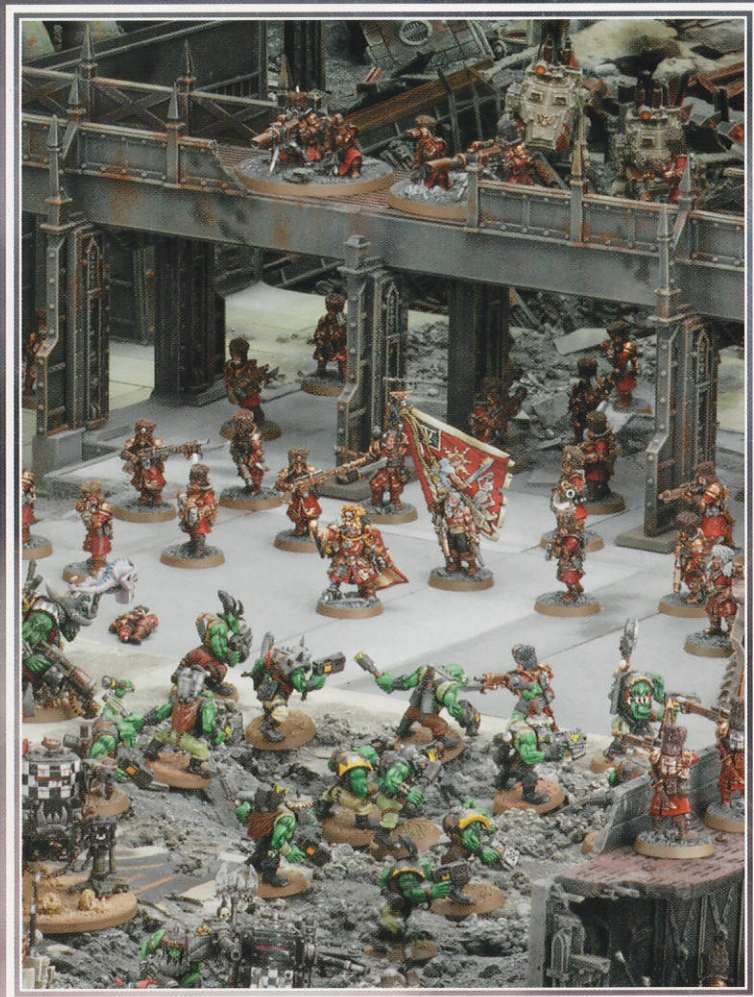


THE FALL OF MEDUSA V



WARHAMMER
40,000

GAMES
WORKSHOP



**“Brothers! War calls you —
will you answer?”**

INTRODUCTION

Medusa V is a world that burns with the heat of battle and shudders beneath a million marching feet. It is a world nearing its end, a cataclysmic Warp storm descending upon it, soon to sear it clean of life. Only you can determine through your games of Warhammer 40,000 if victory can be salvaged from its death, for make no mistake, Medusa V is doomed. The scene is set for Games Workshop's latest worldwide event; to arms!

4 **The history of the Medusa system.** The Medusa System has had a troubled time in recent years, its proximity to the warp phenomenon known as Hell's Slingshot bringing it both great riches and great peril.

16 **The forces on Medusa V.** Every major race in the 41st millennium has reason to do battle on this war-torn planet. Find out here what they hope to gain.

34 **The Website.** See what awaits you on the Medusa V website. Remember, you have to register to take part.

How to take part in The Fall of Medusa V

- Assemble your army
- Register on the campaign website at:
medusav.games-workshop.com
- Start gaming!



A WORLD

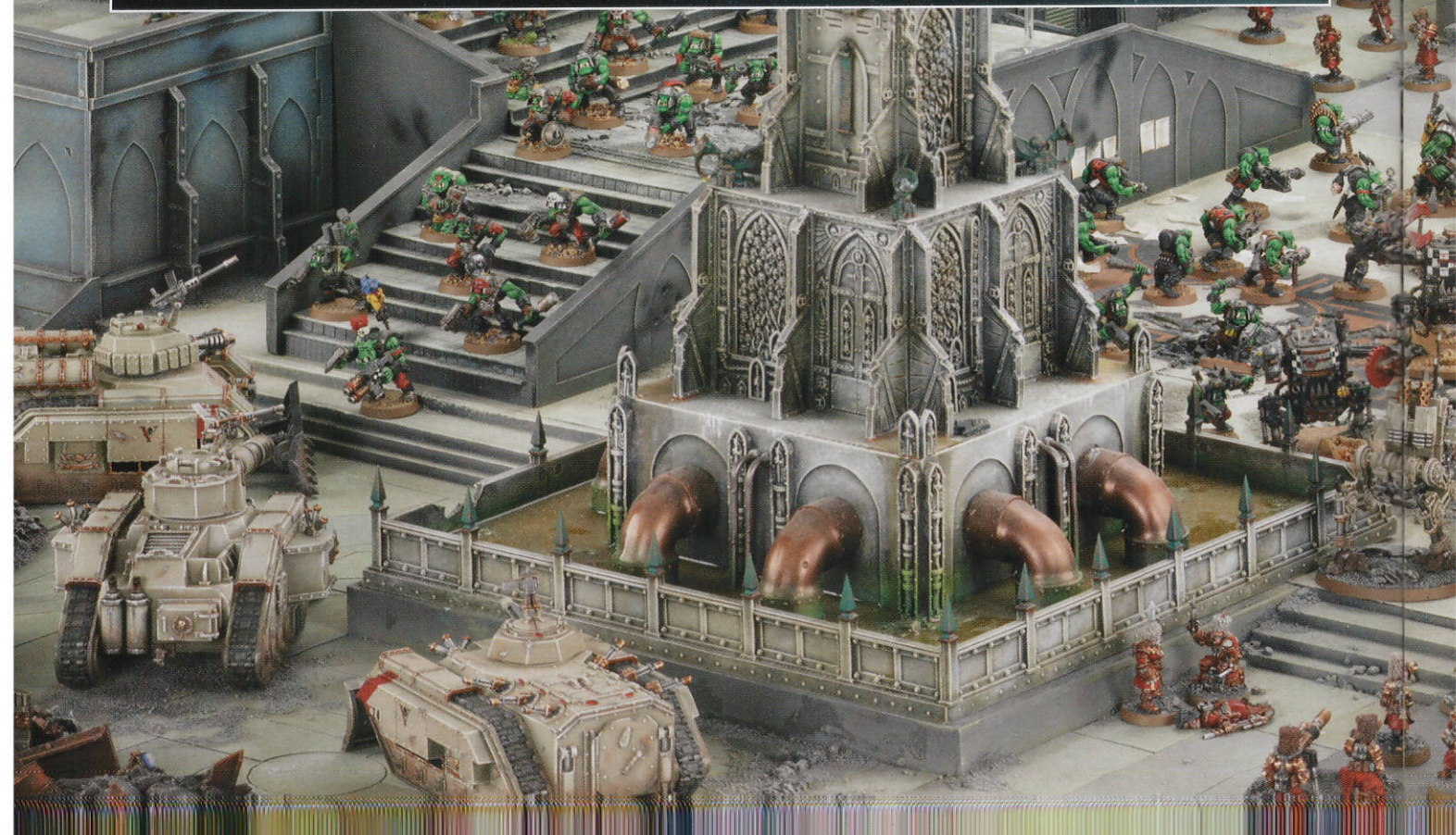
GLOBAL CAMPAIGN

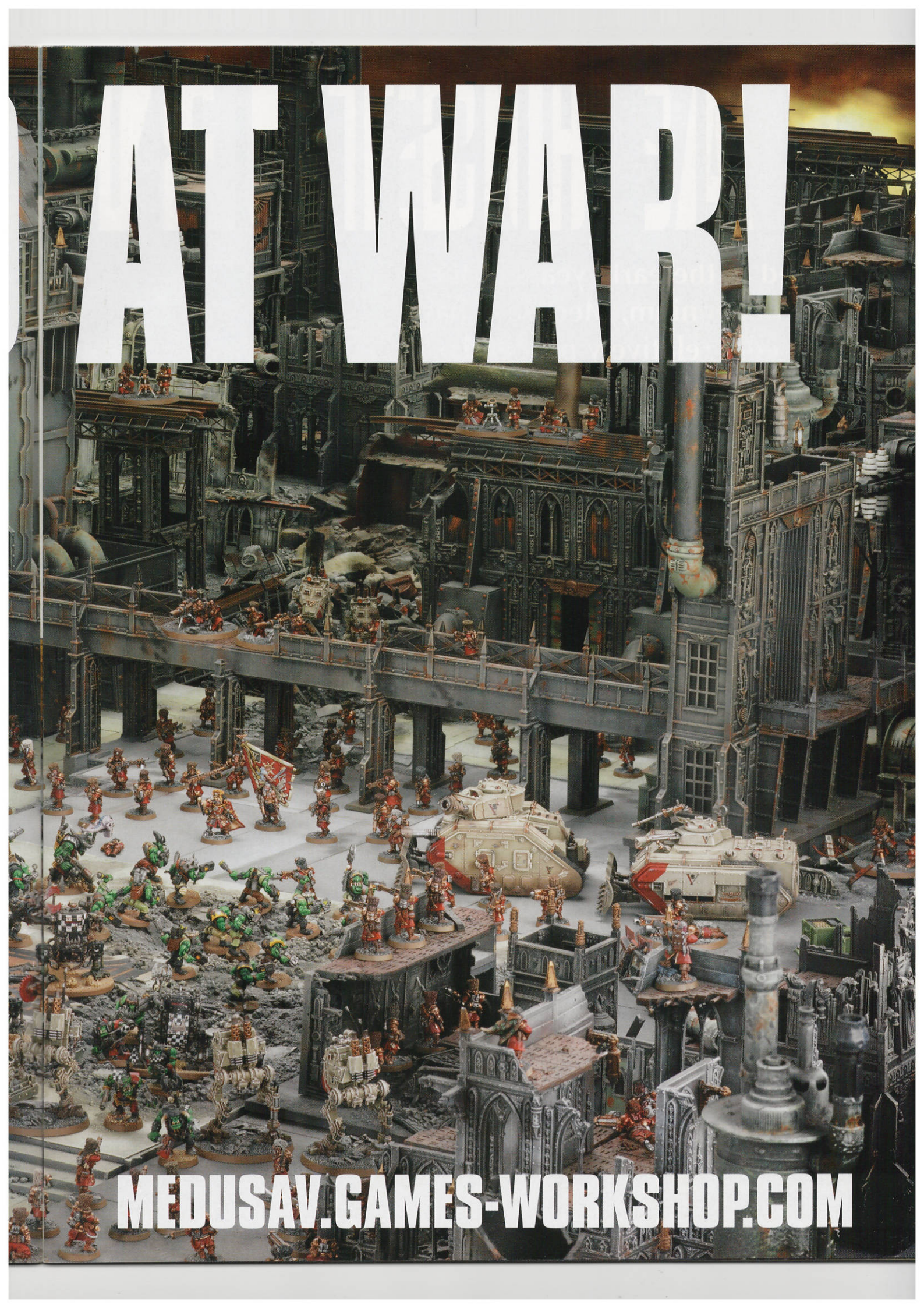
Games Workshop's worldwide events are your chance to throw yourself into our gaming universes. Each one has a specially written storyline, the outcome of which your games help decide. These campaigns are a great period of hobby activity, where

everyone is playing games. There is a specially designed website, events, in-store battles, and new models for many races. It is a chance for you to meet new opponents and write a glorious history for your army in the blood of your foes, and perhaps make a

few friends along the way! You can find out more later in this magazine, but first, let us look, lord commander, at your theatre of war. The fate of your troops, your honour and maybe your people rests upon your shoulders. Your destiny awaits you on the surface of Medusa V...

Find out how to take part in the campaign on page 34!





AT WAR!

MEDUSAV.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM

THE HISTORY

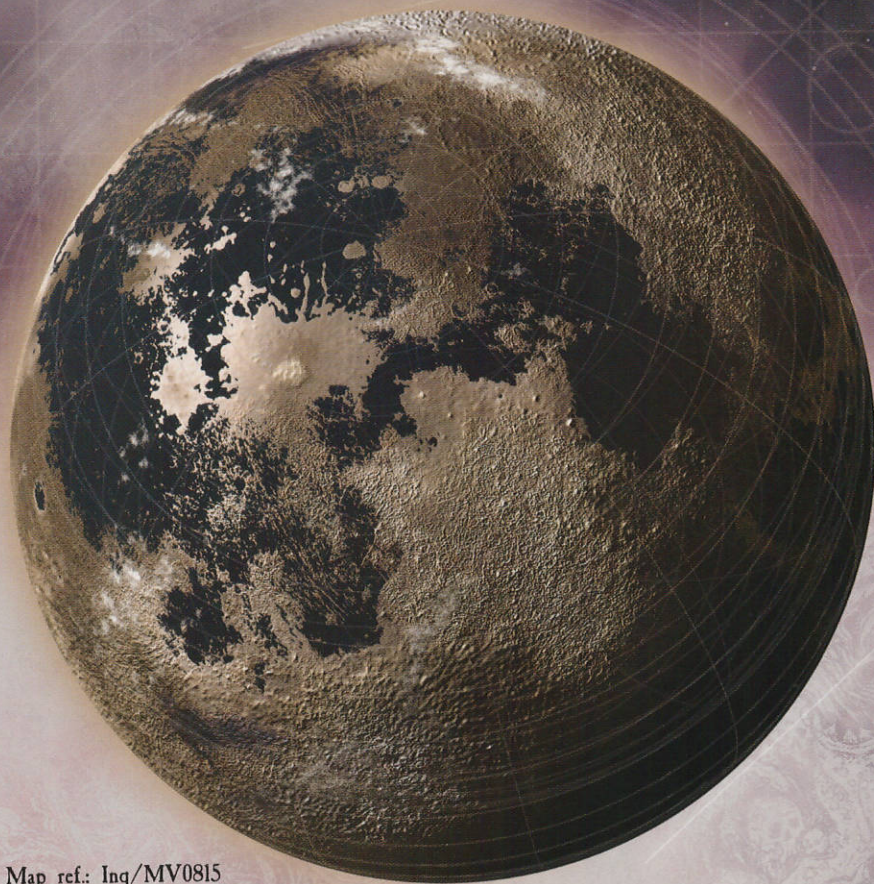
Settled in the early years of the 38th millennium, Medusa V has enjoyed a relatively peaceful history, only recently descending into turmoil.

Medusa V

MU.05.01
Orb. Dist. 141 AU
112G/Temp 9C
Mining/Industrial World
Tithe Grade: Exactis Tertius
Aestimare: A912
Population: 4,500,000,000

Medusa V, though initially a mining world, is now one of the most significant contributors to industry in the subsector. Its status is additionally enhanced by its proximity to Van Grothe's Rapidity, earning it an unusually high Aestimare for a planet of its type.

Medusa VII
MU.05.01 + Orb. Dis. 19.18 AU +- 1.216/Temp n/a
Dead world
Tithe Grade: Adoptus Nnn
Aestimare: 1950
Population: n/a
Notes: (Ref:Ordos/Kenos/Necronlyr)
Ordo Kenos Quarantine Level: Gamma
Believed to be a Necronlyr home world, Explorer surveys have proven near impossible. All life on the planet has been destroyed. Weathering suggests this has been the case for hundreds of thousands of years.



Map ref.: Inq/MV0815

OF MEDUSA V

Medusa IV
 MU.04.01 + Orb. Disl. 1.12 AU + 1.09G/Temp 13°C
 Dead/Extirminated
 Title Grade: Adeptus Non
 Astimare: 61000
 Population: n/a

Van Grothe's Rapidity
 (Def:Imperial Navy: Hell's Slingshot)
 Warp Storm, located 241.M37 - Carral Van Grothe
 Status: Stable Unstable - Malefic Ultra
 Threat level: Non-Classified Omega

Chigirin 1 - Crinson Class Space Dock
 Crew: 2,022 Adeptus Mechanicus personnel
 5,000 Imperial Navy security personnel
 Armament: Laser defence batteries, 16 Torpedo tubes
 Defences: Class 3 Void Shielding
 Notes: One of three space docks orbiting Medusa V, Chigirin 1 presents a formidable Imperial Naval presence, in addition to superb survey equipment. (Def:Enhanced auspex array - Philemon Pardo class)

Medusa VIII
 MU.08.01 + Orb. Dis: 24.90 + 2.56/Temp n/a
 Title Grade: Adeptus Non
 Gas giant
 Astimare: n/a
 Population: n/a
 Notes: A gas giant, the Adeptus Mechanicus postulate its resources could be harvested for industrial purposes. Attempts to investigate further have been aborted. Research vessels have disappeared in dubious circumstances. Fleet command has recommended the curtailment of further investigations.


HELL'S SLINGSHOT

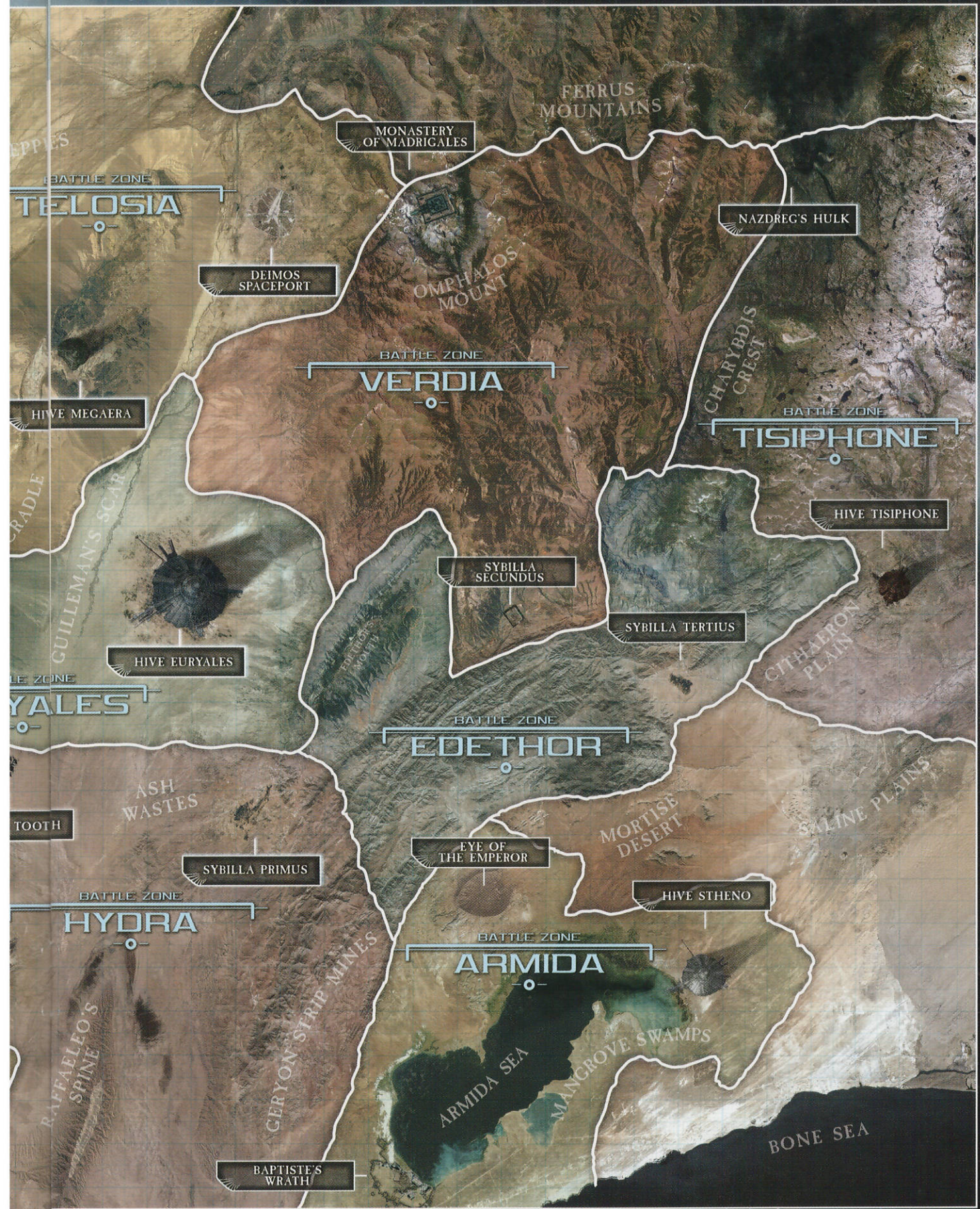
The Warp phenomenon known as Van Grothe's Rapidity pulses on the Eastern Fringe of the Imperium. It is a purple glowing whirlpool of destruction that spans light years and spells destruction for those desperate or careless enough to enter it without caution. However, the Rapidity is not without its uses, for though dangerous, it is considered comparatively stable by Mechanicus Observers. It is of incalculable value to the Explorator fleets and Rogue Traders that regularly pass through this region. When traversed correctly, it can hurl a Warp-borne vessel through the eddies and tides of the ether with such speed that a journey can be shortened by months, if not years. Thanks to this side effect, and its incredibly hazardous nature, the Rapidity has earned itself the moniker of Hell's Slingshot.

Upon its discovery in 241.M37, the Imperial Navy and the Adeptus Mechanicus were in agreement that, carefully used, the Rapidity would be of great worth to them. So Carral Van Grothe, the original finder of the Warp anomaly, was commissioned to locate a habitable world nearby that could serve as a way station and staging point for vessels seeking to make use of it. After extensive searching, a system was located that held two habitable worlds. An Explorator Fleet, under the protection of a Clan Company of the Iron Hands Chapter, began the process of settling the two worlds. In honour of the Iron Hands Space Marines, who began exterminating the indigenous populations, the system was named Medusa, a tribute to their own homeworld. >>>Continued on page 10

Consider, dear reader, this metaphor to explain how travelling through Warp space works; that of a fast flowing stream. The stream represents Warp space, moving swiftly along its motionless banks, which represent real space. A corpse dropped into the water upstream will not move relative to the water, but is merely carried by it until it lodges at some point downstream from its original location.

Space Lanes of The Imperium and the Perils of the Galaxy, Vol 1 Chapter 1.





When travelling in the ether, a Warp storm might throw a ship off course or, in a best case scenario, delay it. At worst the effects can be far more devastating as the raw stuff of the Warp spills out into the galaxy. To use our example from volume 1, this is roughly equivalent to our corpse passing through an area of the river infested with blood sharks. More than likely the aforementioned predators will tear the cadaver apart in a frenzy, however, there is a small chance it may just be delayed in its journey (a little nibbled around the edges, perhaps).

The effect of a Warp Storm on the real world is best conveyed if we imagine that the banks of the river have burst, letting the blood sharks and all manner of carnivorous water creatures loose into the area to terrorize and devour the local populace. The example becomes more vivid if we imagine that the blood sharks and their assorted allies have been starved for several days before being goaded into a rage by unseen forces before being unleashed.

Space Lanes of The Imperium and the Perils of the Galaxy, Vol 2 Chapter 6.



THE BIRTH OF A WORLD

Medusa IV was the larger and more bountiful of the two habitable planets in the system, and the Explorator fleet descended in force. Masters in the art of planetary occupation, the Explorators swiftly brought Medusa IV under the Emperor's rule. Great cities were erected within months, sprawling conglomerations of metal. Huge settlement craft, heaving with civilians drawn from hive worlds across the Imperium brought settlers both willing and reluctant to their new homes.

Medusa V, by comparison, was only settled in part. The Iron Hands obtained a foothold spanning an entire continent with characteristic efficiency, but further conquest was then curtailed. An urgent summons drew the Chapter away to assist in the suppression of an uprising, and the Explorator fleet went about its business alone for a time. With valuable mining regions

originating from the Rapidity would occasionally flare up, cutting the system off from outside contact, sometimes for months, sometimes for years or decades at a time. On every occasion contact was restored swiftly once the storm receded, and each time the message from the inhabitants was the same: all was well.

Medusa IV became a vast population centre; the plentiful supplies of food and gentle climate assisted its growth and soon tens of billions of humans toiled in vast hives upon its surface. By contrast, Medusa V remained barren. Only a few cities existed, each devoted to mining precious iridium ore and drilling for the promethium that would feed the Imperial fleets berthed at the great space docks around the planet. Hundreds of ships passed through Medusa's space docks: Imperial Navy fleets in need of urgent resupply, Explorator fleets that emptied entire population centres from Medusa IV for resettlement elsewhere and Rogue Traders that needed rations and fuel before daring Hell's Slingshot in an effort to launch themselves further into the east. Though contact was regularly lost with Medusa, its value was recognised by all.

THE MEDUSA SCHISM

Since its settlement, the Medusa system has seen dozens of minor incidents. Frequent raids by Eldar pirates have harried shipping in the region while the Tau empire, as it has grown in confidence and strength, has coveted the world

“The newly settled Medusa system, though rich in mineral wealth, had one serious flaw...”

already established, further exploration and settlement of Medusa V was deemed unnecessary, and was postponed indefinitely.

Despite its obvious advantages – its mineral wealth and proximity to Hell's Slingshot – the Medusa system had one flaw. Serious storms,

for its own reasons. None of these foes, or the dozen others that have threatened the Imperium's hold on the two worlds, have come as perilously close to breaking the Imperium's grip as the Medusa Schism that raged throughout the system two hundred and fifty years ago, during a prolonged period of isolation caused by the Rapidity.

The schism began when two of the largest hive cities on Medusa IV declared themselves independent of the Imperium. The planetary authorities acted swiftly, despatching three regiments of Planetary Militia to suppress the rebels and bring the cities back under control. Nobody knows how long betrayal had festered in the hearts of those fallen subjects of the Emperor, but the rot that gnawed at the underbelly of Medusa IV was deeper and more malignant than any might have guessed. Well armed, and utterly fanatical worshippers of the Ruinous Powers greeted the Planetary Militia regiments with a storm of fire. Banners declaring allegiance to the Chaos powers were unfurled, and the true cause of the unrest was revealed. Degenerate cultists and the Planetary Militia waged war in the streets of the great Hives for weeks, before the situation took another turn for the worse. More hive cities declared themselves for Chaos and vast armies marched forth. Lush agricultural districts were

put to the torch by the forces of Chaos, and millions died in their panic to escape.

With every passing month more of the populace degenerated into insanity, as if gripped in a maniacal fever, siding with the Dark Gods and turning their backs on the light of the Emperor.

Soon, only a few major cities remained loyal to the Imperium. Overwhelmed and outnumbered, the loyalists sent Astropathic pleas for help. Their urgent calls for aid went unanswered for the most part, for while the Warp storms that isolated the system persisted, no help could come. Only Medusa V was able to answer the call and with admirable bravery and unshakable loyalty to the Emperor, an army of sorts was mustered. With no real military force of its own, the meagre Planetary Defence Force recruited thousands of willing miners and labourers before departing for Medusa IV on commandeered bulk freighters and supply vessels.

THE DEATH OF A WORLD

For two and a half years, Medusa V's hastily raised army kept the citizens still loyal to the Emperor from being totally overwhelmed, turning back one Chaos assault after another. Eventually though, there could be no victory against such odds, not even when the Warp

If it weren't for the ripe grain-crop waving in the breeze, there'd be very little evidence this place was ever a farm at all. A few dozen scattered bodies and a cluster of smoking barns; that's all there is.

The tracks of more than a dozen fighting vehicles show the size of the force that hit this place, and the depth of the impressions on their way out are so deep that the riddle of where all the machinery has gone is easily solved. Whoever did this took the lot. Aside from the slaughter, that's the most interesting part. Everything has gone, traction engines, grain filters. If it's metal of any type, it's been taken. Those vehicles must be dangerously overloaded.

It doesn't take a Xenologist to figure out who did this. Not many creatures are degenerate enough to daub on a wall in human blood.

Sergeant Granth wants to pursue these monstrosities, to gauge their strength and retaliate if possible. I have agreed. Please await further reports.

Interrogator Orsene, serving under Inquisitor Baptiste.



+Security Clearance Epsilon+



+File INQ/OM 237 "Ygethmor"+

Thought for the day: Better dead than damned



Pict-capture of Ygethmor

SUBJECT Ygethmor

OTHER TITLES

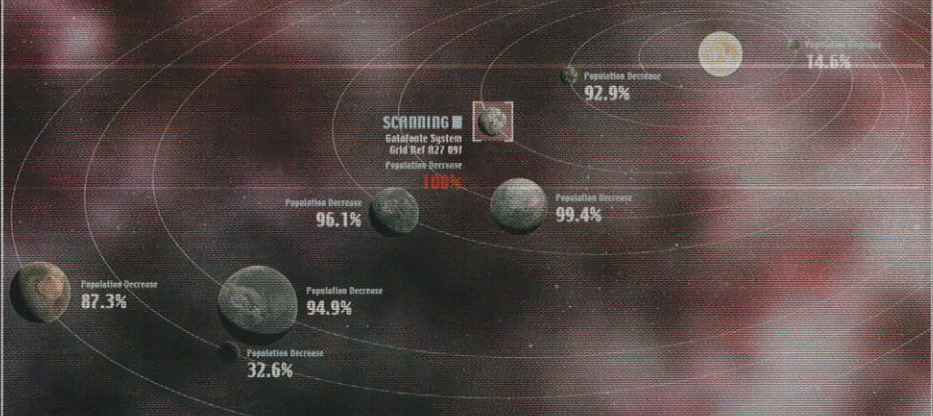
- The Deceiver
- The Twice Damned
- The Purgator of Corrialis

During the 13th Black Crusade the Officio Assassinorum sanctioned the deployment of an assassin team to eliminate Ygethmor amongst other notable targets. Whilst scrutiny of their field records is impossible, at least seven Assassinorum agents are known to have failed in the attempt to take his life.

[Ref:Malleus.19028c.Ygethmor]



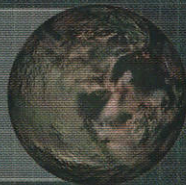
GALAFONTE SYSTEM



GALAFONTE QUARTUS

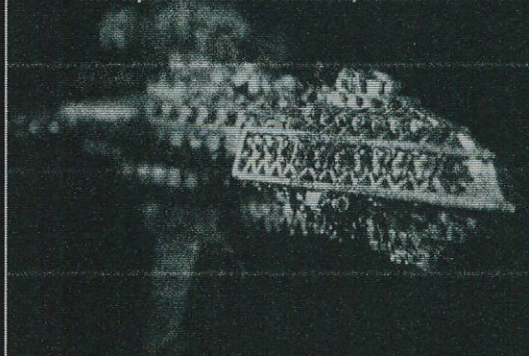
Inquisitorial Quarantine
Level Omega

Note the scarification on the planets surface, consistent with a daemonic ritual of epic proportions.



Ordo Hereticus agents in the Galafonte system, despite forewarning, failed to learn the lessons of the Corrialis massacres. In almost identical circumstances to Corrialis, the population of Galafonte turned upon itself worshipping the Dark Gods in a frenzied slaughter of all life in the system. Sources have since speculated that both Corrialis and Galafonte were little more than 'experiments', paving the way for whatever vile madness Ygethmor has planned for Medusa.

Pict-capture of Blade of Damnation, Battle of Horen's Belt



The Blade of Damnation

Ygethmor's flagship, Image secured during the final battle for Karkass.

Notes

Inquisition reports consistently connect Ygethmor with The Blade of Damnation since before the Karkass incident. A Repulsive Class Grand Cruiser, The Blade of Damnation boasts colossal firepower and accuracy that far above other vessels of its class. Admiral Helsten's claims that The Blade of Damnation is possessed of some daemonic power remain unproven, however, considering Abbadon's other infernal war engines. [Ref:Malleus.2313a.Defiler], the possibility should not be discounted.

"This is not the first world that Ygethmor has destroyed, and unless we can halt him now it will not be the last. Should we fail, millions will die and we shall not be found blameless."

Inquisitor Baptiste

storm dissipated and the 2nd Company of the Ultramarines Chapter was at last able to come to the planet's aid. The Holy Inquisition despatched agents to ascertain the scale of the heresy and eventually Exterminatus was deemed to be the only viable solution.

The Cult Mechanicus and Adeptus Administratum lobbied the Inquisition agents monitoring the schism to suspend the sentence just long enough to allow what faithful citizens remained to be evacuated. Tithe forecasts and resettlement schedules showed the crippling effect leaving them to die would have on industry in the sector, so the Inquisition granted a one-week stay of execution. Millions were loaded onto transports normally used for shipping foodstuffs and a mass exodus of the loyal areas began. While the Ultramarines and the warriors of Medusa V fought a heroic rearguard against an endless tide of insanity, those innocents that could be saved were ferried off-world.

Even the holy Astartes could only prevail so long in the face of such overwhelming numbers and unreasoning hate. Finally they too were forced to withdraw, leaving the heretics and remaining civilians to their fate.

A sleek Inquisitorial corvette under the command of Inquisitor Baptiste fired a single salvo of torpedoes at the planet, a deadly payload of atmospheric incinerators. The warheads ignited the oxygen rich atmosphere of the planet, devouring everything in a blistering conflagration that seared all life from the world, turning metal to molten slag and rock to glass as the Inquisition's fiery judgement took its toll. The planet burned brightly for a whole month, and from the safety of their world, the inhabitants of Medusa V looked on in awe as their neighbour was consumed in purifying flames. Those faithful citizens that had escaped offered prayers of gratitude to the Emperor for their deliverance.

The new residents of Medusa V arrived from their burning planet by the million, and were welcomed by the waiting agents of the Inquisition. A drawn-out process of screening to root out any heretics amongst the refugees commenced, and many thousands found their way to the pyre as the Inquisition ensured the future purity of Medusa V. Colossal prefabricated cities were hastily erected by the Adeptus Mechanicus, vast structures that could house millions upon millions. Into these, the refugees were herded in droves, kept separate as a precaution against heresy. These 'refugee cities', grim edifices of metal and stone, gradually found their place within the society of

Medusa V, providing an innumerable labour force to work the ore extracted from the planet's crust. In only a few years the planet found itself producing more fuel, metals and supplies than had ever been dreamed of before.

THE FALL OF MEDUSA V

In the two hundred years since the Schism, Medusa V has continued to thrive as the gateway through Van Grothe's Rapidity, resupplying convoy vessels and exporting millions of tonnes of precious ore to the ever-hungry Imperial Navy and Adeptus Mechanicus.

Only in the past few years have events begun to accelerate, casting the safety of Medusa V into doubt. The Rapidity has begun to 'boil over', a phenomenon that has left even the wisest of the Imperium's savants and Observators baffled. Initially, the change in the Warp storm was not deemed a concern, but now there is little doubt that it is growing at a dangerous rate. Theories as to why the Rapidity is spilling out across the surrounding space vary widely. Some ignorant ore miners suggest that it is attempting to become a second Eye of Terror. Ordo Malleus experts postulate that a Chaos Sorcerer has worked some vile magic upon it, and is attempting to swallow all life in the galaxy. For every plausible reason, there are a dozen insane suggestions, and in the end it is all irrelevant. The fact of the matter is that the Rapidity is sprawling through space at a terrifying speed and every outpost and waystation the Warp storm touches is lost; all signs of life completely eradicated. Adeptus Mechanicus vessels attempting to monitor the Storm have calculated that in a matter of months, if not weeks, it will reach Medusa V. Regardless of the theories on the growing storm, all are in agreement on one thing: Medusa V will die.

"Every outpost and waystation the Warp storm touches is lost; all signs of life completely eradicated."

TURMOIL ON MEDUSA V

Even as the Imperial forces in the area attempt to come to terms with this bizarre and deadly celestial phenomenon, and plan the evacuation of Medusa V, yet more sinister events are unfolding. Unrest boils on the surface of the planet, mirroring the hideous Warp storm approaching it. Several of the cities that contain

If we return to the metaphor detailed in the second chapter of volume 1, the phenomenon discovered by Van Grothe is like an incredibly violent area of rapids, which propels the unwitting carcass forwards with a velocity hitherto unimagined. As anyone who has traversed conventional rapids will know, the speeds attained within them can be dramatically faster than elsewhere. However the merest error can cost the traveller their life as their vessel is dashed apart on the very hazards that cause the swiftness. The Rapidity was named with good reason and the colloquialism "Hell's Slingshot" is equally appropriate.

Space Lanes of The Imperium and the Perils of the Galaxy, Vol 91 Chapter 63.

Governor Soloman stared open mouthed as the dark sky was pierced by the landing craft. Glowing brightly from their atmospheric entry, hundreds of bulk landers raced towards the war-torn planet. Most bore the drab livery of the Imperial Navy, their holds filled with the men and women and tanks of the Imperial Guard. Thousands of soldiers ready to fight and die for the Emperor. Others, fewer in number, had brighter, bolder heraldry. Soloman realised with a thrill that those were the landing craft of the Adeptus Astartes, bearing the finest warriors in the Imperium. Gods of war, the Space Marines were capable of defeating any foe. For a moment he felt his spirits lift as a flicker of hope sparked in his heart.

At his side, Inquisitor Baptiste snuffed it out.

"There's not nearly enough," she said bluntly, her lavender eyes scanning the horizon. "Whatever foul work the Arch-enemy does here must be stopped at all costs, but do not fool yourself Governor; this world will die. It just remains to be seen how many of us it takes with it."

the descendants of the Schism refugees have openly revolted against planetary authorities. Governor Soloman, the world's ruler, hoped this was a reaction to the dire threat concerning his planet's fate, but with every passing day news of the rebellion grows worse still.

The attendant Techpriests who operate the vast auspex arrays in the space docks above the planet have detected a series of astronomical energy spikes. The first originated on Medusa VII, a blasted and lifeless planet that had previously been dismissed as unremarkable. A second and third energy signature were then detected on Medusa V itself, one in the uninhabited southern region of the planet, and another on the outskirts of Macavius hive, the second largest population centre on the world. Rumours abound that alien invaders are laying siege to the city – although attempts to investigate these claims have, thus far, failed.

Three vessels, part of an Explorator fleet heading eastwards, have been attacked under mysterious circumstances, within surveyor range of Medusa V's picket fleet. Several frigates were despatched to assist, but the Imperial warships arrived to find the vessels drifting hulks, all crew and passengers lost and no sign of the attackers.

As if matters were not bad enough already, in the last few days more than a hundred farming colonies on the northern edge of the continent have been completely destroyed in a spate of barbaric attacks. All the farming machinery appears to have been looted and not even the gargantuan reaping machines are left behind by the attackers, only smouldering ruins and scattered corpses remain. In reaction to this, the remaining farmers are beginning to abandon their settlements for fear of similar attacks. Every day more agri-labourers abandon their communities, and the threat of famine on a global scale looks set to become a reality.

Deathwatch Space Marines, tasked with eliminating splinters of Hive Fleet Kraken warn that a sizeable portion of the fleet has broken its course following a titanic engagement with the Imperial Navy at Lycanis. Librarian Andreas of the Deathwatch has postulated that the vastly swollen Rapidity may be acting as a beacon of sorts to the Tyranids, drawing the vile creatures towards it. The best efforts of the Ordo Xenos to turn the Tyranids aside have amounted to

nought, and there is little doubt that a full-scale invasion of these rapacious aliens may soon add to the bedlam reigning on Medusa V.

A CALL TO ARMS

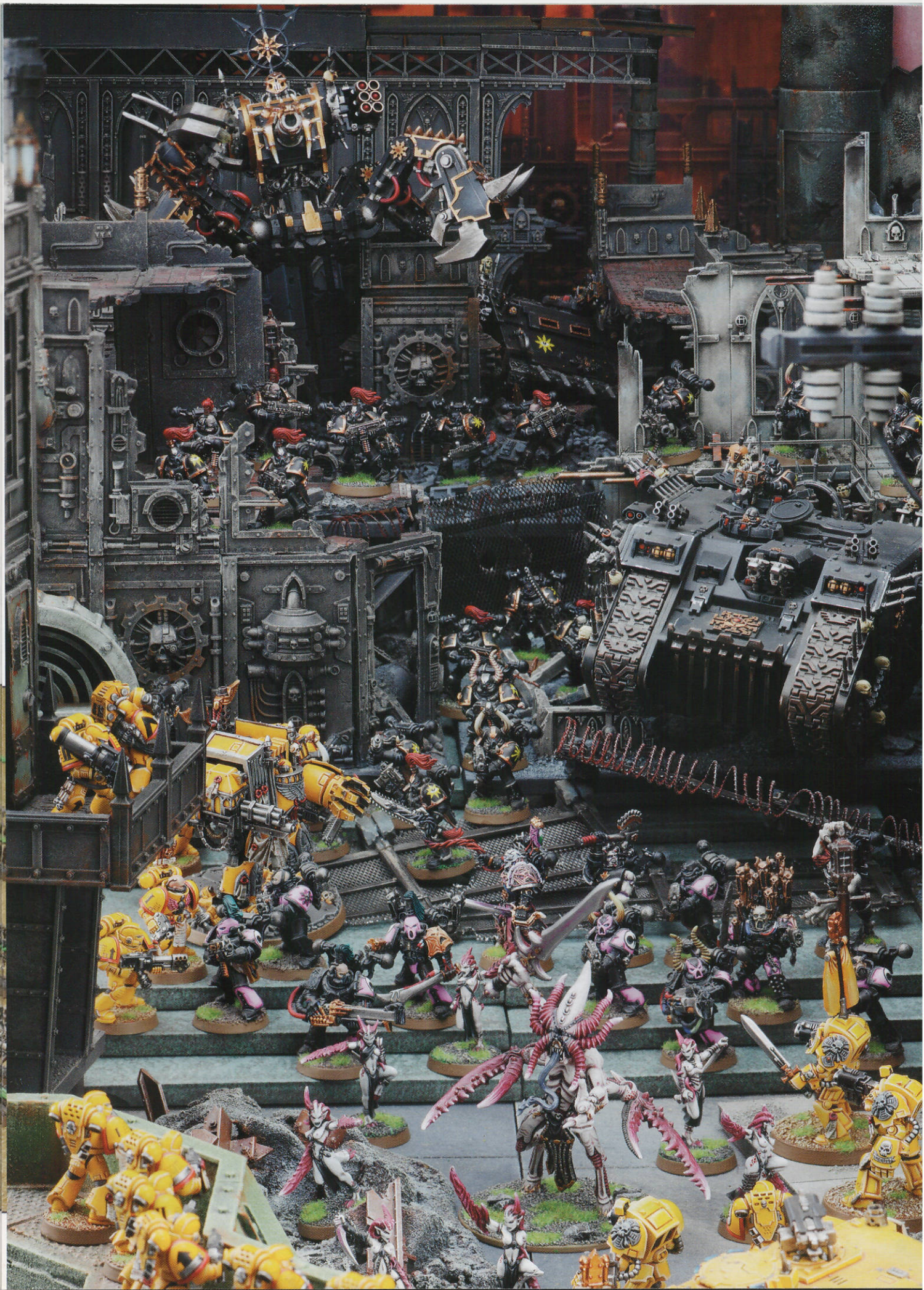
With events fast spiralling out of his control, Governor Soloman has turned to Sector Command, who brought the matter to the attention of the Inquisition. The Holy Ordos immediately despatched a cell of Inquisitors to investigate matters on the planet. They arrived some weeks after his request to find that Hive Euyrales, the capital city of Medusa V, had now erupted into civil war too, with the Governor's personal guard and the Adeptus Arbitres desperately fending off the rebels. Now openly claiming allegiance to the Chaos gods, vast swathes of the planet's populace have risen in defiance of the Imperium and rumours that the terrible Traitor Legions are directing their efforts fill every loyal heart with despair. The Inquisition has wasted no time in making a wider call for aid, before the planet is irrevocably consumed by the war raging across its surface.

Captain Sicarius of the Ultramarines Chapter was first to answer the call to arms, bringing the mighty Second Company to Medusa once more. Dozens more Space Marine Chapters have offered support, sending forces racing for the planet. An Imperial Guard crusade, headed by Lord Marshal Graf Harazahn of the Vostroyan Firstborn, even now gains momentum, regiments being raised to meet the threat or diverted from other campaigns.

With every passing day the cataclysmic Warp storm of the Rapidity grows closer and closer to Medusa. Governor Soloman reports that the forces of disorder, Chaos and foul xenos, grow bolder and stronger, pushing back the scattered Imperial defenders. There is no doubt that these are the last days of Medusa V. The Warp storm will destroy the world, if the Emperor's many enemies do not. Yet the Imperium will not abandon this world of the Emperor to the forces of darkness, for a single day's production is well worth the sacrifice in manpower.

As drop pods and landing craft blaze fiery trails across burning skies, the whole world is embroiled in the greatest war it will ever see.

"This world will die. It just remains to be seen how many of us it takes with it."



THE FORCES OF CHAOS

75:28₈₈



Ygethmor, Sorcerer Lord of the Black Legion and Chosen of Abaddon has been gifted a vision by the Warp, a glimpse of a future that might be. He has seen himself exalted upon a mountain of corpses as the undiluted power of the Empyrean writhes about him. He has seen a planet scoured by the power of Chaos, transmuted into a daemon world and himself as its master.

The world is Medusa V and Ygethmor knows what must be done if that future is to be realised – the planet must die.

Atop a pillar of cadavers, heaped upon the ruins of the Cathedral in Hive Euryales a ritual of inconceivable power must be enacted. At the very moment that the approaching Warp storm engulfs the planet, Ygethmor will call forth the limitless power of the warp. For this ritual to succeed though, it will require millions of sacrifices to the

Dark Gods and the glorious victory of the armies of Chaos.

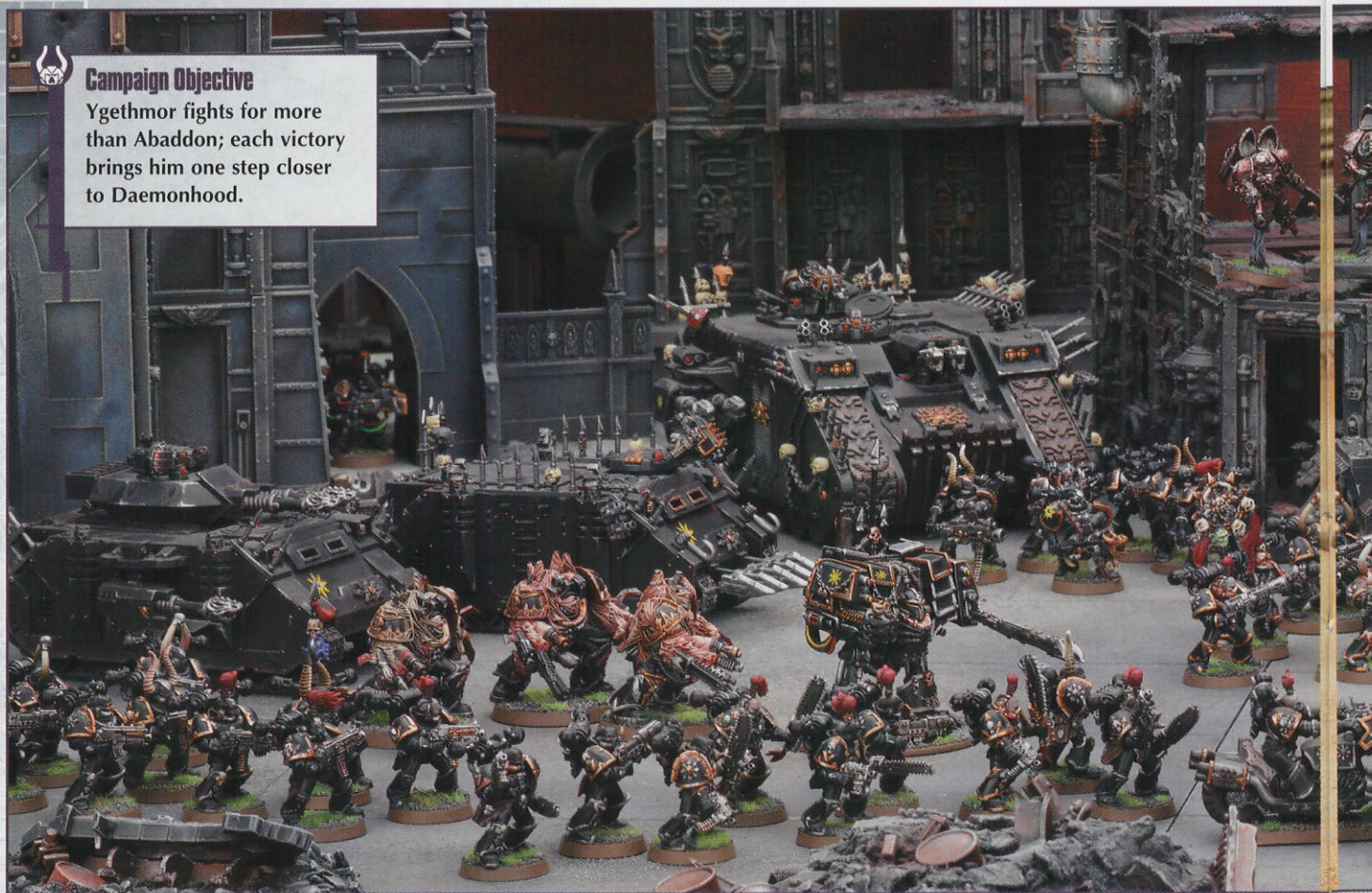
To achieve his aims, Ygethmor has gathered to him a mighty force, a conglomeration of warbands, each of which is an army in its own right, and each is led by a Chaos Lord hungry to share in the glory. Thousands of Chaos Space Marines from the Traitor Legions have rallied to his cause, their numbers swollen by renegade Space Marines from around the Imperium. Every warrior in Ygethmor's army fights to honour the Dark Gods and for the bounteous blessings of Chaos should they succeed.

As the storm gathers, Ygethmor leads his forces against the beleaguered defenders. The coming battle will be hard fought, for the defenders are well entrenched in their fortifications and cities. But the prize is the very power of the Warp unleashed, and for Ygethmor, dominion of what might be, the daemon world of Medusa V.



Campaign Objective

Ygethmor fights for more than Abaddon; each victory brings him one step closer to Daemonhood.



FORCES OF CHAOS



"It is a force that will overwhelm anything the lapdogs of the Golden Throne can muster against it, my lord." Ygethmor spoke, his voice a dry rasp that was almost lost in the vaults of Abaddon's great chamber. Above him on a dark throne, sat the Despoiler, flanked by the hulking presence of his Terminator bodyguard.

"Fulgrim's Champion, Lucius the Eternal, stands ready to fight beside my warriors, and two Great Companies of Iron Warriors are readying their wargear to support us. The Dark Apostles of the Word Bearers rouse the masses against the false Imperium and Alpha Legion spies are stirring rebellion in the great Hives as we speak. Renegades from within the Maelstrom have flocked to the cause. Even Ignatius Grulgor, beloved of Nurgle and a warhost of Death Guard stand ready to go to war at our side." Ygethmor bowed lower. "All I seek now, mighty Abaddon, is your favour."

A shadowy form behind the Despoiler's throne moved forward, glaring balefully at Ygethmor, malign power crackling halo-like about him.

"For whom do you seek this glory, Deceiver? Yourself, or our master Abaddon?"

Despite himself Ygethmor hissed at the words of his rival Zarahiston, all four of his glowing eyes returning the hostile stare.

"I do this not for my glory, nor the glory of the Despoiler. I do this for the glory of the Black Legion, the Dark Gods and Chaos!"

On his throne, Abaddon nodded his head, satisfied.

"Well enough Ygethmor, my chosen. See it done. I grant you four Black companies. Choose them for yourself." around the room the warlords of the companies present looked expectantly towards the kneeling Sorcerer, seeking a part in the coming conflict.

"I Thank you master." Ygethmor murmured, bowing his head once more before rising to his feet, ready to leave.

"One thing," Abaddon's voice was a low growl, "I give you just one command."

"Anything my lord."

"Kill them. Slaughter them all, for Chaos."

"I swear it, master."



THE TYRANIDS

64:48₈₈



In the dark reaches of the night, the frightened citizens of Medusa V whisper stories of a murderous ghost that stalks the underhives. Each hive has its own legends, its own tales of sudden and unexpected slaughter. Though the details differ, they all describe the same beast; a killing machine that appears from nowhere, rips its victim into bloody rags and disappears into thin air. It has become known as Death Leaper, for those who have seen it kill describe it as a violent elemental force pouncing from the shadows. But this is no mere myth. If the underhivers of Medusa V knew the truth about the alien presence in their midst, they would realise their nightmare has only just begun.

The Tyranid splinter fleet casting its shadow over Medusa V has evolved in the crucible of war. Its component species have adapted to fighting in dense urban environments, and none more so than the vanguard organisms seeded upon the beleaguered planet. Death Leaper is

Campaign Objective

The Tyranids seek to strip Medusa V bare, reabsorbing the Deathleaper Lictor genus in the process.



one of these; not in fact a single entity but a strain of Lictors with chameleonic abilities so advanced they are all but invisible. Given the kill patterns, it is clear that there is at least one Leaper per hive. These creatures have alerted their parent bio-ships to the rich centres of biomass upon Medusa V, and the splinter fleet is preparing to drain it dry.

The Inquisition knows well that there is more at risk here than the fate of a single planet. From the testimony of Brother-Sergeant Erasmus of the Ultramarines, Death Leaper is an evolutionary adaptation that could, if re-absorbed by the bio-ships and replicated, make Tyranid vanguard organisms virtually undetectable. Each Leaper must therefore be hunted down and stopped at all costs. If the splinter fleet can harness the evolutionary adaptations of the Leapers, the citizens of the Imperium may never be free of their threat.

The ice fields around the glacial roof of Hive Amphion shook with the impacts of a thunderstorm of mycetic spores, the bombardment intense and without respite. From the ice trenches, the Space Marines of the Imperial Fists laid down disciplined volleys of bolter fire as tank-sized lumps of cartilaginous alien flesh rained down. Some of the tentacled masses crashed straight through the ice, sending up sprays of ice-cold water. The vast majority split open to disgorge broods of hissing, screeching aliens. The Tyranids pulled themselves free, trailing strings of mucus, and skittered and stomped through the fire of the Imperial tanks towards the Space Marine lines. Their sheer numbers turned the ice fields black, and still more rained down.

Behind the Imperial lines, a giant mycetic spore thudded down. A lumbering Carnifex inside wrenching itself free with a deafening roar. Tusks lowered, it ploughed through the Tactical Marines rushing to intercept it and slammed bodily into a Vindicator battle tank, lifting its mangled remains clean into the air.

Purely through disciplined fire control, the Imperial Fists seemed to be holding the Tyranids at bay. Their heavy weapons were scything through rank after rank of assault organisms, their tanks targeting the synapse creatures of the swarm. Suddenly, a blur of motion flickered in the trenches, and blood arced up in great gouts as the Imperial Fist Devastators were suddenly sliced apart by an unseen assailant. The lethal infiltrator barrelled along the trench towards the Space Marine command group, reaching the company standard bearer and disappearing as suddenly as it arrived. The Space Marine dropped to his knees as if to pray, his head fell free, and a jet of hot blood pumped steaming into the air.

There was a frozen second as the banner of the Imperial Fists toppled and fell to the ice. In that moment, the third wave of Tyranid assailants reached the trenches, and the real slaughter began.



TYRANIDS

DA ORKS

56:96₈₈

In these dark times, the Medusa system has become a treacherous place, a fact many spacefarers have discovered to their cost as a force of reavers unleash a vicious campaign of piracy. System augurs detect the presence of something so large that it can only be an Ork space hulk and pict-capture from reconnaissance flights finally reveals the truth.

Adorned with dog-tooth patterning and a distinctive Ork glyph, the hulk is identified as belonging to the Warlord Nazdreg Ug Urdgrub.

After his unlikely alliance with Ghazghkull Thrakka was broken and their combined forces were defeated in the Piscina system, Nazdreg was presumed dead. Unfortunately, it seems that this infamous Ork Warlord has returned to plague the Imperium. Though alerted to this threat, system ships are unable to halt the advance of Nazdreg's hulk, eventually losing it in the chaos of the orbital battles surrounding Medusa V.

It speaks volumes for the anarchy engulfing the planet that the impact of something the size of a hulk does not register, but any hopes that the Orks died in the crash are soon dashed. Within days, scores of farming communities are razed as Nazdreg leads his warriors on a new Waaagh! Attempts by defence forces to quash the Greenskins fail, and Nazdreg's attacks grow in size as his warriors rampage from the crashed hulk. Soon, the Madboyz begin acting more strangely than usual, ranting that Medusa V – and everything on it – is soon to be destroyed. Only when the Weirdboyz confirm that something nasty is indeed coming through the Warp does Nazdreg decide that he will lead his warriors elsewhere to an even bigger fight.

In order to do so, the hulk needs to be repaired. The Orks strip the settlements they destroy of every scrap of machinery and metal they can find. After each battle, the Orks drag smoking machinery back to the hulk for the Mekz to bolt onto its side. The Orks have come to Medusa V and even though they don't plan to hang around for its destruction, they're not going to leave without plenty of fighting.



Campaign Objective

Each Ork success brings more scrap back for Nazdreg's space hulk, so the boyz can rebuild their ship and get on with their Waaagh!



DA ORKS



Lasbolts and whizzing fragments of shrapnel hissed past Gutzog's ear as the squadrons of shooting warbuggies circled the 'umies refinery in choking clouds. He squinted down the bent sights of the giant rokkit launchers, the dust making it difficult to see, let alone draw a bead on the gates of the compound. Flurries of gunfire snapped and banged from the Vostroyan defenders on the walls, cutting down charging Orks, and Gutzog laughed as another buggy exploded in a greasy fireball.

"You gonna shoot or wot?" shouted Lurzbag from the driver's seat, his goggles so fogged and filmed with soot that he could barely see where he was going. Not that such trivial details really mattered. So long as he pointed his buggy in vaguely the right direction, Gutzog got to shoot stuff with his rokkits. Sometimes they even hit.

"Shut up! Drive faster or Dregnat and his ladz'll get the gubbins for da Meks first!" he yelled and pulled the trigger, this time remembering to get out of the way of the rokkits' back blast. Thick clouds of acrid smoke obscured his vision, but as they sped clear Gutzog saw the wildly corkscrewing contrails of both rokkits miss the gate and shoot over the wall.

The rokkits slammed into a silver-skinned tower silo within the compound and blew its top off in a massive sheet of flame and mushrooming pillar of smoke. The tower swayed, its top ablaze, before finally toppling and crushing the gate flat.

"Good shootin' Gutzog!" shouted Lurzbag, wrenching the steering pole and throwing them into a looping skid. Amazingly, they ended up facing the smoking breach in the wall.

"Yeah! Just wot I meant to do..." said Gutzog as Lurzbag gunned the engine and the warbuggy tore off in a spray of dirt and smoke.



DA ORKS

THE NECRONS

49:36₈₈

The Necrons have been a dormant presence in the Medusa system for millennia. In a tomb complex deep below the surface of the seventh planet, the slumbering form of a Necron Lord has long dwelt in suspended unlife. Known to the Eldar as 'The Herald of the Storm' in times now forgotten, this Necron Lord is an architect of the Great Work and foremost amongst the servants of the C'tan. Now the time of arising has come and the Tomb Spydery have awoken the malice of the Necrontyr once again.

On Medusa V, Techpriest auspex arrays detected the initial energy surges that were to herald the Necron incursion. In the wastelands beyond the towering spires of Macavius Hive stormclouds gathered, crackling with eldritch energy that defied all sensor interrogations. Beneath the wings of the storm, phalanx upon phalanx of Necron warriors marched at the direction of their Lord, overwhelming the outlying defences of the Hive with ease. Captain Sicarius of the Ultramarines, newly arrived on-planet, ordered several units of his company to Macavius, alongside the

Vostroyan XXVIIth. By the time the Hive itself was embraced by the storm and all communication became impossible, its defenders had rallied against the threat before them.

The Necrons are only too aware of the incoming Warp storm and have devised a stratagem to turn it to their advantage. The Imperial defenders of Macavius Hive remain unaware that the true thrust of the Necron advance lies not before their walls, but in the chill wastes of the Telosian desert. It is here that a legion of Scarabs and Tomb Spydery labour unceasingly to erect monolithic structures that can hold the warp at bay, fuelled by the harvested essence of those who have fallen before the assault on Macavius Hive. Should they be fabricated in great enough numbers they will create a null shield that, when activated, will shelter the entire planet of Medusa V from the fury of the warp. Should they succeed in their goals, the Necrons will be free to harvest the population of Medusa V at their leisure whilst the Warp Storm roils harmlessly around them.



Campaign Objective

Necron victories ensure the Tomb Spydery can complete the null shield, allowing the Storm Lord and his warriors to harvest the population of Medusa V at their will.





The howling wind was tainted with mournful wails; the incorporeal screams of lost souls. A towering whirlwind of sand climbed out of the desert, growing in power with every passing minute. At the eye of the storm stood a solitary figure atop a rocky outcrop, its metallic form clad in a tattered golden shroud that remained still despite the raging gale.

With eyes that had been lifeless crystals for sixty million years, the Herald of the Storm gazed at the construction jutting from the sands. Gleaming with its own light, the spine soared a kilometre into the dust-filled skies. The pylon's surface writhed with life as tiny scarabs crawled across its struts and antennae. Larger shadows passed across the null-field initiator as Tomb Spydres hovered to and fro, disgorging more Scarabs to continue their sacred task.

A movement, unplanned and discordant, caught the Necron Lord's attention. He focussed his burning green eyes to the south. A small group of humans advanced across the shifting dunes, braving the perils of the storm. A barely remembered emotion flickered through crystalline circuits as the Necron Lord registered the crude laser weapons carried by the human warriors: contempt.

His eyes fixed firmly on the face of the squad's leader, the Herald of the Storm extended the command lattice emanating from his body. The Necron Lord's energy stretched out into the vortex, connecting to every particle of the storm, joining it to his will in the same way his metal body was joined to his spirit. In a few nanoseconds the course of the storm was changed. Its eye was now widening, putting the humans at the centre of a rapidly expanding gulf of clear air.

Rank by rank, his warriors were revealed as the sands rolled back. They stood in silent lines, a hundred thousand soldiers dormant for the moment. With a single thought-transmission, he stoked the remnants of their consciousness and the Necron Warriors' dim eyes glowed into bright emerald life.

A fleeting moment of expectation flared through the Herald of the Storm's circuits as he recognised another emotion, etched onto the face of the Imperial Guard sergeant: dread.



NECRONS

THE SPACE MARINES

40:26_{8B}



The Angels of Death are poised to unleash their rage upon those who seek the destruction of Medusa V.

Intelligence gleaned by the Officio Assassinorum has revealed that Ygethmor the Deceiver, dread sorcerer of Chaos, has turned his baleful eye towards Medusa V. As the storms wracking the Emphyrean draw ever closer to Medusa V and madness engulfs the world below, great heroes are needed more than ever to stand against the Ruinous Powers. The horror unleashed by Ygethmor during the terrible wars of Abaddon's Thirteenth Black Crusade are well remembered, and should the Deceiver's plan for Medusa V come to fruition, the Imperium will

doubtless suffer for it.

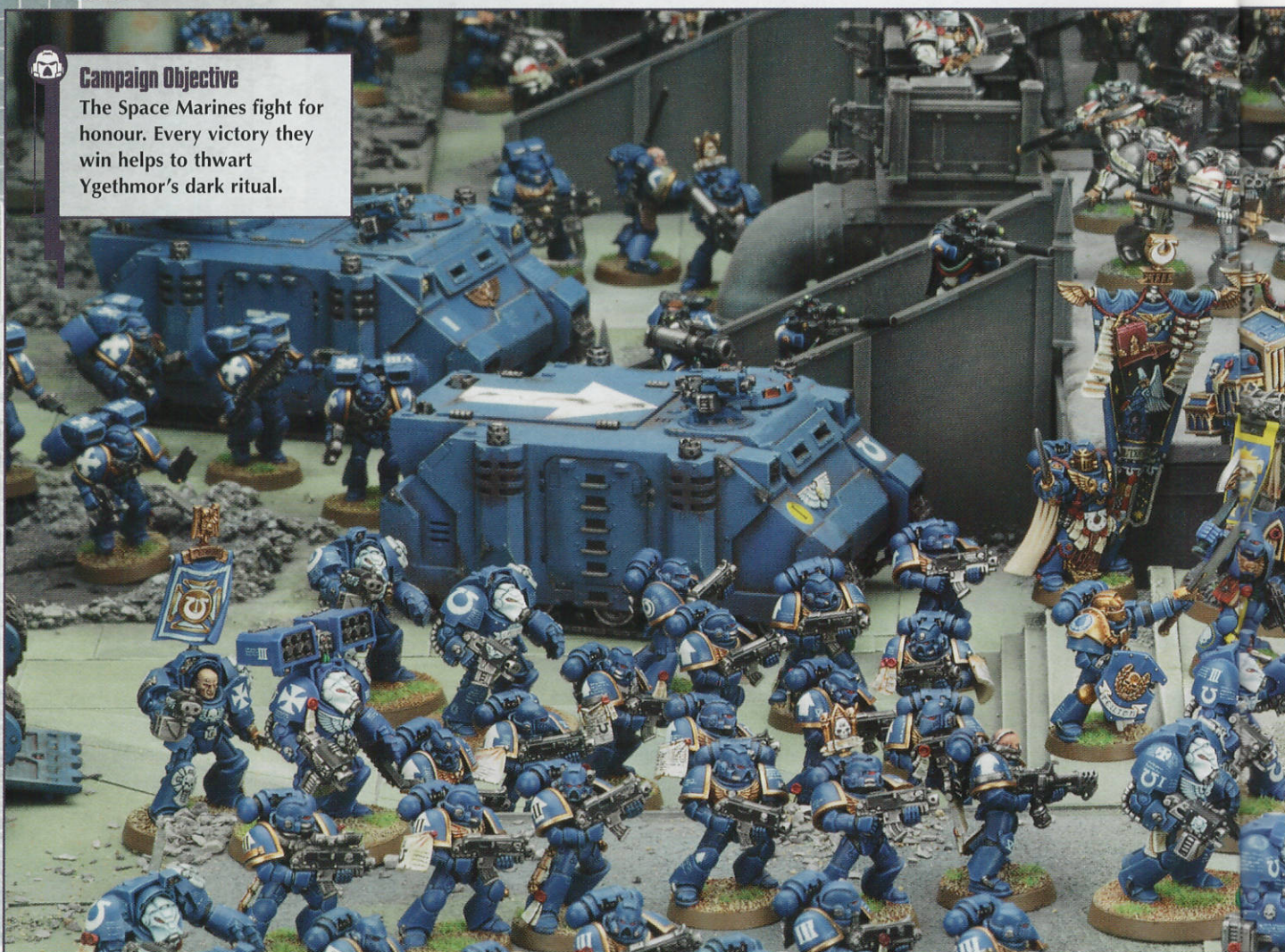
Legendary Space Marine Chapters such as the Blood Angels and Space Wolves answer Medusa V's desperate plea for aid with entire companies and other Chapters despatch what strength they can. Before long, a sizeable force of Astartes is assembled and Captain Sicarius of the Ultramarines, hero of the Medusa Schism, returns to take command of this combined force. Together, they will crusade for the sake of honour and in defiance of the Dark Gods.

Sicarius's first act is to deploy the disparate elements of the crusade throughout the Medusa system to intercept and destroy the forces of Chaos and thwart Ygethmor's plans wherever they can. Sicarius knows that only the death of this evil sorcerer of Chaos will end the threat to Medusa V and he swears a mighty oath to hunt him down and slay him in personal combat.



Campaign Objective

The Space Marines fight for honour. Every victory they win helps to thwart Ygethmor's dark ritual.



SPACE MARINES



The chapel lights were dimmed and flickering votive candles cast a wan light across the polished armour of the assembled Space Marines. The doors to the chapel opened and the commander of the Honour Company marched in, attended by his equerry and a procession of scribes. His armour was a deep blue, its trims fashioned from gold, and a fur-trimmed cloak of glittering scale hung from his shoulders. Though already standing to attention, the Space Marines held themselves more erect as Sicarius of the Ultramarines passed between them.

Sicarius reached the end of the nave and turned towards the expectant faces staring back at him. His features were tanned from the light of a hundred suns and his eyes held the wisdom of a thousand battles. His gaze swept the warriors before him, seeing the insignia of scores of Chapters of legend: Dark Angels, Imperial Fists, Howling Griffons, Black Templars and many more. Sicarius had seen such a gathering of might only twice before – once on the bloody soil of Armageddon and again in the Cadian warzones. The honour of leading such a force spoke to Sicarius on a level that both humbled him and filled him with pride.

"Brothers," he said, his voice laden with authority, "War calls you. Will you answer?"

As one, they roared that they would.



SPACE MARINES

THE ELДАР

34:88₈₈

Were it a normal Imperial planet that was in danger, the Eldar would no more care about its survival than that of a termite's nest. But, as with many influentially-placed planets across the galaxy, Medusa V harbours an entrance into the webway through which the mysterious Eldar ply the galaxy.

No one save the Guardians of the Black Library know the true extent of the Eldar's labyrinth dimension. It connects every one of the Craftworlds and a thousand other locations besides, riddling the galaxy like a great circulatory system. In its prime, it enabled the Eldar to traverse great distances in complete safety. But theirs is a fallen empire, and the webway is now splintered and broken.

The jagged spur of the webway jutting onto Medusa V is permanently open, and just as the Eldar can spill out

without warning, Chaos can also spill in.

So it is that the Eldar seek to prevent the Warp from running unchecked upon Medusa V lest it bleed into the Webway and pollute their territory. Craftworld Alaitoc is potentially in great peril, and its Farseers have foretold of a plague of daemons that will riddle its Infinity Circuit should the forces of evil triumph.

Elarique Swiftblade of Alaitoc is determined to seal off the portal before the webway disintegrates under the force of the warp storm. She has marshalled forces from a dozen Craftworlds in the grim knowledge that she must ensure the ritual to seal the webway proceeds undisturbed at all costs. Only those closest to her know that her nemesis Ygethmor the sorcerer is upon Medusa already, and that her enmity towards the twisted Sorcerer is so strong she may gamble the fate of her Craftworld for the chance of revenge...

Campaign Objective

Eldar victories ensure that the webway gates are sealed, preserving Craftworld Alaitoc from the fury of the coming warp storm.





The air sang as the footsoldiers of Ygethmor lay down volleys of fire into the Eldar at the edge of the alluvial sea. The preternatural swiftness of the Aspect Warriors leading the charge was a better defence than mere armour, though such was the volume of fire they were still taking heavy losses. The Eldar were outnumbered ten to one by the human traitors, and it appeared that Autarch Elarique's carefully judged gamble was just making the situation worse.

A pair of wave serpents rushed past the Eldar commander's position. Howling Banshees dropped deftly from the transports' rear hatches into the enemy ranks, leaping and slicing into a thick forest of stabbing bayonets. Human and Eldar blood mingled, trickling down the sandy ridge as more Aspect Warriors joined the fight. Teams of Eldar jetbikes sped across the saline plains at the rear of the chaos lines, herding swathes of Chaos troops into the fray with slicing arcs of sh'uriken catapult fire. Unable to resist the lure of slaughter, the Word Bearers leading the army counter-charged with tremendous force.

Mindful that the lure of battle was keeping her from her true duty, Elarique whispered a single word, and as one, the Eldar fell back. The Chaos forces came after them, spilling over the ridge by the hundred. The Eldar danced just out of reach, jetbikes soaring over the rippling plain beyond to give covering fire for their brethren. The enemy came on, looking to surround the beleaguered Eldar before they reached their hovering transports. As the Chaos forces plowed further into the alluvial sea, they slowed. Some began to realise their mistake, but the press of blood-hungry traitors behind them made retreat impossible. The thin silt of the flat plain was yielding under their heavy tread, sucking them into its cloying depths. Still more enemies hurtled down the ridge, doomed by their own bloodlust to a slow and horrible death.

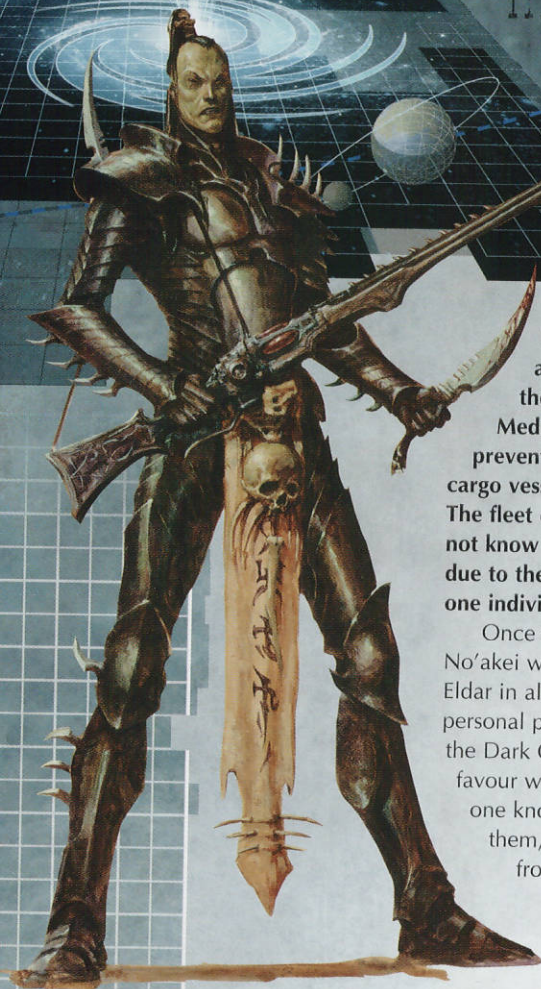
How fitting, thought Elarique. She strode back to her wave serpent, her ears ringing with the gurgling screams of drowning human scum.



THE ELДАР

THE DARK ELДАР

28:96₈₈



Shipping in the region of Medusa V has experienced a severe increase in attacks over recent months. Although the patrol fleets posted to guard Medusa have made strenuous efforts to prevent the rising losses in transports and cargo vessels, they have had very little success. The fleet commanders and ship captains could not know it, but the reason for their failure is due to the exceptional skills and leadership of one individual; No'akei, Daughter of Pain.

Once the handmaiden of Asdrubael Vect, No'akei was amongst the most powerful Dark Eldar in all Commorragh and Asdrubal's personal protector. It is common knowledge in the Dark City that No'akei has fallen out of favour with her master now, and though no one knows exactly what took place between them, No'akei swiftly found herself exiled from Vect's palaces and banished from Commorragh.

Far from laying her low, No'akei's exile seems to have fired her resolve. Dark Eldar warriors have flocked to join her raiding force as she has secured victory after victory. A thousand Tau were enslaved in a single day, plucked from their colony under the cover of darkness.

A dozen Imperial transports have been gutted by her elite warriors, as thousands of settlers were dragged screaming to their doom by Dark Eldar boarding parties. Wherever she treads, glory abounds and her raiding force grows daily as more Kabals swear allegiance to her.

For many, leadership of a dozen warships and the support of dozens of Kabals would be satisfaction enough, but No'akei thirsts for more – her jealousy of Vect's power driving her onwards. The shame at her banishment burns like an inner fire and she hungers for the day when she will cast down the Lord of the Black Heart Kabal and seize his power for her own. The Archons and Dracons that have sided with her recognise a chance for great glory. Should their gambit succeed there will be rewards enough for all.

To achieve her aims though, No'akei needs slaves by the million for her triumphal return to Commorragh, enough souls to bribe those who would otherwise remain loyal to Vect. If she is to succeed, No'akei needs fodder to fuel the greatest coup in the history of the Dark Eldar. With malice in her heart, the Daughter of Pain leads her raiding force to the embattled surface of Medusa V, ready to slaughter or enslave all who stand in her way.



Campaign Objective

Battles won by the Dark Eldar raiding force enslave more of the populace of Medusa V, winning glory for No'akei and her allies.





Howling in agony, Captain Braek clamped his hands over the bloody wounds in his belly. He gritted his teeth and prayed for a swift end. Around him his bridge crew lay dead and dying, their torn bodies sprawled across control consoles, while the vile aliens stalked the bridge, tormenting the survivors. The Eldar pirates had attacked so swiftly that his crew had stood no chance.

A silhouette appeared at the doorway, impossibly slim and graceful, and as the red-headed Eldar maiden walked onto the bridge Braek gasped at her beauty. Still stunned by her chiselled face and languid demeanour the captain barely registered the glowing whip that she flicked out. Pain seared down his spine as the lash's tip touched his face, causing him to spasm, blood dribbling between his fingers.

Whimpering, he looked up as the pirate queen strode up to him and placed a pointed boot upon his chest, pinning him against the back of the command throne. His gaze ran up the knee-high boots, along her slender, stocking-clad leg, over her supple body and up to her delicate face. His eyes met hers, two icy mirrors of evil looking back at him. Braek flinched when he saw the hatred and cruelty in that pale gaze.

"Please..." he begged, tears running down his cheeks. "We have no cargo, just clerks and diplomats escaping the horror, a hold full of them."

Her lips twisted into a smile that sent a shiver of terror through Braek.

"Refugees, you say?" she purred. She drew a slender dirk from her belt and slid it across the captain's throat. "Perhaps there is something of value here after all."



THE DARK ELДАР

THE TAU EMPIRE

21:34₈₈



From their hidden research facilities on Medusa V the scientist-engineers of the Tau Earth caste strive to unlock the secret of Warp travel. The greatest hurdle in the Tau's rapid expansion has been lack of knowledge of the Warp, and from their vantage point on Raffealo's Spine they are striving to reverse this inadequacy. Etheric Scanner Arrays, pointing at Van Grothe's rapidly are harvesting data, hoping to unlock the hitherto unknown mysteries of the Warp.

Though the Imperial forces on Medusa V do not know it, the Tau have established a chain of similar scientific facilities across the entire planet, eagerly penetrating the secrets of the Warp. To protect them, Fire Caste Hunter Cadres have secreted themselves around these installations, heavily armed and highly trained

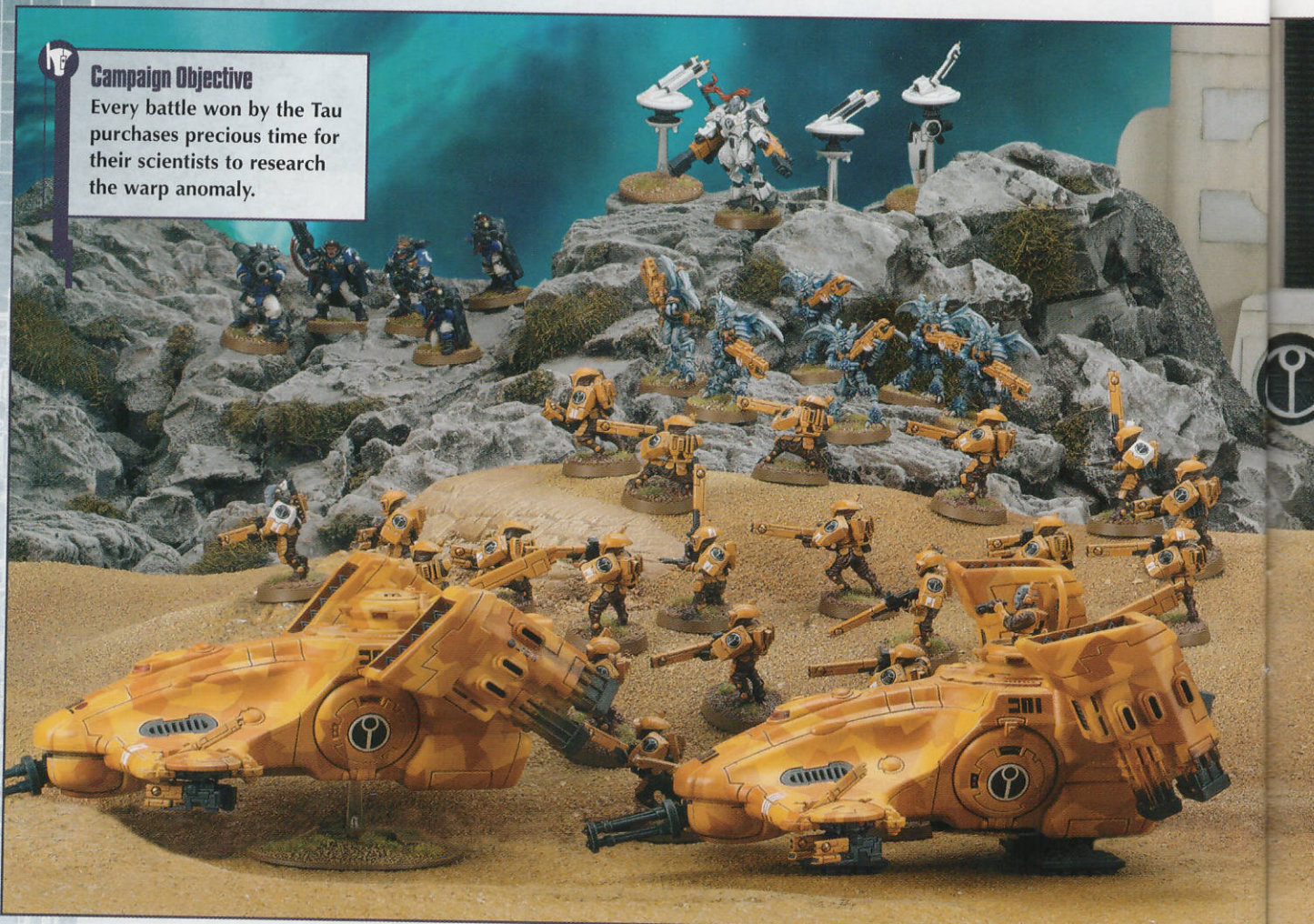
warriors of the Tau Empire willing to sacrifice their lives for the information their Earth Caste counterparts gather.

Should the Imperium discover the true intentions of the Tau, and their hunger for the secret of Warp travel, there is no doubt that it would turn its full might against them. So they feign diplomatic negotiations as a ruse to distract the already beleaguered humans, claiming settlement rights on the world and testing the patience of the Imperium to its very limits in an effort to delay all out war.

Aun'T'Pel, representing the Ethereals on Medusa V, knows full well that their deception can go undetected only so long. His forces stand ready to take war to the Gue'la and any other who would hamper the glorious destiny of the Tau Empire.

Campaign Objective

Every battle won by the Tau purchases precious time for their scientists to research the warp anomaly.



Aun'T'Pel, revered Ethereal of the Tau, stood upon a rocky outcrop and looked out upon the blasted wastes of the world the Gue'la called 'Medusa'. Violet clouds filled the skies, actinic lightning streaking across it as the wind howled.

Behind the slender, robed figure knelt four others. He turned, the wind catching his braided topknot. He placed his hand upon the shoulder of a thick-set, muscular Tau, who had a towering battlesuit stood at rest behind him. "Shas'o'Kir'Nas. Stand, and report."

"Blessed One, my Command stands ready to attack upon your word. Our forward Cadres have deployed Pathfinder teams well into enemy territory, and our main body is in position. Ten thousand Fire Warriors are landed, and ten times more await in reserve. If they come, Blessed One, the Gue'la will be swept away."

Aun'T'Pel nodded, and moved to the next kneeling figure. "Fio'O'Tak'Aloh. Stand, and report."

The Tau stood, a shorter, yet powerfully built individual. "Earth caste Command is in position, Blessed One. Our scientists even now capture the celestial event, and gather its secrets for the benefit of the Greater Good. Already our first Etheric Probes have returned, filling our data banks with their learning. All we need is time, blessed one."

Aun'T'Pel nodded once more, placing his hand upon the shoulder of the third, kneeling Tau. This figure was tall and almost impossibly slender, her fragile limbs supported by the ribs of her pressurised suit. "Kor'O'Anuk'Dra. Stand, and report."

The figure stood, electronically motivated callipers supporting her frame. "Blessed One. My Air caste Command is stationed in this system's outer reaches, ready to evacuate our forces once their work is done."

Aun'T'Pel stepped to the last kneeling figure, laying a hand upon its shoulder. "Por'O'B'Sava. Stand, and report."

The tall, robed figure stood. "Water caste Command stands ready, Blessed One. Our delegations have done their part, and the Gue'la have been deceived as to our intentions. They cannot know our true work here."

Aun'T'Pel turned towards the storm once more, his thin face illuminated by strobing lightning. "Good," he said, looking out upon the wastes, towards the distant Gue'la defences. "All is in place. When they come, we will be ready!"



THE TAU EMPIRE

THE IMPERIAL GUARD

12:46₈₈



With Medusa V teetering on the brink of total annihilation and war engulfing the planet's surface, Sector Command has despatched an Imperial Guard Crusade to ensure that the planet does not fall to the powers of darkness.

The honour of leading the Crusade has fallen to one man, Lord Marshal Graf Harazahn of the Vostroyan Firstborn. With well over a hundred Imperial Guard regiments seconded to his direct command, Harazahn has vowed to secure complete control of the planet in the name of the Emperor, no matter the cost.

Fighting alongside Harazahn's Vostroyans are scores of Imperial Guard regiments from across the Imperium. Grim and sturdy Cadians man trenches alongside savage Kanak Head-takers. Stoic Valhallans, rub shoulders with the tough and resourceful Catachans, while the Ventan Heavy Infantry take up position alongside Tallarn Desert Raiders and the Kroshin Grenadiers. Though many

of the regimental commanders have expressed their disdain at having to serve under a Vostroyan leader, those who have taken time to learn something of the man, or have served alongside him before, are of a more favourable opinion. They know that if the Imperial Guard is to triumph on Medusa V, they will need a commander of his faith and dedication.

As more Imperial Guard forces arrive, Harazahn orders them to take up defensive positions in designated strategic points around Medusa V. Harazahn and his logisticians have identified nine key defensive positions including the Hives Zethus and Amphion on the Articus Plateau, Deimos Spaceport and the Dioscuri Observatory. In each location one simple order has been given: that not a single step will be taken in retreat.

The Imperial Guard will deny Medusa V to the enemy, or every man and woman there will die in the effort.

Campaign Objective

Each Imperial soldier's effort in battle ensures the safe evacuation of thousands of Imperial citizens.





Corporal Devakov's breath steamed in the cold air as he stood with the rest of the Vostroyan 11th. Ahead of him, beyond countless rows of his fellow Guardsmen, their commander Graf Harazahn made his way to a podium that seemed no bigger than Devakov's thumb. The Lord Marshal stood silently for a moment until his voice boomed out across the courtyard, carried by the chest-speakers of dozens of vox-servitors.

"Nay-sayers will tell us our task is impossible. I tell them that we cannot fail!"

In the trenchworks around Deimos space port, Trooper Destrian plunged his shovel into the soft mud and wiped the sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his tunic. Along with his comrades of the Cadian CXXVI, he paused to listen to the voice of their supreme commander as it drifted from the comm-link hung on the trench wall above him.

"We are soldiers of the Imperial Guard, and none can stand before our might. The Emperor goes before us, preparing the way and clearing a path."

Lieutenant Brusak of the Mordian 26th stood stiffly upright, hand raised in salute as he watched the distorted figure of Lord Harazahn on the vidlink. The rest of General Kraig's staff were stood to attention on the command deck of their massive Leviathan transport as it ground its way across the Saline Plains.

"We will wage this war with undaunted faith and courage."

Gripping his lasgun to his chest, Koldar of the Kanak Skulltakers fought back the urge to vomit. The dropship rattled violently as more turbulence tossed it sideways; the sound of retching and spluttering punctuated the words of The Chief.

"We shall not take one step back. The Emperor has chosen us to fight in his name. This is His world and we will not surrender it!"

Gun Captain Vorst listened intently to the Lord Commander's voice over the growling engines of Basilisk self-propelled guns rumbling into position. Harazahn's last words were drowned out as an attack klaxon wailed along the north wall of Sybilla Primus and Vorst switched the vox-caster to address his battery.

"Targets at three thousand metres. Open fire!"

REGISTRATION BEGINS 21.06.06

GLORY AWAITS YOU ONLINE

Registration for the Medusa V worldwide campaign could not be easier, just log on to medusav.games-workshop.com and provide your name, e-mail address and a password. You will then be sent an e-mail with a unique identity code which will enable you to activate your account. After this, you will be able to post the results of your Warhammer 40,000 battles online, and help to decide the difference between glory and defeat for your faction upon the blasted surface of this warp-doomed world.

Website Features

- **Service Record**
Tally your triumphs and defeats
- **Unique battlefields**
Battle over spaceports, ruined cities, agri-complexes, ice wastes and more
- **Leader Boards**
Measure your might against the rest of the world
- **Scenario ideas and objectives**
More ways to play
- **Hobby Section**
Comprehensive modelling and painting guides

Special Events

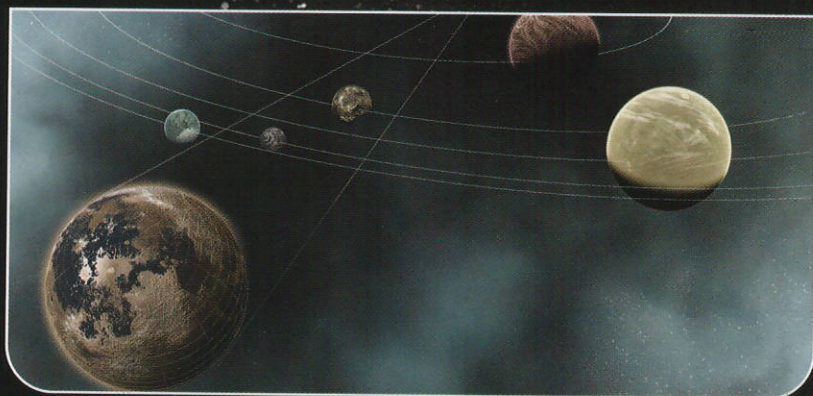
All Games Workshop stores and many independent retailers will be running battles and other events over the duration of the campaign. Participation will be reflected upon your Service Record with special campaign ribbons and citations. Check White Dwarf and the web for more details!

New Releases

The Medusa V campaign will be supported by a range of new Citadel Miniatures. Some of these are detailed on the following pages, but this is only a taste of what is to come. White Dwarf will bring you the full details of these models as they are released.

Timeline

- 03.05.06 Website online
- 07.06.06 Website opens
- 21.06.06 Registration begins
- 05.07.06 Campaign starts
- 30.08.06 Campaign Ends
- 01.09.06 Results posted



MEDUSAV.GAMES-W



HONOUR



RESEARCH



HOLD



CORRUPT



WAAAGH!



PRESERVE



ENSLAVE



DEVOUR



HARVEST



THE FALL OF MEDUSA V

S-WORKSHOP.COM



WAR CALLS YOU WILL YOU ANSWER?

PRODUCED BY GAMES WORKSHOP

Copyright © Games Workshop Limited 2006. Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo, Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 Device, 40K, GW, Citadel, Citadel Device, the Double-Headed/Imperial Eagle device, Medusa V, Fall of Medusa V, Vostroyan Firstborn, Van Grothe's Rapidity, Ruinous Powers, Ygethmor, the Chaos factions, the Chaos faction logos, Adeptus Astartes, Space Marine, Captain Sicarius, Space Marine chapters, Space Marine chapter logos, Ork, Nazdreg Ug Urdgrub, Waaagh!, Gork, Ork Devices, Tyrandid, Genestealer, Tyrandid Devices, Eldar, Autarch Elarique Swiftblade, No'akei, Eldar Webway, Eldar Craftworld, Eldar Devices, Necron, Tomb Spydere, Necron Devices, Tau, Tau devices, Codex, the 'In the grim darkness...' tagline, and all associated marks, logos, places, names, creatures, races and race insignia/devices/logos/symbols, vehicles, locations, weapons, units, characters, products, illustrations and images from the Warhammer world and Warhammer 40,000 universe are either ©, TM and/or © Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2006, variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. All Rights Reserved.

UK
Games Workshop Ltd.,
Willow Rd, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS

US
Games Workshop Inc.,
6721 Baymeadow Drive,
Glen Burnie,
Maryland 21060-6401

Canada
Games Workshop,
2679 Bristol Circle,
Unit 3, Oakville,
Ontario, L6H 6Z8

Australia
Games Workshop,
23 Liverpool Street,
Ingleburn
NSW 2565

ISBN: 1-84154-748-4

Games Workshop World Wide Web site: <http://medusav.games-workshop.com>

Product Code: 60 44 01 99 039