

## BRONZE MALIFECTS

A strange tech-heresy gripped the Josian Reach in the latter half of the 8th century M41. The augmetic scholae, tech-adepts who built and maintained cybernetic devices, became warp-tainted in many diverse locations. The heretekes built malformed machine altars and conducted corruptions of Mechanicus rituals. They succumbed to madness and mind-rust, engraved screeds of warp-nonsense across every surface, and toiled upon twisted devices.

One such device is the bronze malifact, an ugly arrangement of bronze augmetic limbs infused with a murderous spirit of the warp. Inactive, a malifact appears to be a large heap of war-damaged augmetic arms and legs, as though they were removed from dead Guardsmen and thrown in a pile. On closer inspection, the arrangement is the deliberate work of a madman. The bronze autolimbs are plasma-welded together such that the mass is joined into one large device, capable of articulation and movement: a stump to a wrist, legs side by side, an arm projecting from a thigh, and so on. Data conduits and power lines weave throughout the whole, linking small potentia coils and scavenged flexor-devices. Heretek sigils and nonsensical machine cant scripts are inscribed upon the most crucial linkages.

When active and infused with the power of the warp, a malifact moves rapidly with purpose and malignant intent. The daemon-spirit within guides the machine beast and senses terrified victims through unknown means—the malifact incorporates no ocular components or processing devices capable of initiating movement. It is the warp alone, clothed in metal, hungry for death and pain, that motivates the device.

The bronze malifact is guard and ambusher within remote Machine Temples and drifting medicae vessels touched by the warp. It has a simple-minded fascination with medical tools: saws, scalpels, hooks, clamps, and probes. The daemon within exhibits a low cunning, lying in wait until its lust for flesh can no longer be suppressed—and then it leaps forth to choke and stab. More complex strategies are beyond it. The bodies of the dead are left torn, sliced, and splayed open as though examined by a mad vivisectionist.

Other perversions of medical tech-devices and machine

spirits accompany outbreaks of tech-heresy in the Josian Reach: the dead made to rise and walk on warp-infused machine limbs, the living driven irrevocably insane upon operating tables, and sacrificial altars made of scalpels and bone-saws. Of all these, the bronze malifact presents perhaps the greatest danger to servants of the Holy Ordos.



### Bronze Malifact Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	20	40 <sup>(8)</sup>	60	35	10	35	40	--

**Move:** 3/6/9/18

**Wounds:** 20

**Skills:** Awareness (Per).

**Talents:** Melee Weapon Training (Primitive, Unarmed).

**Traits:** Machine(4), Multiple Arms, Size (Hulking), Strange Physiology, Sturdy, <sup>††</sup>Two Hands for Each Throat, <sup>†††</sup>Two More to Hold Them Down, Unnatural Senses (100 meters), Unnatural Strength (x2).

<sup>††</sup>**Two Hands for Each Throat:** With its many Multiple Arms, the Malifact may make two attacks against every target within reach of its arms each Round.

<sup>†††</sup>**Two More to Hold Them Down:** A Malifact typically attempts to Grapple all of the opponents it is attacking. It may continue to make one attack each Round against a successfully Grappled opponent, gaining the normal bonuses and benefits from attacking a Grappled opponent.

**Armour:** None (4).

**Weapons:** Unarmed (1d5+7<sup>†</sup> I; Primitive), medical implements (1d10+8<sup>†</sup> R; Pen 2; Unbalanced).

<sup>†</sup>*Includes Strength Bonus.*

**Threat Rating:** Malleus Minoris.



### ADVENTURE SEEDS

Not all Inquisitors look upon Felroth Gelt's actions in the Josian Reach with favour. The Acolytes' Inquisitor is one such, and he views Jagamar Elste—Gelt's Battlefleet rogue, unsung hero of the Surenis Purge—with particular suspicion. The Inquisitor's governing belief is that anyone other than Gelt's pledged scum is better set in opposition to the heretek threat. Thus the Acolytes are dispatched to Fenksworld to find what Elste knows. Meanwhile, a Volg underhive Machine Temple that augments sump-workers has fallen silent, no doubt afflicted by the same curse seen elsewhere in the Josian Reach.

The high Machine Temple of the Barahest Mountains upon Tsade II once sent forth tech-adepts to assuage the machine spirits of harvest-devices and perform devotion over threshing-limb augmetics common amongst harvest serfs. That was until unseasonal storms before the Balefruit Festival, an ill-omen. Now there are strange lights in the mountains, and tech-adepts descend to the plains no more. Machine spirits grow restless and unwilling to labour, limb-augmetics balk at threshing duties, and representatives sent into the mountains have not returned. Petitioners travel to the capital city for aid, and word of these happenings comes to the ears of the Holy Ordos. The Acolytes must journey to the Barahest Mountains; there they find a coven of mad tech-priests, the corruptions of the warp, and malifacts of bronze.



## CHAPTER II: FORBIDDEN SCIENCE

IMPERIUM DATA SLATE Model: 75-RT-E1.41K

**Vox-record // Skull-drone Fenksworld-Volg-Temphus Iidus-563/a15****Subject // Jagamar Elste****Transcripitor // Least-Archivite Yalane // 3.237.795.M41**++ Ignorance is a blessing not  
to be disdained by the wise ++

'Twas the brig where it started, as I said—and the executioner's lasgun waited for my neck. But there's always the need for men who'll face the worst and win, and so that dog Gelt came and had me taken from my dark hole. I was to lead the scum who he took within the hulk of the Merciful Saint Surenis, medicae vessel of the Sisterhood of Sorrowed Matrons—and may her damned hull-bones remain forever upon the void-rock where she lay.

Gelt had need for scum like me. Scum to soak up death and warp-craft with our lives to defend those of the uniform I once wore. Drink to the scum, the beating heart, and honest soul of the Battlefleet!

My bad luck kept me far from the action at first. Battlefleet regulars in good favour had the easy aft flank rise, where the flight bays still yawned. We heard those regulars fighting and screaming on the vox, 'gainst a tide of dead women and mad women with bronze autolimbs that dragged them drooling to attack.

But we useful scum had the soft heart of it, the mid-decks where bronze-limbed dead walked patterns of the Mechanicus and drew strange things on the plating. Killing the Sisters and torching the fallen was a mercy after the first we saw, for they had been hard used by scalpel and bone-saw. Two decades the Merciful Saint had rested where it fell, long years of insanity and the warp, the soul of the ship given way to an asylum. It should all have been burned by lance fire—there's the kindness that wasn't shown!

I'll never forget the beast of bronze. It was in the wards that it came for us, autolimbs and machine-legs all fused together. It clambered over rotting mattress and rusting frames, with scalpels in every one of 10 bronze hands, lusting for the flesh it had naught of. "Fire, you dogs!" I cried. Rot their hides for not pulling triggers in fear first of all, but they rallied, bless them! Those zealous hands fired 'til naught was left whole, and bronze-melt ran to the blood-gutters. There's the Emperor's welcome! There's how we greet the warp!

The lasgun is the God-Emperor's gift— both droning preacher and censer-shaking priest should set Battlefleet long-arms high upon the altar. A round to long-arms on the altar! The Aquila to bless the shot and charge! We'd pack the Cathedral full each day, we Battlefleet faithful.

The Merciful Saint burned in the wards, with smoke in the deckways and flames in the least-holds. At the middle of it all, in the half-crushed medicae centrum, we found the laughing metal cankers—mad tech-priests, diseased and chanting. How we crushed them for what they did to that proud vessel! There was our salvation to the ranks of the blessed in the eyes of the Lord-Captains and black-hearted Gelt. We took limb from metal limb with such rightful savagery, heedless of our wounds and dead, and then burned the corruptions hung upon solid Imperial bulkheads.

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