

The Somnium Stars Campaign Players Guide

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Welcome to The Somnium Stars Campaign!

First of all, let me thank you very much for your contribution to The Independent Characters Patreon efforts. It is because of people like you that we are able to produce the top quality show that we do, as well as expand our efforts in new and exciting directions. This campaign is one of those directions!

Without your support we would not have gotten to this point and we think you are going to like what you are about to experience.

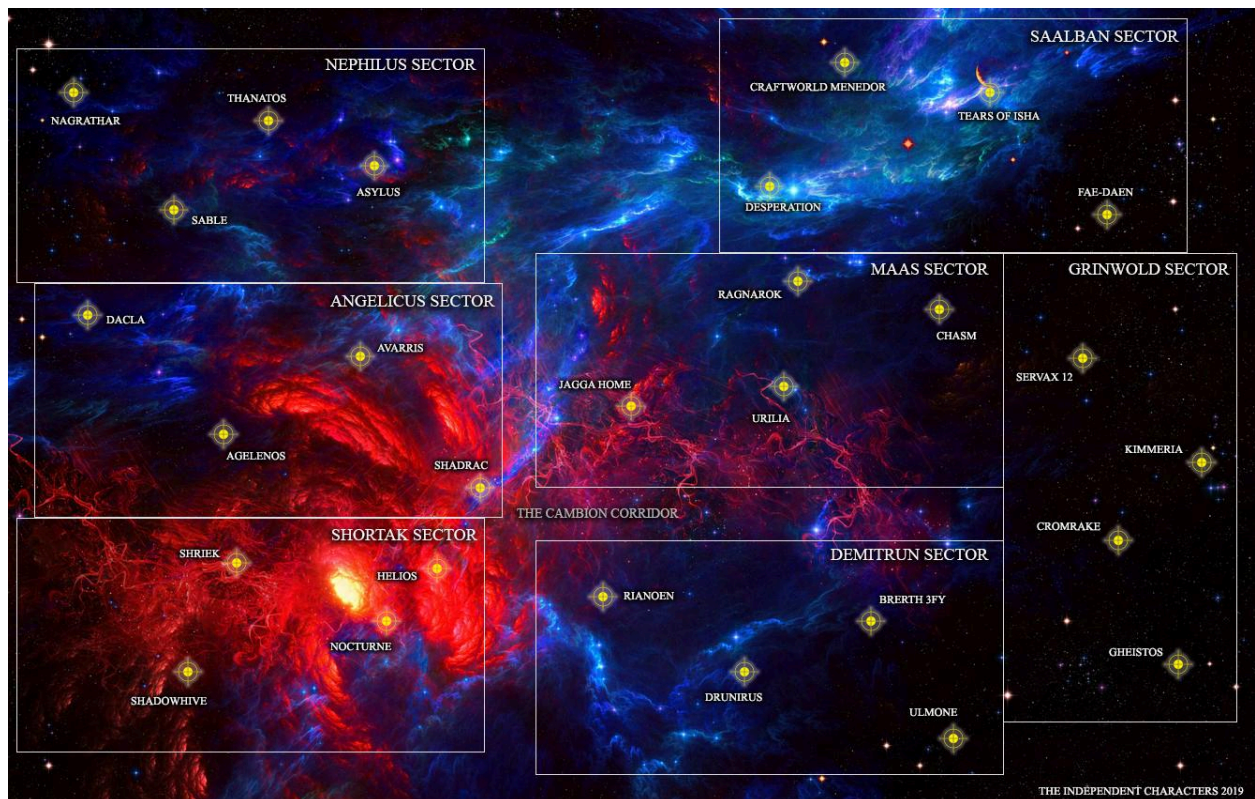
Campaign Objectives

The Somnium Stars Campaign spans many sectors in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. These sectors are clustered around a warp rift to the galactic North of the Cicatrix Maledictum, also known as the Great Rift.

In this region of the galaxy, Imperial forces are cut off from the light of Terra and Chaos runs rampant, hunting the scattered remnants of Imperial loyalists in the area. Meanwhile, the xenos races in the region, those flung into the region by the vagaries of the Warp and those that have always been here, lurking behind the scenes, work to adapt to their new environment and conquer what regions they can.

Be it Imperium, Chaos, or the many Xenos factions, each finds itself isolated in the Somnium Stars and beset on all sides. Only by putting aside ancient enmities and finding common cause can any faction hope to survive...

The objective of the Somnium Stars Campaign is to band together with others of your faction and attempt to drive out all opposing forces while protecting your home sector.



The Sonium Stars Campaign Map

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The Campaign Rounds:

Each Round of the Campaign runs for exactly one month. The campaign will run for twelve months, or exactly one year. It will start *June 1st, 2019* and run until *May 31st, 2020*.

What is the Objective of the Campaign?

The main objective of the campaign is to conquer and gain control of opposing factions planets, while maintaining control of your own planets.

As you look at the Campaign Map you will notice the various sectors each contain four planets. However, not all planets have the same value, and thus some are harder to conquer than others.

There are four types of planets in each sector:

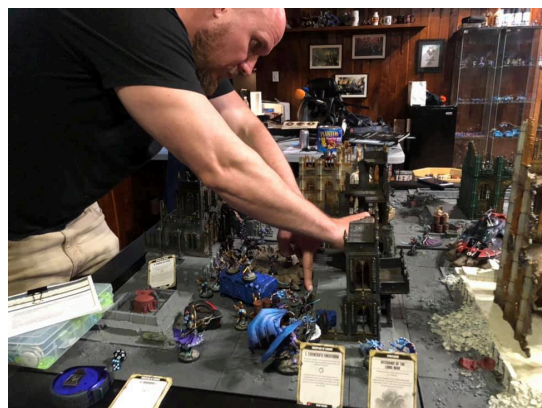
- **Outpost Worlds**
 - These are the lightest defended worlds of a faction's sector and thus the most easily taken away. They consist of outposts or early beachheads of the *original* controlling faction.
- **Resource Worlds**
 - These worlds are of moderate value to the starting faction and are slightly better defended than Outpost Worlds. Usually they contain valuable resources for the *original* controlling faction.
- **Sanctified Worlds**
 - These worlds, for many varied reasons, are important to the original controlling faction. For Imperium forces, the world may be consecrated ground or contain important holy artifacts. For the Orks these worlds may have some important cultural significance. Whatever the reason, these are one of the most critical facilities to the *original* controlling faction.
- **Fortress Worlds**
 - If there is a "home base" for each faction, the Fortress World is it! This world is of the utmost importance and is thus the most heavily defended and sought after. Taking a Fortress World from its *original* controlling faction is incredibly difficult but can be done. However, holding on to it may prove even harder!

The values of these worlds are controlled behind the scenes. To represent the difficulty in taking control of them, each world has a defense value that is factored into battles there. This value is only applied to forces fighting there that are NOT a part of the original controlling faction.

This means that even if your faction loses one of its original, starting planets, you will find them easier to take back from those who have conquered it.

You don't have to understand or know the mechanics behind it, just understand the descriptions provided above and know that taking Outpost Worlds is easier than Fortress Worlds. The difficulty of each type of world is in the order provided above.

As you win games on the various worlds, you will see your factions controlling percentage increase and others decrease. As war rages across the planets it will take more and more effort to seize ground.



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At the START of the campaign, each faction has FIVE victories on each of their starting systems planets. Thus each faction controls 100% of each of their planets at the start of the game.

Deciding which planet your game is taking place on:

In any game you are playing you basically have an attacker and a defender. The attacker decides which planet they are going after. This can be one of their OWN planets if they so decide (in order to reinforce control of it), or another planet anywhere in the campaign system.

When you are playing a game against someone who is NOT playing in the campaign, you have complete control over which planet you are playing on. Ideally you would decide this before the game by looking at the current lay of the system standings and deciding where your efforts can best be used.

If you are playing against another player who IS playing in the campaign, and you cannot decide if you get to be the attacker or defender between the two of you, you can simply roll off to determine who gets to be the attacker. That person then gets to decide which planet they are fighting on.



Note that this can be a planet within your opponents system, your system, or any other system in the sector.

How Campaign Rounds are scored:

When a *faction* controls 50% or more of a planet, they are said to be “In Control” of that planet. This is when they score points. At the end of each month, every planet controlled by any faction (that is controls 50% or more), scores points for that planet as follows:

Planet Type	Your Original Sector	Any Opposing Sector
Outpost World	1	1
Resource World	1	2
Sanctified World	1	3
Fortress World	2	5

As you can see in the table above, conquering an opponent's Fortress World is worth a significant amount of points! Maintaining control of your own Fortress World is worth less, but is still important.

At the end of each round, I'll tally the points and include it in The Psychic Choir Campaign Report. You can get a closer to real-time look at the standings at any time by visiting the [Psychic Choir Online](#).

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Factions:

For the purposes of the campaign, the armies are broken down into the following seven factions:

Faction	Armies Contained
Aeldari	Craftworld Eldar Drukhari Harlequins
Chaos	Chaos Space Marines Death Guard Thousand Sons Chaos Demons Dark Mechanicum* Traitor Guard*
Imperium	Imperial Guard Imperial Knights Space Marines Space Wolves Blood Angels Dark Angels Adeptus Custodes Adeptus Mechanicus
Necron	Necrons
Ork	Orks
Tau	Tau Empire
Tyranids	Tyranids Gene Stealer Cults

*Played as Adeptus Mechanicus or Astra Militarum but you are playing for the Chaos faction

While you are welcome to bounce around playing different factions, you will make the most progress in the campaign by sticking to one faction. Note that when you submit your games through the [Campaign Game Submission](#) page, you should list your PRIMARY faction if you are running it with allies.

General Player Advice:

If you want to make headway in the campaign, your best bet is to work with others, pick targets and try to achieve those goals. There are a LOT of people playing in the game. Taking control of an entire location by yourself is going to be difficult, especially if the enemy notices what you are up to!

Also remember, even if you lose control of one of your factions starting planets, it is ALWAYS easier for you to take it back than it is for people to deny you. Games in your own starting sector count for more than opponents' games in your sectors. However, this goes both ways! Your games in your opponents' sectors count less for you than they do for them.

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FAQs

Where do I enter my games so they are counted in the Somnium Stars Campaign?

You can enter your games at the [Campaign Game Submission](#) page on the [Independent Characters website](#).

There are a couple of optional fields on the form - in particular the game description field. Both detailed batrep write ups as well as narratively themed write ups from this field may be included in the monthly Psychic Choir Campaign Update or talked about on The Independent Characters Podcast. We think this all feeds back into great content and fun for the ICs Community.

If you want to send along pictures of your games as well, we encourage you to email them to campaign@theindependentcharacters.com and we may include those as well!

Remember, the better the write up and the better the pictures, the more likely they are to be included!

Who can I play?

You can literally play anyone. Your opponent does NOT need to be a Patreon member for you to play against them. You should explain that the game you are playing is for a campaign and the outcome of the game will be entered into the campaign system and possibly talked about on The Independent Characters Podcast.

If you play another Patreon member who is also playing in the Somnium Stars Campaign, you should BOTH enter your data into the [Campaign Game Submission](#) form.

How many games can I play?

You can play as many games as there are days in the current month. This limits you to inputting **one game per day into the system** to prevent a "run" on planets at the end of the month.

The Somnium Stars Campaign works best when you input your played games as soon as possible. Usually right after you play. This allows other people in the campaign to see what is going on and make appropriate decisions.

Moderators will eliminate any games entered into the system after your first one on any given day. (So if you enter three games on a single day, only your first one will count.)

What types of games can I play in the Somnium Stars Campaign?

Pretty much any type of game can be played. The should of course be set in the Warhammer 40,000 Universe though. Kill Team? Yep you can play that. Warhammer 40,000? Obviously! Apocalypse? Yep. Battlefleet Gothic? Sure! Horus Heresy? I guess you could.

Any game which has the various factions represented is just fine to play. Want to play a game of Space Hulk and record the outcome? Go right ahead.

Also note that your games do NOT HAVE to be played against the planets controlling faction! You can play a game of Space Marines vs. Chaos Demons on a planet controlled by Orks and still log your win or loss!

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This may seem somewhat counter intuitive, but like 8th edition itself, the campaign system is a somewhat abstract method of telling a narrative. Planets are large - and just because one faction controls it, doesn't mean there isn't a fight going on somewhere else on the planet between two other warring sides!

Who else is playing in this campaign?

Not only are the Patreon members of Legendary Level (*the most elite and exclusive level if I do say so myself -Carl*) playing in the Campaign, so are the members of The Independent Characters gaming group. We said we wanted our listeners to feel like a part of our gaming group, well now you are!

We will be tracking our own games in The Somnium Stars Campaign right alongside you!

Can I play multiple games in one day and then submit them over the next few days?

This is a great question posed by Wicatee on the Discord channel. Yes you absolutely CAN do this. The entire purpose of the "One game per day" approach is to keep people from suddenly submitting twenty games on the last day of the month and seizing a planet when no one had a chance to react.

If you play four games over the weekend and then none for the coming week, but want to then submit your four games on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday... this is completely within the spirit of the rules and the intention of the campaign. It would be better to say you are limited to a number of games each month, equal to the number of days in the month. Hopefully that clears that up!

I submitted incorrect data through the Submission Form. What do I do?

Easy. Just reach out to Carl Tuttle on the Discord Somnium Stars Channel and I can correct it.

I'm playing a multiplayer or team game - how do I record my victory and/or loss?

If you are playing a Team Game, you should decide before the game, which faction you are fighting for. If you are playing a multiplayer game (3 players vs each other, 4 players vs each other, etc.), record your faction and ONE of the opponents factions in the opponent field.

In both of these cases - add into the notes section of your write up of the game how many players and which factions were involved.

Note: If more than one of the players is participating in the campaign, they should submit their game separately from yours ALSO.

I have more questions - where do I ask?

You can email carl@theindependentcharacters.com or catch him on Discord under Carl Tuttle.

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Somnium Stars Lore

This section contains extended backstory from what is presented in The Psychic Choir. I wanted to make sure some of the great content written by Patrons was seen in its full glory here!

You can also view a larger version of the campaign map by going to the following link:

- <http://theindependentcharacters.com/blog/wp-content/uploads/2019/06/Somnium-Stars-Main.jpg>

CAMBION CORRIDOR

Herald of Sorrow (Contributed by Adam Fasoldt)

Class: Space Hulk (Special Event)

Hidden within countless ancient spools of Imperial datascreeds are tidings of the Herald of Sorrow. The ancient space hulk of unknown origins has cursed many worlds throughout the millennia. It arrives without notice and passes back into the Warp just as suddenly; sometimes persisting for days, sometimes for years.

The Herald of Sorrow is never recognised by its physical profile. The massive leviathan accretes other doomed vessels, void stations, and asteroids just as readily as it sheds them, so its size and shape are ever-changing. Instead, the Herald of Sorrow is marked by wordless screams.

When the Hulk is first detected in the vicinity of a system, it is not by rudimentary sensors or even astropathic contact. Instead, the denizens of that system begin to hear screams as if from some nearby neighbourhood. As the Herald of Sorrow draws nearer, the screams grow louder. It is not in the minds of those who hear it; the screams can and have been recorded by various mundane devices through the ages. Clamping one's hands over one's ears does help at first, but soon the screams are so persistent that even the most advanced sensory deprivation units fail to block them.

In time, the Herald of Sorrow passes through the system and, subsequently, into memory. The memory of the space hulk, however, persists and the screams begin anew. A Plague of Screams invariably infects the worlds of the system cursed by the hulk's presence. Those afflicted first begin to wail, then scream. They cannot stop. No matter how hoarse or exhausted they become, they cannot stop screaming. The plague's victims eventually grow mad and die either from justifiable suicide or from simple thirst.

It is not long before some external threat takes advantage of this terrible event and attacks the system, from within or without.

The Herald of Sorrow has emerged from the Cicatrix Maledictum at breakneck pace amidst the Somnium Stars. It is tumbling end-over-end past the Shadrac system. Initial scans show that the space hulk has aggregated dozens of new voidships since the coming of the Great Rift. What's more, there are millions of tonnes of debris trailing in its wake, attracted by its immense gravity.

The people of Shadrac have begun to hear the screams. The many island nations upon its waters have nowhere to hide from the terror. The Chaos invaders who have taken control of one large island in the northern hemisphere look up to the new, red, flickering star in the night sky and see it as a sign of the blessing of the Ruinous Powers. The Tyranids, also having made a beach-head on Shadrac feel a strange presence from the Space Hulk; they redouble their efforts consuming the vast biological resources of the island they control and begin processing it into new siege beasts for the next assault.

Meanwhile, several nearby fleets aim for the Cambion Corridor -- Aeldari Corsairs, Ork Freebooters, Rogue Traders, and Chaos Red Corsairs among them -- in the hopes of tapping the Herald of Sorrow for whatever resources or secrets it hides before it disappears again. Some of these disparate groups have sworn temporary unstable truces in order to take advantage of this unique opportunity. Other factions

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have used the promise of incredible lost technology and terrible secrets as bait to settle old scores within the rusted middens of the tumbling space hulk.

The scavenging fleets barely acknowledge the fact that the gravitational pull of Shadrac's prime world has yanked a derelict vessel from the Herald of Sorrow's orbit. That old wreck is now hurtling towards Shadrac at relativistic speeds. The Tech Priests at Shadrac are mainly programmed for agriculture and they have been unable to determine whether the derelict will impact with the planet or any of its moons. They have ruled out destroying the vessel because that would not stop the dead ship's debris from being drawn into the planet at apocalyptic speeds and might actually increase the chances of an impact. As such, Shadrac's ruling class have begun evacuating the world, thus throwing it into further chaos.

Isolation (Contributed by Carl Tuttle)

Classification: Rogue Planet (Death World)

Isolation is a planet that was flung out of the orbit of it's sun. It has traveled the galaxy, floating through darkened space, and was only just now discovered as a Tau Fleet vessel nearly collided with it.

The planet, with only stars, billions of miles away to light it, has become a frozen rock hurtling through space. Even so, ruins dot the surface of the planet. Ruins of a race that is still unknown. Geothermal activity springs out through the surface as the molten core of the planet continues to push through the ice shell covering the surface.

Frozen oceans occasionally explode with tectonic force as the seismic activity of the super heated core of the planet pushes outward. This thaws portions of the ocean, turning them into massive iceberg lakes, before eventually freezing again.

Even so, resources and knowledge of a time, perhaps better left forgotten, can be found in the strange, alien, ruins hidden under ice and pushing out across the surface of the planet. Now that the lost planet is found, ancient enemies rush to secure a foothold...

SAALBAN SECTOR

Tears of Isha (Contributed by Carl Tuttle)

Classification: Outpost World (Moons)

The Tears of Isha are a series of five, planet sized, moons which orbit a massive gas giant. Four of the five moons contain breathable atmospheres and verdant ecosystems. The fifth of the moons, has no atmosphere nor signs of life. There is evidence of some great violence perpetrated upon the planet is everywhere. Additionally, a series of large caverns beneath the surface contain ruins of an unknown ancient civilization.

The Aeldari discovered the moons as the craftworld of Menedor entered the system. The guides of the craftworld were struck by the beauty of the lush worlds, but upon seeing the destruction of the fifth, wept with the loss of life that must have once covered it. Afterwards, the planets were named after the Aeldari Goddess of harvest, fertility, and life. And with the loss of the fifth planets life, the goddess cried.

The Aeldari now use this far-flung series of planets as watchposts in the dark. They spy upon the Great Rift from there and watch for danger which would threaten the Aeldari stuck beyond the veil.

Desperation (Contributed by Sandy McDonald)

Classification: Resource Planet (Feral World)

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Born in the light of a hundred supernova, bathed in the destructive rays of myriad Gamma Ray Busters, Desperation is a planet hyper-rich in exotic and precious elements. Discovered by the Aledari Craftworld of Menedor in early M32 its virtually inexhaustible wealth was quickly realised and exploited.

Initially it seemed that Desperation was a dead planet. Having virtually no surface atmosphere or water, the barren, lifeless plains stretched planet wide. This was no impediment to the technology of Menedor and exploratory shafts were quickly sunk in many sites across the globe. To begin with work was quick and lucrative. The rare metals and minerals were extracted and surface foundries glowed bright with the heat of a thousand plasma furnaces. The horror was slow to reveal itself.

It started with a few exploration teams failing to report. Rescue parties either did not return or reported back with little to show, a fallen tool, a piece of vacuum suit, no more. Determined to get to the bottom of the mystery Craftworld elders sent fire teams of Guardians backed up by Dark Reaper heavy support. Almost immediately scrambled comms reports of heavy casualties began to flow back to command. Hitherto undiscovered xenos creatures, apparently invulnerable to beam weapons and all but the heaviest weapons, began attacking the fire teams across the planet. It was assumed that this was a planned attack. However, after weeks of deep, subterranean battle it became clear that these foul xenos were indigenous to Desperation and countless in number. The few remains of these monsters that were retrieved and studied, showed highly adapted and unbelievably hardy lifeforms. Evolution, on a planet hammered for aeons by the radiation of the GRBs, had produced practically un-killable inhabitants.

Too precious to abandon, the mining continues to present day. The Aledari, as they have always had to, have adapted to the threat. The xenos remain, but shafts are heavily defended. More disturbing than anything local however are the reports of possible Tyranid sighting in the Northern Polar mines. What the Tyranids may be doing on such a life-poor (on the surface at least) planet is unclear. Perhaps they are survivors of an ancient crash site, or a forgotten beach head for an invasion of the Saalban sector. Word has also reached the elders that the abundance of Desperation may no longer be covert. Aledari forces on Desperation are now on a full war footing. Invasion is considered highly probable.

Fae-Daen (Contributed by Luke Baker)

Classification: Sanctified Location (Webway)

Millenia ago, Fae Daen was known as the Port of Wanderers (if loosely translated into Gothic), the vibrant Aeldari Empire saw this Webway nexus as a last port of call in this region before its civilization ended and the wilder outers of the rim of the galaxy were found... a place where those seeking a life of adventure and exploration would set off and the voyage into the unknown began. Among the outfitters and



shipyards within Fae-Daen, there was also a small shrine to the lost Eldar of the frontier. Both those whose mortal shells were able to be returned to the shrine and those who were lost without a trace were honored. A reclusive spiritseer and a lone bonesinger tended to the diminutive but growing garden of memories and wraithbone as the dangers of the galactic wilds took their slow but certain toll.

But then there was the Fall, as the warp scream of Slaanesh's birth obliterated the heart of the Aeldari Core Worlds and some of those lost in the Webway's ruined corridors made their way to Fae

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Daen, the souls and remains of those dead and dying were brought to Fae Daen's wraith garden as safe harbor from She Who Thirsts... and until the usage of the Spirit Stones had become more wide spread, those nearing the end of their mortal walk hurried or were brought by loved ones to the port and the wraith garden... and an immense tree of wraithbone began to grow in its center.

Even today, those without a craftworld or those from far travelling corsair fleets often come to the now massive wraith tree, the Tree of Ever, that dominates all of Fae Daen these many years later.

The Tree of Ever in Fae Daen has become its own vast Infinity Circuit for the Aeldari, Exodites, and the occasional Drukhari. Reality sometimes bends itself in Fae-Daen and Eldar scouts often swear that they've sat down and reminisced with fellow travelers only to days later realize them to have been a long dead legend, hero, or even ancestor. Even the ghosts of the Aeldari still journey to the Port of Wanderers. Eldar often pilgrimage to access the vast knowledge of the Tree of Ever and to petition its Spirit Seers tenders for services, wisdom, and special favors.

Though it would be humbled by the Black Library, the Harlequins themselves find this trove of information invaluable and have their own watchful wardens protecting the portals into Fae Daen from hungry forces within the Imperium and Chaos Legions that seek to either steal or destroy the Tree of Ever or to harvest its secrets and power. Not too long ago the citizens of Fae Daen found themselves fighting alongside their other Eldar brethren to force out a major Necron incursion into the webway port itself. Since then the protective Eldar forces both within and without the city have grown. This is hallowed and ancient ground to the Eldar and they will protect it at all costs.

Craftworld Menedor (Contributed by Andrew Cuttle)

Classification: Fortress World (Craft World)

Menedor Lei'ish Moneth, or Menedor the Blossom of the Moon, as described by the M30 poet Belan U'Dnye. This shining jewel of an Aeldari craftworld escaped the Fall by its isolation and dedication to scholarly pursuits. Renowned for its minimalist beauty, it hung, like its namesake, a pure white flower in the darkness of the void, looping arms holding all manner of gardens and meditative complexes.

For millennia, it drifted ever further towards the galactic north, colonising and strengthening worlds like Desperation, Fae-Daen, and the Tears of Isha as it went. Menedor's Farseer Council sought to minimise the sources of potential disorder and, where possible, to follow a path of avoidance rather than conflict. They looked to limit the influence of the Aspect Shrines, for was it not the dedication to bloodshed that had destroyed their race?

Isolation though was not sufficient protection. Now, an almost passive doom rises from within the craftworld -- the petals of Menedor are wilting. Known as Ar'Dannan Saay, the Creeping Death, the wraith bone of the great craftworld is dying. It is unknown when this decay started but, in the last few centuries, it has spread through many of the arms of the craftworld, whole areas reduced to nothing but plains of crumbling white debris. Many whispers suggest a source -- a curse from the Laughing God, a weapon of an unknown enemy, or the touch of the ruinous powers -- however, the Boonsingers have no answer, nor seemingly can they halt the slow creep of the malady. Even extreme actions such as severing sections of the craftworld did nothing.

Now, with time running out and fewer webway gates remaining active yearly, Menedor calls for aid from her sibling craftworlds - for, as the strength of Menedor wanes, predators gather in the dark.

NEPHILUS SECTOR

Asylus (Contributed by Dave Rudden)

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Class: Outpost World (Penal)

An ocean world marked by huge limestone spires, each easily the size of a main-world hab, Asylus has proven resistant to all the hardest of colonizers.

Commissar Elizabel Bakker is one such colonizer; it is unrecorded what secret shame ended her meteoric rise through the Commissariat ranks, but upon reassignment to Spire OZ-134, the penal colony colloquially called 'The Grave,' she began a viciously demanding training programme with the various murderers, thieves and recidivists under her watch, privately hoping that founding her own penal regiment will return her to glory.

Unfortunately for Bakker, the war is coming to her. Maybe it was the rise in weapons discharge, or atmospheric disturbance, or a mining team stumbling across eons-old warning systems, but the Imperials are not the first colonisers of Asylus, and in the darkness below the oceans, an ancient General is beginning to stir...

Thanatos (Contributed by Paul Gallo)

Classification: Sanctified World (Dead World)

Among the living, even those races with aeons-long memory, Thanatos had passed out of knowing. A shadow against the blackest night of the void. A ghost reading on the auspex of ships running far from the sanctioned routes through the Nephilus Sector like the siren's call dooming mariners of old. A dying echo of a whispered rumour. A fleeting glimpse forever in the periphery, all but out of sight.

It is a Dead World. Sediments and traces of salt speak to the presence of water at one point. Mountain ranges eroded down to their diminutive suggestions prove its continental plates once moved with tectonic activity, the beating heart of the planet, long stilled. Ruins crumble and fall, mankind's fleeting footprint.



But it is the wrought-metal fashioned in enormous constructs of baffling design which proclaim the existence of the great intelligence once at work on Thanatos.

Against the scouring of sand-laden winds and the bleaching glare of the local sun unfiltered by atmosphere and ozone, denying even the ceaseless entropy inherent in all material systems, the pylons stand at acute angles to the planetary core they pierce.

Plans minutely detailed with timetables measured in eternities. And their patience, infinite. For their dynasties outlast even death.

So the Necrontyr could afford to wait while the bones of those who'd walked on Thanatos calcified. For the ships that brought them to breakdown and rust and the forges that built those to burn out and die. For their civilizations to fall and their libraries burn.

But then war came to the Somnium Stars. To the Nephilus Sector. And even to long-forgotten Thanatos. Minor encroachments at first. Tendrils of a hive fleet and allies of the neverborn drawn. Wakes in the warp around Thanatos. The devourers drawn to the surface of the Dead World by false trails whispering in their

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collective consciousness while the neverborn drove their slaves to the planet's thin immaterium barrier. Their fighting attracted the greentide like blood in the water.

The living fought with the verve, passion, and earnest, futile frenzy. Anathema to the Necrontyr's tectonic pace. They despoil and pollute, taint the lifeless peace, the quiet waiting. Intruders all.

So the Necrontyr rise. Untiring feet of haunted metal march to war.

Before the war, Thanatos was a Dead World. Now it is worse.

Nagrathar (Contributed by Jesse Coppel)

Class: Fortress World (Unclassified)

A world so devoid of value it barely rated mention on the Administratum's sector maps, Nagrathar served as a small outpost for traders, rogues and travelling merchants to exchange goods and refuel their ships out of sight of Imperial authorities, little mention was ever made of its curiously precise orbital characteristics.

The massive warp energy emitted across the galaxy by the eruption of the cicatrix maledictum had awoken something. Beneath the surface of the barren world the warp energy had activated incalculably ancient protocols and soon the planet rang to the sound of marching metal feet.

In the years since, not one vessel travelling to the smugglers den on Nagrathar has returned and all that echoes back through the warp are the death screams of astropaths, nightmares of green eyes and monstrous living metal creatures.

Sable (Contributed by Markos Eugenios)

Classification: Resource (Mining)

Sable is a mining world located in the Nephilus Sector of Ultima Segmentum. The surface of Sable is covered by expansive Chemical Oceans composed mostly of an acidic substance toxic to the unprotected human body.

When man first stumbled into the Nephilus Sector during the Dark Age of Technology, Sable was written off as a dead world- the oceans covering its surface anathema to any type of exploration or colonization. Technology progressed quickly- as it did during those enlightened years- and enhanced sensors discovered hidden treasures underneath the acidic oceans covering the planet. Miles beneath the seas the surface hardened and gave way to vast caves filled with the precious metal adamantium. A mining colony was established far below the toxic surface of the planet and the precious resource was soon being extracted.

The Age of Strife was not kind to the humans living on Sable. With Warp Storms cutting off their only channel for fresh supplies, the demise of humanity on the planet was assured. Although not immediate, in the annals of horror from that cursed epoch-the death of the mining colonies occurred in but the blink of an eye. As the men and women faced the dual threat of starvation and fighting each other when their stores ran out, a new nightmare vomited forth from the depths of abandoned mining caves.

The metal bodies of these new intruders were impervious to the harsh chemical oceans of Sable. Many proto-hives were breached intentionally by the skeletal horrors, allowing the thick liquid of Sables oceans to do the work for them. When the genocide was over, the new owners of the planet deactivated and ceased- their work complete.

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And so, the planet of Sable has sat for millennia. The acidic oceans eating away the decaying proto-hives and their previous owners. In the depths of the acid sea dwell the uncaring, disciplined caretakers of Sable, waiting for the day when they can rise again.

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DEMITRUN SECTOR

Rianoen (Contributed by Paul Gallo)

Classification: Outpost Planet (Agri-World)

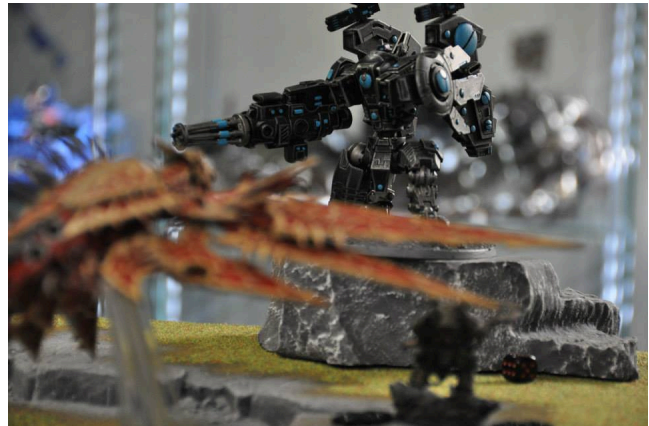
In the Demitrun Sector of Somnium, Rianoen hangs in the void like over-ripe fruit clinging still to the branch of a scoured tree. Designated alpha-class by its long-absent landlords, it was turned into an Agri-World of little distinction and populated.

Where trillions of mouths breathe the re-breathed air; drink the recycled waste of their betters; and eat the morsels of carrion left by even the most base, Rianoen and its ilk beckon. Open air. Growing crops. Real, honest labour. Food and plenty.

In the fever dreams of a near-limitless population, living worlds represent an ideal verging on the sacrosanct. But they defile it anyway, such is their need, coming in their pitiless machines by scores of thousands, permits and requisition forms guarded jealously. Venerated, even. Proof they existed in the minds of their betters, even if only for the smallest quantum of time.

Rianoen's primary land mass girdles its equator like a taut belt of stone and soil. It encircles the entire globe in an unbroken stretch of plains. A fragile equilibrium between sea levels of the globe-spanning oceans to the north and south of it keeps this land mass, dubbed Venet, above water. While the constant storms bring plenty of moisture from the seas to water thirsty crops.

Venet was segmented from afar. Designations made, geo-fenced with coordinates of impractical precision and tyrannically enforced. And they descended. The pilgrims. Carrying not the enlightening torch of civilization. With the frantic, grasping hands of the drowning they seized on anything and everything. If Rianoen ever supported life before mankind's arrival, its new inhabitants were ensuring it never would after their departure. And they would have succeeded, surely, with the dull, grinding predictability of a process so engineered, so uniform, it was now a law of nature, if not for the chaotic eddies of the immaterium scattering on their world seeds of a damnable alternative: The Greater Good.



Young in a galactic sense, naïve in every sense, the T'au approached Rianoen as if the phenomenon of their arriving in system -- of achieving the physically impossible faster-than-light travel -- mattered not. As if the hands which flung them here were merely currents in a stream. Or gales in the storm. Unknown phenomenon to be sure, but natural. Ordered in its own way. Complex patterns are patterns all the same, their guiding ancients say. They can be studied, learned, mastered.

Without a thought to whose aim their sudden, impossible arrival furthered, the T'au landed on Rianoen. Not in force. Not en masse. For the ire of the Gue'vesa can be raised easily, swiftly, and irrevocably. No, envoys landed quietly. Approached slowly with hands open in offering.

And they found ears willing to listen, eyes willing to see.

So it was with gentle ease and calm, persistent logic, the T'au made Rianoen theirs.

Drunirus (Contributed by Dave Rudden)

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Classification: Resource Planet (Mining World)

Before it's conquering by the ragged forces of the lost Tau 4th Sphere Expansion, this planet of grey tundra and mist-choked moors was most noted for both its metal-rich single moon and the high occurrence of apocalypse cults related to the fear that said moon would some day crash from the heavens and destroy all life. 'Bleak as a Drunirus wedding' is a common saying in the sector.

'Happy Liberation Day, Drunirus!

In celebration of throwing off the Imperial yoke and embracing a new, shared path towards enlightenment, we are rewarding all indentured miners with an additional rest token, to be redeemed with any of your Earth Caste supervisors. However, if you so choose, you can also trade back this rest token to pay off the debt incurred when we liberated your world from the Imperial tyrants. Remember, workers, we did it for you!

Please enjoy your well-earned rest periods, and do not forget to submit yourself to be searched and weighed at your assigned exit. Remember, theft from one is theft from all.

- Intercepted Tau Tannoy Announcement, 'Liberation Day' M.41.324

Brerth 3FY (Contributed by Alex Selth)

Classification: Sanctified Planet (Forbidden World)

By decree absolutis is Brerth 3FY declared Perfidia Ultima and forbidden to all citizens of the Most Holy and Eternal Imperium of Man. Violation of this edict by thought, word, or deed shall be excommunicated from the Light of He on Earth and their lives and souls deemed forfeit. – Writ of Quarantine, enacted by Inquisitor Martial Kaeline Tutelarus, M41.

Blunt perspective

An astrological anomaly, Brerth 3FY is the lone orbital of a young yellow star in the Demitrum Sector. To the T'au that call the planet home Brerth is riddled with caverns and thousands of kilometre-high canyons. Settlements, both Fifth Sphere Expansionary and abandoned pre-T'au human, litter the walls of great, continent spanning canyons, living in harmony with a flourishing, and surprisingly non-hostile, biosphere.

The harsh sun beats down on the true surface of the planet, above the canyons, with a force so inimicable to life that even suit-shielded expeditions are minimised. The safest way to traverse the blasted true-surface is from space; shuttles launch from scattered facilities, traverse the void, then speed back down to make landfall, avoiding as much of the rad-bombard as possible.

The planet's settlements predominantly house T'au, with unacceptably frequent incidents of unexplained mass psychosis among client species, particularly Gue'vasa.

Awakened perspective

There are no canyons on Brerth 3FY. Towering monoliths, arcologies, and skeletons of some ancient corpse species litter the surface of the planet in such depth that a fool or a child could mistake them for natural formations. Structures large enough to house titans, made of black and speckled gold, make the surface of the planet seem like one, mind numbingly colossal, hive.

To the unawakened races, such as the T'au, they appear as natural stone, workable as they squat in their shacks among the works of gods, pretending and even believing they are the rulers here. To the awakened, with their minds and souls opened to the tragedy of the Aether, the planet produces a constant, keening wail of hard rationality.

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Attempts to manifest powers sputter and fail, and the caster feels a pressure on his soul, as if being judged and found wanting. Even those with only the genetic potential to breach the Veil, such as humanity, find living on Brerth impossible. A gnawing sense that the planet *HATES YOU WILL AND TURN YOU AND YOUR KIND SHALL BE ASH IN THE COSMOS* pervades Brerth.

The unawakened T'au can only look on in puzzlement as the walls of reality around an awakened mind are constantly torn down and rebuilt by a long dead race the T'au cannot even see.

State of play

Brerth 3FY produces a ready stream of alloys and raw minerals for the T'au Empire, with such an ease it is almost as if the planet wanted the ore to leave. Farms deep in the caverns produce supplies for outposts across and beyond the sector, while Earth caste scientists are beginning to develop their own unique take on material sciences, aided by the willing substrate of the planet.

While far from a central hub of the Empire, the Ethereal Council of Brerth 3FY sees nothing but hope in their planet's future.

Ulmone (Contributed by Paul Watts)

Classification: Fortress World (Hive World)

Under the leadership of our Revered Commander Shadowsun, the Fifth Expansion of the Empire continues its destined path of increase. On the far side of the Nem'yar Atoll, Shadowsun is pulling from all lines of wisdom in the Art of War, defending the Atoll and its pathway back to the Nexus while simultaneously bringing the Greater Good to new worlds and new adherents.

The world called Ulmone is one such new addition to the empire. Settled by humans during their first expansion into the Somnium Stars, the settlers found a vibrant world with a vibrant and tall atmosphere. The daytime skies were filled with airborne fauna that fought, bred and died kilometers up in the mesosphere; nighttime skies reflected light off the many water and mineral rich moons. It should be no surprise that the settlers ever after looked towards the heavens. They build their cities as vast steeples reaching ever upward. Kings and queens saw the heavens as a playground and built mighty crystal and adamantium suborbital continents from which to launch their fliers and cruisers. In time, hive cities extended even higher from these continents, even as they grew down to connect to the hives on the planet surface.

At the time of this record, 0100b1010 units since the start of the Fifth Expansion, Ulmone has come under the dominion of the T'au Empire, its leaders seeing the truth of our Water Caste ambassadors.

Sept Ulmone is a fortress hive world completely covered in graceful interconnecting cities of stone, crystal and adamantium. Suborbital plates connect to the ground in successive growth spheres extending hundreds of kilometers into the atmosphere. Ulmone's shipyards dock and service our fleets, its untold billion citizens add to our auxiliaries, its industry multiplies our might. Glory to the Empire. Glory to the Greater Good.

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ANGELICUS SECTOR

Shadrac (Contributed by Colin Kierans)

Classification: Outpost World (Agriworld)

Shadrac's watery surface is dotted by thousands of small islands. Those islands not located in one of the Storm Paths of the planet, and thus not subject to the many hurricanes and gales that tear along them, are lush wetlands. When seen from orbit, the planet's vibrant green islands and barren brown dots show where the storms frequent.

The planet's large insect population was originally a large burden on its output of plant-based medicae exports. A century ago the Adeptus Mechanicus implemented processes which allowed for the harvesting and processing of these insects. The rations created from these insects are now one Shadrac's top exports.

Now that the islands not in the Storm Paths of the planet have been tamed and cultivated, the great minds of the planet seek ways to shift, narrow, or even remove the Storm Paths.

Dacla (Contributed by Isaac Chiang)

Classification: Fortress World (Forge World)

Dacla was once called the "Jewel" of the Angelicus Sector. The world was located on the fringes of the Somnium Stars, a common place for ships to stop along the table warp ways. Firmly in the hands of the Imperium, many considered Dacla to be truly beautiful. The majority of the world was covered in sapphire blue oceans, a gleaming orb that spun in the blackness of space. Historians compared the oceans of Dacla to Terra, before the dreadful wars of Unification and the eventual Crusade. The wealthy and the powerful came to the world to play, to sail on oceans unspoiled by industry and feast on the sweetness of the seas.

Then the Imperium was split asunder. The 13th Black Crusade destroyed the Cadian Gate and the Eye of Terror opened its gaze full. The dread Maledictum tore the galaxy in twain, and nothing was the same ever since. Survivors of the Warp scar gathered in Imperial friendly territories, bearing news of the forces of Chaos ascendant, and the doom of the Imperium. It is said that in moments of true darkness, fires burn the brighter and where there is light there will souls be gathered.

Lord General Cantor Thane fought at Cadia during the 13th Black Crusade. He fought until the planet broke beneath them while the soldiers remained standing. During the evacuation his battlegroup was thrown through the warp, ending on the other side of the Scar. With sheer force of personality, he gathered any lost Astra Militarum and Imperial Navy with him, finally ending up in the Angelicus Sector. After imparting the dire situation, he became the Lord Marshal of Imperial Forces and set to fortifying the sector.

Thus Dacla was no longer the Jewel in a gaudy crown, but broken and reforged into a beacon of war. The oceans became bulwarks against the incoming foe, islands of metal and munitions grew from the waters. The sector was called to war, knowing that they would be a prime target with a stable warp path nearby. Dacla would be the Watchtower, the lighthouse against the coming waves of war. Cantor knew that war was coming, there would be those that wished to exterminate all sign of the Imperium in any way. He swore that they would not take the sector, that the men and women of the Imperium would break all that came for them until the seas ran red with their blood.

Angelenos (Contributed by Markos Eugenos)

Classification: Resource Planet (Hive World)

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Angelenos is a hive world and the seat of Imperial authority in the Angelicus sector. The central hive on the planet- Castigorum Primus- houses the head of Imperial rule, Governor Bathor of House Accatran and the Blood Angel Battle Fortress, Blood of Honor in its northernmost spire.

Angelenos was settled by man long before the Emperor and his sons set out on their crusade across the stars. The planet was originally named "Drathar" after the ruling family of the city-size colony ship which landed upon its surface during the Dark Age of Technology. Drathar was a world rich in mineral ore but lacked much of an ecosystem. With help from their STC, mankind on the planet developed powerful mining machines and advanced defensive weapons to use against Xenos threats. Food, and other important resources were shipped from the neighboring planet of Avarris, where the atmosphere enabled widespread agriculture.

In this way, mankind on Drathar survived the horrors of Old Night. Not dependent on outside resources or trade in the same way as other worlds-the planet, society, and government remained mostly intact. After many generations, the Emperor and his sons arrived to welcome Drathar back into a new human federation. A delegation from Drathar was dispatched the moment the Emperors fleet entered the system.

The Drathar delegation met with the Emperor and his son- a noble angel wreathed in gold plate with enormous tactile wings- a god born of legend. Besides these two stood another giant- smaller than the others but still enormous, covered in red plate armor Praetor Angelenos of the Blood Angels Legion. While impressed, the humans of Drathar were a proud people. Maybe the horrors of Old Night had hardened them to outsiders, maybe they believed the Imperium could grant them no new wonders beyond what they needed to survive. Whatever the reason, the Drathar delegation rejected every offer from the Emperor and his Angelic son.

The war that followed was terrible indeed. Although the fate of the planet was never in doubt, many horrors were necessary before the ultimate conclusion could be reached. In the end, the noble inhabitants of the planet would meet the cold steel of the Emperors resolve, their fate sealed like hundreds of worlds before them.

After the last chem-warhead had been spent, the last atomic detonated-after billions had died, the world was "brought into compliance." An edict was passed by the Emperor himself changing the name of the planet to "Angelenos" after the brave Blood Angel Praetor whose life was extinguished bringing the planet into the Imperial fold. A loyal house was installed, with a seat on the ruling council going to the ranking Blood Angel Captain.

Thus, the Crusade Fleet moved on, allowing the planet to rebuild. For long generations, the population of Angelenos followed the word of their Imperial Lords. Tithes, conscriptions, supplies, all were given over to feed the inexhaustible Imperial beast for its never-ending wars. Indeed, you would be hard pressed to find an Angelenos administrator who didn't think their planet numbered among the most loyal in the Imperium, akin to Macragge or even Holy Terra itself.

Yet, deep in the sump of the largest hives, stories from a long forgotten age are told. Wasted old factory workers, lives spent living on the scraps of better men, whisper about the freedom their ancient forefathers enjoyed before the coming of the cursed red angels and the father of light. The wretches



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murmur about the genocide of their people, the hopelessness of their life-toiling in the great mines underground.

Some, seeking a return to a time before the dawn of the Imperium cry out for deliverance from their ungrateful masters. After the Cicatrix Maledictum tore a scar across the sky, these voices have gotten louder. In the dark, something timeless hears them, and whispers back...

Avarris (Contributed by Markos Eugenos)

Classification: Sanctified Planet (Shrine World)

Not much is known about the origin of man on Avarris. From what little remains in Imperial records, it appears Avarris was first used as an Agri-World to feed the population of the sector government on Angelenos. Protected by House Avarris, a Knightly Order established during the Dark Age of Technology; the Sector weathered the horror of Old Night relatively unscathed. Then, the Imperium arrived.

Close allies for millennia, when Angelenos rejected the Imperial Truth and refused compliance, Avarris followed-suit. The war that followed saw the sector torn wide. Billions fell under the atomic and chemical sword of the Emperor. Avarris, the former pinnacle of agricultural production, now laid waste. When the Imperial Aquila finally flew over the capital of Avarris it was already too late to save the ecosystem on which the entire Sector depended.

A ravaged world, the radiated wastes would no longer bear crops and the spoiled oceans would no longer host fish or fowl. Even a son of the Angel remarked he didn't see much difference between the world they had won, and that irradiated hell of Baal from whence they came.

As the epoch wore on, the radiation subsided and the chemical clouds disbursed; a semblance of normality returned to Avarris and man could breathe on its surface once again.

The new population of Avarris, descended from loyal imperial families transplanted from the crusade colony ships, rebuilt much of the surface. Some of those colonists transplanted to Avarris were from Baal itself- craftsmen of the highest caliber. The artisan talents of the Blood Angels stand in full display on Avarris.

In its capital city, The Monument of the Angel, depicting Sanguinius as he was on the day of the first meeting between the government of Angelenos and the Imperial fleet- stands as tall as a Warlord Titan. More than any other shrine on the planet, The Monument of the Angel is a coveted destination for those imperial pilgrims travelling the path of the righteous toward Holy Terra.

Dacla (Contributed by Isaac Chiang)

Classification: Fortress World (Forge World)

Dacla was once called the "Jewel" of the Angelicus Sector. The world was located on the fringes of the Somnium Stars, a common place for ships to stop along the table warp ways. The majority of the world was covered in sapphire blue oceans, a gleaming orb that spun in the blackness of space. The wealthy and the powerful came to the world to play, to sail on oceans unspoiled by industry and feast on the sweetness of the seas.

Then the Imperium was split asunder. The 13th Black Crusade destroyed the Cadian Gate and the Eye of Terror opened its gaze full. The dread Maledictum tore the galaxy in twain, and nothing was the same ever since.

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GRINWOLD SECTOR

Servax 12 (Contributed by Carl Tuttle)

Classification: Outpost World (Dead World)

Never a particularly verdant planet, Servax 12 is now a nearly dead husk. The Tyranid hive ships still linger around the world, syphoning off the last of the planets biomass. Scattered throughout the system, spores of the Tyranid tendrils remain and watch for any threat to the Hive Mind. These are the trailing remnants of the fleet, the biomorphs that collect the crumbs from the meal that the rest of the fleet have consumed.

While the rest of the hive fleet moves ever forward, these trailing bits still represent a tremendous threat to any other forces in the area.

Kimmeria (Contributed by Eoman Duffy)

Classification: Resource Planet (Feral World)

From space Kimmeria shines as an orb of unsullied blue. Orbiting at the inner edge of its star's habitable zone Kimmeria's surface is covered in ocean and tropical archipelagos. The only land mass of any real significance lies at the northern pole and is frequently wracked by earthquakes due to the planet's tectonic activity. Kimmeria's star Lycia is nominally a Class A main sequence star, however it exhibits unusual radiation profiles periodically.

Kimmeria's oceans teem with life and its tropical islands are bounties of biomass. The bizarre radiation of Lycia has also created many exotic organisms on the planet, from creatures with unique defensive or offensive adaptations to massive ocean predators. As such, the world is a bountiful resource to the Tyranid Splinter Fleets of the Grinwold Sector as it is both an excellent source of biomass but also a source of new and unique genetic code for the Hive Mind to incorporate and experiment with. The world is not uninhabited however, for even here the seeds of humanity fell.



The bulk of the population is locked in a feral existence; tribes sail from island to island, competing for resources and battling the deadly fauna of their world. Kimmeria breeds survivors and hardy warriors. The northern continent is the seat of Imperial power and from here Kimmeria's tithe of soldiers for the Astra Militarum is administered. The Kimmerians have a devout faith in the Emperor as the Stormlord, master of the tempests that sweep their world. This faith is harnessed in a legend that tribes and warriors who please the Stormlord are elevated to the heavens to wage endless war against the Outer Deep; a legend made real during the occasional mass conscription of the tribes into a new regiment or reinforcing a previously established one. This practise has endured since the time of the Great Crusade when Kimmeria was first discovered.

With the arrival of the Tyranids Kimmeria has become a deathworld. The storms have increased in strength and the mixture of the native fauna with Tyranid organisms have made survival a very slim hope indeed. The polar complex, seat of Imperial rule, fell quickly in the initial swarm landings. However a large contingent of the 2nd Kimmerian Infantry was on planet overseeing recruitment to bolster their numbers. Quick thinking on the part of their commanders has preserved some Imperial strength as platoons and

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companies have split up, returning to their roots as island hopping tribes and fighting a guerilla war against the Tyranids devouring their world.

The polar continent has become the nexus of the Tyranids' consumption of the world but the swarm lacked the initial strength and numbers to devour Kimmeria swiftly. Instead the planet is being slowly consumed, its biomass harvested and siphoned up to waiting bioships who then depart to further the swarm's progress and devour other worlds.

Whether by accident or an evolution in the Hive Mind's reasoning Kimmeria has become a gruesome xenos parody of an Imperial refuelling station and vital resource in the Hive Mind's efforts in the Somnium Stars.

Cromrake (Contributed by Dave Rudden)

Classification: Sanctified Planet (Agri-World)

Cromrake is rich in the only resource Tyranids understand.

For hundreds of years, the agri-world has sustained local Imperial Guard regiments with the meat of the elger, a native creature with protein-heavy flesh. For propaganda and morale reasons, regiments are told that the elger are similar to grox, or even the extinct Terran stag, but in actuality elger are vicious lice-like insects the size of Leman Russ tanks that roam across Cromrake's rich, muddy plains in swarms a hundred miles wide.

That was before the Tyranids came. Now, the surface of Cromrake is a heaving mass – a warzone of consumption where the insectile elger and ravenous tyranids fight and eat and eat and fight, both sides glutting themselves to frenzy and death.

Gheistos (Contributed by Carl Tuttle)

Classifications: Fortress World (Dead World)

Once this world would have been considered a haven for those fleeing the terrors of the galaxy, but no more. A large world of verdant vegetation, oceans teeming with life, and multiple populated moons. It is no more.

Arriving from beneath the galactic plane, the Tyranids approached this world and began their devouring of it. The Tyranids appetite is said to be insatiable. Their hunger, ever present. But something has stopped a major portion of the hive ships here. Adeptus Mechanicus drones that have passed into the system report that although the Tyranids have devoured Gheistos, and the moons surrounding it, they continue to sit in the system, near the home world. Waiting for something...

Rumor and speculation are that the Tyranids have found something beneath the surface of the world that has drawn them close. The most wild of speculations state that something they have placed beneath the surface is gestating. Something new, something horrible, something unlike the Imperium or any others have seen before.

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SHORTAK SECTOR

Helios (Contributed by Jesse Coppel)

Classification: Resource Planet

The subterranean urban world of Helios orbits a Class M star at the very edge of the habitable zone and was unremarkable save for its role as a furlough system for Astra Militarum units rotating back from the frontlines. Its surface is characterised by low temperatures combined with extreme winds and these conditions lead early colonists to dig below the ground to build their homes. This subterranean construction led to the discovery of enormous cavern systems into which much of the planets infrastructure was built.

When the Astronomicon flickered out, panic set in almost immediately. Hidden cults acting in apparent concert sparked riots and uprisings across the planet. With the PDF overwhelmed, Administratum adepts pressed visiting Imperial Guard regiments into service as crowd control and rapid response units. This desperate action forcing an uneasy stalemate. However, when scores of Chaos vessels erupted out of the warp into orbit above the planet the forces of the Imperium found themselves quickly fighting a desperate rear guard action, evacuating underground hive after hive as hordes of cultists, mutants and Heretic Astartes took control of the planet.

The surface of the planet and most cities are now firmly in the hold of Chaos forces, but underground battles rage as the surviving Imperials are hunted down. Cries of help sent through the warp tell of lost refugee convoys, desperate last stands and the horrific machines crafted from the souls of those captured.

Nostramo (Contributed by Isaac Chiang)

Classification: Outpost Planet (Death World)

At first glance, most would pass this world by. It was smaller than most, deep chunks of earth and plate missing. If anything it looked like some treat vermin had taken bites from, deep rending scars obvious from deep space. The planet was devoid of natural plant life, some forms of industry and buildings were buried deep in dust and wreckage. At some point it held some sort of life, life that had been erased by violence and time.

Before war came to the Somnium Stars, before the factions came and divided the systems, an aristocrat tried to transform the world to suit his tastes. He spent considerable power with the Magos Biologis, and seeded the dead earth with life again. His goal was to create a personal planet of pleasures, gardens of rare flowers and trees to suit his vanity. In time he hoped to curry favor on this world, to make money selling rare plants to the wealthy. He succeeded for the most part, the planet's dead crust was turning green again. Scars were hidden behind flourishing plant life and for a time it seemed the world would be transformed. Then it drew the attention of another more nefarious eye.

As part of a combined Chaos push into the Stars, the denizens of Nurgle and the 14th Legion fell upon the world. They saw that new life had sprung from death and they admired that. So much that they wished to continue the process. The world fell to the combined might of plague legions and the world remained green, a sicklier and polluted green. The current Regent of Plagues hoped to turn the world into a Garden of Nurgle, a bastion of disease and malady. They also became pleasantly surprised. Among the physical scars there were a myriad of psychic ones. Intense feelings of pain, sadism, torture, and death saturated the planet. At some point the planet's past was far from kind and the heady power allowed the growths of Nurgle to flourish, growing wildly. Since it was on the outskirts of the Shortak Sector, it could become an outpost world for Chaos forces, bringing valuable material and taking with it the agents of Nurgle.

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However, a new turn of events has sent the world's fate into more uncertainty. Deep in the earth a secret bunker was found beneath the Primus Garden. An ancient cogitator was found within. Since the previous occupants had named the planet when they settled it, the Regent was curious about the planet's past. Upon activation, the cogitator showed images of a dark world. Yet the images soon faded and an automatic message started to play on repeat. The Regent and his retinue only looked at each other in confusion as it played, "In midnight clad...in midnight clad...in midnight clad..."

Shriek (Contributed by Dave Rudden)

Classification: Sanctified World (Daemon World)

Shriek, like all daemon worlds, is a hive of contradiction. There is no consensus among Chaos, as the saying goes, and no consensus can be found in all the many tales that are told of that benighted globe.

The rogue traders operating out of Agelenos name it Perditas Extremis and speak of ghost returns on the vox, an overlapping chorus that becomes louder and louder the closer you get. The voices are accusatory, the rogue traders say. They plead, and demand.

The Eldar maintain, in the high poetry of their race, that Shriek is nothing less than the dying scream of a craftworld, a sister to distant Menedor, a drawn-out wail that the daemons of Slaanesh have worried through like wasps working paper, until the pure note of its agony is fit for Neverborn habitation.

What is known, is that there are those in the Inquisition, highest authorities on malice and daemonry in human space, who collect every rumour, every secret and susurrations, and silence those who speak it. Shriek, they argue, was just once a whisper, and every mention of its name gives it power.

Shriek, they warn, is listening back.



Shadowhive (Contributed by Alex Selth)

Classification: Fortress World (Forge World)

Forge Fane Shadowhive, Shortak Sector, fallen dominion of the Machine Cult:

Tidally locked between two Class G stars, Shadowhive is constantly bathed in light. Blocky pre-fab housing covers much of the surface not covered in almost translucent oceans and spindly, waving forest fronds dozens of metres high. Thus, above ground Shadowhive looks like many other civilised worlds scattered across the Imperium. Below ground, however, is what makes this planet truly valuable. Much like the icebergs of ancient Terra, the vast majority of construction occurs below the planet's surface. Colossal forge pits and data stacks mirror the placement of buildings above ground, a shadow of their public selves.

Shadowhive began its existence in the dying days of the Horus Heresy. The newly formed Adeptus Mechanicus, ever afraid of losing even the tiniest scrap of knowledge, and fearful of potential reprisals against the Forge Primus, began development of a 'back up' project to store their irreplaceable knowledge somewhere where prying Imperial hands could not get at it. Driving many mile-high data stacks deep into the earth of their chosen planet, the Magos camouflaged their electronic resources with transplanted flora and fauna, and even colonists, which were regularly culled to keep the population below Administratum tithe grading. Before too long, Shadowhive had become a fully functioning underground Forge World, their production focused on data storage and recovery. Ironically, most of their efforts go towards the repair and preservation of their own forge – data crystals and infocytes have aged

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and failed over the millennia, and access to huge segments of the Shadowhive have been lost as passcodes and approval chains have gone missing.

As the Cicatrix Maledictum ripped its way across the galaxy, the Magos of Shadowhive had the poor fortune to be testing a new form of empiric data-reader, designed in theory to reconstruct lost digi-keys from raw warp energy. As the Rift opened, daemoniac scrap code and data-daemons ripped into the hive, burning away the Omnisiah-blessed purity of the machine and replacing it with twisted aetheric terrors of a nightmare's devising. Now the colonists huddle in their homes and screeching fire spreads across the sky, calling to the planets new overlords to receive their due.

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MAAS SECTOR

Urilia (Contributed by Markos Eugenios)

Classification: Outpost World (Dead World)

Urilia is a dead world on the outskirts of the largely Ork-infested Maas System in Ultima Segmentum. Little is known about the history of Urilia. The surface of the planet is covered by the remains of vast hive cities. Entire continents, as well as the oceans which haven't been burned away, appear to house what once was a great Imperial Metropolis. Any mention of the world on Imperial records appears as a blank sigil, indicating Inquisitorial intervention. Even if one looked into the great libraries of knowledge-whose entry is banned to all but the greatest Inquisitors or High Lords- the inquisitive surveyor would still find nothing. Such redaction speaks of a terrible secret indeed.

In M41.356 those warlike caretakers of the Mass system, the Bad Moon Orks of Thrash the Unbeaten- piloted one of their rickety craft to the surface of the blasted planet to see if "somethin to crump wuz unda da old humie trash". When the weirdboy stumbled out of the craft and laid his hands on "da biggest house da umies' built wot could see from da uvver side of da horizon" he recoiled as if hit by a bolter shell-his eyes bulged and skin crawled, he arched his back and howled to the sky; then- his head exploded. Covered in the slippery gore of the "most speshul" ork amongst them, the remaining Orks decided their expedition was over and returned to the comfort of the local war world, never to return.

Devoid of important resources and harboring a dark secret, the Imperium has decided the strategically unimportant orb of Urilia can remain as it has been for aeons- observed from a distance. Lacking anything of value to destroy and obviously not a good candidate for a fun death, the Orks have decided to leave the planet on its own as well. Besides an observatory satellite placed in orbit by an ambitious Mek Boy, the surface of Urilia remains as it has been for thousands of years- haunted, quiet, dead.

Chasm (Contributed by Isaac Chiang)

Classification: Sanctified Planet (Mining World)

Buried deep in the Maas Sector lies the world of Chasm, at least as how the Imperials called it before it was stolen by the Orks. A testament to Imperial Naming, Chasm was a world riddled with deep crevasses and canyons, the surface looked like a world of trenches from space. However this world was among the first to fall to the Ork threat and since then the deep chasms have been filled with wreckage, detritus, and all sorts of things. As the first world to have been claimed, it was one of the more important worlds to the Orks for several reasons.

The planet is not controlled by any of the major clans but instead by the sheer force and prestige of three mighty Orks. Curiously they are not warbosses but many bosses are eager to curry favor with any of the three. For the world is under the tools of three important Doks and each is a special Dok that is a master at their specific craft. Ishrac the EyeDok for you need eyes to see and shoot. Drilla the TeefDok because you need teef to buy and to eat. Finally Busta the BitzDok because you need all the bitz to hold the eyes and teefs. These three Doks control the planet and any Ork that wants munitions or resources must adhere to their rules.



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Mighty Waaghs and forces of Orks make the pilgrimage to Chasm. They bring spoils and munitions to pay for the services of the three Doks as well as bring material for trade. One Orks' trash is another Ork's loot after all. The three doks also look at the health of the millions of Boyz that pass through and Imperial Intelligence fear that the Boyz that pass through Chasm are tougher and healthier than others, not to mention better equipped.

Ragnarok (Contributed by Markos Eugenios)

Classification: Sanctified World (War World)

Ragnarok was settled by man during the Dark Age of Technology. The massive, city-sized Colony-Ship which brought man to the planet was broken down, and used to build the first settlements, tools, and machines. Utilizing the internal STC the colonists brought with them, the lush jungle world of Ragnarok was soon thriving. Exporting nutritious fruits, wildlife, and vegetables to the rest of the Segmentum and beyond- Ragnarok was a lynchpin of organic production. And so it remained for the history of that world.

Old Night, the Heresy, Sector-wide conflicts came and went but no foe ever threatened the existence of the planet itself. Then somewhere in unreality, the gods laughed. With a flash of light the Cicatrix Maledictum rent the sky asunder and communication with the Imperium ceased. The government of Ragnarok contacted other worlds to hear word about the empire, the beloved Emperor, Holy Terra- the response: silence.

It was in this silence the Orks came. They came in their millions, aboard great ships which defied physics and any logic of cohesive construction. From the sky they smashed into the fertile soil of Ragnarok, and bellowed cries of pure rage. The Ragnarok Planetary Defense Force- well trained, disciplined, and possessed of superior equipment- put up a spirited defense. However, against those odds not even ten full divisions of Astra Militarum would prevail. After the military had been decimated, the Orks crowded the remaining humans into the Northern continent of Lusitanium.

From here, the humans were pressed into slavery; working in mines, repairing broken equipment, and tending to those Orks with enough teeth to afford menial slaves possessed of more skill than a lowly grot. Sector command on Angelenos discovered the Ork invasion almost immediately. Units from no less than 3 Space Marine Chapters and 10 divisions of Astra Militarum have been dispatched to Ragnarok. The war continues today, with each side reluctant to use planet-ending devices for fear of killing their own. The Orks wanted a brutal conflict, the Imperium has given it to them on Ragnarok.

Jagga Home (Contributed by Luke Baker)

Classification: Fortress World

Jagga Home is a captured Hive World in a system once known to the Imperium as Auroch Horn, named such due to it being at the end of the Ox Nebula and near the "horns". Auroch Horn has two massive asteroid belts, one to the solar interior and one to the solar exterior of its sole planet Bosx' orbit. Bosx itself was a deserted wind torn sphere with ancient and massive xenos atmospheric production towers of a long forgotten race. Over a mile tall and several miles in diameter, these towers were still running off of geo thermal energy and had created a breathable atmosphere that came roaring out of the east side of each tower as near hurricane force wind. Hundreds of these towers pushing this vicious torrent of air across the planet has left it largely eroded, windswept, and bare, leading to frequent storms of considerable power.

However, the west side of each tower was fully habitable and experienced more tolerable winds (barely). Settlements grew in the west shadows of these "Tempest Towers", and using the seemingly inexhaustible geo-thermal energy within each tower, over the millennia, many have grown into vast hive cities that now extend up into and onto the towers themselves... often with additional reactors and a variety of

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formidable wind shields to protect the smelteries, foundries, and forges working with the vast natural resources mined from the twin belts of the Auroch Horn system. Local mining craft are always careful to approach the cities from the west and require great skill to land.

The hive cities of Bosx have developed many peculiar traits and characteristics due to this vicious atmosphere. For example, almost of have some sort of air sailing blood sport. Danger filled races and leagues use everything from single person skimmers to large clipper-like craft in cutthroat races. Those who rise to fame in these events can often seek greater wealth and glory in the void if wanting to compete in the even more popular asteroid races off planet. Thrill seekers from many further away systems have long flocked to the Auroch Horn Races. In moments of instability and civil war, cities to the west were always seen as the threat and expansion to the east was always the goal of would-be conquerors. The undercities of the hives often have entire sectors and zones that are off limits due to hazardous turbines and wind tunnels presenting grave danger to any caught unaware. Surviving the hive cities and attempting to manage the hazards of Bosx' climate were challenge enough for Imperial citizens... until the asteroids themselves came to the cities.

The Great Tyrant of Jagga had left his planet to terrorize the Ultima Segmentum and alongside Ghazghkull at Armageddon. Feared freebootaz Kaptin Blackgit and his Kroozers had based themselves out of Jagga's system as well, but these two had fallen to the Templars and Behemoth, respectively. But both had their survivors. Guided by the visions of Jagga moonbison saving the clans of Jagga, two Ork wyrdboyz had brought the warriors of the WAAAGH!! and the tyranid scouring together and this new, resurgent force fell upon the Auroch Horn system as great new warp rifts tore through the sector (seen as a clear blessing from Mork and Gork).

Using Kroozers, and a damaged Rok, the Orks of Jagga clashed with system defense forces in the asteroid belts, capturing massive ore-haulers, mining bases, and Imperium vessels, and building up for a planetary assault. Small, nascent roks were crashed onto Bosx and the conquest of the hives began.

Now most of the Tempest Towers are either burning or controlled by the Orks, who have gladly allowed refugees, gangers, and resistance fighters to linger in the Underhives so that the Orks who aren't gleefully racing in the gales of the planet can hunt and fight for sport in the cities themselves. Newly renamed Jagga Home, this planet has become an Ork paradise. Speed Freeks and Mekboyz delight in continuing the races and blood sports of the planet.

The Hive cities themselves provide a mass pool of slave labor and the asteroid belts have begun to turn out a host of deadly fortifications and Ork Roks that are guided by the wyrdboyz into the rifts and then drop into unsuspecting systems throughout the sector. Jagga Home with its resources, factories, fortified asteroid bases, captive population, and more orks flocking to the new banners every day, could soon give rise to a new Tyrant of Jagga.