT

TALON-MASTER VIBIUS

TWELFTH FORLORN,

22ND COMPANY (THE 'NIGHT-SCYTHES')

URGALL PURSUIT TALON

Talon-master Vibius was a Terran, albeit one who had only served with the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion for scant months before it was united with its Primarch. His records indicate that Vibius found his dark nature compatible with that of the Night Haunter, and adapted well when the Primarch took command of his Legion. Vibius was quick to ascend to squad command, but there found his rise stymied as other, Nostramo-born, Legionaries were promoted above him. He is known to have engaged in a number of honour duels against other Talon-masters, hinting at a bloody and bitter feud simmering beneath the surface amongst the ranks of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Company.

It is believed Talon-master Vibius survived the Isstvan V battles, engaging in the pursuit of surviving Raven Guard in the aftermath of the Dropsite Massacre. He is known to have clashed with several other Talon-masters throughout the pursuit operations and to have slain a number of them in a series of clashes which saw him wrest control of the entire 22<sup>nd</sup> Company.

## Panoply of War

**1. MkIV Power Armour Detail:** Talon-master Vibius depicted on day nine of the Battle of Isstvan V. Note severed heads on chain about waist; these appear too small to represent the heads of other Astartes, but Vibius is known to have defeated at least two dozen Loyalist Legionaries on the first day of the battle alone. Also note damage to arco projectors, leading to limited replication of lightning motif.

**2. Ryza 'Sunspite' pattern plasma pistol.**

**3. MkXIX 'melta bomb'** (note idiosyncratic lightning charge adornment); **MkVc 'krak' grenade**; **MkII 'frag' grenade**.

**4. Umbra pattern bolter with chainblade combat attachment.**



# VIII<sup>TH</sup> LEGION CRIMSON SONS VETERAN

## UNIDENTIFIED LEGIONARY

CRIMSON SONS, OATHBONDED TO ROGUE TRADER

MILITANT LORD GOTHA, KING OF OXITANIA

ISSTVAN V DROPSITE MASSACRE, UNKNOWN PHASE

The Crimson Sons were formed from the remnants of the VIII<sup>th</sup> Legion's 9<sup>th</sup> Company midway through the Terran Unification Wars – that formation having suffered near total destruction during the pacification of the wasteland domain of Oxitania. The Emperor, in his beneficence, offered the king of Oxitania the rank of Rogue Trader in remission of execution

The Crimson Sons retained a degree of the Legion's early heraldry and fought as a coherent unit, serving alongside the Rogue Trader Gotha before returning to the Legion's fold. The current status and whereabouts of the Crimson Sons is unknown, and it is possible they were slain during the battles which followed the Dropsite Massacre.

## Panoply of War

1. Ceramite combat shield.

2. Breacher charge.

3. Phobos pattern bolt pistol.

4. Primus MkII pattern meltagun.



1.



3.



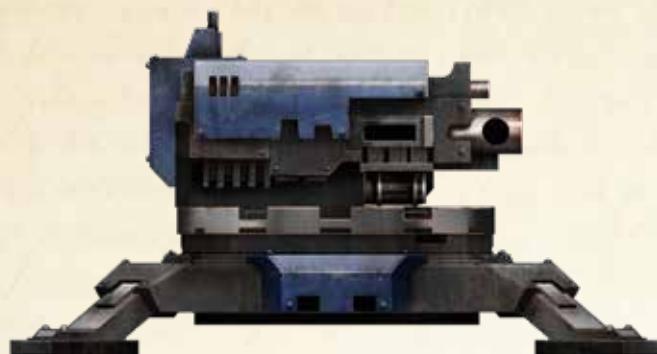
2.



4.

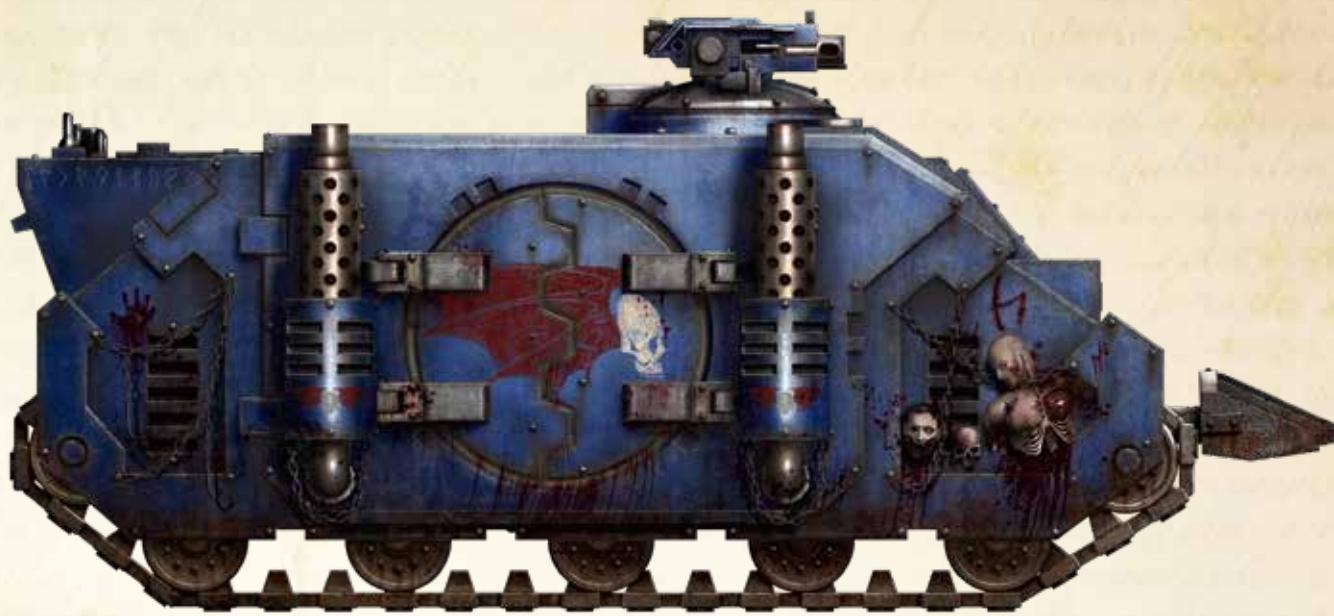
## NIGHT LORDS LEGION ARMOURY

The Legiones Astartes of the Night Lords utilised a wide range of assets throughout the Great Crusade, finding that even the most standardised of weapons and armour could be adapted and utilised in their favoured manner of warfare. Armoured troop transports of all classes were used by the Legion to smash deep into the heart of the enemy's positions, with flanks clad in grotesque trophies to sow horror and dread in all who looked upon them. Aircraft were used to deliver death from the night sky, descending without warning to strike the enemy where least he expected it and ensuring that no foe could afford even a moment's rest or respite. They also made more use of automated systems such as the Tarantula than many other Legions, preferring to assign mundane duties as static defence to such weapons, as well as employing them as part of their offensive strategies cunningly concealed and programmed to funnel enemy refugees into killing grounds pre-registered by the Legion's artillery masters.



**Legion 'Tarantula' Sentry Gun:** This particular Tarantula was deployed along with several dozen other weapons at Isstvan V, where they were used to deny the Loyalists escape via the extensive network of ravines south of the Urgall Hills.





**Deimos Pattern Rhino Armoured Carrier:** Nostraman sigil identifies this vehicle as assigned to the 17<sup>th</sup> Company, the so-called 'Lords of Tempest'. Note extensive adornment in the form of slain foe, as well as blood staining indicating unspecified atrocity.



**Legion Storm Eagle:** This Storm Eagle belongs to the Night Lords Forge and, as such, would have seen service with any company that had need of it. The hatch bears the Legion numeral of the VIII<sup>th</sup>. Of particular note is the cockpit canopy, tinted red with blood so as to present a truly horrific last vision to its targets.

