

WARHAMMER
40,000

ROLEPLAY

WRATH & GLORY™

RAIN OF MERCY



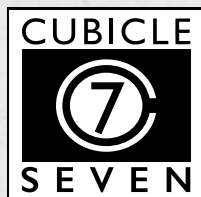
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HEROES NEEDED!

Welcome to this brief introduction to **Warhammer 40,000 Roleplay: Wrath & Glory**. What you hold in your hands (or perhaps read on some advanced dataslate) is a one-shot tabletop roleplaying game adventure set in the grim darkness of the far future. This thrilling adventure explains the basic mechanics of **Wrath & Glory**. Whether you are a veteran explorer of the 41st Millennium, or a prospective new one, the galaxy has recently changed forever — now, more than ever before, heroes are desperately needed!

THE IMPERIUM

In the distant future, the Milky Way Galaxy is dominated by the Imperium, a massive interstellar Human empire directed from Holy Terra — the planet once known as Earth. The Imperium is expansionist and feudal, ruled for more than ten millennia by the Emperor, a man now worshipped as a god.

Since its foundation the Imperium has been beset by enemies on all sides. By the Emperor's ancient decree, Humanity is destined to rule the galaxy, and has fought and extinguished many alien species. Yet the most persistent and terrifying foes of the Imperium are the foul forces of Chaos, nightmarish creatures that corrupt mortal minds, all hailing from the ungodly realm known as the Warp. The Warp is a parallel universe of raw psychic energy, where daemons are

born and Dark Gods dwell, both desiring only the downfall of mortal souls.

The Imperium can only exist on its galaxy-spanning scale by making use of the Warp. Humans born with a rare mutation that allows them to channel the power of the Warp are known as Psykers, individuals feared and revered for their ability to manipulate reality. Astropaths are one type of Psyker, trained to siphon the Warp's power to telepathically communicate over the vast reaches of space. The titanic voidships that carry the Imperium's troops and supplies enter the Warp itself, using arcane technology to travel faster than light. Dabbling with the Warp's unholy powers is risky beyond measure, as demons can sense a channelling Psyker and attempt to possess them at any opportunity, one of few methods they can use to enter reality and pursue their dark desires.

The Emperor Himself is the most powerful Psyker that has ever lived. Interred on His Golden Throne, ruling despite his death-in-life status, part of His magnanimous will still directs the light of the Astronomican: a psychic beacon used by voidships to navigate the turbulent tides of the Warp.

As an expansionist empire, the Imperium boasts the greatest fighting forces in the galaxy. The Astra Militarum, billions strong, travel the galaxy as the Imperial Guard, fighting on alien worlds and dying in droves in the Emperor's name. Elite armies of female warrior-zealots, the Adepta Sororitas, fight holy wars

against profane aliens and those that would refuse His will. Greatest of all are the Emperor's Angels of Death, His Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines. Once mortal men, each has undergone dramatic gene-enhancement surgery to make them demi-gods of war; larger, faster, stronger, greater in mind and body than any mortal could aspire to be. The Emperor Himself is said to have invented the complex biological process of making a man into a Space Marine — He created warriors capable of accomplishing his will, clad in technologically advanced armour, striding across the galaxy to conquer in His name.

Though much of the Imperium's history has been lost through endless war, stagnation and ignorance, the Emperor's status as a God is beyond question. He is the undying saviour of Humanity, a bulwark against evil, and all lives are owed to him. To deviate from the teachings of the Ecclesiarchy, state church of the Imperium, is a heresy punishable by death. Untold trillions of peasants labour on a million worlds, toiling in horrendous conditions and dying in the name of their God, proud to have lived in service to the Emperor's endless war machine.

THE GREAT RIFT

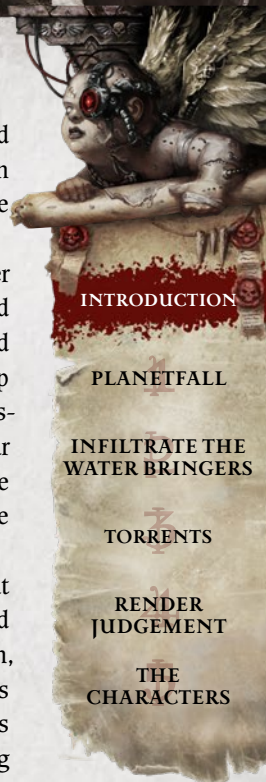
Though the Imperium stretches wide and its Human armies are mighty, they are far from incorruptible. Far too many unfortunate mortals have fallen from the Emperor's light, lured by promises of power and tempted to serve the daemonic powers of Chaos.

Many say these corrupted blasphemers orchestrated the greatest disaster to befall the Imperium in ten millennia: the emergence of Cicatrix Maledictum, the Warp Storm that tore the galaxy in two.

Though daemonkind usually cannot enter reality unless summoned from the Warp by misguided blasphemers, there are some places where reality and the Warp overlap. These places are known as Warp Rifts, the largest of which form volatile light years-wide Warp Storms that wreak havoc on interstellar travel. Daemonkind walk freely into reality from these Rifts, unsummoned by twisted minds, able to pillage and ruin as they see fit.

The Great Rift is the largest Warp Storm that has ever existed, ripping through all known space, and cutting off half of the Imperium from the Astronomican, light of the Emperor on Holy Terra. Without His guiding light, Warp travel is all but impossible. Ships and psychic messages cannot penetrate the roiling nightmare of the Great Rift. Those on the far side of the Great Rift are isolated and alone — mere Humans standing against powerful daemons and technologically advanced aliens, unsupported by the collective might of the Imperium.

The Humans living beyond the Rift are scared and powerless, some turning in desperation to heresy, others falling prey to the horrors of the grim galaxy. Many still pray for the Emperor to save them, but no few have embraced the heretical belief that the Emperor is dead and they are all damned.



A SYSTEM FORSAKEN

The Gilead System is on the edge of the Imperium Nihilus, surrounded by Warp Storms, held within the tendrils of the Great Rift itself. Founded by a crusade launched by the canonised Lord General Julyanna Gilead, the system proved a proud model of Imperial order for nearly 7,000 years.

Famed for its devout citizens, the system regularly paid its tithes without incident and was upheld as a bastion of faith by the Ecclesiarchy. In addition to the formidable might of its native Imperial Guard Regiments, its citizens rested secure under the watchful eyes of the Absolvers Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes, who had sworn a solemn vow that their vigilance over the system would never fail...

Many such oaths have been broken across the Dark Imperium, but the Absolvers have not faltered. Not yet.

When the Great Rift tore across the galaxy, Gilead was plunged into isolation, cut off from any communications from beyond the system. In the skies over Gilead's worlds the Great Rift's multi-coloured energies burn continuously, darkening the stars and staining their sun.

For three war-torn years, Gilead slipped into darkness and despair. All supply lines became strained, munitions and fuel heavily depleted, with all-too-finite reserves spent on suppressing rebellions, and repelling constant raids from aliens and the forces of Chaos. The majority of the great voidcraft of Gilead fell, one by one, rendered inoperable or utterly destroyed.

Gilead awaited the end.

THE CURSE OF HOPE

Rogue Traders are powerful individuals, given a rare authority to act as militant explorers and interstellar merchants for the Imperium. With their heavily armed ships and crews, these traders push into the unknown, seeking fortune and glory.

Three years after the opening of the Great Rift, Rogue Trader Jakel Varonius, current patriarch of the Varonius dynasty, arrived in the Gilead System with a flotilla of ships at his side. Varonius's fleet found something of incalculable value: a stable route through the Great Rift. The passage was exceedingly perilous, one that Varonius's fleet only managed due to the heroic efforts of an elder Navigator and no small amount of luck. Rumours abound this was a one-way trip through the hellish Warp Storm.

Varonius's Flotilla brought supplies, material of every kind, and astounding news: not only did the Imperium survive beyond the Great Rift, but the Primarch Roboute Guilliman, a son of the Emperor, returned after being presumed dead for millenia. Guilliman is now the Imperium's Lord Commander, and his miraculous resurrection heralded the beginning of the Indomitus Crusade. A desperate campaign of epic scale of which Varonius's forces were but a small part, the Crusade is being fought across the galaxy to reclaim the lost worlds of Imperium Nihilus.

To the utter astonishment of the small force of Absolver Astartes still fighting for Gilead, Varonius presented them reinforcements in the form of several squads of Primaris Marines — a new type of advanced Astartes that the Primarch had unleashed to restore



order across the Imperium. Varonius swiftly assessed the situation in the Gilead System, and immediately moved to reinforce it. His ships began rapidly crushing pirates, alien raiders, and driving the followers of the Dark Gods into the far edges of the system.

Varonius and his flotilla continue to reside in the Gilead System, but the Straits of the Andraste remain unmapped and treacherous. Gilead's planets are still governed by their various rulers, but many independent ships and their captains have allied themselves with the Rogue Trader's flotilla. All are aware that Jakel Varonius is the most powerful individual in the system, both politically and militarily. Few local rulers are entirely pleased with the situation, closely questioning what his true motives are, and why he remains in a system so forsaken, but none fail to regularly call for his assistance.

Varonius has assembled an unlikely coalition of disparate allies, united mostly by their desire to survive the constant horrors thrown at them by the Great Rift. These allies consist of knowledgeable Humans from every social strata, Adeptus Astartes, agents of the greatly feared Inquisition, fellow Rogue Traders of the Varonius dynasty and others; sanctioned Psykers, devout Sisters of Battle, and secretly even members of the alien Aeldari.

Theirs is no easy task. Under the Great Rift's warped light heresies are born daily. Cults are rampant. Psykers manifest at an increasingly higher rate; exposure to the Great Rift has caused vast psychic awakening across the galaxy — and the Black Ships of Terra that once harvested Psykers come no more. Recidivist pirates menace the Heartworlds from their lairs in the shrouded region at the very edge of the system known as the Reach, stealing desperately needed supplies — which they then sell off to the wealthiest in clandestine deals for extortionate rates.

YOUR ROLE

Courage is crucial. Immense courage that burns bright enough to light even the darkest of places where there are none to witness it, save, perhaps, the Emperor himself. In **Warhammer 40K Roleplay: Wrath & Glory**, you play Agents of the powers-that-be in the Gilead system. You seek to hold back the darkness even as the lights have begun to flicker and fail, undertaking dangerous missions to ensure stability for one more day. Solidarity is essential. Your party may well consist of a group that would likely exist nowhere else in the 41st Millennium — a Space Marine standing alongside a hive ganger, supported by a Tech-Priest watched by an Imperial Commissar, maybe even allied temporarily with an alien Aeldari — all of them united in this strange place, in these momentous hours, to stand together, or each die alone.

You are among the best the Gilead System has to offer, and you cannot be replaced. If you must fall, sell your life dearly.

THE GILEAD SYSTEM

Though imprisoned by the vile energies of the Great Rift, the Gilead System is a diverse (and politically divided) collection of planets, rife with opportunities for heroism and misadventure. The bulk of the Imperial population live on the Heartworlds where military forces are strongest.

Avachrus, the Forge World

This small planet is controlled by the Adeptus Mechanicus, a cult allied with the Imperium that dedicate themselves to the Machine God and the pursuit of knowledge. By ancient laws they — and only they — are allowed to study, maintain, and manufacture the strange and forgotten advanced technologies the Imperium need. In their pursuit of technological enlightenment, they replace parts of their biology and enhance their forms with bionics known as augmetics. Avachrus is the closest planet to the Gilead Star, its extreme temperatures and toxic atmosphere making life on the surface impossible. It's populations live in vast subterranean manufactorum complexes, supplying the majority of the Gilead System's munitions, fuel, and technology.

Nethreus, the Death World

Nethreus's populace live in void-shielded cities known as dominions to protect them from the titanic megafauna that roam this volcanic world. Each dominion is protected by the efforts of a baron and his court, who pilot ancient robotic battlesuits known as Imperial Knights into war. Nethreus is ruled by the young High King Vilmaar XIV of the Acastan Lineage who wishes to support Varonius, but faces stiff resistance from his insular Barons.

Ostia, the Agri World

A bountiful green planet, Ostia's surface is devoted entirely to the production of food. Ostia is now the sole breadbasket of the system, supplying the other worlds with produce, livestock, and freshwater. Paradoxically, the farmers of Ostia's verdant plains and skyscraping vertical hydroponic farms are often close to starvation, forced to turn over the fruits of their labours to nobles or the war effort, or risk the consequences. The importance of its harvests to Gilead is such that any aid the Adepts of Ostia request is immediately rendered.

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Enoch, the Shrine World

Fourth planet from the Gilead star, Holy Enoch is a world dedicated entirely to the worship of the Emperor. For more information on this planet, the setting of the adventure *Rain of Mercy*, see *Holy Enoch*.

Gilead Primus, the Hive World

Capital of the system, home to billions of souls living in sealed, multi-tiered hives cities, Gilead Primus is a cauldron of seditious factions and heretical cults.

Each of the colossal hive cities on Gilead Primus houses billions, the population of a planet crammed into a sealed, multi-tiered cauldron of perfidious guilds, seditious factions and — if you believe the fearful whispers — heretical cults. Gilead Primus's mid-tier and lower hive workers pay for everything, including the very air they breathe, with manufactorum labour quotas that must be met. Too many failures to meet quota means asphyxiation. The wealthiest live in the tips of the spires, or eschew the hives entirely for the continental-sized orbital plate called Brassyl that floats above the clouds. Gilead Prime boasts five moons, all of which are populated and support various industries.

Charybdion, the Ocean World

A world of hives built within a dark ocean massively polluted by industrial waste, Charybdion is covered with chemical refineries. Charybdion holds the Ironwatch, a facility meant to process and hold Gilead's Psykers for

the Black Ships. In recent decades, the Ironwatch has been stretched to capacity and has become a place of nightmares, as the nascent Psyker population keeps growing, with no end in sight.

The Reach

The uncharted depths of the Reach lie beyond the Heartworlds. Most know that a broad belt of asteroids tumbles through the dark in a stately dance beyond Charybdion's orbit, but further than that lie many secrets unknown to the majority of the Gilead System.

The Voidmire lies within the Reach, a steadily increasing graveyard of broken ships and debris spat out of the Great Rift. The wrecked ships range from those many thousands of years old to several recently destroyed while attempting to run the Straits of Andraste. The Voidmire is a treacherous place, holding tremendous potential riches — presuming one can survive the Aeldari Corsairs, Human pirates, and worst of all, Chaos Space Marine raiders, that dwell there.

In the depths of the Reach, there are now said to be two dwarf planets that have emerged from the Great Rift, which have since joined the Heartworlds in their journey about the Gilead Star. Dubbed Trollius and Vulkaris, each holds dark secrets of their own, seemingly conjured from the Warp itself. There are whispers of a broken Aeldari Craftworld, a psycho-active ship that once held the population of a planet. Of monsters birthed by fallen Tech-Priests. Of eldritch engines that can transform whole worlds, or destroy them utterly.

HOLY ENOCH

Picture an emerald whose lustre has faded. A world of vast oceans and narrow desert land masses entirely covered in temples and shantytowns, with whole mountain ranges carved into the likenesses of heroes and saints. The 4th sphere spinning about Gilead's sullen star. Holy Enoch: a shrine world, one teeming with life... too much life.

Enoch was once a pilgrimage destination that oversaw the passage of billions of off-worlders every decade. At any given time, millions of wayfarers travelled between Enoch's many holy sites from the shoals of Inish to the Temple of the Emperor's Archangel, Tygranas Dalir.

When the Great Rift opened, millions of pilgrims were suddenly trapped on the surface, even as millions more were stuck in their transport vessels in the midst of either recently arriving or attempting to leave — all of which were soon dropped off on the planet as well.



Enoch was a place of holy visitation, designed to cater only to a transitory population. The spaceports were swiftly overrun. The population of the boarding houses swelled, then overflowed, as did the countless churches, cathedrals, temples, monasteries, shrines, and abbeys. Promises that such accommodations were only temporary, that things would soon return to 'normal' proved false. Numberless tent-settlements soon sprang up about every marbled city and as the months drew on, became seemingly permanent slums that stretched across the planet's sparse continents.

Now, three years on from the Great Rift's first appearance, Enoch is divided into two distinct castes: the Ecclesiarchy, priesthood of the shrine world, and the refugees. The castes unite in their collective misery.

The majority of Enoch's population is on the edge of starvation. While the Ecclesiarchy consistently provides subsistence rations to the starving masses, they continually fall short. The situation is so dire that one year ago, before the arrival of Jakel Varonius, the Enochian Synod voted to take grim action. The Sisters of Battle, elite army of the Ecclesiarchy, were dispatched en masse to eliminate several heretical cults said to be amongst the refugee pilgrims, the fools tempted in their hunger by whispers of daemonic power emanating from the Great Rift.

Though the Adepta Sororitas did their duty and slaughtered many, rumours abound that the evidence of heresy was manufactured — a foul sham to keep the population under control. The Sisters of Battle now hold frequent masses in penitence for the potential tragedy, referring to it as the 'Night of Tears'. This only stokes hearsay that the Ecclesiarchy are becoming more and more corrupt and callous as they look down on the populace from their armoured cathedrals.

Enoch's wealthy live in barricaded towns filled with ornate, dilapidated churches, fortified towers, and armoured cathedrals. If they must venture out, they are accompanied by heavily armed bodyguards. Priests give their sermons from behind armoured glasscrete. The shantytowns are a seemingly endless mass of ragged lean-tos, and poorly built hovels. Violence is sudden and frequent. Gangs and criminal syndicates rule many districts, where even the sternest Ministorum Enforcers fear to tread. Misery breeds heresy. Cannibalistic cults are common, with darker cults still lurking in the shadows. Newly awakened Psykers and daemonic possessions are appearing with greater frequency throughout the slums, the few that know of their malevolent existence believe that the Enoch Synod is deliberately slow to stop or prevent such atrocities, in the hope that they'll slaughter 'excess' population.

INSPIRED 'INDUSTRIES'

The majority of the stranded pilgrims originally came from prosperous families that could afford travel to a shrine world. While some carried enough wealth or had sufficient connections to establish themselves within the towns; most became destitute and were cast quickly into the slums. Many discovered that their former occupations were of little or no use on Enoch.

To survive in Enoch's changed culture, many swiftly turned to dubious new enterprises. Before the opening of the Great Rift, Enoch did a brisk trade in souvenir relics, mostly counterfeit. The relic counterfeiters quickly turned their arts towards smith work, creating needed tools and weapons. Guns remain incredibly rare on Enoch, but blades are common. It's considered foolhardy to not carry one at all times within the slums.

Most pilgrims previously left Enoch with a simple ornamental skinplant memento — a sophisticated tattoo using subcutaneous crystalline circuitry. These tattoos are most commonly laced with light emitting diodes that the bearer can control. The criminals, gangs, and even some cults of Enoch's slums now use them to denote membership, leading to a number of startling appearances for different groups, who cover themselves with intricate glyphs and brilliant, shifting symbols, from the holy to the heretical. The most clever and technically advanced use their skinplants to broadcast secret messages to those 'in the know'.

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With the equivalent of 'thin tasteless gruel' making up the majority of the food available on Enoch, any other food is precious. Entire criminal enterprises exist to smuggle choice cuisine out of the secured towns. Many poor families attempt to supplement their meagre rations with small gardens, generally yielding mixed results. Even so, seeds, more than coin, are a valuable commodity in many parts of Enoch. Spices of every kind are in high demand, and groups sell a wide variety of seasonings, legal and otherwise. A small pouch of flavourful herbs is worth more than a Human life in the shantytowns.

THE SEA'S BOUNTY

The hard-working coastal folk are one of the more privileged groups across Enoch's continents' shores. Outside the fortified towns, these fishing village folk are viewed with envy by the slum dwellers. By ancient tradition, Enoch's fish and sea materials belong to the Ecclesiarchy; however, those that haul them from the oceans are allowed to first provide for themselves and their families, before passing on the rest of their harvest to the Adepts.

In the first few years after the Great Rift opened, the stranded pilgrims could easily wade into the shore and return with a few fish, using no more than their bare hands. As time passed though, under the baleful light of the Great Rift, Enoch's sea creatures changed. 'Casual' fishermen were increasingly injured over the passing years, until eventually, they were torn to pieces. Enoch's traditional fisherfolk had to armour their boats from attacks from increasingly deadly sea life, and finally had no choice but to move on from their simple nets, instead employing specially armoured lattices, reinforced lines, and harpoons — in some cases, explosive-tipped ones.

To defend against the ravenous refugees, fishing villages became walled, heavily armed strongholds with insular hereditary membership mostly limited to ancient Enochian lines. They still pass the majority of their increasingly difficult-to-catch hauls on to the Ecclesiarchy, but with each year, their catches have grown progressively stranger, and they fear the day the bounty of Enoch's seas is declared tainted. The fisherfolk also make what produce they can from dried sea plants, and some dabble in trade goods made from sea materials.

THE ADVENTURE

The following pages detail an introductory **Wrath & Glory** adventure for four players and one GM. The adventure uses simplified rules, which will be introduced when relevant, and simplified characters, which can be found at the end of the adventure.

PART 1: PLANETFALL

The characters have been assembled by Jakel Varonius at the request of the Ecclesiarchy, tasked with investigating a 'troubling matter' on the Gilead System's shrine-world. They are strapped into the once-opulent seats of an Aquila Lander, a high-end Imperial transport craft, flying from Obasi's Imperial Cruiser to the fishing village Mourncleft. They have been told to meet a local Ecclesiarchy Enforcer, a privately hired law enforcer, who will explain their mission.

The interior of the Lander is lit by candles and the glow of a hololith — a technological device little understood even by Delta-Signis-45 — which projects flat hologram pits of Enoch with accompanying information. The characters are free to ask questions about Enoch, which you can answer using any relevant information from this booklet.

TESTS & LANDING

Whenever you need to determine an uncertain outcome in **Wrath & Glory**, you make a Test. To make a Test, you roll a number of six-sided-dice (d6) determined by your character's Attributes and Skills. Dice that land on a 4 or a 5 count as one Icon. Dice that land on a 6 count as 2 Icons. If you roll equal to or more Icons that the Difficulty Number (DN) of a Test, you succeed.

The **Wrath & Glory Rulebook** walks you through creating your own characters, but for the purposes of this adventure, the number of dice a character needs to roll is detailed whenever a Test is needed.

As Obasi pilots the Lander, the hololith projection blinks and shudders. A few minor warning claxons go off, and Obasi must roll 4 dice to attempt a DN 2 Pilot Test. If Obasi succeeds, he regains control of the aircraft. If he fails, Delta-Signis-45 can step in and commune with the Lander's machine spirit, ensuring a smooth landing.



WRATH POINTS

Wrath Points are a currency that characters in **Wrath & Glory** can earn through impressive acts or good roleplaying — feel free to award a player with a Wrath Point for inventive or entertaining moments. A player can spend a Wrath Point to reroll all results of 1, 2, or 3 when they make a Test, potentially turning those failures into Icons.

The Lander approaches Mournleft just before sunset. The village is shaped like a large 'V' wrapped about a deep crevasse that parts a set of towering shoreline cliffs. Boats of various sizes hang in the crevasse, well above the churning surface of the ocean, each connected by long cables to mechanical winches on top of the cliff. To the north, a large mountain rises, easily 3,000 metres tall. Atticus notices that one face has been carved into an exacting likeness of Tygranas Dalir, former Chapter Master of the Absolvers, gargantuan and gazing out to sea.

Mournleft appears to have less than fifty buildings. A curving fortified wall with gun emplacements surrounds the village, all the way to the cliffs. Beyond the village, a shantytown stretches off towards the horizon. As the sun sets, hundreds of street fires spring to life. The Lander gracefully drops the characters off at a small landing pad near the cliff edge. A heavily built older woman wearing an armoured bodyglove awaits them.

RASHIDA KANDLAN

Enforcer Rashida Kandlan has grey eyes and unusual scarring around her mouth. Kandlan was born on Gilead Prime, and worked for decades as an Enforcer amongst the smog-filled lower levels of Hive Calumina. She had an augmetic rebreather installed when she was a teenager to ensure the noxious chemical air didn't damage her lungs, and now that it is removed, she takes every opportunity to breathe in the fresh sea air deeply.

Play Kandlan as a bemused, harried law enforcer. She is very happy to see the characters, and explains that an Administratum survey judged one Enforcer enough to police Mournleft and the surrounding region. It has been a century since that survey was conducted, and Kandlan estimates that she should have at least fifty fellow Enforcers to police the current population. But it's just her — and now the characters.

THE BRIEFING

Kandlan brings the characters to her nearby home to explain their mission. Draw on the **Enoch** section for details Kandlan imparts regarding the local situation. While starvation is always a problem on Enoch, so too is fresh water. Enoch's oceans are brine — non-potable to unaugmented Humans. There are desalination units, but they are ancient, their machine spirits are cantankerous, and there is never enough water to go around.

A new cult has arisen within the local slums called the Water Bringers, said to be led by a Saint who brings forth miracles in the form of fresh, flowing water. The cult is growing rapidly. Kandlan's brief investigation into the Water Bringers brought very mixed results; word on the street is the Water Bringers are faithful to the Emperor, and generously share their water with all. Conflicting rumours abound, with some claiming the cult charge ruinous prices for water, others that it is a pious front for a villainous gang of scammers.

The Ecclesiarchy is very interested in talk of a Saint, as any unbacked claim of Sainthood is an unforgivable heresy. Kandlan charges the characters with infiltrating the Water Bringers, determining the truth of the Saint's status — unsanctioned Psyker, heretic, or overlooked blessed of the Emperor — then rendering their judgement. They are to decide what is to be done and do it — as trusted agents of the Imperium and representatives of order within the Gilead System, none will question their decision.

Kandlan suggests that ingratiating themselves with the Water Bringers might be their best move, but a bit of applied sleuthing wouldn't hurt.

THE CROWD

A buzzer sounds, and Kandlan notes that it is 'feeding time', asking the characters to follow her. She leads them towards Mournleft's fortified wall as twilight descends on the village. As they walk, she points at the titanic statue to the north while shyly noting to Atticus:

'Tygranas keeps an eye on us all, my Lord. Why, that's the fifth largest statue of him on the planet!'

Kandlan states their timing is good as the Donum Sabora will allow her to point out their target. Several villagers with rough appearances and augmetics incorporating lacquered wood approach, carrying buckets of fish viscera, heads, bones, and various slightly disturbing tentacled parts.



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'The Adepts get their due first, and well, we try to give what we can to the pilgrims. It's not much, but it's something for their pots.'

As they approach the wall, the characters easily hear what sounds like hundreds of shouting people on the far side of it. Kandlan directs the characters to a shuttered blind at the top of the wall near a gun emplacement, where they can look out without being seen. There are hundreds of people along the wall, mostly standing in groups. The majority are dressed in rags. Many are brightly lit up with glowing skinplants in vibrant colours along their arms, and occasionally, faces. A wave of pungent odors strike the characters; the crowd is rank, worse than the fish offal.

OBSERVATIONS

Whilst Obasi talks to Kandlan, Atticus, and Delta-Signis-45 can each attempt a **DN 3 Awareness Test**. Constantina, well versed in religious iconography and behaviours, immediately notices a group clad in modest robes with blue-green skinplants that shimmer like the sun on water. The crowd parts for them easily, and if she points them out, Kandlan identifies them as the Water Bringers.

Atticus

Atticus rolls 6d6 for his Awareness Test. If he succeeds, he notices the crowd parting reluctantly for a group with dark red and silver flickering skinplants, making it appear as though a crimson-tinged rain is flowing over their skin. Unlike the other shantytown folk, they aren't emaciated; in fact, they look well-muscled and relatively healthy. It is clear to Atticus' Astartes senses they pose a significant combat threat. This group is known as the **Deluge**.

Delta-Signis-45

Delta-Signis-45 rolls 4d6 for their Awareness Test. If they succeed, they use their telescoping augmetic eyes to capture the faces of any person of interest, giving them +2 bonus dice to any Test the characters make to locate the **Water Bringers** and the **Deluge**.

NIGHTFALL

The large crowd slowly disperses, disappointed, as the villagers run out of offerings. One or more of the characters may decide to follow the Water Bringers immediately, if so, Kandlan shows them a tunnel that allows them to slip out of the village. Otherwise, she offers them a small house for the evening.

PART 2: INFILTRATE THE WATER BRINGERS

The shantytown surrounding Mournleft is enormous, brightly coloured, and smells abysmal. It is loud with the sounds of people, but the heavy chugging of industry, vehicles, and other Imperial machinery is conspicuously absent (which may disturb Delta-Signis-45 a little). The only sources of light are fires, the glow of personal skinplants, and a few jealously guarded sputtering electronic lumens.

Each character has different Skills they can use to gather information on the Water Bringers and the current situation in the shantytown. If a character would gain no new information from succeeding on a Test, they learn that gang members with dark red and silver skinplants are suspected of abducting some of the shantytown's wretched denizens.

OBASI

Obasi can roll 8d6 to attempt a **DN 3 Cunning** or **Persuasion Test**. A failure on either Test ends with the shanty scum taking offence at being questioned by what they regard as a snooty noble. They pelt him with the few disgusting scraps of 'food' even the starving masses wouldn't consider eating.

Cunning

A successful **Cunning Test** allows Obasi to ingratiate himself with one of the many gangs in the shantytown. They tell him that each gang has a distinct skinplant style and pattern, and will guide him to the **The Water Shrine**. Obasi notices that some Water Bringers do indeed charge for the 'gift' of water, bartering with whatever they can — favours, spices, tools, or seeds.

Persuasion

A successful **Persuasion Test** results in Obasi impressing the locals, regaling them with tales of his adventures across the galaxy (some of them might even be true). The common denizens revere the Water Bringers for restoring the shrine they operate from, and will show Obasi there, claiming '*Saint Martika will save us all!*'

CONSTANTINA

Constantina can roll 6d6 to make a **DN 3 Intimidation** or **Leadership Test**. A failure on either Test results in the populace fleeing from the zealous Constantina, seeing her as a wrathful judgement sent by the Emperor.

This may make any other social Tests for Constantina more difficult in the future. If word of the frighteningly righteous Sister gets around, you can add +2 DN to any social Test she makes.

Intimidation

A successful **Intimidation Test** results in Constantina leaning on a religious local, who confesses everything they know about the Water Bringers. They say they believe the cult is faithful to the Emperor, but that the whole operation is a sham run by a gang with access to a well, and will point out the Water Shrine before scurrying away.

Leadership

A successful **Leadership Test** allows Constantina to rally the faithful around her, creating a chanting procession of the Emperor's awed faithful who believe Constantina's presence is proof Martika is a Saint, leading the Sister to the Water Shrine.

DELTA-SIGNIS-45

Delta-Signis-45 can roll 6d6 to make a **DN 3 Investigation Test**. If they succeed, they tail several members of the Water Bringers, discovering the location of the Water Shrine and that though some Water Bringers give their wares freely, others ask for goods and services in return. If Delta-Signis-45 fails the Test, they spend a couple of distracted hours inspecting what they believe to be a lost pattern of naval technology, only to conclude that it is, in fact, total junk.

Atticus

Atticus can roll 6d6 to make a **DN 3 Awareness or Stealth Test**. A success on either Test reveals that there are two gangs operating in the area, both of which demand payment for water, though the Water Bringers also give out alms to those in great need. Atticus can follow members of either gang back to their hideout. A failure on either Test results in the novice Space Marine discovering nothing, but his training and transhuman enhancements ensuring nobody notices him unless he wants them to.

THE WATER SHRINE

The Water Bringers have converted an abandoned Imperial Shrine into their headquarters, and guard it closely. Characters that approach wishing to 'join up'

are directed to a man named Tybalt. He proves to be a slender man with dark blond hair and extensive Water Bringer-style skinplants. He immediately sizes up the characters with interest, and whistles appreciatively at their weaponry. He asks a few questions of where the characters came from, who they used to be with, and so on. It doesn't take much to convince him, though, as he knows exactly what he wants from them:

'There's a group here in this town that's a real problem for us. Nasty folk, they are. Hurt our members more than once, I can tell you. Some of them disappeared. Call themselves 'the Deluge' — doubt the Saint's divinity, openly. Disappear a few of them, and you're in.'

Tybalt has little else useful to say about the Deluge, and leaves the job of finding them up to the characters to prove their competence.

PART 3: TORRENTS

The characters can use any of the Tests listed in **Part 2: Infiltrate The Water Bringers** to try to find the Deluge. If they succeed on any Test, they discover the location of **The Desalination Station**. Every Test also imparts one of the following pieces of additional information:

- ☠ The desalination unit owned by the Deluge is their prized possession, and though upkeep is expensive, they guard it above all else.
- ☠ The Deluge used to be the only water suppliers for miles until the Water Bringers showed up, and they charge dearly for their wares.
- ☠ Most folk are wary of the Deluge; they are known to be ruthless in their 'business practices'.
- ☠ A few people claim that the Deluge kidnap folk who don't regularly buy from them.

A failure on any Test alerts the Deluge that the characters are looking for them. With this knowledge, the Deluge set up an ambush, doing whatever they can to lure the characters into the locked basement where they can have their way with the nosy newcomers.

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THE DESALINATION STATION

The Deluge's headquarters appears to be a two-storey abandoned Ecclesiarchy watch station, 50 metres long on each side. Most of its original outer defences have been stripped for building materials, though the walls are still fortified and solid.

Some players may think to 'join up' with the Deluge. The Deluge does have an agent not unlike Tybalt named Xol; however, she is no fool and a single glance at either Atticus or Constantina immediately makes her deeply suspicious. She acts as if nothing is wrong and brings the characters in for a 'chat' in **The Basement**, which is definitely an ambush.

The inside of the Deluge's headquarters looks like what you would expect, with personal quarters on the second floor and business operations, including various illicit practices, on the first floor.

There are 15 Deluge Gangers (see page opposite) at the headquarters at any one time, 5 on each floor, including the Basement. Each wields a 'Chainsword', constructed from rusted cast-off fishing equipment. If the characters want to sneak past any of them, they must succeed a **DN 3 Stealth Test**; Atticus rolls 8d6, Delta-Signis-45 rolls 4d6, and both Constantina and Obasi roll 3d6.

THE BASEMENT

The Deluge do, in fact, have a desalination unit in the basement, one that has been very heavily modified, so much so that at a glance Delta-Signis-45 knows it is tech-heresy. It inefficiently processes water out of blood, leading the populace of Mourncliff to sinful imbibing. The basement is an abattoir, with hung-up corpses in the process of being de-sanguinated, barrels of blood, casks of water, and a room for salting 'meat'. The Deluge are led by a well-built man named Calibraxis, who lurks in the basement. His body is covered with a mass of scar-tissue, brilliant crimson skinplants, a coating of fresh blood, and very little else. He carries a Hand Cannon and wields a Chain Axe constructed from salvaged butchering equipment.

Calibraxis refers to the Characters by the meal he thinks they'll make,

'Oh, you're a full course with all the trimmings. You can be desert. Did those pathetic Water Bringers send you? I think I'll send your heads back to them.'

Once the contents of the basement are revealed, the Deluge do not stop attacking until they, or the characters, are dead. The characters have to determine what, if anything, is to be done with the heretical device.

COMBAT

Wrath & Glory has a deep yet accessible combat system designed to help you roleplay the high-octane battles of **Warhammer 40,000**. This system has been simplified to fit within these short pages.

Combat is turn based. As an Astartes, Atticus possesses Transhuman Speed, and goes first in every combat. After Atticus takes his turn, the Gamemaster chooses a Nonplayer Character (NPC) to take their turn. When the NPC has taken their turn, it's Constantina, Delta-Signis-45, or Obasi's turn — it's up to the players to pick. The characters and NPCs take turns until everyone has had a turn, then the order starts again with Atticus. This continues until the fighting stops.

YOUR TURN

On your turn you can Move and take an Action. A character can Move 6 metres. An Action could be using a weapon, barricading a door, pushing some heavy machinery on an unsuspecting target — anything you can think of.

Actions & Attacks

When using your Action to make an Attack, check the weapon for your character and roll a number of d6 equal to the number in the **DICE** column. If you roll Icons that equal or exceed your target's Defence, you hit!

Damage

If you hit your target, you deal Damage. Damage is always a number for the weapon, plus a number of Extra Dice (ED). Roll d6 equal to the ED: results of 4 or 5 add one extra Damage, results of 6 add two extra Damage. Once you have your final Damage value, subtract the target's Resilience. The remainder is inflicted as Wounds. When an NPC or a Character runs out of Wounds, they die.



DELUGE GANGER			
Defence	Resilience	Wounds	
2	5	5	
Weapon	Dice	Damage	Range

Chainsword	3	6 +4 ED	-
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CALIBRAXIS			
Defence	Resilience	Wounds	
2	7	8	
Weapon	Dice	Damage	Range
Hand Cannon	4	9 +2 ED	12 metres
Chain Axe	4	10 +5 ED	Melee

PART 4: RENDER JUDGEMENT

Word gets around quickly in the shantytown once the Deluge have been attacked (or eliminated). If the characters killed a few members of the Deluge, Tybalt is thrilled and they are invited to join the Water Bringers. If the characters wiped out the Deluge's headquarters, their actions draw the direct attention of Preacher Swaney, who is both very interested in and suspicious of such 'enthusiastic converts'.

In either case, Tybalt signals to a gang member on the upper level of the shrine, who rings a bell. He invites the characters inside, saying:

'It'll be a couple of hours before the next Blessing, but you're welcome to hang around before we introduce you to Saint Martika.'

A CULT DIVIDED

While many of the cultists are devout worshippers of the Emperor that believe Martika is a genuine Saint, an equal number are thugs out to make a profit, and are secretly led by Preacher Swaney. Swaney is an opportunistic criminal who began masquerading as a preacher when he discovered Martika's gifts, lionising her as a Saint and taking the profits.

The Preacher talks to the characters amidst the pews of the Water Bringers' massive restored church-shrine, playing the role of the pious preacher perfectly. If pressed, he explains in a low whisper that anything exchanged for water is not a payment — merely a donation to help the cause.

The shrine walls are lined with statues depicting various Imperial Saints and heroes. All of the statues

have empty barrels surrounding them. Questions about this draws smiles from every Water Bearer and a 'you'll see'.

THE BLESSING

Over the course of an hour, more cultists — both true believers and Swaney's thugs — arrive, chattering excitedly. Once the cult is assembled, Saint Martika enters the room, accompanied by her bodyguard, Gond, an immense abhuman standing taller and wider than even Atticus. The Saint proves to be a nondescript woman in her forties, with a shaved head and a face entirely covered with an intricate skinplant mosaic.

The Saint kneels upon a dais and begins to pray to the Emperor for his mercy. Her voice rings out in tones so clear the statues in the hall seem to resonate with it. As she continues to pray, the characters can feel moisture rising in the hall. As her prayer reaches its crescendo, the Water Bringers all cry out and water bursts from the eyes and hands of the statues about the hall in torrents, flooding down to fill the barrels about their pedestals to overflowing, causing cultists to swiftly run for more buckets and rags to soak up the excess.

Afterwards, the Saint speaks with the congregation, receiving them at the base of the dais, under the watchful eye of Gond. She smiles when she takes Constantina's hands, saying *'I can see the faith shining in your eyes, Sister.'*

The Saint readily answers questions if she can, stating that the *'Light of the Emperor'* has been with her for the last year or so. If asked about charging for water, she smiles and says, *'Oh never! We only accept donations freely given.'*

DECISIONS

Obasi can roll 6d6 to make a **DN 3 Insight Test**. If he succeeds, he realises that she is very honest and clearly believes what she says.

Constantina can roll 4d6 to make a **DN 3 Scholar Test**. If she succeeds, she recalls many different tales of Saints performing strange miracles, but none like this. She is unsure if the event was Warp-craft or of a malign influence.

Delta-Signis-45 can roll 6d6 to make a **DN 3 Tech Test**. If they succeed, they tell the statues are perfectly normal, with no appetures from which the water could have come.

It is up to the characters to decide Saint Martika's fate. If they believe she is a Saint, they can report their decision to the Ecclesiarchy, and are duly rewarded for their service with a set of purity seals and the promise of increased rank and more challenging missions to come.

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EXECUTION

If the characters decide to kill Martika, they have to get past the rest of the Water Bringers — including Gond. She is constantly surrounded by 20 cult members: half are Preacher Swaney's armed thugs, using the same statistics of a Deluge Ganger. Swaney and his thugs flee if Martika dies — there is no profit in revenge. The other half are civilians, who crowd around Martika to form a shield of bodies, calling their attackers heretics whilst Gond charges. Martika and the civilians die if they are hit by any attack, but the characters will have to murder several Human shields to get to the 'Saint'.

Gond

A simple-minded Ogryn who is utterly faithful to Saint Martika, and will defend her with his life.

Defence	Resilience	Wounds	
1	8	15	
Weapon	Dice	Damage	Range
Rusted Boat Hook	8	11 +4 ED	Melee

THE CHARACTERS

Obasi is an ambitious Scion of Rogue Trader Jakel Varonius. He believes that by solving problems in the Heartworlds he can build his reputation, and eventually, his fortune. Atticus, Constantina, and Delta-Signis-45 have each been assigned to aid Obasi, and Jakel Varonius hopes this diverse strike-team will be capable of handling the many problems the System faces that can't be solved by the immeasurable firepower of the Imperial Guard.

ATTICUS, SPACE MARINE SCOUT

Standing over 2 metres tall and rippling with muscle, Atticus is proud a Astartes of the Absolvers Chapter. Grim but honourable, he follows his Chapter's strictures rigorously, refusing to ever break his word. Atticus's dour personality was intensified by his trials and gene-seed operations, leaving him disconnected from the mortals he protects. He seeks only to bring honour to his Chapter through his actions, and earn a Black Carapace, becoming a fully-fledged Space Marine. He respects Delta-Signis-45's intelligence and Constantina's martial prowess, but is uncomfortable with any form of religious zealotry.

Transhuman Speed

Atticus always takes the first Turn in combat. Once per game, Atticus can make two attacks in one Turn.



Defence	Resilience		Wounds
3	9		11
Weapon	Dice	Damage	Range
Boltgun	8	10 +4 ED	24 metres
Astartes Combat Knife	7	7 +2 ED	Melee

CONSTANTINA, SISTER OF BATTLE

A devout member of the Adepta Sororitas, Constantina has proven herself a capable combatant against scores of heretics, and has been assigned to the group to ensure they follow Ecclesiarchical law. Though zealous and uncompromising, Constantina relishes the opportunity to keep the Emperor's realm safe. She reveres Atticus as a demi-god, is standoffish with Delta-Signis-45 due



Defence	Resilience	Wounds	
3	9	9	
Weapon	Dice	Damage	Range
Bolt Pistol	5	10 +2 ED	12 metres
Chainsword	7	10 +5 ED	Melee

to religious differences, and constantly monitors Obasi for impiety. The Rogue Trader calls her 'Tina', which she despises.

The Emperor Protects

Once per game, Constantina can pray to the Emperor, causing any attack to miss its target.

DELTA-SIGNIS-45, SKITARIUS

Delta-Signis-45 remembers nothing of their life before being given their designation by the Tech-Priests of Avachrus. Their body was almost completely rebuilt, and their unnessaccary memories erased to serve the Machine God. Delta-Signis-45 accompanies Obasi as a tech advisor, following their orders doggedly and to the letter, perfectly logical and driven to do good in the Ommissiah's name. The Skitarius inspects any technology they find — including their allies' equipment.

The Flesh Is Weak

Delta-Signis-45's augmetics include an Auspex that detects energy emissions, motion, and other life signs within 50 metres. Delta-Signis-45 also has an in-built Diagnostor that they can use to heal all of a character's Wounds over 1 hour.



Defence	Resilience	Wounds	
2	9	8	
Weapon	Dice	Damage	Range
Galvanic Rifle	6	10 +1 ED	30 metres
Shock Maul	4	6 +4 ED	Melee

OBASI VARONIUS, ROGUE TRADER

Youngest of the Scions of House Varonius, Obasi is desperate to make his name as a hero, retire early, and live off the profits as far away from the battlefield as possible. Obasi is cautious, but not cowardly — he simply enjoys the pleasures of life far too much to see his end. A smooth talker, storyteller, and expert dealmaker, Obasi's silver tongue and ambitious instincts have got his allies into trouble on many occasions, and out of it on a few.

Silver Tongue

Once per game, Obasi can choose to automatically convince someone to agree with him.



Defence	Resilience	Wounds	
2	7	6	
Weapon	Dice	Damage	Range
Needle Pisol	5	8 +3 ED	12 metres
Void Sabre	5	7 +4 ED	Melee

