

Astartes feats by me:

Marine is alive despite...

"That's why we're here. Mercutian is already dying, and the head wound Uzas is wearing doesn't look like it's left him all in one piece, either. His skull is bare to the bone, and we left one of his eyes back in the chamber where Third Claw died."

Pg.267 Void Stalker

Space Marines are fast when angry.

"Sire, I believe we should save them for—" The human said nothing more. The front of his face came free with a sickly crack, the flesh and jagged bone crunching in the Night Lord's fist. Talos ignored the body as it toppled, spilling the insides of its halved skull onto the decking. No one had even seen him move, such was the prophet's speed, clearing ten metres and vaulting a console table in the time it took a human heart to beat once."

Pg.93 VS

Marines endurance.

"Talos disembowelled one of the fleeing crew from behind, hurling the biological wreckage aside. He was sweating beneath his armour, already feeling the strain of the endless chopping through the panicked humans blocking the tunnels. A horde of them, hundreds – and soon to be thousands – were fleeing for the escape pods. Exhaustion wasn't a factor; he could carve all day and all night without rest. The problem was purely one of time."

Pg.229 VS

Some visor stuff.

"Cyrus realised that the stuttering roar of heavy bolters had vanished. He turned, looking back to where Valerian's squad had stood. Flames filled his vision, spreading across the junction floor. Beyond the fire the beast lifted a ruin of bloody meat and white fragments in an iron claw. Cyrus began to run through the flames, purity seals burning, armour blackening. His helmet vision darkened, compensating for the brightness of the fire, objects and movements becoming a series of coloured runes overlaying shifting shadows. The beast's movements were a bladed blur overlaid with a green grid of lines."

Pg.125 Fateweaver

"Pulling himself to his feet he felt the fever-ache of the psychic power he had channelled. Every movement brought a dull stab of pain. He looked around, his vision filling with threat assessment icons. The dead were thick on the floor and pools of flame cast the scene in a mottled orange light. No threat icons. They had won."

Pg.127 Fateweaver

A Space Marine takes out a giant stone tower big enough to have 3 space marines fighting on it.
"Blocks had sunk into the floor of the arena, lined by the towers between which the Space Marines had been leaping. Dirty water had rapidly seeped up through grilles in the block-bottom of the large pit and filled it to a reasonable depth.

Montalbán watched the weapon fly across the water's expanse and clatter to the ground on the other side. Instead of waiting for Alighieri to join him on his tower, the Imperial Fist dropped down the side of the column, sending a quake through the dark stone as he landed. The Black Templar wouldn't have been able to make good on his bold opening since Kersh had come back at him with a lunge that had every right to gut the Castellan. Somehow the nimble Alighieri managed to arc his palsied form about the sword's stabbing path.

The tower suddenly bucked. Kersh initially assumed that the blocks were once more on the move, but a second impact convinced him otherwise. The giant Montalbán was throwing his bulk at the tower base like a beast of the plains felling titanwoods. The third slam of superhuman shoulder against stone took out the base block and toppled the tower. As the column shook and tipped, Kersh lost his footing and went down in an ugly fashion. Striking his chest against the block edge he felt the shell of his fused ribs crack. He clawed at the smooth surface of the dark stone, allowing his gladius to tumble from his grip and into the filthy water below. The unsuccessful Scourge followed the weapon and was in turn followed and buried by the falling blocks of the collapsed tower."

Pg.162 Legion of the Damned

Some impressive, if unquantifiable strength feat.

"The fallen column had created a shattered causeway across the pool and a path Montalbán fully intended on using to swiftly reclaim his weapon. Once again, the Black Templar's light feet and balance had proved their worth and the Imperial Fist found a dry Alighieri holding an awkward fighting stance but blocking his way across the stepping stone. The Fist's lips wrinkled in infuriation. Slapping the palms of his gauntlets on a colossal fragment of the broken base block, Montalbán heaved the slab of stone above his head and launched it at the Black Templar. As the rock flew like a meteorite along the path of the causeway, a wide-eyed Alighieri was forced to jump from the bridge and dive into the water.

As his feet found the bottom and the Castellan surfaced, sword in hand, he found himself staring up at Montalbán's rippling chest. The giant had torn the remainder of the base-block out of the arena floor and was once again hefting the rock above the flat-top of his blond hair. Alighieri prepared himself to dive left or right out of the boulder's trajectory. At that moment, like a daemon of the deep, Kersh broke the water's surface. Coming up behind Alighieri he grabbed the Black Templar by both the wrist of his swordarm and his neck. The Castellan struggled in desperation but the Space Marine's speed and agility were no match for the Scourge's meaty arm-lock.

Kersh held Alighieri to him, holding the Black Templar in place and outstretched, resting his forehead against the back of the warrior's skull. The Castellan's face fell as he watched Montalbán hurl the rock at them both. Kersh felt the Templar's bones break as the stone shattered against Alighieri's presented form. The pair were smacked down through the water, leaving a cloud of rock dust to mark the point of dreadful impact.

Once again beneath the surface, the Scourge was slammed into the pool bottom by the weight of the broken block. The back of his head bounced off the stone and something cracked. Heaving the deadweight of the sinking rock off both himself and Alighieri's motionless body, Kersh kicked off the pool floor only to find his right leg wouldn't answer. It was broken and

useless. Clawing for the surface with one hand he dragged the Templar behind him with the other.

He need not have bothered. The arena was morphing about them once again with a mechanical shuddering. Water drained about the Scourge through the grilles, and the pool bottom rose up to meet him.

All three Space Marines were now back on the same level. Alighieri was a broken and bloodied mess. Half of his chest had been caved in by the rock's impact. Kersh slithered up beside him and put his ear to the other half and then to the Black Templar's torn lips. Incredibly, he was still breathing. Barely."

Pg.164 LotD

On a marine's toughness.

"Ezrachi heard that he was so unrelenting on the battlefield that on the midnight plains of Menga-Dardra, a Black Legion Land Raider slammed into him with its dozer blade, ran him down and crushed him beneath its tracks, only for the mauled and buckled Skase to get back to his feet and rush back into the heart of the fighting."

Pg.206 LotD

Some reflexes, not too crazy.

"Kersh told them and turned away. Marching for the colossal archway egress, the Scourge said into his vox, 'Impunitas, this is Kersh. Prepare—'

'Corpus-captain!'

'Excoriator!'

'Kersh!'

Something hit the Scourge's pauldron. With blistering reflexes the corpus-captain turned and snatched the object out of the air, his face a mask of grizzled venom. In his gauntlet he held a crumpled vellum scroll. The stunted Schedonski held the other end in his gnarled claws with the length of manuscript taut between them.

'That was unwise, mortal,' Ezrachi warned."

Pg.236 LotD

Some strength, hard to quantify.

"They had done this to him, his so-called brothers. The killing, the slaughter – it had to continue. The craven Angels of the corpse-Emperor failed to see this. Dastards all, they had mobbed him like cowards, holding him down and prising the steaming sword from his hand. Not before the Scarioch-Thing had broken a few more jaws and noses with his brow and flailing knuckles. When he would not soothe to the lullaby of their weakling words and fraternal entreaties, they cut the cable-fibres of his armour and stripped him of his pack power-plant. They stretched his arms behind him and bound his wrists behind a cloister-pillar, using the bent length of a nearby railing bar.

The berserker thrashed against the deadweight of his plate. The pillar groaned. The metal of his bindings squealed and contorted. The raging Angel strained and struggled against his captivity. His teeth clenched and his gums oozed blood. The whites of his eyes were thread-shattered

and deep red while his Adeptus Astartes flesh ruptured with the mosaic distension of bruising and exertion."

Pg.535 LotD

Slapping rounds away, shows that they can easily do it, it can have consequences though.

"The sorcerer stood at the edge of the marble disc, aiming a bolt pistol. He fired from almost point-blank range. Sabtah had no choice. He slapped the round away. His left hand exploded in a concentric swirl of blood and armour fragments."

Pg.229 Blood Gorgons

Space Marines again laugh at flames.

"Along his section of the perimeter, the corpus-captain saw cultists and slave-soldiers thrashing in the flames. He saw a hammer-wielding Thunder Baron stride through the blaze in scorched plate as though it were nothing. The renegade Angel was followed by several lesser berserkers, who burst from the wall of flame at a sprint, flak and furs alight with the flesh melting from their cruel bones. They didn't get far, the demented warriors succumbing to the firestorms they had become long before they reached the ruined battlement. "

Pg.626 LotD

Marine running through walls.

"Umbragg reached the wall first, shouldering his power armoured way straight through the masonry to appear like a conjured daemon before the shocked and terrified stream of Charnel Guard and armed cemetery worlders flooding into the passageway."

Pg.651 LotD

Chaos marine killing.

"Two cemetery worlders were suddenly before him, dappling his chestplate with rifles that were loud, annoying and pitifully ineffective. Looking down on the taller of the two fossers, the World Eater swung out the back of his gauntlet. Swatting the puny mortal aside, Umbragg took off his head with the backslash.

'Donalbain!' the second Certusian yelled, his voice shot through with the weakness of useless human emotion. Shock turned instantly to anger – a feeling Umbragg of the Brazen Flesh could appreciate – and the fosser ran at the armoured giant, smashing at his ceramite plating with the scuffed butt of his rifle. Within his helm, the World Eater licked his cracked and aged lips.

Clasping the weakling mortal by both his head and shoulder, the World Eater tore in two different directions. With ease the Certusian's screaming head broke from his thrashing torso. Tossing both aside, Umbragg showed his bloody palms to the sky. With the massacre coming to an end about him, Umbragg of the Brazen Flesh snorted.

'Find me Angels!' he bawled at his dark brethren."

Pg.652 LotD

Space Marines overpowering hundreds of men.

"The full weight of the advancing Cholercaust was behind the thick metal, with row upon blood-crazed row charging forwards against each other and the Mausoleum door in an effort to earn the Blood God's favour and end an Adeptus Astartes. The Scourge and Brother Novah

continued in their desperate, marble-grazing efforts. Ishmael turned his unseeing eyes on his brothers. Novah was nearest, so Novah died first. Ishmael spun around and buried a crackling claw all the way up to the knuckle in the Fifth Company standard bearer. The standard itself jangled to the floor, and as Ishmael retracted his devastating talons, the butchered Excoriator followed it. Kersh immediately felt the effect on the door as hundreds of the Blood God's servants lent their weight to an irresistible entrance.

Scrabbling beneath the warpstream, Skase joined his corpus-captain on the door. Launching their armoured frames at the adamantium alloy with renewed fervour, the Excoriators slammed it closed, shearing off the twitching limbs of slave-soldiers clawing their way through. As Skase held the great door closed, Kersh hauled at the pinion mechanism that drove a heavy adamantium bar across the portal and into the wall."

Pg.717 LotD

"He took a brief moment or two to unconsciously alter his carriage; the design of the power armour necessitated a change in posture after time wearing his shipboard clothing. His back straightened and the servos at work in the armour adjusted to his movements after barely a nanosecond's delay."

Pg.90 Gildar Rift

Visor instantly switches to infrared.

"When the ship's systems had gone down, Brand's helm had instantly switched to infrared vision. Apart from a slight skip as his sensors adjusted to the new lighting levels, and a slight increase in the amount of oxygen mixed into his in-built life support, he barely noticed."

Pg.126 Gildar Rift

"Matteus smiled darkly beneath his helmet, then stooped to the ground. He ran his fingers through the packed red dust whilst a host of internal sensors calculated its density and consistency. Once battle was joined it would fill the air in a choking cloud but would do little to impede the senses of the Adeptus Astartes."

Pg.171 GR

Another example of losing a limb to be an inconvenience.

"The altercation that ensued was brief and savage; the exchange of bolter shells on both sides ultimately resulting in the bloody, violent deaths of all four of the Red Corsairs and one of the Silver Skulls. The remaining battle-brother paid a price for the brief victory, too. His armour was pitted with craters and smoke curled from the muzzle of his bolter where it lay, still held by the bloody ruin of his hand. There was no real pain, merely a faint sense of annoyance at the inconvenience the temporary loss of the appendage would cause. A mangled scrap of flesh and ceramite was all that remained at the end of his arm. With cool, clinical detachment, the young warrior drew his chainblade and completed the job.

The Larraman cells in his bloodstream had already formed a rapidly-closing seal over the wound, and he simply switched to his bolt pistol before joining his brothers in the next car."

Pg.198 GR

Techmarine servo-arm strength (note that drop pods are dozens of meters tall).

"Several of the pod's ramps had managed to open fully, while others, like Nemiel's, had been blocked by piles of debris. Brother-Sergeant Kohl was braced against the side of the pod and helping free Brother Vardus and his cumbersome heavy bolter.

Brother Askelon came around the side of the pod closest to Nemiel. His powerful servo arm deployed above his shoulder with a faint whine as he placed his feet carefully among the rubble. 'Stand clear!' he called, then opened the gripping claw of his arm and extended it against the side of the pod. Servo-motors hummed with gathering power. Askelon slid backwards a few centimetres; Nemiel stepped forward and tried to help brace him. Then, with a grating of powdered masonry and a groan of metal, the pod shifted slowly upright. 'Well done, brother,' Nemiel said, clapping the Techmarine on the shoulder as the pod's ramps fully deployed. "

Pg.159 FA

Drop pods are dozens of meters tall.

"In an explosion of concrete and soil, a behemoth thundered to earth. It was dozens of metres tall, painted midnight blue, and on its multi-faceted sides was painted the sigil of the double-headed axe. It scattered the cultists through the air with the force of its impact, and in its wake came another, and another, and then two more. It was as if a series of great metal castles had suddenly been hurled to earth. With a scream of straining metal, long hatches fell down from the sides of these monstrous apparitions, as though they were the petals opening on a flower."

Pg.112 25 for 25 – The Last Detail

"The Astartes didn't bother fumbling about for a doorway – when he encountered an inner wall he barrelled right through the flimsy flakboard with scarcely a pause."

Pg.162 Fallen Angels

Battlecannon that Astartes survives in the next quote..

"But the rest of his retort was swallowed in a thunderous explosion as the tank outside fired its battle cannon into the derelict building. The blast pulverised a ten-metre-wide section of the building's front entrance, showering the Astartes in a hail of jagged stone and metal."

Pg.202 FA

Astartes surviving battle cannon shell.

"Nemiel watched the Astartes race up to the street corner and put their backs to a burnt-out storefront, their bolters held across their chests. One of the two warriors – Brother Cortus, Nemiel thought – slid to the end of the wall and peered around the corner.

Nemiel heard the battle cannon fire and watched the corner of the building Coitus was standing at disintegrate in the space of a single heartbeat. The two Astartes disappeared in a blizzard of pulverised stone and fragments of structural steel. A billowing cloud of dust and smoke enveloped the intersection and rolled down the street towards the rest of the squad.

The squad took cover on reflex, crouching behind rubble piles or pressing close to a building wall. Nemiel checked his helmet display and saw the status icon for Brother Cortus flash from

green to amber. He was wounded, perhaps seriously, but still functional. The walls of the building must have shielded the Astartes from the worst of the blast.

Less than a minute later Brother Yung emerged from the smoke cloud, his black armour caked with brown dust. He was half-carrying, half-dragging Brother Cortus. Nemiel rose from cover and jogged forward as Yung set the wounded warrior down next to the shattered stoop of a hab unit. Cortus reached up and fumbled with his helmet. One side of the ceramite helm had been partially crushed, shattering the right ocular and splitting it from crown to nape. Yung lent a hand and helped the wounded Astartes pull the helmet free.

'Status?' Nemiel asked.

Brother Cortus sent the smashed helmet bouncing across the street. The skin on the right side of his face had been deeply scored by the impact, peeling away the flesh down to the bone in some places. His right eye was a bloody ruin, but the wound was clotting quickly thanks to Cortus's enhanced healing ability.

'One battle tank and four APCs, three hundred metres south,' he said, his voice rough with pain.

'Approximately a platoon of infantry in hasty defensive positions, maybe more.'

'I was talking about your head, brother.'

Cortus glanced dazedly at the Redeptor, blinking his one good eye. 'Oh, that,' he said dismissively. 'It's nothing. Did anyone see what happened to my bolter?'"

Pg.188 FA

A blade wound.

"He had just crested the tallest debris pile, only ten short metres from the drop pod, when he saw the flicker of an energy field low and to his left. Without thinking he dodged to the right and brought his crozius down to block the blow, and just barely managed to keep his leg from being cut off at the knee. As it was, the rebel lieutenant's power sword sliced deeply through his left calf and caused him to stumble. The pain was so intense it took his breath away. Even with the autohypnotic rotes at his command, the wound very nearly sent him into shock. His armour sensed the damage and immediately compensated, stiffening the pseudo-musculature of his left calf and immobilising it, like a ceramite splint. The sudden change in mobility pitched Nemiel forward, sending him sliding face-first down the debris pile into the midst of the platoon's small command squad."

Pg.198 FA

Mowing down zombies, note 15 round bolt pistol magazines and a single round reduces men to mist.

"Form a firing line!' he ordered.

The closest of the corpses was only five metres away. As the eight remaining Astartes rushed forward to stand shoulder-to-shoulder beside Zahariel and Astelan, the Librarian called out.

'Change magazines!'

As one, nine pairs of hands went to work, releasing nearly-empty clips from their bolt pistols and slapping fresh ones home. Charging handles racked home with a well-oiled clatter.

The shambling mob was two metres away, almost close enough to touch. 'Squad!' Zahariel yelled. 'One step back! Five rounds rapid. Fire!'

In lockstep, ten pairs of boots crashed upon the permacrete. Bolt pistols barked in a rolling volley. Green clad bodies jerked and blew apart in the storm of mass-reactive rounds. The first rank of corpses disintegrated under the fusillade.

'One step back. Five rounds rapid. Fire!'

The bolt pistols thundered again. Each round found its mark, and fifty more bodies were reduced to bloody fragments. The rest of the mob staggered on, their outstretched hands little more than a metre away.

At Zahariel's command, the squad took one last step back and fired five more rounds into the press. Firing bolts locked back on empty magazines as fifty more bodies erupted into gory mist. The mob had been cut in half in the span of twenty seconds, but the remainder pressed their advance."

Pg.320 FA

Marine survives being split in half.

"The Librarian hurled himself to the side just as the creature lunged into the squad's midst with the force of a runaway train.

With a shout, Zahariel spun to face the beast as the queen gathered herself together like a coiling spring and lashed out again, this time catching Gideon and two of the corpses in its wide mandibles. The curved pincers snapped shut like a giant scissors. The two corpses were bisected at once; Gideon's armour resisted a half-second longer before giving way as well.

A bolt pistol barked; Gideon, lying in a pool of his own blood, had reloaded his weapon and was snapping careful shots at the worm's eyes. Two burst apart in a shower of ichor, causing the queen to thrash and shriek in pain, but the wounds didn't seem to slow the creature in the slightest.

'What of Brother Gideon?' Zahariel asked.

'Comatose. His armour is keeping his vital signs stable enough that we should be able to get him back to Aldurukh.'"

Pgs.325-326 FA

EMP vs sentry gun.

"Then it's probably sitting right at the feet of the ladder leading up to the foundry.' Nemiel said.

'Any way to outflank it?' Askelon shook his head. 'Unlikely. But there might be a way to temporarily incapacitate it.'

'Tell me.'

The Techmarine pointed at the conduits lining the walls around them. 'This is category nine conduit; it's the most heavily-shielded insulator available,' he explained. 'But there's so much power going through these lines that there's still significant electromagnetic radiation leaking into the tunnel.'

'And how does that help us, exactly?'

'If I cut into the conduits I can use my armour's power plant to send a feedback surge down the line towards the sentry unit,' Askelon said. 'A powerful enough spike in electromagnetic radiation

will overload its auspex receptors and force a reset. That will render it blind and unable to communicate for approximately thirty seconds.'

'Approximately?' Nemiel said.

'If I could see the type of sentry unit I could tell you down to the millisecond,' Askelon said. 'As it is, it could be one of a half-dozen models. Thirty seconds is my worst-case estimate.'

Pg.391 FA

Astartes run 300m in 18 seconds.

""He's sent the pulse,' Nemiel told the squad. 'Brother Marthes, take point. Sergeant Kohl, help me with Brother Askelon. Let's move!'

The Astartes sprang into action, charging down the tunnel behind Marthes, who advanced with his meltagun held ready. Kohl and Nemiel brought up the rear, dragging the limp form of Askelon between them.

Three hundred metres down the tunnel, the passageway fed into a large, square structure that echoed the permacrete blockhouse they'd entered at the manufactory. The plasteel rungs of another ladder climbed upward, presumably into the foundry's assembly building. Sitting at its feet, just as Nemiel suspected, crouched a matte-black sentry gun. Armed with a turret-mounted twin-linked lascannon, the automated unit crouched on four stubby legs like a hungry spider waiting for prey. Nemiel could hear the hum of its power unit as they approached. Its twin guns were aimed straight down the tunnel at the approaching Astartes. A single shot would cut through their armour like tissue.

Nemiel consulted his internal chrono: they had just twelve seconds left. He looked to Kohl as they reached the bottom of the ladder. "

Pg.394 FA

Space Marine armor stopping heavy bolter shells.

"Kohl and Ephrial exchanged fire with them, dropping several with well-aimed shots. A burst of heavy bolter fire answered them, stitching the two Astartes with a stream of shells. Both warriors staggered beneath the hits, but their armour turned aside the blows."

Pg.411 FA

What heavy bolters can do in the same novel.

""Brother Vardus opened fire a second later, raking the rear Testudo with an extended burst of heavy bolter fire. The mass-reactive rounds exploded against the APC's armoured hide and gouged craters in its solid tyres. Here and there the rounds found a seam in the armour plates and penetrated into the APC, wreaking bloody havoc on the men crammed within. The Testudo lurched to a stop, smoke pouring from the holes punched in its side."

Pg.165 FA

And more heavy bolter action.

"Hanging from the ruined wing by a single hydraulic pintle and belt feed was one of the Impunitas's twin-linked heavy bolters. Cutting through the gunship impulse cabling with his blade and shearing away the tensioned piston-trigger, Kersh sank his gauntlets into the firing

mechanism, clutching at rods, pins and levers. Pulling at a robust lever, the Scourge was rewarded with a kick from the right-hand heavy bolter. The round blasted up into the wing's armour plating. Angling the bolters around on their hydraulic pintle and clutching both levers like the brakes on a bike, Kersh unleashed the devastating weapon on the storming mob. The twin-linked heavy bolters bucked like beasts of burden reined in and under control. The barrels breathed flash-fires from their gaping muzzles, and two streams of blistering, brute-calibre firepower reached across the battlefield for the enemy. As Kersh angled the monstrous weapons around, lines of cultists disappeared in a bloodspittle haze of sweeping death. Assassins of 'The Covenant', so lithe and barbarically graceful, were mercilessly turned to chum before the gunship-mounted weapon. The Volscani Cataphracts' armour was nothing to Kersh's firepower and droves of the traitor Guardsmen were cut down in a furore of clot-splashing eruptions. The feral ogryn, Kersh simply cut down to size by scything straight through the thick muscle and bone of his legs and watching the limbless giant crash to the ground.

Through gritted teeth the Scourge continued his diamantine-tipped decontamination of the necroplex. The heads of mutants and already mindless spawn were popped off like ripe pustules. The Deathfest lived up to their name as Kersh and his heavy bolters turned several of their foetid number into a celebratory display of gore-spritz and screams. The Regna-Rouge became a dying commemoration of their colours in the Excoriator's leadstorm, their unblooded blades and torturer's instruments falling uselessly from bolt-severed hands. It was carnage. The fallen Impunitas continued to feed ammunition. The weapon blazed with impunity. Kersh killed everything in his feverish fire-arc. Soon the area before his decimated section of the line was a twitching field of corpses and bloody smog."

Pg.613 LotD

"Those who had regressed. Those who were now no more than agonising expressions of the savagery from which they were originally crafted. The Scourge favoured these with the Thunderhawk's remaining wrath. With 1.00 calibre mercy, the Scourge ended their torment and that of their followers. "

Pg.617 LotD

Space marine Librarian can be quiet.

"That left him with only one viable option. The Librarian took a few, deep breaths, calling on his training to calm his mind and focus his thoughts, then he rose from concealment, took three quick steps and vaulted over the side of the catwalk.

He landed with scarcely a sound, not three metres away from the two rebels. The man with the knife let out a startled squawk and recoiled from the Astartes, his eyes widening in fear. The pipe-smoker whirled, following the other man's startled gaze. To his credit, he kept his composure much better than his companion."

Pg.426 FA

In a handful of seconds the astartes cross hundreds of meters.

"They'd run for only a few hundred metres when just ahead they saw a platoon of skitarii jog into view, dragging four lascannons mounted on wheeled gun carriages. They saw the Astartes at

almost the same instant; with three hundred metres between them, the enemy troops hurriedly dropped the trails on the four guns and began to frantically wheel them around to bear on the squad.

'Charge!' Nemiel cried, but the rest of squad hardly needed prompting. They broke into a full run, firing their bolters as they went.

Nemiel watched the mass-reactive shells strike the armoured splinter plates of the gun carriages and ricochet harmlessly away. The crews worked quickly and with remarkable precision, connecting the weapons to their power units and energising the guns in the space of seconds. If they had been preparing to fire on human troops, it might have been enough, but the Astartes reached the enemy with seconds to spare.

They leapt up and over the lascannons' splinter shields and came down among the shocked gun crews. "

Pg.470 FA

Astartes can carry two other astartes with ease. (can weigh anywhere from 3009sh kilos to many tonnes)

"Kohl grabbed the Techmarine's arm and draped it over his shoulder, then took hold of Askelon's waist with his left hand. 'I could carry two of you without breaking a sweat,' the sergeant growled. "

Pg.475 FA

Strength of a marine.

"The strength in his arms built, the strength to shatter steel and buckle the hull of an armoured vehicle. He pictured exactly where his fists would strike."

Pg.143 A Thousand Sons

Space Marine can fight a long time.

" In the material realm, an Astartes could fight for weeks on end without rest..."

Pg.183 ATS

Grenades are woefully ineffective.

"He could hear Maion's footsteps as he moved down the corridor; the other Flesh Tearer was halfway to the stairs, the fizz of the electrical cables as they spat in their death throes... and the shifting of metal – Harahel pivoted left as a grenade hit the ground. His ocular sensors dimmed, shielding his eyes from the piercing flash that flooded the chamber. With a dense clatter, a half-dozen of the ceiling grilles fell to the ground. A cluster of figures in sodden fatigues dropped down after them and opened fire. 'Contact!' Harahel shouted into the vox even as a hail of las-fire pattered off his armour.

Bathed in blood-spatter and faced with an opponent whose armour bore their comrade's eviscerated innards, the traitors fell back. One held his ground, staring wide-eyed at Harahel as he pulled a clutch of grenades from a harness. Harahel decapitated the man as he advanced on the others. The grenades fell from the headless corpse's fingers. A cloud of flame and shrapnel washed over Harahel's battle-plate as they detonated. A slew of warnings lit up on the Flesh

Tearer's retinal display. Harahel blinked them away; his armour's integrity was intact. Ahead of him, the traitors had rallied behind a pillar. He could see the fear on their gaunt faces as he emerged unscathed from the billowing fire."

Pgs.7+9+10 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

Marine leaps several yards and slices through a pillar of unknown thickness.

"Ahead of him, the traitors had rallied behind a pillar. He could see the fear on their gaunt faces as he emerged unscathed from the billowing fire. Harahel heard the distinctive click of las power packs locking into place. It was insulting they thought the pillar offered any protection from his wrath. The huge Flesh Tearer growled, the metallic resonance of his helmet's audio amplifier lending the sound a bestial quality. The stench of ammonia wafted on the air. He smiled, one of the traitors had pissed himself. Harahel rushed them. He leapt the last few yards, swinging his Eviscerator through the pillar as he landed. The blade showered him in sparks and pulped organs as it chewed through the metal of the column and into the bodies of the two traitors closest to it. The men died screaming, flesh ripped from their bones and tossed into the air by the churning, adamantium teeth."

Pg.10 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

Andy Smillie's Marines (the author) are badass, Flesh Tearers of course.

"A scarred traitor screamed at him, lunging at him with a bayonet. Harahel sidestepped the attack and backhanded the man across his face, smashing his skull and sending chunks of his teeth spearing into the face of a heavy-set warrior who was fumbling with the activation stud of a shock maul. The man cried out in pain, dropping his weapon and clutching his ragged face. Harahel clamped his hand over the man's head and squeezed, crushing his skull. 'Cowards,' he snarled, throwing the twitching body into the press of traitors as they scrambled away."

Pg.10 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

More killing.

"Barbelo dived over the barricade to land on top of a blood-caked traitor. Ribs broke under the impact, splintering into internal organs with a crunch. Barbelo drove his knee into the man's face as he rose, crushing the traitor's skull into the deck. Maion went straight through the barricade, chopping his chainsword down through a scorched supply crate before reversing the motion and eviscerating the traitor that was using it for cover. Blood and viscera splashed across his helmet. His ocular sensors adjusted, allowing him to see through the flesh-mire. To his right, a stick-thin traitor turned to run. Maion threw his combat knife. The blade shot pierced the traitor's back and went through his chest. The man pitched forward as the blade clattered to the floor. Maion grinned ferally. He turned, searching for someone to kill but Barbelo had beaten him to it. The sergeant punched his fist through a screaming man's chest before stamping his boot down on the head of another, pulping it."

Pg.11 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

Autocannons are for chumps.

"but stopped as weapons fire erupted from within. A noise like the birth of thunder filled the corridor as a heavy weapon roared. The sergeant jerked backwards as high-calibre rounds

slammed into his armour, pitting the ceramite. His own shot went wide as a round clipped his gauntlet, the plasma blast scorching the ceiling. Barbelo dropped his chin and raised his shoulder as another torrent of rounds hammered him. Even as his pauldron cracked, the icon of the Chapter blasted from his shoulder in a shower of splintered ceramite, the sergeant took a step forward. Maion recognised the harsh bark of an autocannon as the traitors poured fire onto Barbelo – the sergeant's armour would not hold. Maion lunged forward, tossed a frag grenade into the room, grabbed Barbelo's gorget, and pulled him back into the corridor. 'You dare!' The sergeant snarled at Maion, back-fisting him across the helm. Maion staggered cursing. With disciplined restraint he quashed the rage boiling up inside him. 'Calm yourself brother. To proceed would have been folly.'

Pg.12 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

Eidetic memory is nice.

"Maion held up his hand, the firing had stopped. His enhanced hearing had heard the bark of every round as they tore from the autocannon's barrel. His eidetic memory had catalogued every shell casing that struck the ground. The weapon's magazine was still half full. The traitors weren't reloading, they were baiting them."

Pg.12 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

Flamer.

"Harahel smelt their fear as Micos fired, blanketing the traitors in a sheet of burning promethium that washed away flesh and dissolved bone to ash. He watched them burn, frail wicks eaten up by a ravenous flame. The meek and the brave, they all died."

Pg.13 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

A flesh wound.

"'Micos?' Nisroc's vox went unanswered. He turned to the other Flesh Tearer. 'I am fine, Apothecary,' Micos snarled, throwing his ruined helmet across the chamber. 'A flesh wound. ' The Apothecary cast his gaze over Micos. A blackened hole sat where his right eye should have been and his face was a mess of dark scabs. 'As you say, brother.'"

Pg.17-18 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

Flesh Tearer brutality, then some dodging of plasma rounds then vaporization.

"Harahel entered behind Maion and moved right. Three men blocked his path. He shouldered them aside, decapitating two with a single stroke of his blade, and killing the third with a thunderous head-butt. Ahead, a panicked traitor struggled with a grenade launcher. Harahel tore the skull from the nearest corpse and threw it at the man. The macabre projectile shot into the traitor's chest, cracked his sternum and stopped his heart. Barbelo was the last to advance into the chamber. He moved straight forwards, sighting a traitor in a heavy overcoat wielding a plasma pistol. The man fired. The sergeant dropped his shoulder to avoid the shot. The plasma round burnt through the air to melt the wall where his head had been an instant before. The man fired again. 'In the name of–' Barbelo, dodged left and fired, his round vaporising the man's head and shoulders before the traitor could finish his sentence. 'We will not hear the name of your heathen god, heretic,' Barbelo fired again; his plasma round obliterating what remained of the treacherous commissar's corpse in a crackle of blue energy. 'Sanctum secure.'"

Pg.18 H&B 15 – Beneath the Flesh

Can survive off of almost nothing

"At his side was a careworn long-las inscribed with Techno-mad tribal runes and an explorer's pack containing survival gear and supplies, the latter for show. With his enhanced physiology, Valdor would have been able to live for weeks on the plains on drops of moisture he sucked from the dirt or the sparse meat of insects."

Pg.107 Nemesis

(note that DC = Dark Creed)

Terminators can with a flick of the wrist send necrons flying, but also marines.

"Crackling with energy, his fingertips passed through the gaps of the necron's ribcage, and with a flick of his hand he sent the corpse-machine flying.

With a dismissive flick, Kol Badar sent Ashkanez crashing into the Icon Bearer, momentarily taking him out of the fight.

The force of his attack knocked Kol Badar back a step, but the Terminator- armoured warlord did not fall. Burias' clawed feet sank into Kol Badar's chest, and he squatted there like a hellish primate. With one clawed hand holding him in place, he punched several holes in the Coryphaeus' chest with his free hand before Kol Badar sent him flying, swatting him off with a backhand blow of his power talons.

Burias-Drak'shal spun in the air then landed hard, snarling, his powerful leg muscles bunched beneath him. "

Pgs.522+545+553 DC

Regular marine (berzerker) can match a terminator in strength, and even surpass it.

"The dimly lit chamber suddenly resounded with the deafening roar of Khalaxis' chainaxe. The towering champion launched himself at Marduk, his face twisted in berserk fury. Marduk met the murderous, double-handed blow with one of his own, dark crozius and chainaxe coming together with awesome force. Marduk's strength was augmented by the tightly knit servo-bundles of his newly donned Terminator armour, yet even so his arm was forced back as Khalaxis exerted his strength. "

Pg.545 DC

Another display of not a huge difference between terminator and regular marine.

"The First Acolyte's face was pale from blood loss, and red foam bubbled at the corners of his mouth. The four terrible bloody wounds in his chest were leaking his lifeblood, but they would close soon enough. Still, Marduk was surprised that the Icon Bearer was still alive, let alone fighting on. With a roar, bloody spittle spraying from his mouth, the First Acolyte stepped forward and brought his power maul crashing down towards Marduk's crown. The Dark Apostle caught the blow in his gauntleted hand, holding the crackling weapon at bay. Electricity ran up and down the length of his arm, but still he held on. The veins in the First Acolyte's neck bulged as

he exerted all his considerable force to bring the maul down upon Marduk's, but his strength was fading, and they both knew it."

Pg.549 DC

Bolter blows a man apart.

"With a small movement, the warrior raised the barrel of his bolter and shot the Governor at point-blank range, blasting his body apart."

Pg.600 Nemesis

Astartes gunning down crowds.

"The Astartes walked, slow and steady, across the plaza with their bolters at their hips, firing single shot after single shot into the people. The missile-like bolt shells could not fail to find targets, and for each person they hit and instantly killed, others fell dead or near to it from the shared force of impact. The blasts rippled out through flesh and bone, the crowds were so closely packed together."

Pg.617 N

Astartes vs random soldier.

"There was movement outside. Someone on a higher floor in the building across the street, probably some bold member of Capra's rebellion or just a Dagoneti sick of being a victim, tossed a makeshift firebomb that shattered wetly over the warrior's helmet and right shoulder. The Son of Horus halted and swiped at the flames where they licked over the ceramite, patting them out with the flat of his gauntlet. As Koyne watched, the Astartes was still dotted with little patches of orange flame as he pivoted on his heel and aimed upward.

A heavy thunderclap shot rang out, and the bolter blew a divot of brick from the third floor. A body, trailing threads of blood, came spiralling out with it, killed instantly by the proximity of the impact."

Pg.620 N

Thought I would include this as I randomly saw it. (Space Marine motion sensors in helmet.)

"Rafen kept his statue-like aspect as a flicker of movement danced on the edge of his auspex's sensors."

Pg.8 Deus Encarmine

"In that moment of choice, Rafen's life was almost forfeit. A fierce rune blinked into being on the Space Marine's visor, warning him too late of movement to his flank. With speed that belied the huge weight of his battle armour, Rafen spun on his heel, reversing his grip on the bolter as he did.

He came face to face with a Word Bearer, the Chaos Marine's hideous countenance a series of ruined holes and jagged teeth."

Pg.13 Deus Encarmine

Another interesting thing, fist sized rounds (possibly marine fist sized rounds).

"His gun clattered, the barrel spitting hot as rounds big as fists tore into the foe."

Pg.21 Deus Encarmine

Human can't even lift marine weapon.

"He saw Tycho's combi-weapon lying on the floor and took a half-step toward it. The idea of taking it up himself died in this mind; the gun was so massive he would never have been able to lift it."

Pg.320 Blood Angels Omnibus

Techmarine stuff

"Risking a glance over his shoulder, he saw Amaru. The Techmarine stood in the centre of the corridor like a vengeful daemon, the quad arms of his servo-harness spitting death from an array of laser cutters and plasma burners. In his gauntleted hands, Amaru carried his power axe, Blood Cog. The Techmarine had forged the weapon himself upon his return from Mars. The axe's sparking head was shaped like the gearwheel from a giant machine. A weapon of exquisite beauty and terrible power, it was imbued with all Amaru's artisanship. Blood Cog rose and fell like the levers of an antiquated stenogram, as the Techmarine hacked down the Archenemy in brutal swipes that crackled on impact. 'Quickly brother, fall back,' Amaru called out to Maion as he chopped Blood Cog through another Chaos Space Marine, bisecting the unfortunate from shoulder to hipbone.

Techmarine dodging a plasma round. (Said to be hypersonic or at least faster than bolts, which are supersonic)

Amaru sprinted from the corridor firing, Maion close behind him. 'Fall back to the missile silo.' The Techmarine dropped to one knee to avoid a plasma round, the arms of his servo-harness whirring as they turned to return fire. The Chaos plasma gunner died in a heartbeat, dissected by the merciless cutting lasers."

Pgs.11-12+16 H&B 16

Another example of grenades being useless.

"A grenade exploded, showering Harahel in shrapnel. The noise reminded him of a Cretacian thunderstorm."

Pg.16 H&B 16

Some marine killing.

"The sanctum was alive with motion. Men clambered behind consoles and data stacks as explosions wracked the chamber. A straggler was hit in the back, the force of the blow spinning him through the air, his torso a bloodied mess. The Guardsmen's fatigues marked them out as the Angorian Rifles, the garrison regiment of Arere. A figure burst into the room, too quick for the pict-recorder to capture fully. It barrelled into a huddle of Guardsmen. They tried to run. A vicious chain-weapon struck out and sent a bodiless head spinning past the pict-recorder lens. An officer stood up and screamed, motioning for his men to fall back. His battleplate was blackened and pitted, his creased face caked with mire. Shrapnel danced around him as mass-reactive rounds slammed into the console he was using for cover. He shouted again, dragging the man nearest him to his feet. A jet of super-heated flame blew over the console, incinerating both men in a wash of burning promethium."

Pg.20 H&B 16

Marine immune to lasguns (pretty much) and bolter.

"A figure advanced from the doorway, his armoured back filling the viewer. The Guardsmen opened fire. Untroubled, the attacker fired back. The unmistakable muzzle flash of a boltgun illuminated the Angorians as they flipped backwards, torn apart by the mass-reactive rounds."

Pg.21 H&B 16

Marine vs lasguns.

"A crimson armoured warrior was sprinting down the corridor into a hail of las-fire, his breastplate scorched clean of insignia by their attentions. A bright muzzle-flash blazed into life up ahead. Heavy calibre, solid-state rounds began churning up the floor and walls as they stitched a line towards him. One struck his right pauldron. Splintered armour fragments struck the pict-recorder as he spun to the ground. The warrior rolled to his feet and continued into the gunfire, his weapon forgotten on the ground behind him as he disappeared from view. The ruined corridor lay empty, battered ceramite flaking to the ground. The intensity of the gunfire lessened, sporadic rounds zipping down to the corridor. Then it died altogether. Within moments, the armoured warrior emerged from the end of the corridor. Blood pooled in the recesses of his damaged armour, which was pitted and cracked like the surface of a moon. His hands and forearms were thick with gore. Blood dripped from his fingertips, leaving a macabre trail behind him as he strode back towards his weapon."

Pgs.21-22 H&B 16

Space Marine bullet time.

"Gabriel squeezed a couple of shells out of his bolter and watched the little contrails that poured out behind them, as though in slow motion. They spun through the thick, gaseous air and then slipped through a gap in the lava flow, punching into the kaleidoscope of reflections beyond."

Pg.258 Dawn of War Omnibus

Marine durability after falling on a giant elevator for possibly kilometers.

"wakefulness. His cheek was wet, and he could feel fluid pooling. Rafen blinked, scanning the visible glyphs across the line of his field of vision. His helmet had been damaged, along with some of the actuators in his legs, but the cowl of ceramite and steel that surrounded him had taken the brunt of the crash. He took stock of himself, feeling for injuries. Some minor breaks in his bones, contusions and the like, things that would have been deadly to a common human but little more than an irritant to a Space Marine."

Pg.223 H&B 16 – Redeemed

... (he did fall kilometers)

"Rafen took a step and then halted, looking up. Wreaths of smoke and wedges of debris made it hard to see far up the ascent shaft, but he estimated that they must have fallen several kilometres before colliding with the end of the passage."

Pg.223 H&B 16 – Redeemed

High Chaplain Astorath of the Blood Angels can swipe bolts from the air.

"Combat reflexes took over and Rafen drew his bolt pistol in a fraction of a second, his other hand snatching at the hilt of the battle knife resting in a sheath along the line of his spine. He fired a single shot at the High Chaplain, aiming low, aiming to wound, to slow him down. But he might well have called out his intentions in a shout. Astorath swept his blade aside and intercepted the bolt mid-flight with a crack of sound, the round blasting harmlessly into the dirt. Rafen dodged to one side as the weapon's fast, fluid arc bisected the space where he had been standing, and he rolled, tumbling over red dirt and half-buried rocks."

Pgs.231-232 H&B 16 – Redeemed

Astartes drag vehicles. (they turn out to be a groundcar and a flatbed GEV (a flatbed truck). "A fuzzy image swam into focus; grey blobs became the distinct shapes of Adeptus Astartes in Maximus-pattern armour, moving to block the path of the monorail. As the Callidus watched, they dragged the husks of burned-out vehicles across the line, assembling a makeshift barricade."

Pg.636 Nemesis

Another example of bolters being very heavy.

"The angel's brethren emerged from the dark interior of their landing craft and descended to the plaza. All wore armour of the same blue. All of them carried great weapons too heavy for a mortal man to lift unaided."

Pg.20 The First Heretic

Heavy bolter I believe.

"The gunner shook his head and gripped the handles of the massive calibre weapon mount, aiming it directly at Cyrene. The young woman swallowed – the gun's muzzle was the size of her head.

...

Cyrene closed her eyes, waiting for the hammer-hard impact that would spell her destruction. Despite the moment, she felt a smile tickling her lips. This was an insane way to die. There'd be nothing left to bury."

Pg.31 The First Heretic

Marine speed.

"'Control your emotions, and move aside,' Argel Tal growled, 'or I will kill you.'

'You cannot mean that, lord!'

Faster than human eyes could follow, the swords of red iron came free in hissing rasps. The tips of both blades rested against the fat priest's three chins before he'd even had time to blink.

Apparently, the lord did mean it.

'Yes,' the deacon stammered. 'Yes, I...'

'Just move,' Argel Tal suggested. "

Pg.264 TFH

"He pulled the haft-trigger, and his spear's underslung bolter cracked off a stream of rounds on full-auto.

Argel Tal saw it coming. The swords of red iron smashed the first three bolts aside, their power fields strong enough to detonate the shells as they streaked towards the primarch's heart. The explosions threw the captain to the ground, his grey armour scraping along the stone with the shriek of offended ceramite."

Pg.383 The First Heretic

Another example of Astartes hearing heartbeats.

"She knows you lie. You hear her heartbeat, as I do. She is terrified, and she knows you are lying to her."

Pg.419 TFH

Astartes being fast.

"The captain had no time to react – a blur of dark grey shoved her aside. Before she'd even blinked, Arvas was kicking and dangling above the ground, held aloft by Argel Tal's fist around his throat. "

Pg.420 FTH

Astartes speed (and Custodes).

"The two warriors flew at one another, each strike flashing aside with bursts from their opposing power fields. Every second saw three strikes made, and each strike snapped back with the weapons' electrical fields repelling one another after the metal kissed for the briefest moment. The air was rich with the ozone scent of abused power fields in only a matter of heartbeats."

Pg.612 TFH

Astartes armor vs flamer.

"'Sire...' The First Chaplain's armour was blackened from flamer wash, the joints still smoking. 'Please focus.'"

Pg.681 TFH

Marine denting Rhino.

"We are the Gal Vorbak.' Argel Tal crashed a fist into the Rhino's flank, denting the armour plating."

Pg.725 TFH

What? (Custodes)

"Everything was in motion to an exacting standard – each twist of the spear haft brought the blade up to block las-fire or down to cut flesh..."

A clunk, a click, and the weapon was reloaded. Sythran rose again, already cutting the air with grand sweeps, batting aside the streaking laser fire.

Sythran leapt his cadaver barricade and met them head on. They fell in pieces, and beyond a las-burn along his shoulder guard, the blood on his blade was the only evidence he'd even been fighting."

Pg.742 TFH

Astartes killing the shit out of "regular" humans on Fenris, and a big creature, huge quote. "There was something in the storm. There was something just ahead of it, staying ahead of it, pounding out of the sleet-blur towards them.

It was a man. It was a huge man, a shadow on the ice, running towards them, running across the sea, out-running the storm.

The Upplander's bad star magic had brought a daemon down to punish them all. Hunur screamed. His hersirs had been bewildered for a moment, but they snapped to attention at the squeal of his voice, and loaded their bows. Fith threw himself flat as the first salvo of arrows loosed at the approaching daemon. The men were firing at will, spitting iron-head darts into the air as though they hoped to pin the storm to the sky.

The daemon struck. He came in off the sea at the tip of the storm in great bounding strides. Fith could hear the ice crunch under each pounding step. Furs and a ragged robe fluttered out behind him. He leapt up into the beach rocks, turned the bound into a sure-footed hop that propelled him off one of the largest boulders and up into the air, arms outstretched. This soaring leap took him clean over Fith and the Upplander. Fith ducked again. He saw the great axe uplifted in the daemon's right hand. The air was thatched with black arrows.

The daemon hung for a second in the mayhem of sleet, arms wide against the black sky like wings, robes trailing like torn sails. The host of Balt and Hradcana below him tilted back from him in fear, like corn stalks sloped by the wind.

Then he smashed down into them. The impact threw men into the air on either side. Shields, raised in haste at the last moment, fractured and splintered. Blades shattered. Bows broke. Arms snapped.

The daemon howled. He had landed in a crouch, at least two men crushed beneath his feet. He rose, hunched over in a fighter's stance. He swung his broad upper body, and put the full force of his vast shoulders behind his axe. Its death-edge went through three men. Arterial blood, black in the foul light, jetted into the air, and drops of it rained down in the sleet. Men were screaming. Hradcana voices, Balt voices, all screaming.

The daemon drove into the enemy mass, breaking wood and bone. He seemed blade-proof, as if he was made of iron. The tongues of swords cracked as they rebounded off him, the handles of axes snapped. There were two or three black-fletched arrows buried in the daemon's bulk, but he didn't appear to even feel them, let alone be slowed down by them.

The daemon let out another roar. It was an animal sound, the deep, reverberative throat-roar of a leopard. The sound penetrated. It cut through the booming swirl of the storm, and through the frenetic din of steel and sleet and voices. It cut like the keenest death-edge. Fith felt it in his gut. He felt it shiver his heart, colder than ice, worse than fear.

He watched the slaughter unfolding in front of him.

The hulking daemon drove into the great gang of killers. He pushed them against the wind and down the beach. They mobbed around him and onto him, like dogs on a bear, trying to out-man him, trying to smother his blows and choke his swing, trying to ring him and pull him down. They were terrified of him, but they were even more terrified of letting him live.

Their efforts were nothing. It was as if the Hradcana and the Balt were made of straw, cloth dummies stuffed with dry grass, like they were empty vessels with no weight. The daemon broke them and knocked them down. He swung and sent them flying. Men took off from each

ploughing impact. They left the ground, flung into the sleet, limbs pinwheeling, a boot flying off, a shield in tatters. They flew out sideways, tumbling over the ice-caked shingle and ending up in still death-heaps. They lofted up from an axe-whack, split asunder, squirting blood from their cleaved bodies, raining broken rings from their shredded shirts, chainmail rings that pinged like handfuls of coins as they scattered across the beach. They cartwheeled over his shoulders, pitched like forked bales.

They littered the shingle. Most times, they were no longer in one piece once he'd done with them. Some lay as if they were sleeping. Others were crumpled in limp, slack poses that the living could not mimic. Some were split and steaming in the sleet. Some were just portions and pieces scattered by the relentless axe. Blood ran between the ice-black beach stones, coiling, trickling, deep and glossy, thick red, meat red, or cooling into slicks of rusty brown and faded purple.

The daemon's axe was a massive thing, a two-hander with a long, balanced handle. Both grip and blade were engraved with complex, weaving patterns and etched chequers. It sang to itself. Fith could hear it. The axe hummed and purred, as though the death-edge was privately chortling with delight at the rising tally of threads. A drizzle of blood droplets was flying off it, as if the blade was licking its lips clean.

Nothing stopped it. It was unimaginably sharp, and it was either as light as a gull's bone, or the daemon was as strong as a storm giant. It carved through everything it encountered. It went through shields, whether they were cured leather or hardwood or beaten copper. It went through armour, through padded plates, through iron scales, through chain. It went through the hafts of spears, through the handles of good axes, through the blades of swords that had been passed down for generations. It went through meat and muscle and bone.

It went through men effortlessly. Fith saw several men remain on their feet after the axe had sheared off their heads, or half of their heads, or their bodies from the shoulders. They stayed standing, their truncated figures swaying slightly with the pulse of the blood spurting from the stump or cross-sectioned portion. Only then would they collapse, soft and boneless, like falling cloaks.

The murder-makers were close to breaking. The daemon had cut so many of their threads, and left so many of them scattered on the blood-drenched beach, their resolve had thawed like ice in springtime. The storm was right above the islet now, enfolding the beach and the crag in its sharp, screaming embrace. The wind had been put to a whetstone. The air was shot through with bullets of hail. Where the demented sleet hit the hard stones of the beach, it scoured the blood away, and turned the dead into puffy, bleached, white things that looked like they had been waterlogged for a month.

A fire was driving the gothi Hunur. A fire had been lit in his blood. He had seen the evil of the bad star hanging in the future, and he had raised the murder-make to exterminate it. Now the evil was manifesting, driven into the open, he was all the more determined to end it.

He scrambled back to some higher rocks above the beach, and yelled down at the last of the Balt wyrmbots, where men had yet to disembark. They got out their bows, and Fith saw a glimpse of tallow flame in the stormy gloom.

The bowmen started to loose pitch-arrows.

The arrows were longer than regular man-stoppers, with simple iron spike tips and knobs of pitch-soaked rag knotted around the shafts behind the head. The rags caught as soon as flame was applied. Burning arrows ripped into the lightning-split sky.

Other men were spinning bottles on leather cords, letting them fly under their own weight. The bottles were filled with liquid pitch and other volatiles. Their contents sprayed out as they struck the beach and shattered. The burning arrows quickly ignited the spreading slicks.

Bright flames leapt up with a plosive woof like the sound of wind biting sailcloth. A great thicket of fire spread along the beach, fed by the blazing arrows. The flames were painfully bright, almost greenish and incandescent. The daemon, and the press of murder-makers around him, were swept up in the flames within seconds.

A burning man's screams are unlike the screams of a cut or knocked man. They are shrill and frantic. Engulfed, wrapped up in flames they could not shrug off or outrun, men stumbled out of the fight, mouths stretched wide, breathing fire. In the driving wind, the flames and the rank, black fat-smoke poured off them, like the burning tails of falling stars.

Their flaming arms milled in the air. Their hair and beards burned. Their undershirts ignited and cooked the rings of their shirts into their flesh. They ran into the sea, but the sea was just hard ice and couldn't quench their agonies, so they fell down onto it instead, and burned to death with the ice crust sizzling under them. They were gaunt black shapes in clothes of fire, like the effigies that burned at Helwinter. They were human tinder, crackling and sparking and fizzling in the sleet, hearth-brush kindling blown on by the storm until it flared white-hot.

The daemon came through the flames. He was singed black, like a coal carving. His furs and ragged robe were alive with little blue flames. His eyes were like polished moonstones in his soot-black face. He roared again, the throat-thunder of a hunting cat. It wasn't just his eyes that lit a wild white against his blackened flesh. His teeth glinted too: white bone, long canines no human mouth should possess.

The daemon buried the smile of his axe in the beach ice, and left it sticking fast with its handle pointing at the sky. Two more flaming arrows hit him. He tore one out of his cloak, flames licking around his fingers.

He brought something up from his side, something metal and heavy that had been strapped there. It was a box with a handle. Fith didn't know what it was for. All he knew was it was some daemononic device. The daemon pointed it at the Balt wyrmboats.

The box made a noise like a hundred thunderbolts overlapping. The sound was so loud, so sudden, so alien, it made Fith jerk in surprise. Gouting flashes of fire bearded the front of the daemon's curious box, blinking and flickering as fast as the rattling thunder-roar.

The nearest Balt wyrmboat shivered, and then disintegrated. Its hull shredded and flew apart, reduced to wood chips and pulp and spinning nails. The mast and the quarter rigs exploded. The figurehead splintered. The men on board atomised in puffs of red drizzle.

The wyrmboat behind it began to shred too, and then the boat beyond that. The daemon kept his roaring lightning-box aimed at the boats, and invisible hands of annihilation demolished the craft drawn up along the ice-line. A thick brume of wood-fibre and blood-mist boiled off the destruction into the wind. Then the pitch bottles that had yet to be thrown exploded.

The inferno was intense. Despite the storm, Fith could feel the heat of it on his face. The line of boats lit off, like the fire graves of great heroes at a boat burial. Ash and sparks zoomed crazily

like fireflies. The wind took hold of the thick black smoke coming off the burning, and carried it out across the sea almost horizontally like a bar of rolling fog.

The daemon's lightning-box stopped roaring. He lowered it and looked up the beach at the gothi. Hunur was a shrunken, defeated figure, his shoulders slack, his arms down. A few Hradcana and Balt were fleeing past him up the rock slope, seeking the far side of the islet. The daemon raised his lightning-box and pointed it at the gothi. He made it flash and bark just once, and the gothi's head and shoulders vanished in an abrupt pink cloud. What remained of Hunur snapped back off the rock, as if snatched from behind.

The daemon walked down to the ice-line. The intense heat of the burning boats had liquefied the sea ice along the shore, creating a molten pool of viscous water that was greedily swallowing the boat wrecks down into the darkness in a veil of angry steam. The iron-edged smell of the ocean was released to the air for the first time that year.

The daemon knelt down, scooped water up in the cup of his massive right hand, and splashed it over his face. The soot streaked on his cheeks and brow. He rose again, and began to walk back up the beach towards Fith.

The hrosshvalur rose without much warning: just a blow of sour bubbles in the turbulent melt-pool and a sudden froth of red algae. Like all of the great sea things, its diet had been constrained by the ice all winter long, and it was rapaciously hungry. The burning boats had opened the sea to the air, and their cloudy ruins had brought down quantities of meat and blood to flavour the frigid water with an intoxicating allure. The hrosshvalur may have been leagues away when it got the taste; one particle of human blood in a trillion cubic litres of salt water. Its massive tail flukes had closed the distance in a few beats.

The daemon heard the liquid rush of its emergence, and turned to look. The melt-pool was barely big enough to fit the sea thing. Its scaled flanks and claw-toed flippers broke the ice wider, and it bellied up onto the beach, jaws wide and eager at the scent of blood. The flesh inside its mouth was gleaming white, like mother of pearl, and there was a painful stink of ammonia. Its teeth were like spears of ragged yellow coral. It brought its shuddering, snorting bulk up onto the shingle, and boomed out its brash, bass cry, the sound you sometimes heard at night, on the open water, through the planks of the hull. Smaller mushveli, yapping and writhing like worms, followed it up out of the melt-hole, equally agitated by the promise of meat. The hrosshvalur drove them aside, snapping the neck of one that got too close, and then wolfing it down whole in two or three jerking gulps. It levered its body across the shingle on its massive, wrinkled flippers.

The daemon crossed in front of the giant killer. He knew that its appetite was as bottomless as the North Ocean, especially since the turning of spring. It would not stop until it had picked the aett islet clean of anything remotely edible.

The daemon plucked his axe out of the ice-cake shingle. He pulled it up with his hand clasped high under the shoulder, and then he let the handle slip down through his loose grip, pulled by the head weight, until he had it by the optimum lever point between belly and throat. He ran at the ocean monster.

It blew its jaws out at him in a blast of rancid ammonia. The jaws hinged out so wide they formed a tooth-fringed opening like a chapel cave. The maw was so big that a full crew of men could have carried a wyrmboat into it on their shoulders. Then its secondary jaws extended too, driven by the undulating elastic of the throat muscles, bristling with spine teeth made of

translucent cartilage. The spine teeth, some longer than a grown man's leg, flipped up out of the gum recesses like the blades of a folding knife, each one as transparent as glacial ice and dewed with drops of mucus. The hrosshvalur lunged at the charging daemon, the vast tonnage of its bulk grinding and scraping off the beach stones.

The daemon brought his axe down and cut through the lower, primary jaw between the biter-teeth at the front, splitting the jaw like a hull split along its keel. Noxious white froth boiled out of the wound, as if the hrosshvalur had steam for blood. Whooping, it tried to turn its injured head away. The daemon knocked his axe into the side of its skull, so that the blade went through the thick scale plate to its entire depth. Then he put it in again, directly below one of the glassy, staring eyes that were the size of a chieftain's shield.

The ocean monster boomed, and spewed out a great torrent of rank effluvium. The daemon kept hacking until there was a bubbling pink slit where the hrosshvalur's head met its neck. The beach underneath them was awash with stinking milky fluid. The slit puckered and dribbled as air gusted out of it. The beast wasn't dead, but it was mortally stricken. The yapping mushveli began to eat it alive. The daemon left it to die, and walked towards Fith."

Pgs.89-101 Prospero Burns

Out of the above, here are the more impressive things.

"The daemon hung for a second in the mayhem of sleet, arms wide against the black sky like wings, robes trailing like torn sails. The host of Balt and Hradcana below him tilted back from him in fear, like corn stalks sloped by the wind.

Then he smashed down into them. The impact threw men into the air on either side.

Their efforts were nothing. It was as if the Hradcana and the Balt were made of straw, cloth dummies stuffed with dry grass, like they were empty vessels with no weight. The daemon broke them and knocked them down. He swung and sent them flying. Men took off from each ploughing impact. They left the ground, flung into the sleet, limbs pinwheeling, a boot flying off, a shield in tatters. They flew out sideways, tumbling over the ice-caked shingle and ending up in still death-heaps. They lofted up from an axe-whack, split asunder, squirting blood from their cleaved bodies, raining broken rings from their shredded shirts, chainmail rings that pinged like handfuls of coins as they scattered across the beach. They cartwheeled over his shoulders, pitched like forked bales.

They littered the shingle. Most times, they were no longer in one piece once he'd done with them. Some lay as if they were sleeping. Others were crumpled in limp, slack poses that the living could not mimic. Some were split and steaming in the sleet. Some were just portions and pieces scattered by the relentless axe. Blood ran between the ice-black beach stones, coiling, trickling, deep and glossy, thick red, meat red, or cooling into slicks of rusty brown and faded purple.

He brought something up from his side, something metal and heavy that had been strapped there. It was a box with a handle. Fith didn't know what it was for. All he knew was it was some daemonic device. The daemon pointed it at the Balt wrymboats.

The box made a noise like a hundred thunderbolts overlapping. The sound was so loud, so sudden, so alien, it made Fith jerk in surprise. Gouting flashes of fire bearded the front of the daemon's curious box, blinking and flickering as fast as the rattling thunder-roar.

The nearest Balt wyrmboat shivered, and then disintegrated. Its hull shredded and flew apart, reduced to wood chips and pulp and spinning nails. The mast and the quarter rigs exploded.

The figurehead splintered. The men on board atomised in puffs of red drizzle.

The wyrmboat behind it began to shred too, and then the boat beyond that. The daemon kept his roaring lightning-box aimed at the boats, and invisible hands of annihilation demolished the craft drawn up along the ice-line. A thick brume of wood-fibre and blood-mist boiled off the destruction into the wind.

A few Hradcana and Balt were fleeing past him up the rock slope, seeking the far side of the islet.

The daemon raised his lightning-box and pointed it at the gothi. He made it flash and bark just once, and the gothi's head and shoulders vanished in an abrupt pink cloud. What remained of Hunur snapped back off the rock, as if snatched from behind."

Pgs.89-97 Prospero Burns

Astartes body heat.

"The Hall of Tra was cold and lightless. His wolf-eye caught the ghost radiation of barely smouldering firepits. In terms of heat and light, the Wolves were making no allowances for human tolerances of comfort. They had given him a pelt and an eye to see through the dark with. What more could he want?

He realised he wasn't alone. The company was all around him. Their body heat was barely detectable, dimmer than the dull firepits. The Hall was a massive natural cavern, ragged and irregular, and the Astartes were ranged around it, huddled and coiled in their furs, as immobile as a sibling pack of predators, gone to ground overnight, dormant and pressed close for warmth.

The Upplander's breath was steaming the frigid air, but barely a curl escaped Ogvai's mouth alongside his words. Astartes biology was marvellously adapted for heat retention."

Pg.107 Prospero Burns

Bolters.

"Boltguns were the symbol of Imperial superiority and Terran unification, emphatically potent and reductively simple. They were Astartes weapons, not exclusively, but as a hallmark thing. Few men had the build to heft one. They were the crude, mechanical arms of a previous age, durable and reliable, with few sophisticated parts that could malfunction or jam. They were brute technology that, instead of being superseded and replaced by complex modern weapon systems, had simply been perfected and scaled up. An Astartes with a boltgun was a man with a carbine, nightmarishly exaggerated."

Pg.242 PB

Some Space Wolves killing.

"For example, just before the robusts'crew-served weapon had turned him into bloodsmoke and a rattling drizzle of armour fragments, Hjad had carried over two of the Quietude's big fighting units by rushing them bodily. One had been too crippled to pick itself up again. The other had attempted to claw at Hjad, its face hologram blinking as it tried to reload into something more threatening. Hjad had punched his right fist through its torso and pulled out its spine.

Adthung Greychin had cleared an entire deck level of the graving dock structure with his chainsword after a lucky shot damaged his bolter. He went through robusts and graciles alike, making them scatter. No one actually saw him take the two gravity penetrators that killed him, but Thel saw his body on the ground just after it dropped, and told Hawser that Adthung's famous grey beard had been dyed almost indigo by the spatter of the enemy's pseudo-blood. He had died well.

Stormeye went to the Underverse destroyed by beam weapons. Blinded, his face all but scorched off by damage, his mouth fused shut, he had still managed to split a robust from the shoulder to the waist with his axe before falling. Hawser had seen this feat for himself. A dead man pulling another down in death with him. "

Pg.259 PB

Superhuman can barely assist in lifting an aging, skinny Astartes.

"Scared, Hawser shoved. He just shoved to lurch the man away, so he could walk on, get past them, leave them behind.

Chinstrap hit the side of the pile of rubber-sleeved crates on the back of the track. He was airborne and travelling backwards. His spine and shoulders took the first impact, and his skull cracked back across the top of the uppermost crate. Then he plunged forwards and hit the ground flat on his face, loose as a sack of stones. His face just slapped into the gritty ice, shattering his plastek rebreather.

While Chinstrap was still in the air, one of his men swung a punch at the back of Hawser's head. The punch seemed to Hawser to be ridiculously telegraphed, as if the man was trying to be sporting and give him a chance. He put his hand up to stop the fist from hitting his face and caught it in his palm. There was a little shock. He felt finger bones break and knuckles detonate, and none of them were his.

The third man decided to kill Hawser, and made an effort to insert a heavy, cast iron crate spanner into Hawser's skull. Once again, however, he appeared to be doing this in a delicate fashion, like an over-emphatic stage punch that goes wide of the mark but looks good from the audience. Hawser didn't want the spanner to come anywhere near him. He swung out his left hand in an impulsive, flinching gesture to brush the man's arm away.

The man screamed. He appeared to have developed a second elbow halfway down his forearm. The skin of his arm folded there like an empty sock. He fell over, the spanner bouncing solidly off the ice.

The other men fled."

Pg.324 PB

"He evaded again, this time more aware of what he was doing, of how superhumanly fast his reactions were, how ridiculously instinctive. The wolf priests, geneweavers and fleshmakers of the Vika Fenryka, had done so much more than repair his wounds and shave years off his life. They had given him so much more than the enhanced vision of a wolf. They had accelerated him, his senses, his speed, his strength, his muscle power, his bone density. Even without any combat training, he had snapped the limbs of the G9K malcontents who had outnumbered him."

Pg.371 PB

"The priest moved to rise from his kneeling position. He seemed to struggle, like a weary, arthritic old man. Forgetting himself, Hawser stuck out his hand to offer support. Longfang looked at the proffered hand as if it was a stick that had been used to scrape a midden hole. Hawser feared the priest might lunge forwards and snap it off with a single, furious bite, but he was too frozen to withdraw the offer. Instead, grinning, Longfang closed his massive, plasteel gauntlet around Hawser's hand and accepted the support. He rose. Hawser meshed his teeth and let out a little squeak of effort as he fought not to collapse beneath the weight the huge rune priest leant on him. Upright, Longfang towered over him. He let go of the skjald's hand and looked down at him. 'I'm grateful. My joints are old, and my bones are as cold as dead fish trapped in lake ice.' He shuffled away towards the waiting packs, his wild, thin hair catching the light of the deck lamps like thistledown. Hawser rubbed his numb hand."

Pg.341 PB

Marine against a strong machine.

"The super-robust was as strong as a template construction press. Hawser saw that the old priest had to plant one foot back to brace against the assault."

PG 27 PB

Marine arm strength.

"Shock took him away. There was a bang like a sonic boom. Heoroth Longfang was simply removed, sideways, from Hawser's field of vision.

Hawser reeled from the concussive blow, stunned, dazed, his breather mask cracking, his nose filling with blood from vessels burst by the over-pressure. The super-robust's accelerator hammer had buried itself in Longfang's left side and hurled him clean across the courtyard. The priest hit a wall, cracking the tiles, and landed on the ground.

Jormungndr Two-blade entered the courtyard. He came in over one of the cloister roofs where Outremar bodies had collected like autumn leaves. True to his name, he had a blade in each hand, a matched pair of power swords, shorter and broader than Longfang's hissing frostblade. He uttered the loudest roar of all, and landed hard on the tiles in front of the charging super-robusts. The impact made a sound like a dropped anvil, and pavers cracked under him. He met their united attack aggressively, hammering aside the super-robust with the tulwars with his right blade, and then blocking the hammer with his left.

The super-robust with the tulwars re-joined without hesitation, hacking at him. Two-blade blocked and parried with matching speed, allowing neither of the tulwars to slip past his guard. Simultaneously, his left-hand weapon fended away the follow-up swing from the super-robust with the hammer."

Pg.378 PB

"Jormungndr Two-blade did not pause to enjoy the satisfaction of this advantage. He had to jerk his head back hard to avoid the hammer again. The evasion was whisker-close. The hammer-wielder had thrown such bodily force behind the latest blow that the swing had described an almost complete circle. The hammerhead, missing Two-blade on the downward half of the orbit, ended up striking the ground of the yard and creating, with a painful, plosive bang, a radiating crater in the tilework that looked like a bullet hole in a mirror, or the ripple of a stone hitting the surface of still water. Two-blade struck the super-robust with his left-hand sword. The super-robust deflected the slash with the long haft of its hammer, bringing it up level in front of its face like a stave, before swinging it up higher for another downward, post-setting blow. Two-blade managed to get his swords up and crossed against each other, and caught the neck of the hammer in the V formed by their blades. Even so, the impact drove him down onto one knee."

Pg.380-382 PB

A Space Wolf was able to talk and tell a story despite being dead for 12 minutes.

"Heoroth Longfang had stayed with him for twelve minutes, talking, finishing his story, sharing his truth. Twelve minutes from his bio-track flatlining. Twelve minutes of postmortem survival."

Pg.455 PB

Another one round vaporiser.

"Ogvai drew his bolt pistol, pressed the muzzle up under Eada's chin, and vaporised his head with a single mass-reactive round."

Pg.603 PB

Bolter round.

"I saw one of the red-coated figures burst as a bolt from Aeska's gun struck him."

Pg.646 PB

Space marine punch.

"Their fight was not about who was the best, but about who was left standing. Grendel sent a vicious right cross at the Newborn's jaw, the fist driving with enough force to pulp rock. The Newborn swayed aside, but Grendel's elbow jabbed, cracking it in the jaw and hurling it from its feet."

Pg.29 H&B 17

Artillery shell vs a marine.

"In a heartbeat that vision changed from a place of wonder to a place of death. The first enemy artillery shells screamed down and exploded above the plateau in a storm of deafening horror.

Air-bursting warheads flensed the ground with a hellstorm of red-hot steel fragments; some no larger than a fingernail, others like scything axe-heads, and the carnage Honsou saw a man shredded to the bone, his skeleton pulped to a rubbery mass a second later by the pounding shockwave of detonation. A group of near-naked slaves with heavy picks slung over their shoulders vanished in a fiery mass of swirling fragments, their remains no longer recognisable as human. Hundreds died in the first instants of the barrage, and a hundred more in the rippling firestorm that followed. Honsou heard their screams, but paid them no mind.

Something struck the side of Honsou's helmet like the thunder hammer of a Dreadnought and he was sent flying. A body flashed past him, and he braced for impact as the clashing, intersecting waves of force flung him about like a leaf in a storm. He hit the ground hard and skidded across the cratered rubble of the plateau. After a quick check to make sure he still had all his limbs, Honsou pushed himself to his knees with his entrenching tool. The sky rippled with orange and red streamers of arcing shells and fiery detonations, but it felt distant and somehow unreal. The smell of cooking meat came to him, and Honsou looked down to see a long shard of shell casing jutting from the centre of his breastplate. The metal sizzled, and it was still possible to make out a white eagle and read the stencilled lettering on its side. He grunted and pulled the fragment from his body. Its tip was sharpened to a dagger point, the last ten centimetres coated in blood. 'You don't get me that easy,' he snarled, standing calmly in the midst of the barrage." Pg.36 H&B 17

Marine fast reflexes vs artillery shell.

"The trench was already widened and getting deeper with every passing minute. He heard a screaming whine, louder than the others that blended together in a banshee's chorus, and looked up. Through the billowing, dancing clouds of smoke and dust, Honsou saw a bright streamer of a shell's contrail as it arced over with agonising slowness and aimed its warhead down towards his trench. It should have been moving too fast to see. There should have been little more than a split second's warning, but Honsou saw the gently spinning shell as though upon a slow-motion pict-capture. Its wide body was tapered at both ends, spinning slowly and painted sky blue. Its tip was gold, which struck him as needlessly ornate for a weapon of war, and he had time to wonder whether it would be better to be killed by a precious metal or a base one.

'Incoming!' he shouted, though few would hear his warning or be able to respond to it in time. Honsou threw himself into the forward wall of the trench he had just dug, pressing his body into the earthen rampart and hoping the shell wouldn't be one of the lucky ones to score a direct hit. He clutched his entrenching tool tight to his chest as the scream of the shell's terminal approach battered through the endless thunder of impacts and detonations. Honsou knew artillery sounds, and this was the sound of a shell coming right at him.

He closed his eyes and exhaled as the shell struck. The high-explosive shell slashed down and struck the centre of the trench, as though a mathematician had plotted its trajectory. Confined by the high walls, the blast roared out along the trench, incinerating those closest to its point of impact, and shredding those beyond in tightly packed storms of tumbling metal. The shockwave blew men out of their overalls, leaving them naked and twisted into grotesque knots of liquefied bone and shattered limbs.

Honsou was plucked from the trench and hurled into the air. Dozens of red icons flashed to life on his visor as the reflecting blast waves pulled his body in a hundred different directions. Seams split, plates cracked and pressurised coils beneath his breastplate ruptured, venting corrosive gases and precious oxygen. He lost all perception of spatial awareness, and only knew which way was down when he slammed into a line of prefabricated, mesh-wrapped blocks of wall being driven forwards by the second wave of diggers.

Gathered up in the tumbling debris before the blocks, Honsou had no control over his movement. His body was still paralysed by the numbing force of the explosion, and he roared in frustration as he was pushed back towards the trench line. Earth and rock gathered around him, pinning his arms in place, but every nerve in his body was still reverberating in the aftermath of the blast, and he couldn't move.

The yawning black line approached, and Honsou knew there was nothing he could do to prevent his being buried in the trench. A fitting end to his short-lived reign as Warsmith or a bitter irony to be buried in the foundations of a siegework? He kept struggling, though there was nothing he could do to prevent being buried alive. To the last breath he would fight, even as hundreds of tonnes of rubble crushed him to death in the depths of an invaded world. The harsh rumble of the digger's engine changed pitch, changing from the throaty roar of a corpulent dragon to a squealing wail of a denied hedonist. Honsou teetered on the brink of the abyss, a rain of pebbles, soil and permacrete drooling into the trench in front of him. He let out the breath he hadn't realised he was holding and felt sensation return to his limbs. A hand reached out to him. He grabbed it unquestioningly and hauled himself upright, steadying himself with his entrenching tool. 'Getting buried in the foundations of a fortress wall is one way to prove you are a true Iron Warrior,' said Soltarn Vull Bronn. 'But I wouldn't recommend it.'

Pgs.38-39 H&B 17

Bolter round putting a fist sized hole on metal (medium calibre).

"The distinctive hisssss... crack! of a bolter round impacting a few feet to my left, blowing a fist-sized hole in the metal wall beside me, galvanised me into action, and I brought my laspistol up in the direction it had come from, returning fire instinctively as I dived for cover."

Pg.508 TEF

Accuracy of Space Marine helmet systems.

"It is the highest peak of the western continent of the world Koram Mote. Priad of Damocles, of the Iron Snakes of Ithaka, knows this for a fact. He knows it because there is not one place, not one single, lonely part of the western continent of the world Koram Mote that he has not been to, measured, cleared of enemies, and conquered. He knows Kill Hill is the highest peak because his armour's visor display tells him so, to eight decimal places. It is sixty-one metres higher than Osh Tarr ('Blood Summit'), and a mere seven metres higher than Bar'ad Onkgrol ('Marrowbone Hill'). It is demonstrably, technically the highest peak on the western continent of the world Koram Mote, and that is what matters."

Pg.2 Kill Hill

Space Marine has had to chill on a world fighting greenskins the whole time and never getting full sleep for fifteen years. And then one did it for 200 years...

"Priad of Damocles, of the Iron Snakes of Ithaka, has been here for fifteen years. To the human mind, that is a great chunk of a lifetime. To an Imperial Guardsman, that would be a long and heartless tour in hell. To Priad, it is an undertaking, a period of occupation, a duty. Onerous, perhaps, grueling even, but in the end just another mission notch on his service history, just another action to while away a life that will be functionally immortal if violent death does not claim him.

Not long. Fifteen years. Entirely reasonable. For a moment, Priad had been concerned that it might be a significant length of time. Great Petrok's two centuries spent holding Ankylos might have become tedious by the end. Steelmen are less entertaining to hunt than Greenskins."

Pgs.3-4 Kill Hill

Space Marine killing (after 15 years) and he has only said one word.

"He has been here for fifteen years. Fifteen years. Still the greenskins haven't learned they cannot kill him. They will not ever kill him. If he stays any longer, the highest peak on the western continent will be the mound of greenskin corpses he has stacked up. He meets the first, braced, armour joints locking to withstand the collision, clouts it aside, greets the second and decapitates it. Its lungs are still exhaling a war cry, and air slaps and farts out of the severed throatpipe as it pitches away. Blood droplets in the air. The third. A dull steel axe-head sparks off Priad's shoulder guard. His lightning claws find a throat and chest, and fork through the flesh as if through wet parchment. A fourth. His sword takes off an arm, and the axe it is holding. Priad kicks, his amplified blow casting the maimed greenskin down the slipline scree, head-over-heels. He catches the axe out of the air. It is still spinning and falling, slipping from the dead arm that is also still spinning and falling. He is moving so fast, it is as though time has slowed down to wait for him, as though the greenskin left the axe in mid-air for him to take, as if the air held it for Priad like an obedient servitor. He catches the axe, turns it, buries it in the face of the fifth. Blood spray.

There are greenskins on the summit. He has become a myth to them, a monster, hunting and killing them across the western continent for fifteen years. They want him dead, but they cannot have him dead. He cuts one in half with his sword, punches the face off another with his claws. A warboss looms, twice Priad's size, laughing like an ogre, a grunting infrasonic boom, axe side-swung to chop. Huge, but just so slow. Priad of Damocles, of the Iron Snakes of Ithaka, leaps over him, drops in behind, cuts through a tree-trunk spinal column with his sword, cuts throat blubber as the warboss sprawls, vast body no longer working. Priad lops the giant, bloodied hands aside as they spasm and grope at him. He delivers the killing blow. 'Ithaka!' he cries, the first word he has said aloud in fifteen years on Koram Mote, and the last."

Pg.4 Kill Hill

A big guy with a bolt pistol (likely a proto-astartes thunder warrior, or a human modified alot). "He towered over the seven dangerous men, making them look small in comparison. Crossed bandoliers of knives made an X on his chest, and a trio of jangling meat hooks hung from his belt next to a holster containing a wide pistol that was surely too heavy for any normal man to fire without losing his arm to recoil."

Pg.153 OD

"'Stupid,' said Ghota, drawing his heavy pistol with such swiftness that Palladis wasn't sure what he'd seen until the deafening bang filled the chamber with noise. Everyone screamed, and went on screaming as they saw what the gunshot had done to Estaben.

It had destroyed him. Literally destroyed him.

The impact pulped his upper body, hurling it across the chamber and breaking it apart over the chest of the Vacant Angel. Ribbons of shredded meat drooled from the statue's praying hands and sticky brain matter and fragments of skull decorated its featureless face."

Pg.168 Outcast Dead

Bolt round from a Guardian Spear.

"Natraj was dead before Tirtha hit the ground. Uttam's guardian spear spat a bolt from the weapon beneath the blade and the man's body blew apart into vaporised blood and bone shrapnel. Two of the nearest soldiers went down with the force of the explosion, but Uttam was already moving as alarm klaxons and warning bells filled the cavern with noise."

Pg.397 OD

and while this quote of more Custodes badassness and bullet-timing contains the above quote, it also has more. And note that this particular Custodian is said to have reflexes slower than regular Custodians and was removed from the front line.

"Natraj was dead before Tirtha hit the ground. Uttam's guardian spear spat a bolt from the weapon beneath the blade and the man's body blew apart into vaporised blood and bone shrapnel. Two of the nearest soldiers went down with the force of the explosion, but Uttam was already moving as alarm klaxons and warning bells filled the cavern with noise. Natraj had been compromised, and the loyalty of his fellows was likewise in doubt. For that, all would have to die.

Uttam swayed aside from a hellgun shot and rammed his spear through the chest plate of a soldier armoured in crimson battle plate. Blood sprayed the golden visor of his helm as he was cloven from hip to collarbone. A rifle barked to the side, deflected by Uttam's shoulder guard. He spun low, his spear sweeping in a low arc that sliced through the knees of four of his attackers. A searing blast of plasma blinded him momentarily as it flashed past his helmet and he dropped into a defensive crouch, sweeping his spear around him in a spinning blur of silver and adamantium.

Shots ricocheted from the blade, but none penetrated his defences. His sight returned a moment later, and Uttam pulled his spear in tight to his body. Diving forward he rolled to his feet and another shot punched a warrior armoured in mirror-black armour from his feet. The pulped remains slammed into the wall of the nearest cellblock.

Threat protocols picked out the dangers.

Uralian Stormlord with a hellgun. Minimal threat.

Two Vitruvian Commissars, one with an ion breaker the other with a grenade launcher.

Moderate threat.

Three Crimson Dragoons: webber, plasma carbine and a mass crusher. Immediate threat.

They were firing and moving, working better as attackers than they ever had as gaolers, but even six highly trained mortals with advanced weaponry were no match for a warrior of the Legio Custodes. Uttam swung his spear around and killed the dragoon armed with the mass crusher, taking his head off with a neat cut that cauterised the wound even as it decapitated. The plasma carbine fired again. Uttam deflected the shot with a horizontal slash, sending the superhot bolt into the chest of the Commissar with the grenade launcher. He fell with a strangled scream that changed to a shrill howl as the air in his lungs ignited.

A hellgun shot impacted on the side of his helmet, and Uttam spun to face the shooter, but the two surviving dragoons obscured his aim. They fired at the same time, but Uttam was already among them. His blade sliced the first soldier's arm from his body, and the return stroke of the haft shattered every rib in his chest.

A warm mist of sticky mucus-like liquid enveloped Uttam, and he felt the rapidly solidifying web gel hardening around his armour. Anyone not blessed with the preternaturally swift reflexes of the genhanced would have been trapped completely by the web's ultra-rapid setting, but Uttam pulled clear before the worst of the gel had done its work. His spear arm was gummed with sticky strands of the stuff, but his left was still free and lethal.

A pistoning jab caved in the front half of the web gunner's face and a following elbow broke the neck of the plasma gunner even as he brought his recharged weapon to bear once more. That just left the grey-clad Stormlord, and Uttam jogged in the direction the man had run, shaking the last strands of dissolving web gel from his arm.

'You have to die now,' said Uttam, rounding the corner of the cellblock.

Shock and horror pulled him up short as he saw the Uralian Stormlord standing before an opened cell with Sumant Giri Phalguni Tirtha's bloodstained signifier ring pressed to the locking panel. A towering figure of rage and scar tissue stood by the opened door, pumping muscles bunched and writhing beneath his tattooed skin.

'I am going to kill you,' said Tagore of the World Eaters. 'Rip your spine out through your chest.'"
Pg.397 OD

General description of marines killing mortals (note they are all unarmed and unarmoured).

"Where ambushes were laid, Severian would strike from the shadows. Where attacks came upon them without warning, Tagore and Asubha would counterattack with furious strength. Where men with guns filled the passages with fire, Kiron would drop them with pinpoint shots that boiled brains within skulls before bursting them like overfilled balloons of blood and brain matter.

When barriers were erected to bar their path, Gythua would wade through hails of gunfire to batter them down, shrugging off the shots of his enemies as though they were of no more consequence than insect bites. Dried blood slathered the Death Guard's chest, and a charred crater the size of Kai's fist had been bored in his side. Armoured doors presented no obstacle to them, for Atharva possessed a golden ring, like that worn by Saturnalia, which unlocked every portal closed against them."

Pg.447 OD

Unarmored marine throwing a guy.

"Subha dispensed with any pretence of courtesy and picked Kai up as though he were a recalcitrant child. The World Eater sprinted towards the open hatchway as the rest of the Outcast Dead climbed aboard.

'Atharva!' shouted Subha. 'Catch.'

Kai yelled as he sailed through the air, but Atharva caught him without difficulty and swung him around to plant him in a crew seat bolted to the fuselage. Kai felt as though every single bone in his body had been battered, and bit back a vulgar insult as Atharva pressed him into his seat."

Pg.450 OD

Strong Grey Knight vs bulkhead door.

"Dvorn squared up to the door at the far end of the crew quarters, hammer held ready. Though Dvorn was as skilled with the storm bolter as any Grey Knight, it was face-to-face, hammer to daemon hide, that he loved to fight. Dvorn was the strongest Adeptus Astartes Alaric had ever met. He had been born to charge through a bulkhead door and rip through whatever foe waited for him beyond. Visical and Haulvarn stacked up against the bulkhead wall beside Dvorn. 'Now, brother!' ordered Alaric. Dvorn kicked the bulkhead door off its hinges."

Pgs.46-47 25 for 25 – Sacrifice

Astartes armor is heavy.

"'Help me with the helmet, boy – let's see if we can get a look at him.' They felt around the helmet seal with their fingertips, that savage visage staring up at them, immobile. The boy's quicker fingers found the two pressure points first. There were two clicks, and a hiss, then a loud crack. Between the two of them they levered up the mass of metal, and eased it off. It rolled to one side, clinking on the stones, and they found themselves staring at the face of an Astartes.

'My armour is dead. We must get it off. Help me. I will show you what to do.' The rain came lashing down. They struggled in the muck and gravel around the giant, clicking off one piece after another of the armour which enclosed him. The boy could not lift any of them, strong though he was. His father grunted and sweated, corded muscles standing out along his arms and chest, as he set each piece of the dark blue carapace to one side. The massive breastplate almost defeated them all, and when it came free the giant snarled with pain. As it fell away, slick, mucus-covered cables slid out of his torso along with it, and when they sucked free, the boy saw that his chest was pocked with metal sockets embedded in his very flesh. The armour had been part of him."

Pg.92 25 for 25 – The Last Detail

Astartes size (out of armor).

"'It'll be dark soon,' the boy's father said. 'We should perhaps stay here another night and then set off at dawn.' 'No time,' the Astartes said. Now that he was upright he seemed even huger, half as tall again as the man in front of him, his hands as big as shovels, his chest as wide as a dining table. 'I see in the dark. You can follow me.'"

Pg.94 25 for 25 – The Last Detail

Incredibly damaged Astartes, unarmored and barely able to move, kills some troops. Also, bolter shells blow guys apart, and a powerful thumb-sized grnade:

"He faltered, and found himself standing still, staring vacantly, aware that he was missing something. Then he found himself lifted into the air and crushed against an enormous, fever-hot body. The Astartes had picked him up and tucked him under his free arm, still running. Out of nowhere a cluster of pale faces appeared in the smoke. Before they could even raise their weapons the Astartes was upon them. A kick broke the ribcage of one and sent him hurtling off into the darkness. The heavy bolter was swung like a club and smashed the heads of two more into red ruin, almost decapitating them. The fourth got off a red burst of lasgun fire that spiked out harmlessly into the air, before the Astartes, dropping the boy, had him by the throat. He crushed the man's windpipe with one quick clench of his fist, and tossed him aside. 'Get the weapons,' he said to the man and the boy, panting. 'Grenades, anything.' He bent over and coughed, and a gout of dark liquid sprayed out of his mouth to splatter all over the plascrete landing strip. He swayed for a second, then straightened. When his companions had retrieved two lasguns and a sling of grenades from the bodies he nodded. 'Someone may have seen that las-fire. If we run into more of them, do not stop – keep running.' They set off again. The giant was hobbling now, and left a trail of blood behind him, but he still set a fearsome pace, and it was all the man and his son could do to keep up with him, as they fought for air in the reeking hell that surrounded them. At last the white pillar of the control tower appeared out of the smoke – and a band of cultists at its foot. They saw the shapes come running out of the darkness at them and set up a kind of shriek and began firing wildly. Las-fire came arcing through the air. In return the Astartes halted, set the bolter in his shoulder, and began firing. Short bursts, no more, two or three rounds at a time. But when the heavy ordnance hit the cultists it blew them apart. He took down eight of them before the first las-burst hit him, in the stomach. He staggered, and the bolter-muzzle dropped, but a second later he had raised it again and blew to pieces the cultist who had shot him. The boy and his father lay on the ground and started firing also, but the heavy Chaos lasguns were unwieldy and hard to handle – their shots went wild. The boy fumbled with the sling of grenades and popped out one thumb-sized bomb. There was a tiny red button at the top of the little cylinder. He pressed it, and then tossed the thing at the cultists. It clinked on the base of the tower and lay at their feet. One looked at it with dawning horror on his face, and then the grenade exploded, and splattered him in scarlet fragments across the white painted wall of the control tower, along with three of his comrades. The rest broke and ran, quickly disappearing into the toiling darkness. The Astartes sank to one knee, leaning on his bolter. His other hand was bunched in a fist where the lasgun had burnt a black hole through his torso from front to back."

Pgs.99-100 25 for 25 – The Last Detail

Standard grenades (the thumb sized ones mentioned earlier).

"'Give me those grenades.' He popped one out of the sling and peered at it. 'They copy us in everything – these are just like Imperium charges. They have three settings: instant, delay and proximity. The most obvious one is delay, the red button on top – give thanks to the Emperor you picked that one back outside. You twist the top of the cylinder for the other settings.' He did so. 'Move up the stairs.' He set down the little cylinder upright, pressed the red button on its top,

and then followed them. Behind him there were three tiny clicks, and then silence. 'The next thing to approach that is going to have a surprise. I just hope there are no rats in here.'

Pg.102 25 for 25 – The Last Detail