



TOOTH AND CLAW

"I am become the Slayer, the Ancient of Days come hither to consume. Of all these hosts of treachers mustered, there stands not one shall see the dawn."

Fragment, Ch XI, Song of the Lords

No accounting of the myriad wars of the Age of Darkness can ever be counted as complete, for with each conflict committed to the annals of history, a dozen more go unrecorded, there being scant witnesses left behind to tell of the triumphs and tragedies of Traitor and Loyalist alike. As mere mortals, we frame the age in our minds in terms of milestones—Isstvan, Prospero, Calth, Signis, Thramas, Mars, Molech, Yarrant, Beta-Garmon, and at last Terra herself. But those of our Order tasked with compiling a more thorough accounting of the age are cursed with the knowledge of a thousand more horrors. In some cases we know the names of every Legionary who fell; in many more we cannot even be certain which Legions were present. Most accounts lie somewhere between these two extremes, and the fate of the mustering world of Bodt is typical in so many ways, and yet thoroughly singular in so many others.

THE RED TALON

In the middle of 008.M31, the Traitor Legion fief world of Bodt fell under the baleful gaze of an orphaned subject of the betrayed and slain Primarch Ferrus Manus, albeit one whose heritage perhaps bore more in common with the masters of the World Eaters fief world than that of his own sire. That warrior was Autek Mor, Iron-Father of the Morragul Clan of the Legiones Astartes Iron Hands.

Autek Mor was a war leader wrought in the crucible of the earliest battles of the Great Crusade, a Terran-born Legionary of the Xth Legion who had bought the right to command his own clan with the blood of its former lord. Mor was something of an outcast within the Legion and while he bent knee to his Primarch, he was never truly counted as kin to the other Clan-company masters. It was to the ranks of Clan Morragul that those Legionaries whose humours were ill-balanced with those of their brothers were consigned, turning it into a refuge for those who, like Autek Mor himself, could not fully integrate into the Legion and its rigid codes.

As outsiders within the Xth Legion, it should come as no great surprise that Clan Morragul was not counted amongst the force that the Iron Hands Primarch Ferrus Manus chose to stand by his side in the first wave of the assault on the Traitors at Isstvan V. Indeed, Lord Manus reserved that honour for his favoured clan, the Averni, and thus it was that when the hammer of betrayal descended upon the Iron Hands, Raven Guard and Salamanders, the bulk of the Xth were

SHADOW WARS OF THE RED TALON

The full role taken by the independent battlegroup under the command of Autek Mor is impossible to collate. Nevertheless, fragmented accounts of dozens of battles are extant in the scattered records of the era. Some list no more than the warlord's name, soon become a byword for destruction behind the Traitor lines, and can therefore be considered apocryphal, while others are more complete, offering a tantalising glimpse into the many shadow wars of this bloody age. One such substantiated account is of the destruction of the Traitor mining world of Saria Major. Here, the *Red Talon* unleashed an orbital bombardment that scoured the hive-refineries from the planet's surface and condemned the surviving population to a slow death in the poisoned aftermath. Viable imagery also places Autek Mor himself at the Battle of Locurtar Station, where his personal forces counter-attacked a Sons of Horus-led company poised at the moment of victory over a holdout Loyalist garrison and routed it. Less certain is Mor's involvement at Kvalgron, where it is known that a powerful fleet ambushed a heavily escorted Traitor-aligned supply convoy heading to the staging grounds at Paramar, capturing or destroying the entire convoy in twelve hours of bitter void warfare. Likewise, the incident at Nashe's World, where a Death Guard extermination detachment was destroyed amidst the cyclopean xenos ruins that towered over the deadly jungles, has often been attributed to Autek Mor but no firm evidence remains extant for this.

deployed as orbital reserves, yet to unleash the full fury of their wrath upon the Traitors. Mor's flagship, the *Red Talon*, had yet even to assume its allotted position in the line at the moment of the betrayal. When at last the *Red Talon* arrived at Isstvan V, it came upon a scene from hell itself. The massed warships of the orbital reserve were burning and the vox-net was drowned in bellows of rage and denial. Through it all one fact was repeated over and over, a fact few gave credit to yet which Mor accepted with bitter finality—Ferrus Manus was dead; the father of the Iron Hands had fallen to the blade of his own brother-Primarch.

Though he ordered the *Red Talon* to break through the Traitor fleet that had already sent dozens of Loyalist vessels to their doom, there was nothing that the master of the Morragul Clan could do to avert the massacre being inflicted on the surface or in orbit. At the last, the *Red Talon's* flanks aflame and her armour crawling with Traitor boarding claws, Autek Mor ordered his flagship and any other vessels within range to fight their way clear and to break Warp that they might regroup and perhaps later return to exact vengeance upon the Traitors.

For most of the Loyalists who miraculously broke out of the slaughter at Isstvan V, vengeance would become secondary to simple survival. In time, the so-called Shattered Legions coalesced around the Iron Hands war leader Shadrak Meduson, but Autek Mor would have no truck with his brother-officer's scheme to instigate a guerrilla war intended to bleed the Traitors

by a thousand cuts; Autek Mor rejected such ploys as unworthy and beneath him, and instead formulated a strategy of his own. He would gather what forces would rally to his banner and launch a series of full-scale assaults upon worlds that the Traitors had captured or turned, allowing them to expend their strength and then destroying what remained with overwhelming force. He would thus create a firebreak across the void, dividing the sectors that had fallen under the Warmaster's heel from those still loyal to Terra. It was a brutal strategy in which entire populations were to be allowed to fall while the Iron Hands stayed their wrath, yet it was one that made full accounting of the relentless calculus of war. With their force blunted by their invasion operations, the Traitors could be attacked at the moment of their supposed victory whilst at their weakest and obliterated without mercy. There were plenty more worlds that were to fall beneath the Traitors' power with not a drop of blood being spilt, and for these Mor would reserve the greatest measure of his boundless wrath.

FROM THE DEEPS

Within a year of the Dropsite Massacre, the greater part of the northern Imperium had fallen to the Traitors. The Loyalist armies were in disarray and prevailing conditions in the Warp had made long range travel and astro-telepathic communications perilous in the extreme. World after world had fallen to the Traitors' inexorable advance on Terra and the Loyalist armies reeled before them, forced into a series of costly fighting withdrawals that at times bordered on a rout. It was from the bloodied void that the *Red*

Talon descended upon the Warmaster's dark empire in a campaign of fire and blade that was the diametric opposite of that being silently waged by the Shattered Legions of Shadrak Meduson, one born of the fearsome mien and bitter anima of Autek Mor.

The Age of Darkness has obscured the true accounting of a great many battles, and those fought along the leading edge of the Warmaster's advance on Terra are especially shrouded. It cannot be said for certain when Autek Mor launched the first strike of his campaign, yet certainly the fate met by Gethsamaine Colonus in the Cyclops Cluster must rank as one of the very first such instances.

Rising from the depths of the Grail Abyss, a ragged yet bellicose flotilla of warships led by the *Red Talon* fell upon Gethsamaine, which had declared for the Warmaster a year earlier. What followed was a brief, yet shockingly brutal assault in which the Iron Hands claimed key Traitor prisoners before destroying the world's major cities in all-consuming nuclear blasts that would render the entire world uninhabitable for generations to come.

Even as the Imperium reeled, Autek Mor began his own war, one fought beyond the sight and the staying hand of the War

Council of distant Terra. Gethsamaine Colonus may have been the first Traitor-controlled world to know the judgement of the *Red Talon*, but many more would know it by the end. It has been said of Autek Mor and the force he built around the Morragul Clan-company that he was the last Loyalist out of the Coronid Deeps. In truth, he never abandoned them nor took a single step backwards. Rather, he simply weathered the storm of the Traitors' passing before striking from the rearward, a strategy that, though unacknowledged at the time, is likely to have saved countless Loyalist worlds from the Warmaster's hand.

Autek Mor,
Iron-Father of Clan Morragul



MUSTER TREDECIMMIA

THE BLOODY PROVING GROUND OF THE WORLD EATERS LEGION

Its capital Tredecimmia, named for the 13th Expeditionary Fleet for which it once served such glorious purpose, the world of Bodt was one of the oldest fief worlds of the XIIth Legion—the savage World Eaters. It was the planet's singular honour to serve as the mustering ground upon which the Primarch Angron was to assume command of his own Legion as well as the numerous auxilia and allied forces of the 13th Expeditionary Fleet, including the largest recorded gathering of the Numen Gun Clans, massed scout maniples of the Legio Audax and numerous other forces drawn from the most bloody-handed of the myriad hosts of Mankind.

When Lord Angron and the massed armies of the 'Bloody' 13th Expeditionary Fleet marched off to make war upon the enemies of humanity, he left behind a world dedicated to maintaining and supplying the age of war to come. Bodt had been transformed from an arid, volcanic world to a planetary mustering ground that was host to entire cities of barracks, extensive subterranean macro silos and continent-spanning weapons testing ranges. Throughout the second century of the Great Crusade, Bodt, and in particular the city of Tredecimmia's muster ground, served as a crucial centre of Legion power and might. Legion aspirants inducted from the worlds conquered by the World Eaters were sent there to begin the implantation and indoctrination process that would see the strongest of their numbers transformed into post-human Legiones Astartes, and the world hosted a large detachment of the XIIth Legion's Apothecarion to that end. The Numen Gun Clans and other cultures from which the auxilia forces attached to the 13th Expeditionary Fleet recruited were likewise mustered and equipped for war at Tredecimmia, and the Legio Audax established a forward base there to serve its scout Titan maniples.

At length, the gun clan auxilias took root upon Bodt in their own right, a large population born of the indentured feral warrior-tribes becoming established in the wastes about Tredecimmia and contributing their own sons and daughters to the musters that fuelled the 'Bloody 13th' as it conquered the void at the leading edge of the Great Crusade. As more World Eaters aspirants

were processed at Tredecimmia, the Legion began to recruit directly from the gun clans and in time the practice arose of would-be World Eaters from the gun clans being pitched into battle with those in the latter stages of Legion training. These contests became sprawling battles fought with whetted blade and live ammunition, battles which only the very strongest gun-clanners would survive to be accepted into the ranks of the World Eaters Legion's aspirants. A bitter co-dependence arose between the World Eaters and the waste-dwelling clanners, the two factions bloody rivals who yet relied upon one another for their very existence.

By the close of the second century of the Great Crusade, Bodt was barely recognisable as the planet upon which Lord Angron had taken charge of his Legion, and the same was true of the World Eaters themselves. Always a tectonically unstable planet, the Legion's unleashing of all manner of macro scale weaponry across the surface in relentless, some said reckless, live-fire battle exercises had rent the very crust asunder in places so that it was a rare day indeed when the sub-sonic growl of shifting plates did not roll across the wastes. The shallow seas were turned black and toxic. The arid lands, which were once host to thinly-spread yet stubborn flora and fauna, were by then devoid of almost all life and the planet-wide cadmium sub-strata was exposed to the tortured atmosphere. Only the very strongest of the wasteland-dwelling clanners could survive in the poisoned lands, making the periodic battle-trials their only possible escape and one which few indeed lived long enough to partake in.

Throughout its history, Bodt's primary city, Tredecimmia, proved a vital asset to the XIIth Legion, and as such it was heavily fortified with an extensive network of defence emplacements and subterranean bunkers. The weapons silos used to equip newly inducted aspirants came to house not just conventional armaments, but other weapons and devices the World Eaters had claimed as prizes of war from those they had vanquished during their conquest of the outer dark. Technologies considered too dangerous to exist and proscribed by ancient writ were secreted away in the deepest vaults beneath Tredecimmia,

weapons which in all likelihood Terra believed destroyed or had no knowledge of at all.

These ancient and forbidden technologies, though ostensibly wards of the XIIth Legion, were to be tended to by a singular order of the priesthood of Mars. It was during the conquest of the Golgothan Wastes that the World Eaters had formed mutual compact with the so-called Crimson Priests of Sarum, a Mechanicum domain Angron had delivered from the predations of the debased stellar empire of the Brotherhood of Ruin. Following their liberation from their ancient rivals, the Crimson Priests had pledged Angron their co-allegiance, some said over and above the fealty they owed to distant Mars. The Crimson Priests went wherever the World Eaters went, and thus it came to pass that the induction-forges and weapons silos of Tredecimmia were tended exclusively by this ill-starred sect and their flesh-bonded Adsecularis Covenants.

Such was the state of the XIIth Legion fief world at the dawn of the great heresy, but it was a state soon to alter once more. In the aftermath of the Isstvan V slaughter, an event that Bodt's masters only learned of after the fact, a delegation of senior World Eaters apothecaries, aided and advised by peers from the Emperor's Children and Word Bearers Legions, arrived there unannounced. They quickly assumed command of the induction facilities and instigated a series of revisions to the Legion's recruitment practices.

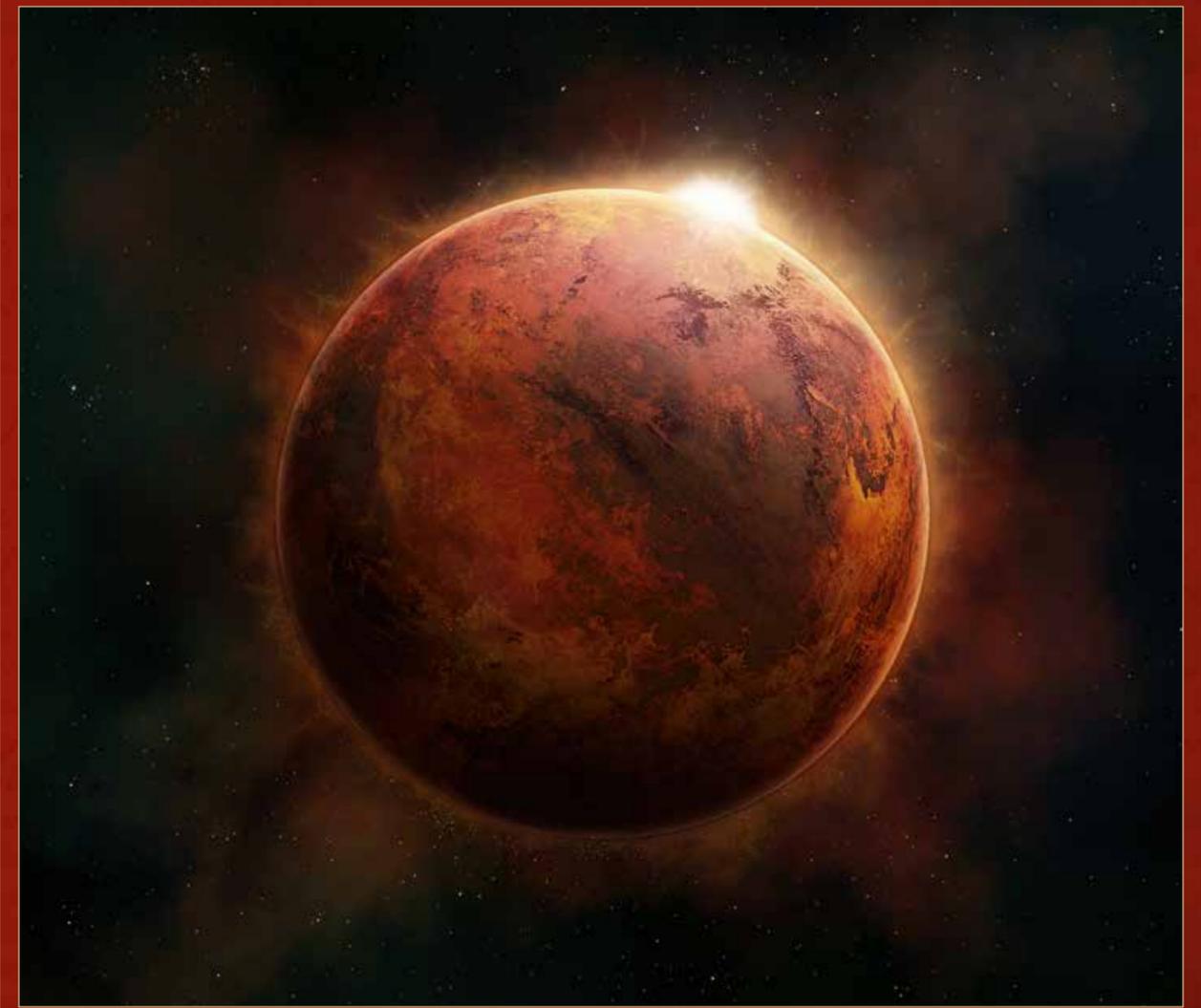
It was long established that the XIIth Legion's implantation protocols sat at the extreme end of the spectrum of tolerance and there had been many calls from Terra and from other Legions to rein in these practices, but in the aftermath of the Dropsite Massacre and with the arrival of the new overlord cadre, all restraints were removed. It was said that the raw fuel for the new processes had been harvested from the blood-soaked killing fields of the Urgall Depression, ritually gathered up by the sons of Lorgar and alchemically rendered down by the fell genius of the Emperor's Children. It was to the World Eaters apothecaries that the final duty of implantation would fall, and the result was hideous indeed.

Using the raw material of the gun-clanners, the apothecaries created a new generation of recruits. Where the process of creating a warrior of the Legiones Astartes should ordinarily be painstakingly undertaken over a period of years, this new generation was brought into being in months. The process was shockingly wasteful and while many aspirants simply perished in the bio-vats, many more underwent catastrophic biological destabilisation, necessitating the purging of the implantation chambers by

fire and radiation. Those few who survived fell far short of the trans-human ideal the Emperor had intended for the Legiones Astartes. Even for the World Eaters, these were monsters made flesh, their bodies swollen by forbidden processes and their brains flooded with burning autonomic stimulators that, in conjunction with the so-called 'Butcher's Nails' implants standard throughout the Legion, induced a permanent state of hyper-aggression. Furthermore, the flash-indoctrination

protocols to which each aspirant was subjected invested him with the stolen memories of a hundred battles and a thousand kills, a flickering montage of other warriors' lives and deaths cycling through their consciousness in eternal loop. From the moment each awoke from the gene-vats, he believed himself a red-handed champion and a veteran of countless wars. His only desire was to shed blood—his enemies' or his own—in the name of his Primarch.

Name: Bodt
Classification: Legiones Astartes Muster/Training World
 [Declared Traitoris Perdita by Writ of the Council of Terra Post Isstvan III Atrocity]
System Data: VVC/00325//P/Σ
Stellar Grid: 22-Gal-Cor/U-05
Segmentum: Ultima/Coreward
Notation: Extreme Volcanic, Heavy Toxicity [Cf Exotic Weapons Effects]
 ++[Fiefdom of the World Eaters Legion]++



THE ASSAULT ON TREDECIMMIA

As the war ground on, Autek Mor's force was swelled by other Loyalist factions, including remnants of the Imperial Fists Legion and the Agathon Solar Auxilia who had opposed the Warmaster during the Manachean War. But it was not just allies that Mor amassed as he fought on, but enemies too, for he made a point of taking prisoner key Traitor officers and administrators from each world he struck at. It was from these captives that Mor learned of the status of the nearby World Eaters fief world of Bodt, and his suspicions were confirmed when the Imperial Fists communicated that they had encountered and engaged a number of Traitor Mechanicum conveyance vessels plying the warp-lanes linking Sarum and Bodt.

Mor surmised that the World Eaters subject world was not only intact, but building towards some role in the war that had yet to be fully revealed or realised. This made the fief a high value target indeed, and one which Mor now had a strong enough force to engage. Doing so would be an escalation

beyond Mor's existing strategy of allowing a world to fall to a Traitor assault before launching a massive counter-attack, but for several reasons the operation was judged worth undertaking.

Primarily, it was known to the Loyalists that the muster world had once hosted a sizable stockpile of Legiones Astartes war materiel, which, if it was still present, should be denied to the Traitor cause at all costs. Secondly, the records indicated that the planet served as a recruiting world for the XIIth Legion and so might still be host to a large and as yet uncommitted Legion reserve whose neutralisation would serve the Loyalists' war effort well. The presence of the Sarum Mechanicum in the region raised further possibilities, which Autek Mor was unwilling to discuss with his allies openly but which in retrospect must have alerted him to the possibilities of some manner of unsanctioned modification of the Legiones Astartes implantation and indoctrination process. If Mor did indeed suspect this, subsequent events would prove him correct.

Here, records of the assault on the World Eaters fief world become increasingly fragmentary, necessitating a degree of supposition and speculation. Of greater concern than the lack of clarity however is the reason for its arising, which with the benefit of hindsight appears deliberate. It is known that as the fleet of the *Red Talon* was plying the Warp towards its target, the situation to the galactic south and west was growing ever more unstable. Entire fronts were collapsing in the shadow of the Traitors' advance on Terra and what amounted to the Imperium's central command—in reality, a host of lord-magisters scattered across the embattled stars and barely able to communicate with one another, let alone the War Council of Terra—was advocating a massive, inter-sector holding action along a line between Paramar and Chondax. Incomplete transmission logs suggest to some an abortive astro-telepathic communication between one of these lord-magisters and the *Red Talon* fleet, leading to the theory that a representative of the War Council attempted to order Mor's force to

join in with this operation. If such an order was issued, it was certainly not followed. No man with an inkling of Autek Mor's demeanour would have presumed to issue him any such order, for the Iron-Father was known as a dour warrior of especially dark humours upon whose shoulders the authority of others sat ill, even, so it is said, that of his own Primarch.

Whatever the cause and outcome of any communication that may have taken place between Mor and the Terran Council of War, the *Red Talon's* course was unaltered and the Iron-Father's intent unmoved. Twelve days after the fleet's departure from Iod Binary, it translated at Bodt out-system, its vessels arrayed for war and its warriors steeled for a large-scale assault upon a world known to belong to the bloodiest and most savage of the Legiones Astartes.

THE BREAKING OF THE SEALS

The histories of the age are not party to the planning of the assault on Bodt's primary city of Tredecimmia and such accounts

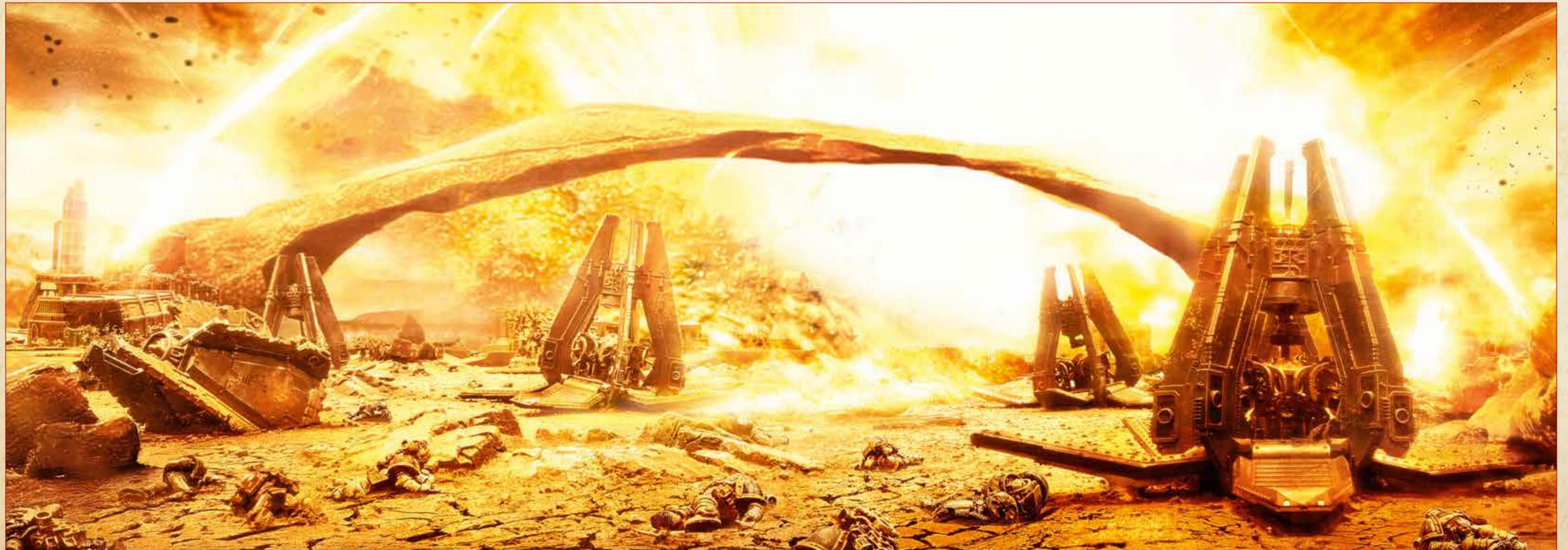
that exist are drawn from myriad sources, no single one possessed of a complete view of the events that followed. Some of the accounts must be judged by us now as questionable in their veracity, while others are fragmentary at best and contradictory at worst. Having discounted the most outlandish of statements, invariably those of mortals whose minds were broken by the overwhelming spectacle that they witnessed at the height of the assault, only a core remains. This kernel of truth must serve as our understanding of Autek Mor's attack, no matter how improbable certain passages may now appear to us so long after the event has been consigned to the histories of the Age of Darkness.

THE BURNING MOON

Autek Mor's first deed in the assault on Tredecimmia was as symbolic as it was practical. As the *Red Talon* fleet speared towards Bodt it came upon its lone moon, a body possessed of a far-ranging and sharply elliptical orbit. At that point in its transit, the satellite was closing on Bodt, affording

Mor a singular opportunity. The Iron-Father ordered that the moon be violently shunted but a fraction of a degree from its course using what remained of the *Red Talon's* stocks of high-yield void ordnance. As a result, instead of passing Bodt at half a million kilometres, the satellite was set upon a course that would strike the planet within hours with apocalyptic force far in excess of any weapon of mass destruction in the *Red Talon's* arsenal. The detonation that marked the altering of the moon's orbit was said to be visible from the surface, the staggering energy release casting a baleful halo about it that, though it was unknown to the witnesses, heralded the doom of an entire planet.

The sight of Bodt's moon transformed into a flaming orb in the night skies is said to have caused the feral gun-clanners who infested the rad wastes to fall to their knees in collective, atavistic terror, an effect it is likely that Autek Mor fully intended. If the world's overlords had ever counted the gun clans as an operational element in any strategy to



defend their world from external assault, the gun-clanners could certainly be counted in such plans no longer. The clanners rose up in primitive fury, driven mad by the burning omen that had appeared in the night skies, and the wastes erupted with gun fire and explosions as they unleashed hell upon one another. Some are even said to have expended their formidable arsenals on firing madly at the burning moon as it swelled in the skies above. The feral gun-clanners were but one faction that Autek Mor had need to subdue. While the World Eaters and their allies would no doubt be thrown into a state of some disarray by the spectacle of the flaming moon, Mor knew that it would take a far greater effort to render them incapable of standing against the next phase of his assault.

This phase began with a precision bombardment of targets across the region surrounding Tredecimmia, unleashed as Mor's fleet split into a dozen assault squadrons. Each barrage was targeted against one of many surface-to-orbit weapons batteries, which, while they were nowhere near as developed as certain key worlds in the Imperium, nonetheless presented a threat to any attacking force. As the assault squadrons closed on their prey, heavy ordnance rained from the skies above Tredecimmia, entire chains of defence emplacements consumed in fire and plasma. It is likely that any mortal defender would have been defeated by the sheer fury of the bombardment, laying the world open to an unopposed planetary landing. But Bodt was defended by no such army of mortals, but by the World Eaters overlord cadre and their Mechanicum Taghmata and Titanicus allies, none of whom were subject to such base frailties.

Though accounts state that Tredecimmia's ground-to-orbit defences were pounded to ash and cinders within the hour, many of its defenders must have been garrisoned in subterranean bunker complexes and protected from bombardment by nigh-impenetrable void shields. Defeating them would therefore only be achieved by a mass planetary landing, and as the attack entered its third hour, the next phase of the operation was set into motion.

THE TALON CLOSES

Pict-captures show that as the doomed moon waxed in the heavens, the night was turned hellish orange by the light of its oncoming death. As if to make the spectacle still more soul-numbingly awful, the descending moon was attended by countless smaller forms falling through the tortured skies ahead of

it. It was towards Tredecimmia star port, as well as several other key facilities located in its vicinity, that the bulk of the great landing force is known to have made planetfall.

As the massed drop pods descended ahead of the burning moon, those ground defences that had survived the initial bombardment finally opened fire. Halting such a drop was almost certainly impossible, but the sheer weight of fire sent up by the surviving defence batteries took a fearsome toll, especially on those drop pods slowing their descent in the last seconds before touching down, for this was the point of their greatest vulnerability. The wastelands that the attackers had chosen as their drop zones were consumed in fire, shrapnel and las-blast as the defenders reacted with all the firepower at their disposal, yet many of the attackers had been at Istsvan V and such losses must have meant nothing to them. Even if a dozen drop pods crashed and burned, two dozen more set down in their immediate wake, and by the end of the fourth hour of the assault, Iron Hands and Imperial Fists Legionaries were pressing outwards from the burning drop zones, bringing overwhelming fire to bear upon the defenders.

The fury of Mor's ground assault was magnified by a simultaneous sub-orbital strike of staggering proportions. The skies over the black, poisoned sea were filled with squadrons of Xiphon strike fighters ranging ahead of an entire wing of Storm Eagles and Fire Raptors. The first target to know the wrath of the combined strike wing was Tredecimmia's primary defence bastion at the centre of the poisoned sea, which towered above waters turned boiling from the bombardment and whose void shields even the initial orbital strikes had been unable to penetrate. Flying so low the shield domes were rendered all but useless, the strike craft unleashed such a dense rain of high explosive ordnance that no trace of the bastion was left standing and a tsunami was reportedly unleashed upon the furthest reaches of the sea's coast.

Having reduced the central bastion to burning wreckage, the attacking craft turned northwards to support the strike of two further sub-orbital wings closing on a mountaintop defence line identified as the central command point for the entire region. Following in the wake of the bombing run, two Thunderhawk insertion wings, one of Iron Hands squads, the other of Imperial

Fists, breached either end of the line so that the warriors disgorged from their assault bays could work their way along and together attack the entrance to the subterranean command bunker. This assault would rage for over an hour as the two forces fought their way along the mountaintop defences through hundreds of enraged defenders. At the last, the Imperial Fists breached the massive blast doors and plunged into the interior, evidently hungry for the honour of attaining their objective ahead of the Iron Hands squads. The effect was to decapitate the Traitors' chain of command and to make possible the final stages of the assault.

To the south of the inner sea, Tredecimmia star port, as well as a number of unidentified Mechanicum facilities further east, came under simultaneous drop pod assault. The star port was attacked by a large Iron Hands force, which drew upon itself a large force of World Eaters whose reported ferocity, even for this most notoriously savage of Legions, was the first evidence of the unsanctioned implantation protocols the Worlds Eaters had been engaged in. The battle for the star port appears to have quickly devolved into bitter hand-to-hand fighting, but the balance was tipped in the attackers' favour when a second wave of Imperial Fists set down upon the port's western flank in order to assault the defenders from the rear. Even thus surrounded however, the World Eaters by all accounts showed no hint of dismay and fought savagely to the very last.

The wastes surrounding the unidentified Mechanicum facility were the scene of the largest single drop conducted during the assault on Tredecimmia, where elements of the 1,522nd Cohort of the Agathon Solar Auxilia established a blocking line so that whatever machine horrors the Traitor Mechanicum might have spawned there would be interdicted if they attempted to deploy. It was well that the Solar Auxilia's

super-heavy tank companies had been deployed in this manner, for even as their Stormhammers and Baneblades assumed position across the wastes, a tide of malevolent machine constructs is known to have exploded from a chain of formerly concealed bunkers. For the next hour, the 1,522nd fought a grinding and costly holding action against myriad Mechanicum constructs, many of which had never before been witnessed but which would become horrifyingly familiar to us in future campaigns. Possessed of outsized combat claws and propelled across the wastes by disturbingly articulated limbs, squadrons of these combat walkers sought to fall upon the super-heavy tanks and rend them apart in a welter of buckled armour. Even when engaged at range, they proved fiendishly difficult to destroy due to some manner of warp shield akin to, and still more effective than the atomantic shielding utilised by Legiones Astartes Dreadnoughts. Though it cost them dozens of super-heavies, the bold Agathonians fought hard to keep the Traitor Mechanicum monstrosities from fatally penetrating their lines and pressing into other zones where the Iron Hands and Imperial Fists were engaged against their erstwhile Legion brethren.

It appears that wherever the Loyalists pressed their assault, waves of defenders flooded out to engage them. The frenzied gun-clanners coalesced into ragged masses across the open wastes and threw themselves at the attackers, seemingly driven beyond madness at the spectacle of the burning moon that waxed ominously overhead. Most were cut down by the massed bolter fire of the advancing Loyalists, but many were so insanely driven to engage the Legionaries that hordes of

them had to be scoured from the wastes by flamer-armed Tactical Support squads or simply butchered with combat knives and chain bayonets, which must soon have grown slick with their tainted blood.

With the star port, command bastion and numerous secondary facilities across Tredecimmia either aflame or the scene of heavy fighting, Autek Mor instigated the phase of his plan which, when considered in retrospect, reveals his true intent in attacking the Traitor Legiones Astartes fief world in the manner that he had. That intent would be focused upon the heavily defended macro-provender silos in the north-west sector of the Tredecimmia region.

ASSAULT ON THE MACRO SILOS

The assault on the silos is known to have begun in the fifth hour of the operation and represented the greatest moment of risk for the attackers. Archival records suggested that the Legio Audax Titan presence on Bodt was likely to be massed to the north of the silos, but had yet to be located, necessitating the deployment of still more blocking forces to hold any Titan force that should appear at bay. One such interdiction force, consisting of Iron Hands Legion infantry mounted in heavy Mastodon assault transports and supported by mid-weight Mauler battle tanks, was dropped by heavy transporter to the east of the silos, while two more, one of Iron Hands and one Imperial Fists, were dropped still further to the north, beyond the immediate sector of operations. The instant the eastern drop set down, the large force of

World Eaters stationed at the silos reacted as Mor must surely have predicted they would, abandoning any pretence at static defence and surging across the wastes to engage the attackers. To the north meanwhile, the other two blocking forces reported only light opposition to their landings, scattered gun-clanners emerging from hidden crags in the blasted wastes to be cut to bloody rags in the rain of bolter fire that would meet them.

With the bulk of the defenders of the macro silos swarming eastwards to give battle to the Iron Hands heavy units deployed there, Autek Mor was then able to commit to the true objective of the entire operation. This phase is known to have been led by the Iron-Father himself, attended by the iron-hard core of the Morragul Clan Company—spearheaded by Autek Mor's elite Gorgon Terminator units, a technology he had personally been able to replicate, even as an exile of war. As all-consuming battle raged across Tredecimmia, a blazing hemisphere of light akin to ball lightning flared into existence upon the wastes to the south of the macro silos. Arcing plasma fused the sands as a mighty phalanx of iron-black Terminators was revealed to have teleported directly to the surface from the *Red Talon's* teleportarium deck, a singular device of the rarest pedigree. Soon, the hulking warriors were bearing down on the western perimeter of the objective, the only defenders that could oppose them the cortex-controlled gun-towers of the Sarum Mechanicum. These defences gave the Iron Hands no pause, and soon the force was pushing through the clustered ordnance silos towards the entrance to the subterranean stasis chambers.



Here, the attackers met an unanticipated mode of resistance and the first of their number fell. The metal flanks of the vast silos reportedly appeared to shift at the Gorgons' approach, jagged, insect-like shapes detaching themselves from the machine-structures and dropping to the ground to land upon spear-tipped mechanical claws. Each machine-sentry bore a weapon of typically fiendish Mechanicum design, from irad-cleavers to lightning guns, which they quickly brought to bear upon the attackers from every quarter. Each a veteran of countless savage battles, the Gorgons pressed onwards through a twisted metal labyrinth crawling with the sentinel-constructs. Every shadow and crevice was lair to some new foe, and so the Gorgons increased their own weight of fire, shredding the structure about them and tearing apart any Mechanicum construct caught in the storm.

At last, Autek Mor stood upon the cusp of his objective. The entrance to the subterranean macro chambers is known to have been protected by blast doors constructed to withstand heavy ordnance, but which resisted the chainfists of the Gorgons for mere seconds. The burning moon looming in the tortured skies, Autek Mor ordered his warriors to form a ring of impenetrable steel

about the entrance. With a curt order, he utterly forbade any of his warriors to follow in his wake, no matter what occurred either above or below. With that, he is said to have passed through the breached armoured portal and descended the steps into the stygian vaults below.

Blood shall have Blood

Despite the storm of blood that the Loyalists had unleashed upon the Traitors, they would not go untouched by the hand of death. Across the wastes, the Traitors struck back and the wrath of the World Eaters in particular was a horrifying spectacle to behold. Waves of Legion Inductii —rapidly-indoctrinated aspirants— poured forth from their fortifications to meet the assault, all notions of tactics cast aside in favour of raw ferocity. Where such forces clashed with the Iron Hands and the Imperial Fists, the dusty ground was turned slick with the blood of Traitor and Loyalist alike. What the Inductii lacked in skill and experience, they made up for in strength and savagery, and so while they would eventually be slain, it was only at a high cost in the lives of Loyalist Legionaries.

A Traitor counter-attack came from an entirely unanticipated quarter, its accounting

serving as yet more evidence of the crimes of the Warmaster's followers. At one point, the Iron Hands' primary interdiction landing in the north of the Tredicimmia war zone was met with a wave of World Eaters Terminators, later identified as belonging to the so-called Red Butchers. The warriors of this cadre are known for the fact they are so broken in mind that their armour must be kept locked and immobile between battles lest they turn their fury upon their own battle-brethren when no foe is to hand. The Red Butchers who charged across the wastes to engage the Iron Hands were later determined not to be blood-maddened Traitors however, but Legionaries who had fought against the Traitors at Istvan III and whose minds had been so destroyed by the experience that they no longer knew or cared who they were fighting. A great phalanx of these tragic warriors cut a bloody swathe through the advancing Iron Hands and for a time threatened to push them back to their landing zones. Only the mass deployment of Mastodon heavy assault transports appears to have halted the Red Butchers' counter-advance, their cyclonic melta cannon scouring the wastes and burning the Red Butchers, and in some cases the doomed Iron Hands they were locked in combat against, to ashes.

The Beginning of the End

Now the assault on the World Eaters fief world is known to have entered a new and still more savage phase, heralded by the burning moon as it drew so close that the entire upper atmosphere appeared to have been set alight. The gun-clanners must have understood that their world was ending and they fought with ever more intense savagery, perhaps seeking not to avoid their fate but to embrace it. The ferocity of the mortal wasteland dwellers was as nothing to that of the World Eaters however. Analysis of surviving accounts of these battles, as well as studies of similar instances of rapid indoctrination and implantation carried out elsewhere, suggests that the Legionaries Astartes warriors the Iron Hands, Imperial Fists and Agathon Solar Auxilia faced were something utterly devolved from the Emperor's vision for his favoured warriors.

While a core of World Eaters Legion officers was evidently in command of the defences, the bulk of their warriors appeared to have been acting entirely beyond any control. Savage Legionaries clad in mismatched battle plate, by its distinctive features manufactured by the Crimson Brotherhood of Sarum, surged across the rad wastes bearing myriad esoteric short-ranged weaponry that could

only have been the product of the fallen magi of Sarum. Such weaponry was unknown to the Loyalists in both form and function, and took a fearsome toll on their ranks. Yet the Iron Hands and Imperial Fists were all veterans of uncountable Compliance campaigns and were able to overcome these short-term losses and press onwards, adapting their tactics to meet this new and novel threat.

Of all the phases of the assault on Tredicimmia, accounts of the events of the sixth hour are by far the most incomplete. It is certain that the fighting reached a climax during this period and that both sides suffered and inflicted a fearsome death toll. The inexorable tide of battle appears to have flowed against the invaders at last, until the whole endeavour hung in the balance. Though the entire world was evidently doomed, the invaders' objective in launching their attack, which had yet to be revealed, might now have failed. Strategio-savants have debated the exact nature of Autek Mor's objective for several years, but the events that followed were to prove that it was of the utmost importance to his long-term aims. So vital was that mission that it was worth the cost in blood and treasure the invaders were paying across Tredicimmia while the Iron-

Father was apart from his force in the vaults beneath the macro silos.

Whatever Autek Mor was seeking in the subterranean vaults, his mission was clearly taking too long. As the burning moon waxed so large it now consumed the entire sky, the warriors fighting one another across the surface resigned themselves to their fate and redoubled their efforts to exact what vengeance they could before the end.

As the doom of Bodt grew ever closer to hand, now the balance of death threatened to turn entirely against the Loyalists. A dozen Warhound Titans of Legio Audax charged out of the northern wastes, their vulkan mega-bolters scything down invader and defender alike as they bore down upon the macro silos as if drawn there by Autek Mor's presence. The Titans had evidently bypassed or simply overrun the northern interdiction forces, and all that stood between them and the silos were the massed Gorgon Terminator phalanxes of Clan Morragul. Though possessed of the strongest armour and the most potent weapons, even such warriors as these could not stand for long against this foe. As the mission counter finally ran past the seven hour mark and the burning moon entered its terminal phase, all appeared lost.

THE SUNDERED SEAL

And then, Autek Mor emerged from the macro silos. The Clan-captain's eyes were said to have been "...alight with dark fire..." and his hulking Terminator armour was "...rent and scored as if he had battled a thousand savage foes..." His demeanour more malevolent than even it was before his descent. In one hand he bore his ancient paragon blade, its edge jagged from scores of nicks, and in the other his volkite charger, its induction coils aglow like red hot coals. It was the object that Autek Mor held in the grip of his back-mounted servo-arm that gave witness to his true mission however – a stasis casket, its flanks etched with the arcane sigils of the inner order of the Emperor's Terran gene-wrights, who under the guidance of the Master of Mankind had brought into being the Primarchs and the entire Legiones Astartes.

Autek Mor is known to have looked upon the destruction unleashed across Tredecimma and spoken a single word of command. It was the order to withdraw and within moments it was being enacted. Mor and his attendant Gorgon Terminator squads were the first to depart, leaving the macro silos a twisted mass of burning wreckage as they fought their way clear to a point from which they could return

to the Red Talon in the same manner they had arrived. Elsewhere, Iron Hands and Imperial Fists units that had deployed by drop pod hours before fell back to pre-arranged zones where the Storm Eagles and Thunderhawks of the orbital strike wings set down to carry them clear, the Fire Raptors and other gunships circling overhead and unleashing a storm of suppressive fire on the hordes of Traitors attempting to pursue. To the south, the Solar Auxilia forces are known to have fought a disciplined and bold withdrawal back to their own heavy landers, and while in places the frenzied enemy forces overtook them, the greater number were soon being ferried to their vessels in orbit.

In the aftermath of the Loyalists' sudden withdrawal, the Traitors were bereft of foes, with the exception of those few who had been unable to depart and who resolved themselves to a bitterly fought last stand. In moments, the hordes turned their wrath upon their own and the battle lines were redrawn anew. At the last, the gun-clanners and the World Eaters fell upon one another in a seething mass of muscle and blade, shot and flame which consumed Tredecimma even as the very air itself burned with the heat of the approaching moon. Hair set alight and the very cloth upon their backs

igniting, the two factions, who between them had fought so many battles that the best of the gun-clanners might one day join the World Eaters, locked together in the mutual berserker fury of their final moments.

Destroyer of Worlds

Finally, the burning moon struck. The apocalypse was witnessed by thousands of Loyalists as their vessels sped clear, and etched into the data-stacks of countless logic engines. The moon impacted the surface and a tsunami of flaming matter rapidly rushed outwards to encircle the entire globe. The surface buckled as the moon impacted, the greater planetary mass literally swallowing the smaller satellite with horrifyingly slow grace. In moments, the atmosphere was aflame and the already unstable crust was rent open by a thousand fractures, and volcanic eruptions exploded across the entire surface as the mantle below was swelled by the additional mass. By the time the moon was finally consumed not a single living being survived on the surface, the entire population, Traitor Legiones Astartes, Sarum Mechanicum, Legio Titanicus and gun clan alike burned to ashes and cast to the fiery winds.

AFTER THE APOCALYPSE

So much as has been recounted here is known to us, though the accounts from which this record has been compiled are not accepted by all of our Order. Nonetheless, the planet once known as Bodt is now lost to Mankind, its surface a shifting volcanic nightmare that by all estimates will not stabilise within the span of many centuries, and by some estimates may simply ultimately disintegrate, unable to hold its cohesion and

torn apart by the forces from within. It is clear from his actions in ordering the world's moon to be sent hurtling into Bodt that this was the outcome that Autek Mor intended, yet a question of still greater import remains unanswered. Why was the infamous Iron-Father prepared to risk the lives of so many of his warriors when in altering the orbit of the moon he had already ensured the death of every Traitor on Bodt?

The answer can only lie with the object that Autek Mor recovered from the stasis vaults far beneath the macro silos of Tredecimma. Of that descent into the darkness no account is known to exist, and given Mor's infamously grim mien, it is unlikely that any will ever be forthcoming from this survivor of wars uncounted. All we may do is speculate as to the nature of the prize that Mor recovered from the vaults—stasis chambers which after all were suspected to contain myriad technological horrors wrought by the hands of madmen in the depths of Old Night, or conceived of inhuman minds far beyond the light of the Imperium's rule. To some, the fact that Mor's prize bore the sigils of the gene-wrights of Terra is key, and hints at some long-term ambition to transform his Clan-company into something beyond the limits of its creation, how this will tally or conflict with the current processes of change some would impose on the shattered Legiones Astartes is another matter, and one whose speculation is beyond the remit of this discourse. But if history tells us anything in this matter it is that Autek Mor is not a warlord to underestimate, for like the tyrants of Old Night, his true power lies in the terrible secrets he holds, and his willingness to use them, he at whose hand entire worlds have burned.

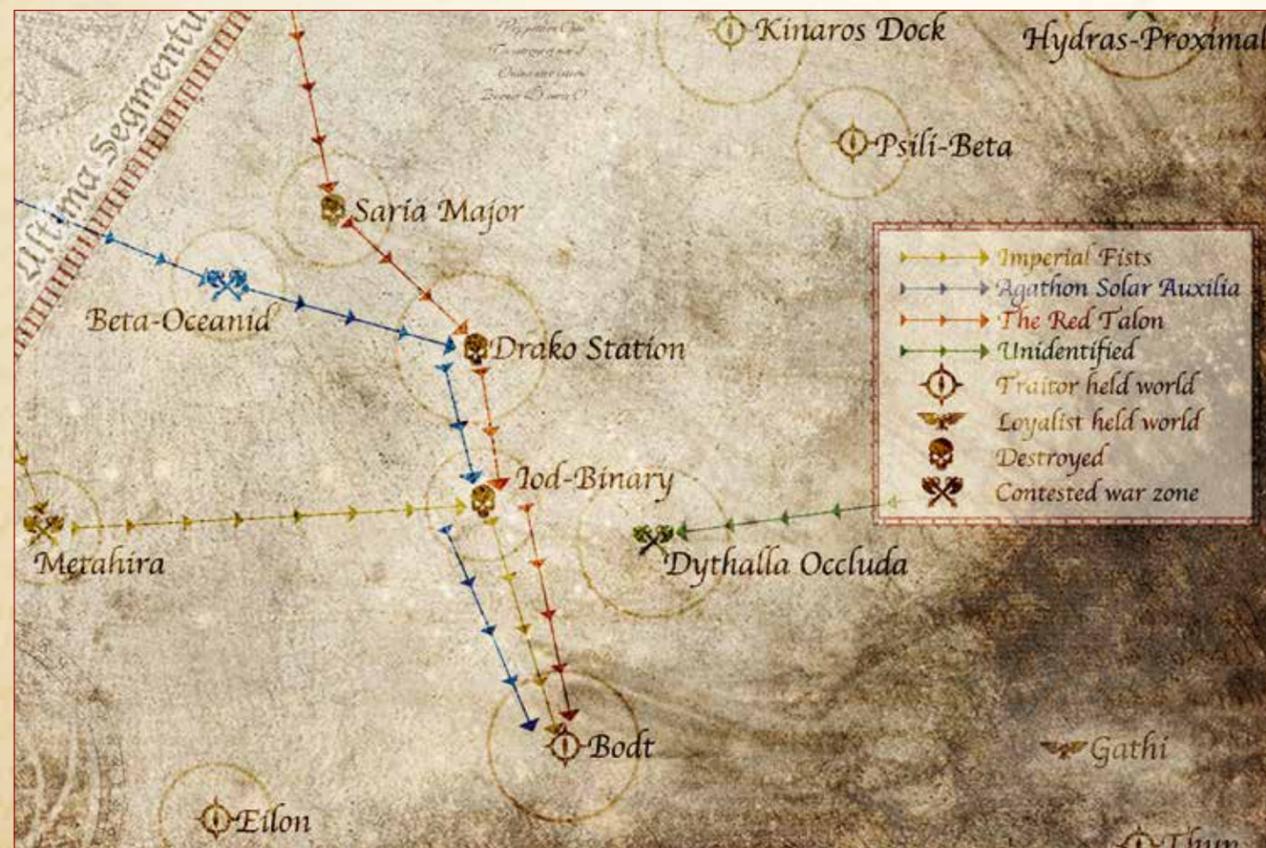
COMBATANT FORCES – THE SCOURING OF MUSTER TREDECIMMIA 008.M31

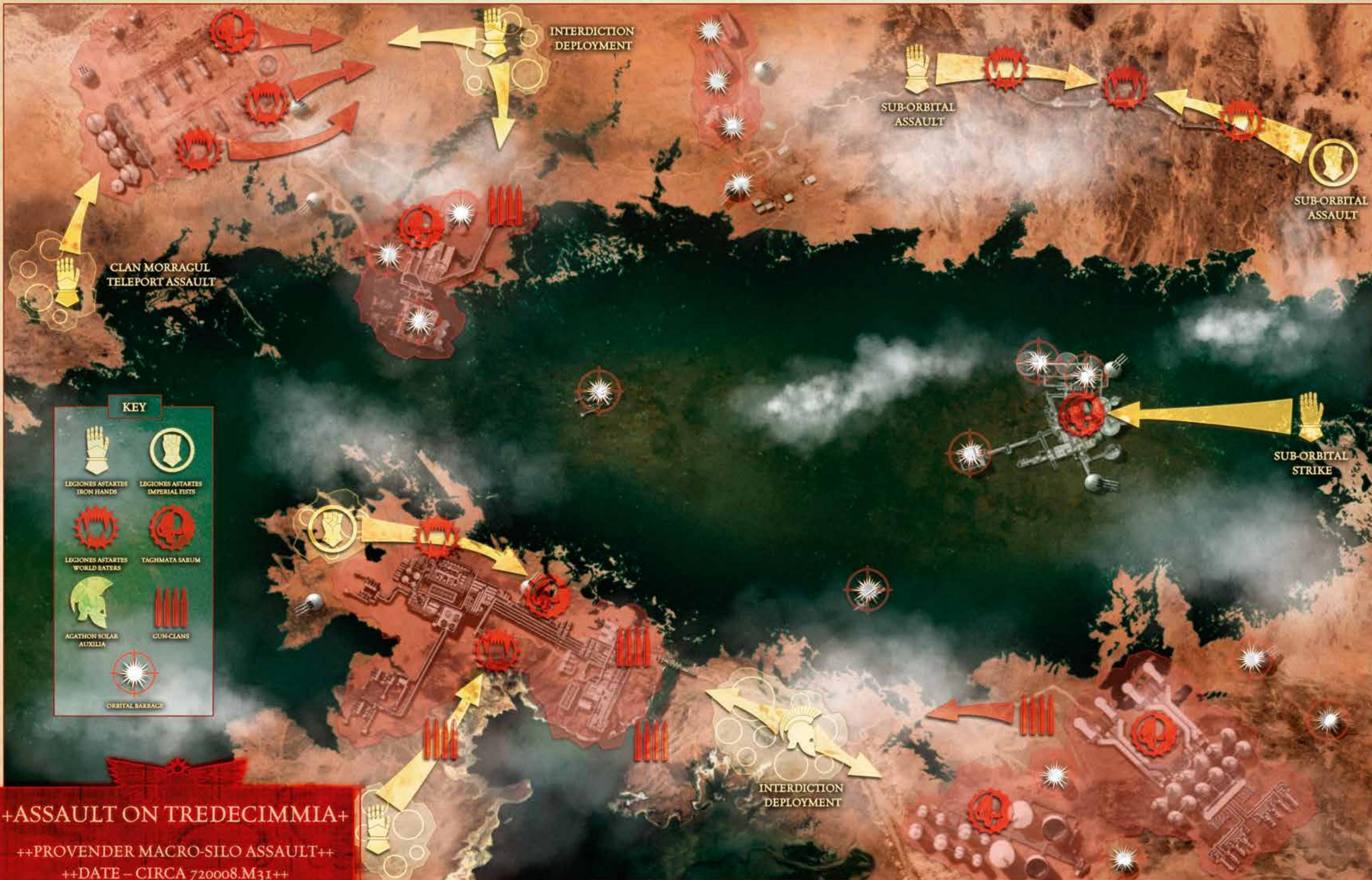
Forces of the Imperium (Loyalist/autonomous) – Combined Planetary Incursion Force of Autek Mor

- **The Iron Hands:** Estimated 5,000+ Legion force, consisting primarily of Morragul Clan-company units with remnant elements of at least three other Clan-companies, and a demi-company of newly initiated Legiones Astartes of the Iron Hands provenance and gene-seed attached. Substantial orbital attack and heavy ground attack elements.
- **The Imperial Fists:** Composite survivor garrison-company of less than 800 Legionaries. Attached sub-orbital assault elements and mobile weapons batteries.
- **Informal 'Shattered Legion' Elements:** Diverse small Legiones Astartes Loyalist elements and sub-groups of various backgrounds and affiliations allied to Mor's faction, approximately 300-400 strong in total.
- **Agathon Solar Auxilia:** Composite sub-cohort. Constituted from remnants of 1,522nd 'Lord Marshal's Own' and several other related units separated from Auxilia command in the aftermath of the Defence of Agathon. Approx 12,000 Solar Auxilia with extensive armoured assault and mobile artillery elements.
- **Command:** Autek Mor, Iron-Father of Clan Morragul. Combined sub-command council headed by Castellan Jhokan of the Imperial Fists and Lord-Colonel Vossen of the 1,522nd Agathon Solar Auxilia.

Forces of the Warmaster (Traitor) – Muster Tredecimmia Defence Forces

- **The World Eaters:** 'Overlord Cadre' of fewer than 100 Legion command and support staff. Estimated 3,500 Legionaries and as many as 11,000 unattested Legion Inductii. Limited armoured support elements.
- **XIIth Legion Auxiliary Echelon:** 12 x high orbit interceptor squadrons.
- **Taghmata Kalika:** Suppression and bio-harvesting force amalgamated from Sarum Mechanicum forces with prior affiliations to Legion Astartes World Eaters. Lacyraemara bio-alchem covenants, 1 x Armoured Brigade (Autokratorii), 3 x Battle-automata Cohorts, 3 x interceptor squadrons. Unknown armoured walker-construct echelon [file redacted].
- **Legio Audax:** Unknown sub-Legio grade force.
- **Numen Gun Clans:** Second generation Expeditionary reserves. Unconfirmed numbers, estimates in excess of 50,000 combatants.
- **Command:** World Eaters Chapter Command under Tribune Karak. Tech-clave of magi of the Crimson Brotherhood of the Sarum Mechanicum. Unknown Legio Audax command element. Numen Gun Clans had no known formal command structure.





KEY

LEGIONES ASTARTES IRON HANDS	LEGIONES ASTARTES IMPERIAL FISTS
LEGIONES ASTARTES WORLD EATERS	TAGHMATA SARUM
ACATHON SOLAR AUXILIA	GUN-CLANS
ORBITAL BARRAGE	

+ASSAULT ON TREDECIMMIA+

++PROVENDER MACRO-SILO ASSAULT++

++DATE - CIRCA 720008.M31++

IRON HANDS MEDUSAN IMMORTAL

[LEGIONARY NAME REDACTED]
MORRAGUL CLAN-COMPANY
BATTLE OF TREDECIMMIA

The Medusan Immortals were a cadre of warriors within the Iron Hands Legion who having fallen in defeat had been brought back from the brink of death in order to seek redemption in the fires of battle. After Istvan, the ranks of the Medusan Immortals swelled to unprecedented levels, the Legion having split into a number of disparate elements, their Primarch dead and the Clan-Council slain. Those declared Immortal within the Morragul Clan-company were allowed to fight alongside their brethren, presenting a genuine opportunity to achieve absolution not just in their own eyes, but in those they had failed.

This particular warrior is depicted as he was deployed to the assault on Tredecimmia. The Legionary was committed as part of a heavy assault force carried into battle in the armoured hold of a Mastodon armoured assault transport, its objective to break through the lines held by the World Eaters auxiliary forces south of Tredecimmia to engage the XIIth Legion's forces before they could counter-attack.

Clan Morragul Medusan Immortals

This Legionary displays the heavy cybernetic modification common among Medusan Immortals. The bonding studs on the left shoulder pauldron are a nonstandard feature of Immortal equipment at this stage—one probably initiated by the Techmarines of the Morragul Clan-company and later copied by others. Also of note is the use of the 'red talon' icon of the Morragul—up until this point all Immortals were stripped of Clan-company markings upon induction.



Iron Hands Legion Armourial, 5th Order Designation



Ceramite bonding stud reinforcement, hybrid pattern

WORLD EATERS ASSAULT LEGIONARY

LEGIONARY BALCOTH
TASK FORCE YGETHDDON
SIGNUS INTERDICTION

Legionary Balcoth served in Task Force Ygethddon, a mixed Traitor Legion force named for and led by a XVIth Legion Centurion that included units drawn from the Sons of Horus, Night Lords and World Eaters. Its task was to ensure that the Blood Angels Legion did not escape the trap set for it at the Signus Cluster. While the Loyalists were able to avoid the task force's interdiction, several other Loyalist Legiones Astartes forces were less fortunate and were destroyed wholesale by the bloody-handed Traitors.

World Eaters Armour Symbolic Modifications

Balcoth is clad in modified Mark IV Legiones Astartes power armour, the chest pauldron wrought by Legion artificers into a form redolent of the World Eaters icon. The helm's distinctive 'cadaere renissum' side panels are a throwback to the fighting pits in which the Primarch Angron once fought, signifying a warrior whose sanity had been burned away by lust for battle. Such warriors were regarded as blessed, for they were cleansed of all cares other than war.

World Eaters Mid-Heresy Heraldry

It is notable that Balcoth's armour shows very few of the blue elements once worn proudly by the Legion, most of which have been over-painted blood red or simply been allowed to degrade. In addition, the traditional crossed-chains duelling honour on the left gripe appears to have been neglected in favour of the crudely applied kill-marks scratched into the armour's surface down the right side—yet another indication of the Legion's descent into blood-lust and ill-discipline.



Defaced World Eaters Assault Squad Icon



World Eaters Legion Armourial,
Post-Istvan V Usage

RED TALON ORBITAL STRIKE WING

The Iron Hands host that assaulted the World Eaters' world of Bodt was a conglomeration of units drawn from Autek Mor's own Legion, as well as elements from the Imperial Fists and smaller numbers drawn from several other Legions. With his customary uncompromising demeanour, the Iron-Father melded these elements together into a fearsomely effective force of many different arms, and this is as true of the orbital strike wings as it is of the ground units.

Autek Mor's favoured modus operandi was to launch overwhelming planetary assaults using multiple waves of orbital strike craft, heavy orbital bombardment and massed heavy landings delivered by drop pod, landing craft and teleportation array. The orbital strike wings were the first wave of attack, relying on speed and manoeuvrability to engage key enemy installations before they detected the coming attack and raised shield domes or armed ground-to-air and ground-to-orbit defences.

The orbital strike wings were made up of a mixture of craft, the majority of them based on Autek Mor's flagship, the *Red Talon*. Each wing was organised around a squadron of

Storm Eagle and Thunderhawk gunships, the troop bays of which had been converted to accommodate additional munitions. This bomber element was escorted by other craft, including Fire Raptor gunships to engage enemy ground units and agile Xiphon interceptors whose primary task was to protect the less manoeuvrable bombers from the attentions of enemy fighters. Of all the highly skilled crews it was said that the Iron Hands pilots were the most adept, utilising their Legion's expertise and familiarity with cybernetic interface protocols to control their craft like an extension of their own bodies.

The *Red Talon* orbital strike wings were used to devastating effect at Bodt, where the first waves neutralised the heavy ground defences that surrounded the World Eaters Legion's garrison installations in and around the city of Tredecimnia. They were instrumental in ensuring large numbers of drop pod-borne assault units were able to deploy to the surface, and continued to engage enemy air and ground units throughout the seven hours of the assault, returning to the *Red Talon* to rearm and refuel several times without rest. At the very height of the attack,

every craft able to embark troops was used to evacuate ground units while those not able to do so circled overhead, maintaining such a heavy rate of fire that enemy units attempting to pursue were eviscerated.

Iron Hands Legion Xiphon Interceptor:

This craft is marked by its insignia of the veteran Iron Hands pilot Viton Tahn, a Legionary whose skills throughout the later years of the Great Crusade made him something of a legend even to his darkly-humoured peers of the Morragul Clan-company. Following wounds sustained in void battle at Istvan V, when Tahn attempted in vain to break through the Traitors' orbital blockade, it was thought he would have to be interred within the sarcophagus of a Dreadnought or else perish. Tahn's fellow pilots suggested an unconventional alternative, one which the Apothecarion would only undertake with Autek Mor's personal blessing, which was duly forthcoming. That alternative was to strip Tahn's form of all but the most vital organs and graft what remained into his Xiphon Interceptor. The operation was a success, and Viton Tahn remains the most skilled pilot amongst the *Red Talon*'s orbital assault wings.



WORLD EATERS ARMoured RESERVE

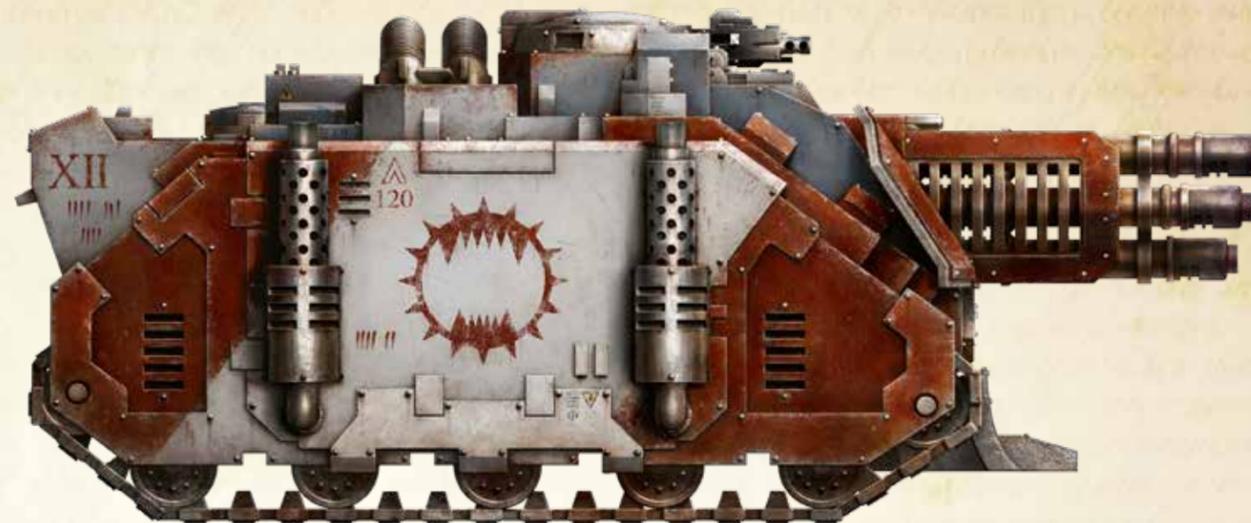
In the aftermath of the XIIth Legion's participation in the great betrayal at the Istvan System, the World Eaters accelerated their course along a trajectory begun years before, one that would ultimately see their Primarch damned and his Legionaries transformed into debased savages bearing scant resemblance to the champions of humanity the Emperor had intended them to be. As a consequence of this change, the distribution and deployment of certain units within the Legion altered as they fell from use, replaced in the line by other, often more direct, unobtrusive and brutal war machines. The World Eaters armoured reserve is an example of this phenomenon and indicative of the shifting tactical doctrines (or perhaps the increasing abandonment of such) prevalent in the Legion throughout the period between Istvan V and the end of the Shadow Crusade.

As World Eaters battle doctrines became ever more focused on direct infantry assaults, it remained nonetheless crucial to maintain a strong reserve of armoured vehicles that could be mobilised to support such massed assaults. The Legion fief world of Bodt was the base of one such reserve of armoured units, its vast armoured silos host to many hundreds of Legion war machines of every possible class, as well as a cadre of reserve crew-masters able to train new crews and to operate the machines if called upon at short notice to mount a defence of their base, as happened when the city of Tredecimmia was assaulted by the forces of Autek Mor.

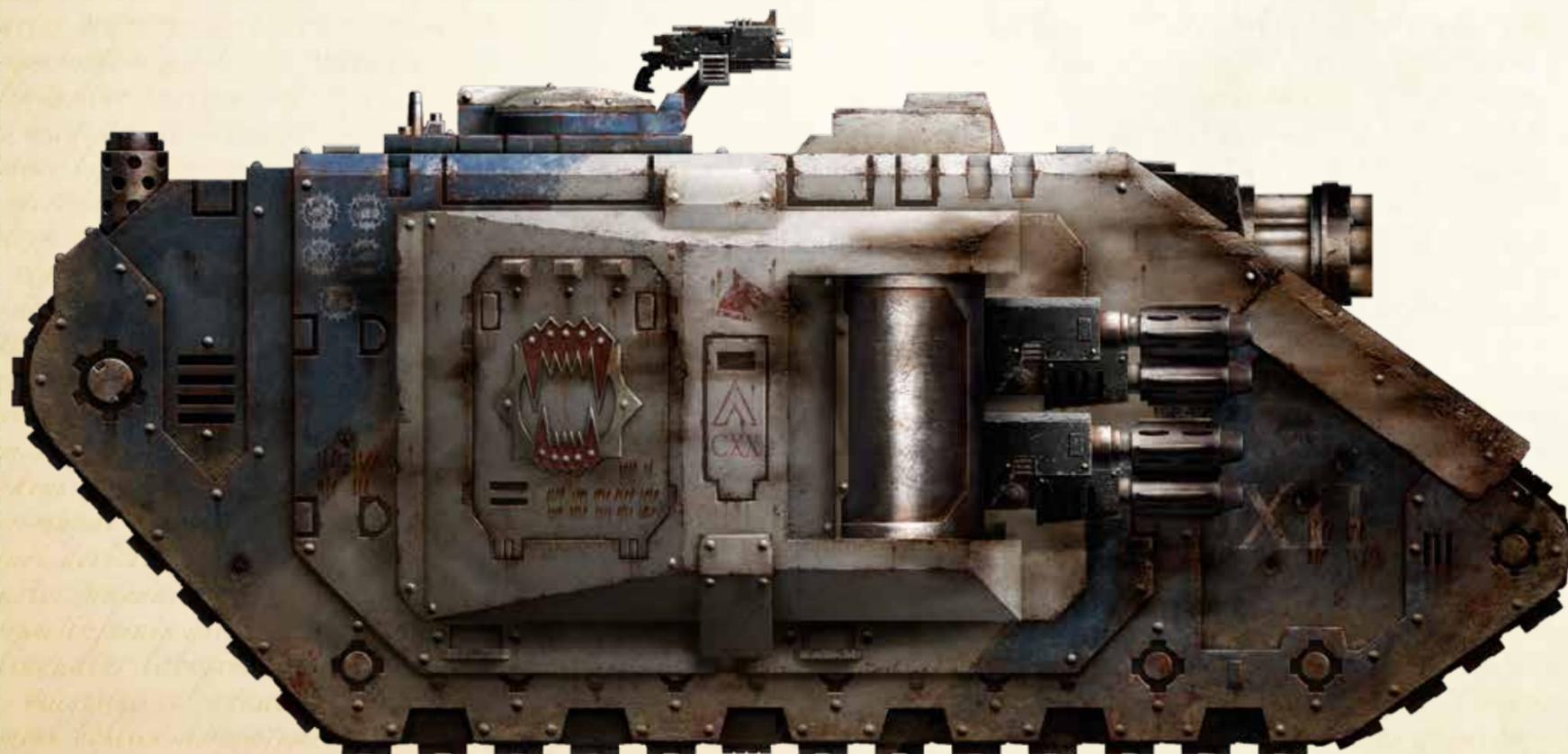
The Tredecimmia armoured reserve was host to a range of war machines, the oldest of which had served in the latter days of the Unification Wars and which bore sub-unit icons and battle honours known only to

the longest serving of Legion veterans. In contrast, the reserve also contained vehicles which had only recently been entered into the Legion's strength and which as yet bore few if any identifying marks. Even as the Horus Heresy ground onwards and savagery and chaos seized the entire galaxy, the XIIth Legion maintained a constant flow of machines and materiel from such Traitor-aligned Forge Worlds as Sarum and M'Pandex, ensuring that its arsenals were as potent as those of any other Legion.

With the coming of the *Red Talon* to Bodt however, the entire reserve held there was destroyed, even though the crew-master cadre that manned its vehicles mounted a fearsome and determined defence that, though they were doomed, reaped a heavy toll on the Loyalist invaders.



World Eaters Legion Vindicator: This tank destroyer variant of the Legion Vindicator was only just entering service among the Legiones Astartes at the time of Autek Mor's assault of Bodt, quickly finding its way into the arsenals of Loyalist and Traitor alike. This vehicle displays the changing heraldry of the Legion, as the use of blue receded to be replaced with a more bellicose and bloody crimson.



World Eaters Legion Land Raider Achilles: This vehicle was assigned to the World Eaters 120th Armoured Support Phalanx, which was withdrawn from the line and the bulk of its crews converted to assault infantry when its vehicles were dispatched to Bodt in 999.M30. The vehicle bears the icon of the War Hounds on its flank, possibly marking it as ill-favoured in the eyes of the Legion's increasingly unstable Primarch.

WORLD EATERS RED BUTCHERS TERMINATOR

LEGIONARY ZHUKEL DROR
BATTLE OF TREDECIMMIA

Once a member of the 8th Assault Company of the World Eaters, Legionary Dror was one of many of his Legion betrayed at Istvan III. His mortally wounded body was recovered during the aftermath, when it was discovered that he lived yet, albeit so grievously broken in mind he no longer knew friend from foe. Whether as cruel jest, experiment or retrieval of usable biological matter, Dror was shipped to Bodt along with hundreds of similarly wounded Legionaries, where ultimately he was inducted into the ranks of the Red Butchers.

Legionary Dror is depicted here as he and others of the Red Butchers appeared when they were unleashed upon the Loyalists invading Tredecimmia. Accounts of the bloodshed that followed are fragmentary at best, but Dror alone stands accused of slaying at least a dozen Loyalist Legiones Astartes and twice that number of Solar Auxilia before he was crushed beneath the armoured tread of a Mastodon armoured assault transport of the Iron Hands Legion.

Armour of the Red Butchers

The distinctive Terminator armour of the Red Butchers functions as a prison inbetween battles, when it is remotely locked and rendered immobile by Legion overseers. It is notable that the original blue heraldic elements are being supplanted by red markings, much of which is simply the blood of the Legion's foes.



Sarum Pattern Modified Shoulder Guard



MECHANICUM THALLAX

KALIKA COVENANT, TAGHMATA SARUM BIO-RECLAMATION COHORT,
SCOURING OF TREDECIMMIA

Sarum Mechanicum Thallax Aleph-Nun-833: This Thallax belonged to the Mechanicum force assigned to Bodt under the binding compact pledged between the World Eaters and the so-called Crimson Brotherhood of the Forge World of Sarum. Its primary role was to serve in a bio-harvesting cohort under the supervision of a Sarum Tech-Priest of the Lacyraemara, tasked with scouring the wastelands of Bodt of undesirable lifeforms, in particular outcast gun-clanners afflicted by sickness or the stigmata of mutation, and recover their remains for reconstitution into Adsecularis Tech-thralls. Its final duty, alongside several hundred other Thallax, was to oppose the coming of Autek Mor to Bodt, a task it was destroyed attempting to fulfil.

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