

ABOMINATION

An Inquisitor battle report by Graham McNeill, Gav Thorpe, Rowland Cox, Phil Kelly & Paul Sawyer.



Graham McNeill

Graham: To round off this chapter of events on Karis Cephalon, we've decided to finish with a bang, and this game of Inquisitor, with no less than four players and FIFTEEN characters, promises to be a fitting climax. For this battle report we wanted to include not only Lichtenstein's, Kessel's and Tyrus's warbands, but also that of Kaludram the Deceiver (Paul Sawyer's Chaos warband) to add something new to the mix. These four warbands have real individual character, and setting them against one another would be the easy part. What would be more of a problem with a game of this size would be keeping it fast paced

enough and exciting for all concerned.

Fifteen characters is a lot more than you would normally use in one game, so it would be challenging to make sure that nobody's turn dragged on for so long that the other players got bored waiting for their own. The Speed based turn sequence of Inquisitor should keep things moving between players, but I wanted to ensure that nobody sat on the sidelines too long before their characters' turn to act arrived. To ensure this, I decided to limit the time each player had to decide how their character would act.

Another potential fly in the ointment would be the size of the battlefield and the speed with which Inquisitor

characters can get about. If a character managed to get all his actions off, he could potentially sprint almost all the way across the battlefield. To keep this in check for a while, I decided that none of the characters could move faster than a walk until they became aware of one of the other warbands. After that they could act normally. I've run and played games of Inquisitor for these players before and know that they'll be playing in the spirit of the game, inventing all manner of cool, cinematic things for their characters to do, so I'm not too worried that someone will go for the all-out-game-winning-play or not play in character. Now all I need is a story...

Black smoke billowed upwards in stinking pillars from the pyres of corpses as Inquisitor Kessel stealthily made his way through the devastated township. Pharaa'gueotla, the daemon released from bondage beneath the Taberna Ostium mine workings, was here; he could sense its taint. The trail of horrifically distorted bodies it had left in its wake led from Cephalon to this place, and he was not surprised at the carnage he saw. It could not be coincidence that the Healer, the psyker-girl he was seeking, was said to dwell here also. The daemon craved a host body capable of containing its essence and if this girl truly existed, she would be the perfect vessel.

Unspeakable magicks saturated the air with an actinic tang; the psychic death scream of the town's inhabitants' fiery sacrifice. Kessel squatted behind a large ore pipe and risked a hurried glance into the township's main square, catching his breath at the terrible sight confronting him.

Suspended in a swirling maelstrom of light, a young girl in the simple robes of an apothecary shrieked in terror as a nightmarish phantom spun around her, tendrils of its substance oozing wetly from its insane geometries to engulf her. Iridescent strands of the daemon's form

began spreading over her face, spilling down her throat, into her nose and ears then through the scorched ruin of her eye sockets.

Her body was almost completely obscured by the shimmering light and Kessel realised that the daemon's transfiguration would soon be complete. Three figures stood enraptured at the girl's horrifying fate, a giant in baroque armour embossed with blasphemous sigils, a robed figure with a smouldering gun and a lumbering brute with hissing power claws for arms. Kessel drew his sword, the blade flaring evilly as the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg bound within the weapon reacted to the presence of another daemonic entity. Kessel spun as he heard the sound of movement from the far side of the square and caught a glimpse of Inquisitor Lichtenstein creeping toward the infernal creature manifesting before him. Kessel cursed, knowing that if Lichtenstein was here, his nemesis Tyrus would not be far behind. He opened a vox-link to his followers and issued hurried commands.

They would need to act quickly and decisively if they were to thwart the daemon and capture the girl...



SCENARIO: ABOMINATION

The third chapter in the dark and mysterious events on Karis Cephalon takes place in the frontier town of Paganus Reach. A mining community owned and maintained by the Ministorum, Paganus Reach nestles in the foothills of the mountains to the south of the capital city of Cephalon and is home to nearly seventy indentured workers. A hard-working community, its peace was shattered by the arrival of followers of the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla.

Since its release from its aeons-long imprisonment beneath the Taberna Ostium mine workings (see 'The Dweller Beneath' WD 257) this monstrous being has travelled from the mountains to Cephalon, flitting from body to body, seeking a host strong enough to hold its chaotic essence. It has left a trail of bodies in its wake in Cephalon as each host body rebels against the pollution of the Daemon Prince and warps horrifyingly out of shape. Pharaa'gueotla's minions secure it a fresh host before each rapidly-disintegrating body finally expires. The mutilated corpse is dumped in the mutant ghettos and the search for a suitable host continues. Whispered tales told around the fires of the ghettos of a young woman with miraculous healing powers in the mining town of Paganus Reach were overheard by Kaludram the Deceiver, a Chaos Magus in the service of Pharaa'gueotla, and he realised that if the stories were true, then this woman would be the perfect host body for his infernal master.

KALUDRAM THE DECEIVER:

Together with two of his fanatical henchmen and the rapidly-deteriorating host-victim containing Pharaa'gueotla, Kaludram arrived in Paganus Reach, quickly subduing the peaceful inhabitants and capturing the woman known simply as 'the Healer'. The woman turned out to be a powerful but unprotected psyker, easily capable of containing the Daemon Prince's power. The townsfolk were sacrificed in the fires as an offering to the dark gods, their deaths providing the necessary energy for Pharaa'gueotla to overcome the woman's psychic defences and begin transferring its daemonic presence within her...

Objective: Kill anyone who would attempt to prevent Pharaa'gueotla's transference to the Healer's body and, once the transference is complete, escape.

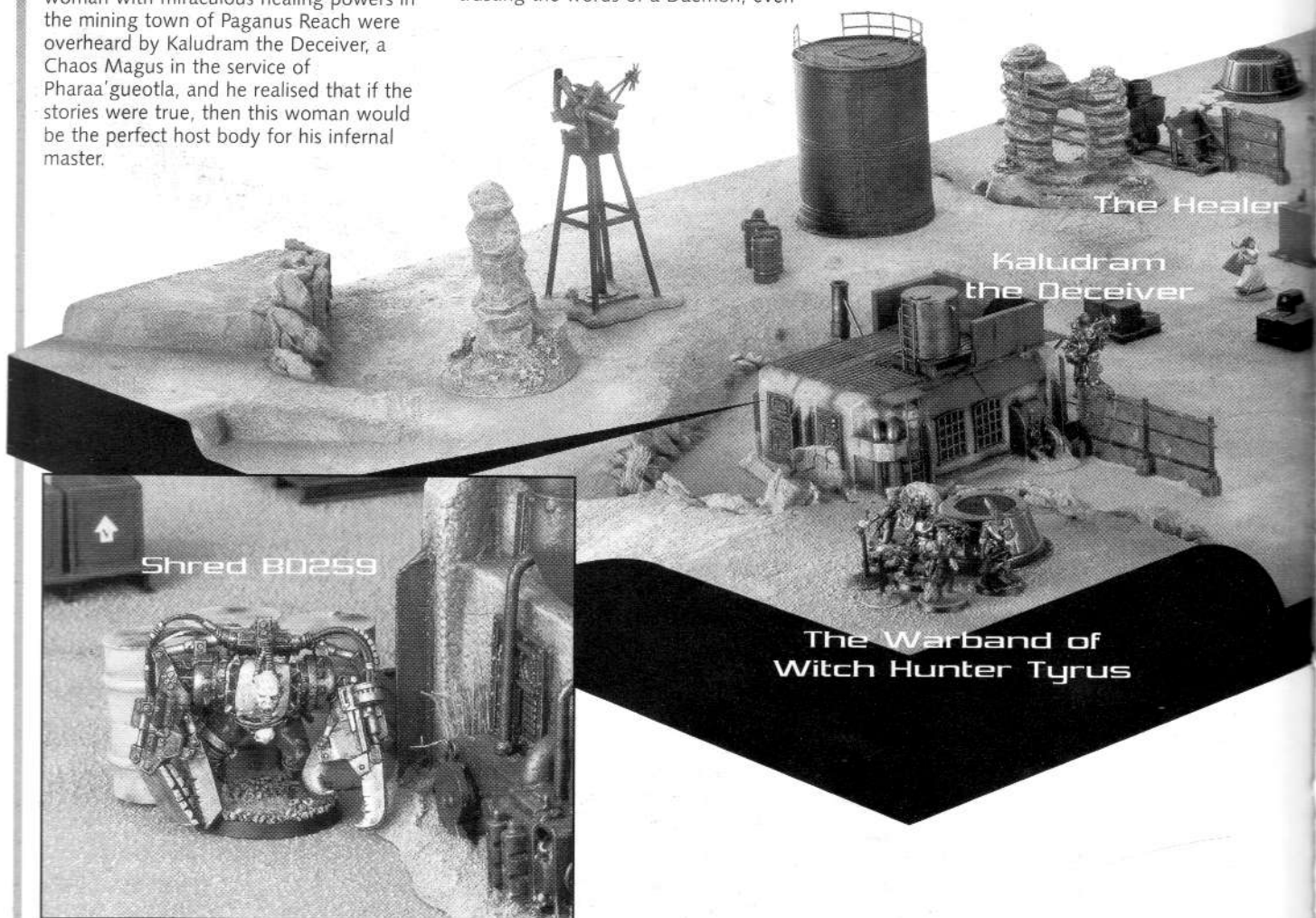
INQUISITOR LICHTENSTEIN:

After his narrow escape from the debacle of the Paraelix Configuration and his close call with Tyrus in the streets of Cephalon, Inquisitor Lichtenstein realised his folly at trusting the words of a Daemon, even

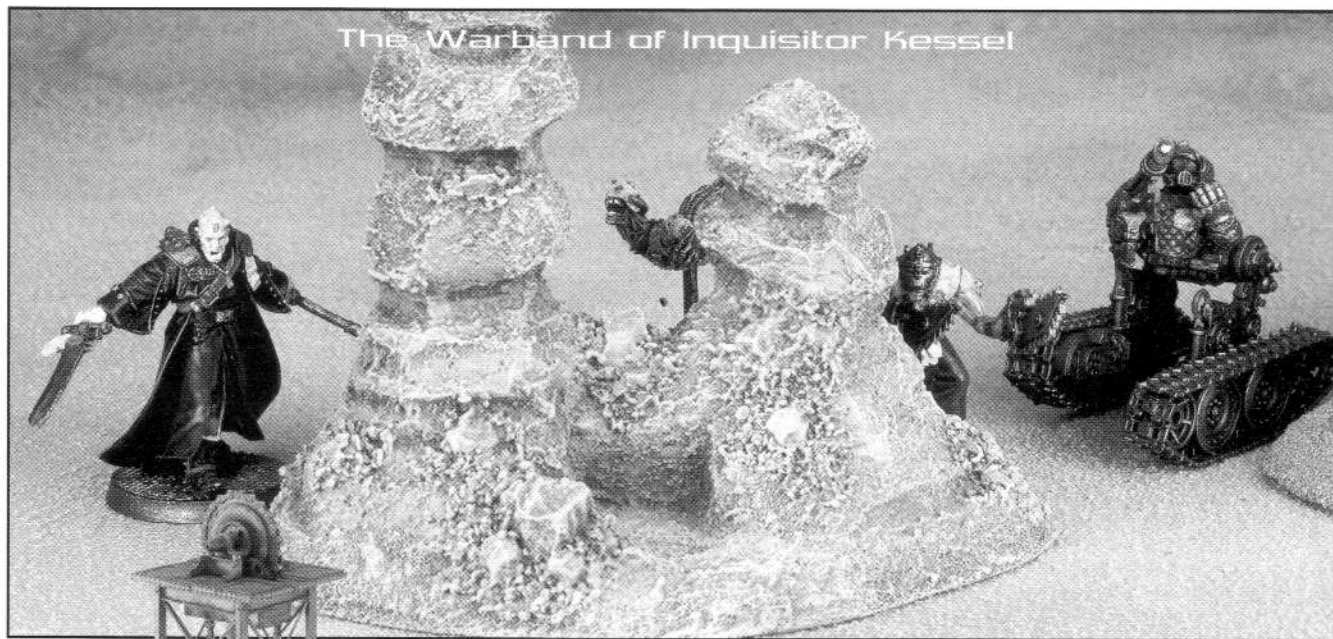
one supposedly compelled to speak the truth. Enraged at this spawn of the warp deceiving him, Lichtenstein has bent all his will to destroying the abomination. His psychic talents could sense the corruption of the Daemon Prince swirling in the ether of the planet, and his own experiences with the daemonic have led him to believe that Pharaa'gueotla is seeking a suitable host body. When horrendously disfigured corpses started turning up in the ghettos with more and more regularity and the mutant population began speaking of a curse, Lichtenstein's suspicions were confirmed.

He and Ghaustos followed the daemonic spoor of Pharaa'gueotla, tracking it to a mining community to the south of Cephalon. A surge in psychic energies alerted Lichtenstein to the fact that the daemon was in the process of possessing a new host and he prepared to wait for it to manifest before destroying its host body and banishing it back to the warp for a thousand years and a day.

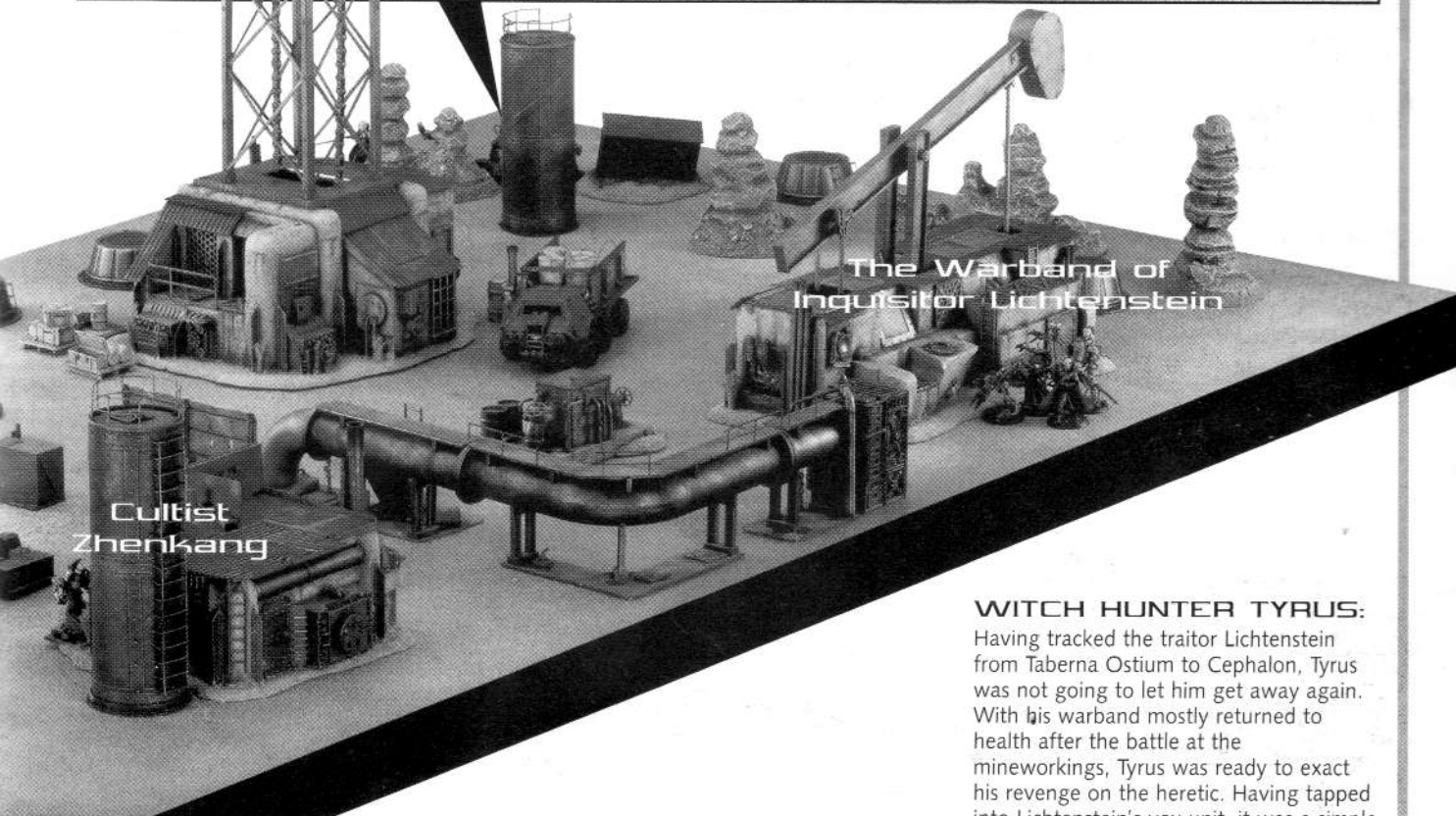
Objective: Allow the Daemon Prince to manifest then utterly destroy its host body by any means, psychic or otherwise.



The Warband of Inquisitor Kessel



The Warband of Inquisitor Lichtenstein



Cultist Zhenkang

INQUISITOR KESSEL:

Like Lichtenstein, Kessel too was aware of the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla's presence in Cephalon and had taken steps to discover its whereabouts. The tales sweeping Cephalon of a mysterious Healer had also reached him, and he was eager to study this girl should her powers prove to be as considerable as the tale-tellers made out. Kessel was quickly able to divine her whereabouts and journeyed

to Paganus Reach to find her. As he neared the township, the thick pillar of black smoke and greasy stench of cooked human meat told him that something was very wrong. Psychic emanations spoke of immense power and Kessel realised that that he had found both the Healer and the daemon prince. Should it possess the body of such a strong psyker, its power would be unthinkable and he knew he must stop the daemon creature from manifesting or finding another host body.

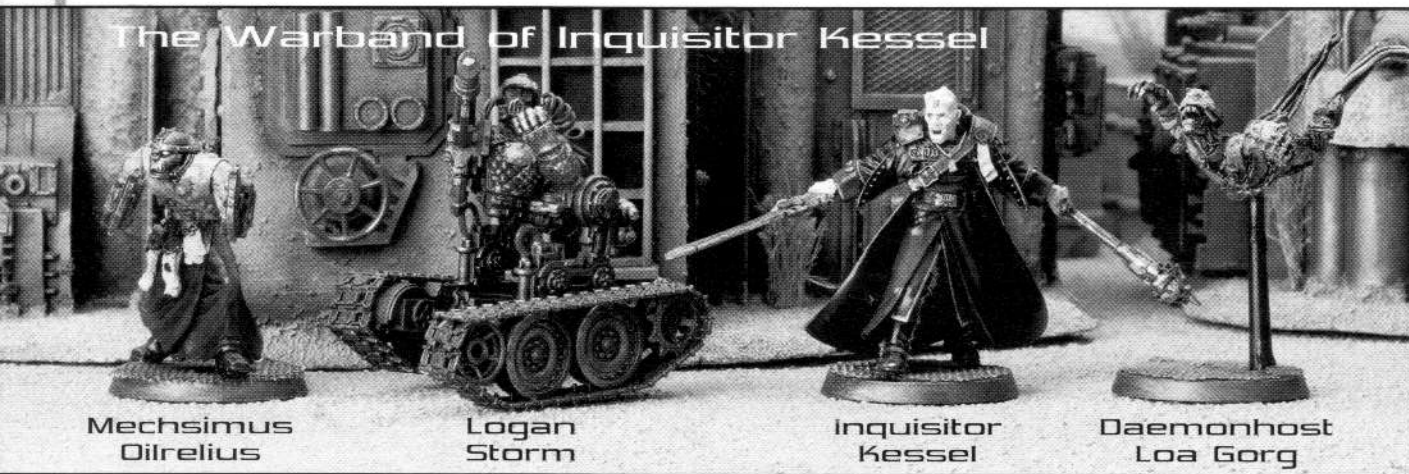
Objective: Destroy the Daemon Prince's host body before the transfer is complete, thus preventing its manifestation.

WITCH HUNTER TYRUS:

Having tracked the traitor Lichtenstein from Taberna Ostium to Cephalon, Tyrus was not going to let him get away again. With his warband mostly returned to health after the battle at the mineworkings, Tyrus was ready to exact his revenge on the heretic. Having tapped into Lichtenstein's vox unit, it was a simple matter to shadow his movements around the city and wait for the right moment to strike. But before that moment came, Tyrus's prey fled the city. Tyrus lost no time in following Lichtenstein onto the plains to the south of Cephalon, curious to know what manner of treachery his foe was scheming now. Tyrus's auspex indicated that Lichtenstein had halted and reached his destination; a small mining community inexplicably wreathed in black smoke... no doubt more of Lichtenstein's heretical dealings.

Objective: Capture Lichtenstein. Alive if possible, dead... just as good.

The Warband of Inquisitor Kessel



**Mechsimum
Oilrelius**

**Logan
Storm**

**Inquisitor
Kessel**

**Daemonhost
Loa Gorg**



Gav: After his run-in with Lichtenstein in The Paraelix Configuration (WD 264), Kessel has been keeping a low profile, whilst trying to track the potentially cataclysmic meddling of Lichtenstein. A furtive visit to

the small Adeptus Mechanicus holdings in the capital Cephalon managed to garner bionics for the hideously burnt Logan Storm, replacing his legs with the track units from a battle-servitor. After an arranged meeting with Lichtenstein to hand over Magos Dimitri (gate-crashed by Witch Hunter Tyrus) it seemed evident that Logan's autogun was no longer up

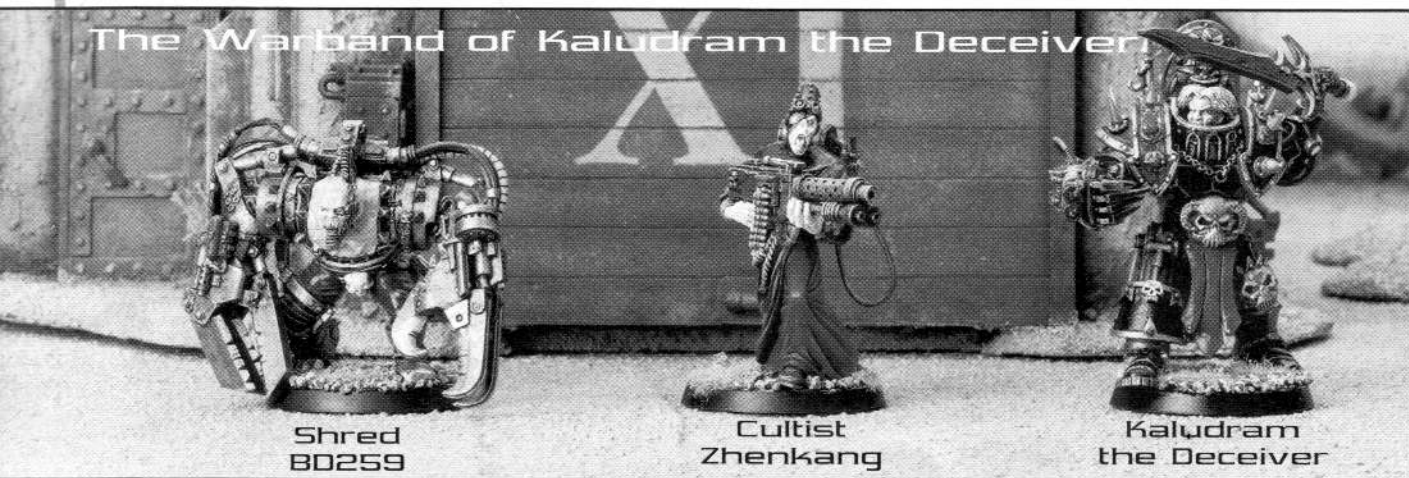
to the task of providing Kessel with the required long-range firepower. Kessel called in a few favours from 'Red' Ivan Constantine, Cephalon's shady arms merchant, and acquired a multi-laser for Logan.

For this climactic encounter, the goal is clear – destroy the witch host of the daemon prince. However, the presence of the others provides a real problem. Pharaa'gueotla's worshippers would obviously defend the daemon prince until fully manifested. Lichtenstein would most likely try to subdue or otherwise capture the beast. Tyrus, oddly enough, would be intent on the same course, I suspect, but his personal hatred of Kessel and Lichtenstein makes him an unreliable ally, as

likely to turn on Kessel as aid him. So, Kessel's Heroes are pretty much on their own.

My plan is to get Tyrus and Lichtenstein to draw a lot of the Chaos worshippers' fire and then move in for the kill – literally. Mechsimum and Storm will hold off the others, while Kessel and Loa Gorg try to destroy the burgeoning daemonhost. However, Kessel will be keen to take the Chaos demagogue alive, to interrogate him for more information regarding the daemon entity he worships, although this is of course secondary to the goal of destroying Pharaa'gueotla's physical vessel – nobody wants to take on a fully manifested Daemon Prince!

The Warband of Kaludram the Deceiver



**Shred
BD259**

**Cultist
Zhenkang**

**Kaludram
the Deceiver**



Paul: My task was to stop anyone interfering with the transfer of the Daemon to the girl's body and, once the transfer was complete, make good my escape. That all sounded very straightforward until I realised I'd be facing three Imperial Inquisitors AND be deploying out in the open in the middle of the battlefield. Not the best position to be in. Luckily they are only Imperial lapdogs and of no real substance – the will of my master shall be carried out...

Ever since Inquisitor was released I've wanted to put together a warband but not follow the mainstream route of an Inquisitorial retinue. I chose a Chaos Magus, Kaludram the Deceiver. Replete in power armour and wielding a

daemon sword, he'd be a frightening opponent to face. His henchmen would fit well within the theme of a Chaotic cabal.

The Cultist Zhenkang is armed with his heavy stubber/flamer combination and a dangerous predilection for letting rip with a torrent of hot lead at anything that crosses his sights. He would provide the fire support for my assault elements and hopefully prevent my opponents from making good use of the disturbingly open terrain. Shred BD259 is a Chrono Gladiator – a living time-bomb whose life-clock is constantly ticking away and the only way to avoid its detonation is to spill more blood in combat. The model (sculpted by Aly Morrison and available from Fanatic) was so brutal it didn't need converting at all.

As for a battle plan, I was going to keep an open mind as each of us had our own secret objectives. I knew that Kessel and Lichtenstein had a history and hoped they would keep each other busy for a while, but I'd still have to keep an eye out for them. Tyrus was a more obvious worry. I'd have to deal with him before he came for me – I wouldn't be able to tackle three warbands all at once and none of these misguided fools could be counted on as allies. I reckoned I'd have three turns or so before anyone would be able to get to the girl and that might just give me enough time to deal with Tyrus.

The poor, naive fools – they know not what they face. Today shall bring their oblivion...

The Warband of Inquisitor Lichtenstein



**Magos
Dimitri**



**Servitor-Warrior
Gryx**



**Inquisitor
Lichtenstein**



**Daemonhost
Ghaustos**



Phil: Well, Inquisitor Lichtenstein's got a couple of screws loose but this is verging on the ridiculous. He's about to go into the arena against power-armoured monstrosities on both sides of the law, hulking

cyber-gladiators who could rip him in two, old enemies who hold deep grudges and of course a fully-fledged Daemon. Accompanying him are Gryx, a crippled servitor-warrior (whose warranty has more than expired) with one arm and a mechanical leg, Dimitri, a Tech-priest who just hasn't been the same since his brain was boiled in his skull, and Ghaustos, the

duplicitous Daemonhost who got him into this mess in the first place. Excellent news.

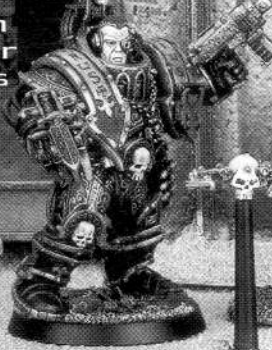
Still, there's life in the old dog yet, and it ain't all bad: Lichtenstein himself is still on top form despite the changes wreaked upon his warband. He has the psychic power Banishment, and intends to make good use of it to cast Pharaa'gueotla back into the hell from which it came, once it manifests in the body of the psyker. Although he hasn't changed that much since his last outing, the other characters have been modified in view of what happened in the last Inquisitor battle report. Gryx, having had his leg cut off by Mechsimum Oilrelius's chainblades, now sports

a dashing new bionic that I modified from a Tau Crisis Battlesuit. Dimitri now has a bionic head with an advanced bionic brain in place of his old-fashioned biological one, making him a better shot but a little less tough (green stuff ahoy!). The tremendous warp energies released by the Paraelix Configuration in the eponymous battle report have also made their mark on Lichtenstein and Ghaustos: we used the alien abilities table from Graham's Alien Bounty Hunter rules in Issue 1 of Exterminatus Magazine for the effects. I was lucky enough to roll Secondary Jaws and looked forward to Ghaustos delivering a nasty bite, Aliens style, to anyone who got too close...

The Warband of Witch Hunter Tyrus

**Hunt Leader
Lucretia
Bravus and
Cyber-
mastif**

**Witch
Hunter
Tyrus**



**Devotee
Malicant**

**Sergeant
Stone**



Rowland: This time there would be a reckoning between Tyrus and Lichtenstein. Lichtenstein may have bested Tyrus once, but it will not happen again. Last time, Tyrus underestimated his opponent

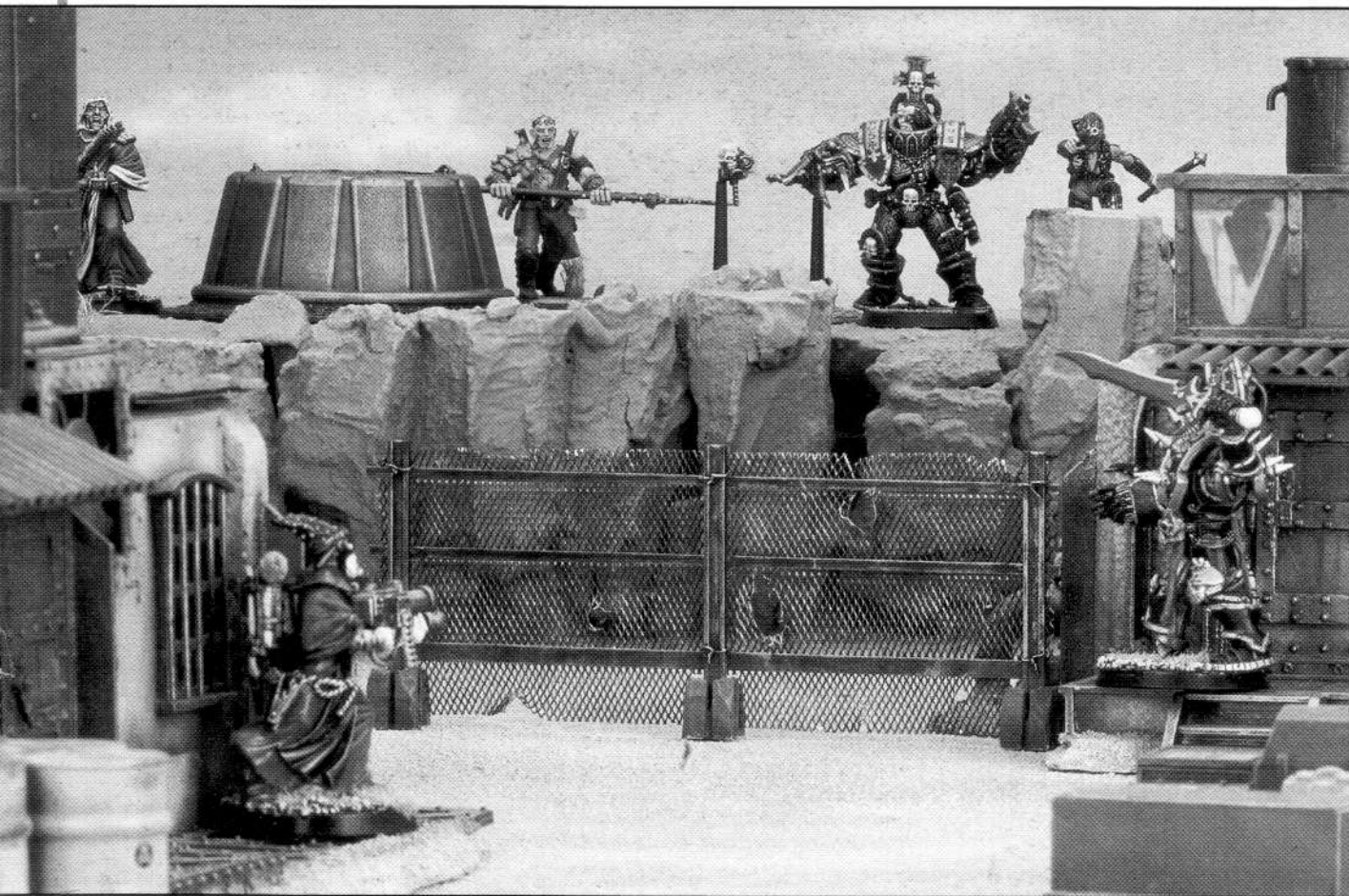
and the power of his psychic assaults. Tyrus has learnt his lesson, and now has protection in the form of hexagrammic wards. Emperor be praised! Tyrus also felt outgunned last time whilst fighting such wily and devastating opponents, and that too has been rectified; Tyrus now has the use of gun and combat servo-skulls. The combination of these articles

and wards may tip the balance, and also shows that Tyrus has easy recourse to the very best Imperial equipment, as befits an Inquisitor of his standing. His strong ties with Imperial law enforcement agencies allowed Tyrus to replace the still crippled Barbaretta with another servant of the Emperor, Hunt Leader Lucretia Bravus.

My objective was to bring Lichtenstein in dead or alive, and to be honest, dead sounds pretty good to me. Yes, going in guns blazing would give Lichtenstein something to think about, curse his name. I'm hoping that Kessel will not interfere, but if he does then his demonic visage will be put before an Inquisitorial conclave; the Emperor's justice will be seen to

be done. Paul Sawyer's warband is a rogue element – Tyrus will want to put the foul Magus to the sword, but will he get the chance? After all it is Lichtenstein who Tyrus wants most, Emperor willing, Tyrus will be able to use the confusion of conflict to his advantage, and bring his quarry in.

I want to keep my warband close together, so they can't easily be ganged up on, and more importantly, can support each other when trouble arrives. I had a feeling that Sergeant Stone's medi-kit was going to come in useful for a start. Hopefully Malicant won't prove to be so incompetent this time, and the frothing maniac will get the chance to prove his worth to his master.



Dodge this! Zhenkang unleashes a hail of hot lead towards Tyrus and Lucretia.

Tyrus squinted through the bright, mid-morning sun, drawing his pistol while shielding his eyes with his free hand. The small community below baked in the relentless heat, a shimmering haze lending a subtle distortion to the view. Or perhaps it was more than just the heat that caused the haze. Black smoke rose from a stinking pyre on the outskirts of the township, the air was sour with the taint of the daemonic, and behind a large building to his front, Tyrus could see a swirling, pale light of unnatural origin. Was there no end to Lichtenstein's heresy? Tyrus had no doubt that Lichtenstein and the other corrupted Inquisitor were responsible for this blasphemy against the Emperor. He gestured for Bravus, his latest Enforcer, to follow him down the rocky slope towards the township. Today would be a day long remembered in the annals of Inquisitorial justice. It would see the rogue Lichtenstein and his unholy compatriot finally brought to justice.

At the foot of the escarpment, hidden in the shadows of a covered boardwalk, Zhenkang watched Tyrus and Bravus, easing back the cocking hammer of his heavy stubber and pointing the perforated barrel in their direction. These must be the interlopers Kaludram had warned him of, the ones who would try to prevent their glorious master's birth

into the world. Blood-flecked froth gathered at the corner of his mouth as he saw the woman spot him. Before she could warn the hugely armoured man who accompanied her, Zhenkang pulled the trigger, holding on for dear life as the heavy weapon bucked madly in his grip. Heavy calibre shells roared from the gun's muzzle, churning the rocky slopes to splinters and kicking up plumes of smoke and dust. He cackled insanely as he saw the woman drop, bleeding from a wound to her belly and sparks fly from a bizarre floating skull that followed the armoured man.

Hearing the roar of his minion's weapon, Kaludram tore his gaze from the unfolding majesty of his master's transfiguration, instantly alert for potential threats. He waved at Shred BD259, pointing around the far corner of the building as he slid to its corner and stared towards the hillside. A motionless dust cloud obscured whoever Zhenkang had been shooting at but, besides that, he could see a gold-masked warrior in red robes and a hugely muscled man carrying a fearsome glaive. He reached out with his psychic senses, probing for weaknesses, feathering a mind-touch on both interlopers. Sensing an opening he slid psychic tendrils of influence into his victim's mind, wrapping his power and desire around the man's individuality. He

felt resistance, but exerted his powerful will, utterly dominating his victim. He closed his eyes, opening them a heartbeat later and looking out through his puppet's eyes, seeing the warrior with the glaive lying in the sand before him, taking cover behind some rocks. With shaking hands he forced his puppet to raise his own pistols...

Malicant screamed inside his head, his self-will pushed into a creaking corner of his skull as the presence of another took control of his limbs. He fought against it, sweat bursting from his pores with the effort, but the will that had swallowed him was too strong and he could only watch in horror as he took trembling aim at Sergeant Stone's exposed back. His hands shook as he fought the loathsome influence in his mind, but he could not prevent himself from pulling the triggers. Bright las-bolts blasted the rocks around Stone's head to splinters and the massive guardsman rolled aside as Malicant's shots stitched the ground where he had lain. His mouth twisted in a silent scream, Malicant jerkily advanced towards Stone.

Inquisitor Lichtenstein flinched at the bark of gunfire from the far side of the township and motioned to Dimitri on the roof of the derrick-housing as he watched Kessel emerge from behind some rocks on the other side of the square. The



Treachery! Under Kaludram's control, Malicant turns on Stone.

damnable Daemonhost that had 'slain' Dimitri outside the chamber of the Paraelix Configuration floated beside him. Lichtenstein cursed; this complicated things. There could only be one reason Kessel was here: to banish the Daemon. Lichtenstein knew that the venerable Inquisitor would be content with simply preventing its manifestation, but Lichtenstein wanted more. He had a score to settle with this creature and he would not allow Kessel to get in his way. He sprinted towards the truck parked beside a weather-beaten building and shouted, "Kessel, stay your hand! The Daemon must manifest before it can be destroyed."

"How long do we have until then?" replied Kessel, also running for the truck.

Lichtenstein felt the almost unbearable psychic build up and said, "Not long. Moments only."

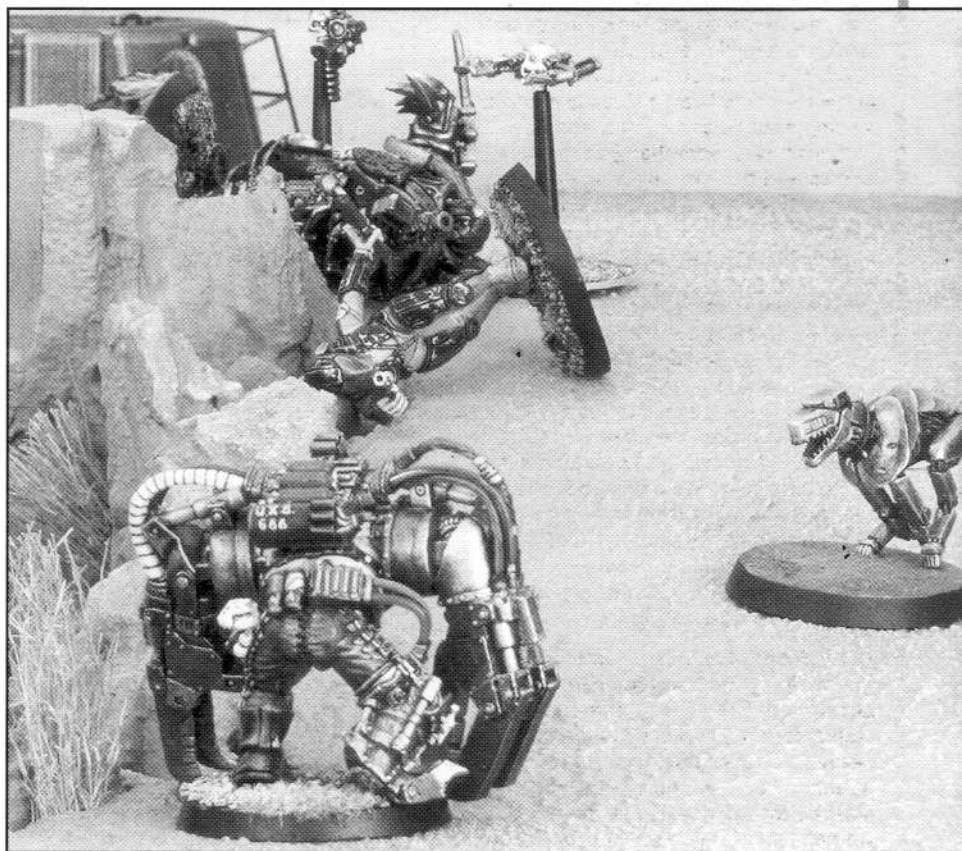
Tyrus turned at the sounds of his pistol fire behind him, his fury building as he saw Malicant blazing away at Stone. What in the name of all the holy saints was the fool playing at? The wards inscribed on his armour blazed with the proximity of psychic energy and Tyrus realised that Malicant was in the thrall of another. The Witch Hunter cursed Malicant and resolved to punish him severely for his weakness of spirit. He turned to Malicant and drew his pistol as the wounded Lucretia shouted a warning to him. He spun, seeing a mutated cultist below bringing his massive gun to bear once again, holding the muzzle pointed firmly in Tyrus's direction. He raised his bolt pistol, taking careful aim, but before he could shoot, his foe's weapon erupted with fire. Tyrus felt the hammering impacts against his armour and fiery pain as the heavy bullets tore through the

ceramite plates and into his flesh. He collapsed, clutching his pelvis as the fanatic's insane laughter rang in his ears. As he fell, he saw Stone leap to his feet, stumbling on a loose patch of scree as Malicant once more aimed his guns.

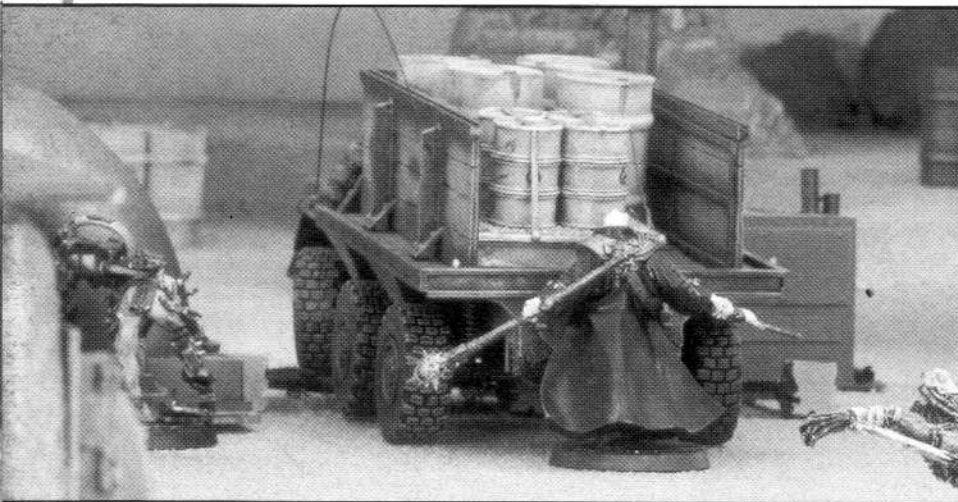
Lucretia saw Tyrus falling and rolled aside as his massive form crashed to the ground. She gritted her teeth and fought

back the waves of nausea and pain. Her breath caught in her throat as she saw a huge, mechanical behemoth lumber around the corner of the building below her and begin marching relentlessly towards her. Massive, piston-driven power claws snapped on the end of its rusted metal arms and its face was twisted in a snarl of hatred. Lucretia felt the ground shake under the impact of its footfalls and fought to unlimber her shotgun as the terrifying beast drew closer. The trigger guard caught on the leather catch of the shotgun's scabbard. She pulled again as the cyber warrior drew ever closer, the pneumatic hiss from its arms and the crackle of energy sheathing its claws getting louder and louder. She tugged frantically at her shotgun, at last freeing the weapon and racking the slide one handed. It was almost on top of her as she rolled and fired, putting a hail of shot into its groin. With a look that was more surprise than pain, the mechanised warrior dropped to its knees, blood coating its thick, canvas trousers as Lucretia's cyber-mastiff launched itself over its fallen mistress and sank its steel fangs into the warrior's chest.

Both Kessel and Lichtenstein jumped as the truck's engine roared into life, the corroded exhausts jetting filthy blue oilsmoke. Lichtenstein felt the tang of psychic energy permeate the vehicle and turned to see Dimitri moving his hands as though behind the wheel of the truck. A



With its mistress down, the cyber-mastiff rushes to defend her.



Kessel is dragged along as the truck demolishes the barbed wire fence.

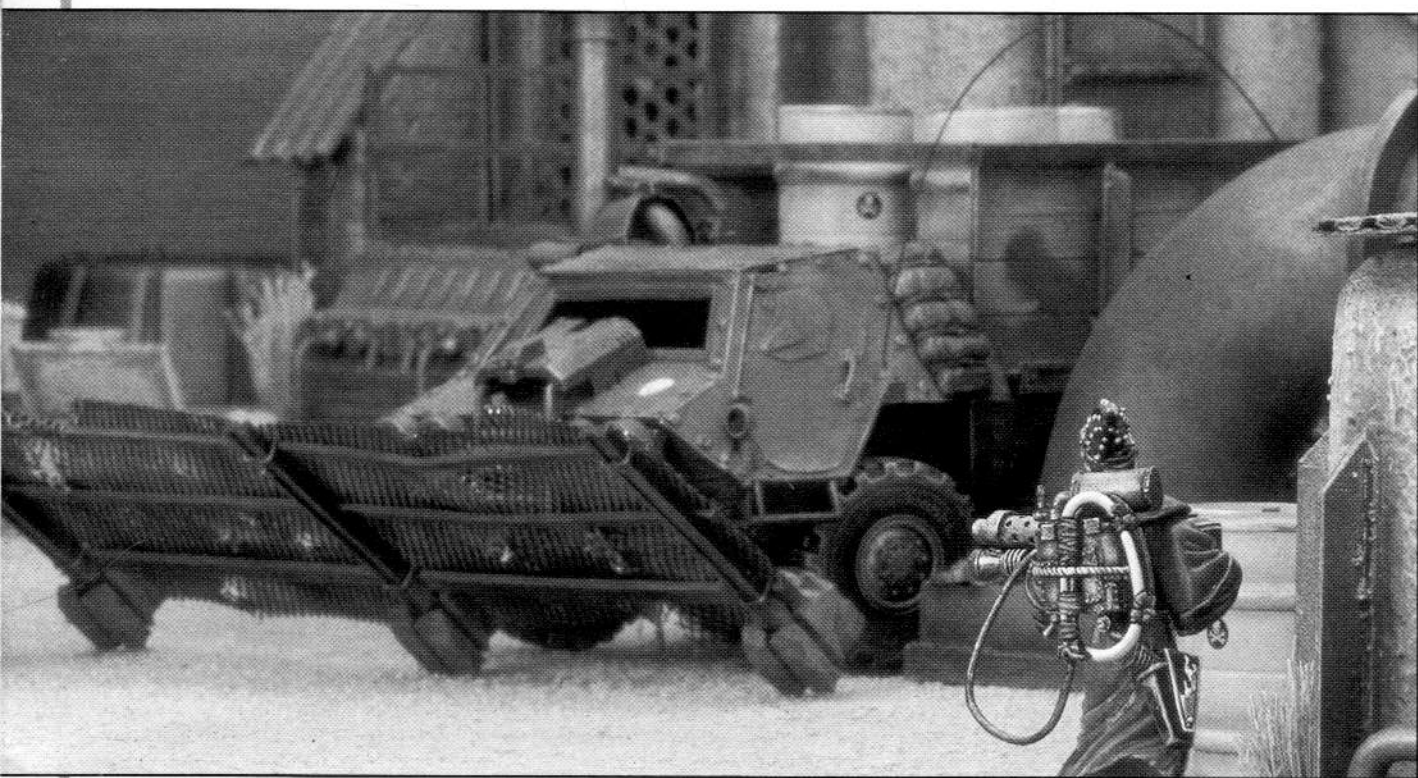
side effect of the Pharaa'gueotla's daemonic presence in the Taberna Ostium mines had been the unlocking of Dimitri's latent mecha-psychic ability and, useful though it might prove to be, Lichtenstein knew he would need to keep a close eye on the Magos, as he was without the protection that shielded sanctioned psykers from daemonic intrusion. With a shriek of tyres spitting gravel, the truck suddenly sped off towards the centre of the township. Lichtenstein attempted to keep pace with the truck as its speed increased, while Kessel recklessly leapt onto its lowered tailgate. But he had misjudged the speed of the truck and was jolted from its back, only just managing to hold onto its side panels. The truck sped off, dragging Kessel behind it and

smashing through a wire fence in a shower of sparks towards the centre of the township.

Zhenkang turned at the sound of the truck smashing through the fence towards their master's chosen vessel. Shimmering light still surrounded her and it was all too clear what the driver of the truck's intention must be. He experienced a moment's confusion as he saw that there was no one driving the truck, but didn't let that stop him from swinging the heavy stubber around and pulling back the trigger. Firing at such close range and at such a large target, almost all the shells impacted on the truck, blasting great holes in the bodywork and punching through the engine block. Smoke belched from the speeding truck and the engine

exploded, wreathing it in flames. Kessel screamed in pain as the fires scorched his arms, but held on regardless. He could feel the tightness in the air, the fabric of reality twisted by the abomination attempting to force itself into existence. The air reeked of its foulness and he knew that he did not have much time.

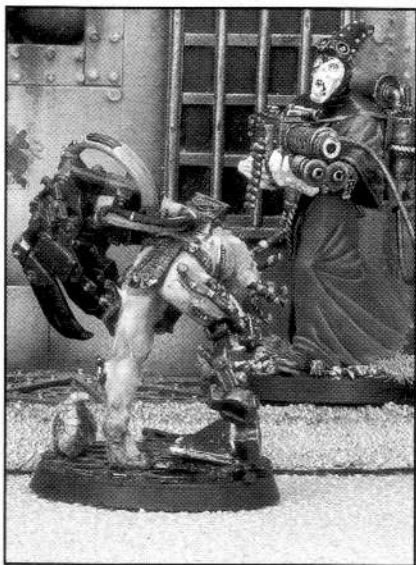
Stone slid partially down the rocky slope and saw a figure clad in blasphemous runic armour at the corner of a building below him. The grinning figure was mimicking Malicant's every movement, and Stone realised that this must be the cause of the Redemptionist's treacherous behaviour. He snapped off a quick shot, blasting a chunk of timber from beside the man. The heretic ducked back and vanished from sight as Stone crawled back to the top of the slope. He rolled onto flat ground, allowing the glands implanted in his neck to release a cocktail of combat stimms. He felt fresh strength flood his system and leapt to his feet. He turned in time to see Malicant's contorted features and the flash of gunfire from the Redemptionist's pistols. One shot scored across his leg and another slammed into his belly. He grunted in pain, reeling back and raising his own gun. But before he could pull the trigger, Malicant lowered his las pistols and the glaze of another's control dropped from his eyes. Sensing the threat from Malicant was over for now, Stone turned as he heard the sounds of battle over his shoulder and saw Lucretia's mastiff savaging an enormous warrior armed with power claws. He pointed at Malicant and growled, "This isn't over, zealot..."



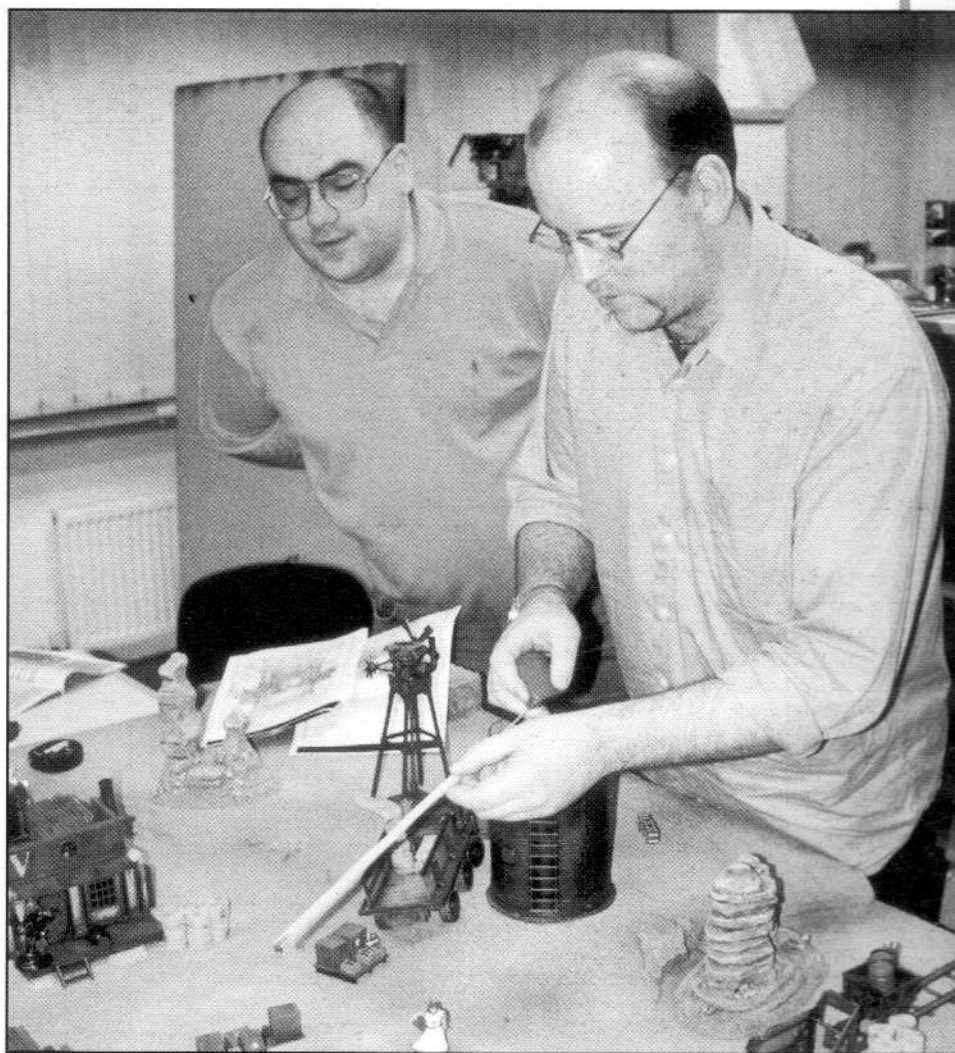
Zhenkang shreds the truck from end to end with heavy calibre shells.

Lucretia used her shotgun to push herself upright, knowing that her cyber-mastiff wouldn't be able to hold the mechanised warrior for long. It bit into what little organic components remained of him, scoring deep grooves in his flesh. She unhooked a synthflesh spray from her belt and applied it to her wound, the pain fading as the quick-acting balm did its work. She pocketed the synthflesh canister and aimed her shotgun, cursing as Stone charged past her, swinging his enormous glaive at the thrashing warrior. With a shrug, she scabbarded her shotgun, unslung her shock-maul and charged after the Gland War veteran.

Lichtenstein followed the speeding truck across the buckled fencing, halting at the edge of the thick, steel pipe and watched as the lumbering form of Gryx emerged from behind the structure to his left. He shouted, "Angellus", then after a moment's pause added, "Do not attack Kessel or his companions!" The servitor warrior bellowed as his pacifier helm slid up and the injector implants grafted to the scar tissue of his left shoulder injected a flood of stimms directly into his bloodstream. Lichtenstein saw a robed fanatic ahead with a heavy stubber rapidly thumbing shells into the breech of his weapon and sent that image to his servitor-warrior with a pulse of thought. Gryx took off at a sprint, the replacement leg grafted on by Monque and Dimitri performing admirably as he hurdled crates in his frenzy to tear at his target. The fanatic pulled back the loading hammer and swung the weapon to bear, but it was too late – Gryx had him, swinging his power claw in a deadly arc at his belly. The energised blades of the claw sheared through the barrel of the heavy stubber and punched through the fanatic's belly, before smashing through the timber structure of the building behind. Gryx tore free his claw in a welter of blood as the fanatic slumped to the boardwalk, half his midsection torn away.



Gryx goes up to 4 on Zhenkang.



Graham checks to see who gets caught in the blast of the hydrogen tank's explosion.

Kessel decided enough was enough and released his grip on the truck's tailgate, rolling to his feet as the truck continued its lunatic course. His legs were bloody and torn after being dragged across the barbed wire fence. The Healer was just in front of him and Kessel could see that there was even less time left than Lichtenstein had said, Pharaa'gueotla was practically manifested. Blinding light poured from great rents in her flesh and her features twisted and ran like molten wax as the Daemon Prince warped her form to its own. Glistening wings, half formed out of the ether, flapped ghost-like from her back and a keening birth cry tore at the air. Kessel steeled himself against the Daemon Prince's corrupting presence and began to channel psychic energy into himself. As he did so, the truck smashed through a pile of barrels and crates, and an explosion mushroomed skyward, ripping through its thin underbelly and detonating the fuel in the vehicle. The blasts slammed Kessel into the ground and his grip on the psychic energy slipped, flaring from his head in a burst of power. Blood streamed from his nose and ears as the flaming wreck hurtled through the air, slamming into the

tall hydrogen tank on the township's edge. The metal skin of the container buckled and sheared away, sparks shrieking and igniting the highly compressed gas in a roaring pillar of blue flame. Seconds later the entire tank exploded, showering the township in whickering fragments of burning metal and an expanding sphere of flaming gas. Kessel covered his head as fiery debris rained down around him, his mind pounding with the pain of psychic backlash. He pushed himself to his knees, wincing as he pulled a smoking shard of metal from his arm, and took advantage of the confusion caused by the explosion to take stock. Mechsimus advanced behind him, his leg bleeding and scorched from the blast, while Logan Storm rumbled towards a rocky outcrop, seeking a good firing position. Loa Gorg was close; he could sense the Daemonhost's nearness and the scratching, insistent presence at the edge of his mind as the soul-fragment bound within the sword sensed his weakness. Quickly he suppressed its hunger. To his left he could see Lichtenstein's servitor warrior, its claw awash with blood, and the Daemonhost Ghaustos, drifting from the cover of the

pipe. On the hills above the town, a furious battle was raging, though it was impossible to make out the details through the smoke. Gripping his force staff, he stood and saw the leering form of the Daemon turn its attention his way as the last vestiges of the Healer were cast aside and Pharaa'gueotla's true corruption was revealed. Cold fury gripped the Inquisitor and he realised he had to act quickly.

Loa Gorg sensed its master's wishes and charged towards the burgeoning Daemon Prince, floating within the shimmering whirlwind that still surrounded it. Loa Gorg lashed out with clawed hands at Pharaa'gueotla but the Daemon laughed at his puny efforts. Kaludram roared in fury at the impertinence of Kessel's Daemonhost in attacking the majesty of his lord and unsheathed his glittering daemonsword, charging in with a ferocious battle cry. The sword sang, but Loa Gorg dodged each lethal thrust, darting aside with preternatural speed.

Surveying the battle from his vantage point, high on the derrick housing, Dimitri watched the unfolding battle dispassionately. He no longer saw the world as before, his bionic cortex exchanging information with his senses by artificially generated electrical impulses. He saw the soon-to-manifest Daemon as a series of vari-spectral hues with proportional vectors of unmeasurable energy, its form blurry and indistinct to him. A giant figure in power armour came into view, its surface pitted with symbols that registered on Dimitri's threat files. He mechanically engaged his targeting algorithms and opened fire. Both shots kicked up spurts of dust, but failed to find their mark. Dimitri compensated for the inaccuracies and prepared to fire again.

On the other side of the township, Malicant sheathed his pistols and drew



Outnumbered, Shred BD259 finally falls to Malicant's eviscerator.

out his eviscerator, furious beyond words at the violation visited upon him by the enemies of his master. The new enforcer and her mastiff were fighting alongside Stone against an enormous mechanical fighter, only just holding it at bay. Malicant charged down the slope, raising his eviscerator high above his head and screaming in hatred. The gladiator warrior swayed aside from a thrust of Stone's glaive and batted it aside, closing and snapping his power claw at the guardsman's head. The blow was intercepted by Lucretia's shock maul, the enforcer spinning low behind the gladiator and thundering her weapon against the base of his skull. The gladiator dropped to his knees, blood pouring from his cracked head as Malicant joined the fray, slashing his shrieking chainblade across his foe's chest. Blood sprayed from the wound and the gladiator toppled backwards. Malicant leapt on top of him and drove the sword downwards through his chest with a howl of fury. The

eviscerator juddered in Malicant's grip, the barbed teeth grinding against the Gladiator's ribs. Smoke boiled from the motor in the hilt as Malicant ripped the weapon clear and stood, his heart hammering against his ribs, breath hot in his throat.

Slaved to the imperative to kill, Gryx swung his lolling head in search of fresh targets. Two figures battled in the shadow of a swirling maelstrom of light, one of which was off limits, while the other was a viable target. Growling with battle-lust, the servitor warrior set off to kill again.

Kaludram heard the sound of heavy footfalls behind him and risked a glance over his shoulder in time to see a one-armed servitor warrior charging him with murder in his eyes. He turned from the nimble Daemonhost and barely managed to dodge a swipe aimed at his head. Gryx attacked again, furiously slashing his power claw at the Magus, but the man moved like quicksilver, swaying aside,



Loa Gorg avoids Kaludram's attack as Gryx charges in to deliver the coup de grace.



Man against Daemon. Kessel fights for his life against Pharaa'gueotla.

ducking, and leaping above the servitor warrior's frenzied attacks. Metre by metre, Kaludram was forced backwards, the glamour encased within his sword failing to ensnare his attacker's gaze. Another flurry of blows came at him, each one dodged by the narrowest of margins. Kaludram spun away from yet another blow, desperately backing away from the maniacal warrior. He saw an opening to break from this combat and took it, turning away from Gryx as an incandescent blast of light, like a miniature sun, exploded between them. In the confusion he stumbled away from the fight, almost tripping over the remains of the shattered hydrogen tank and into the staggering form of yet another cybernetically-augmented warrior. Who had unleashed the psychic attack, he could not tell, but obviously this warrior had not been lucky enough to avoid being blinded by it. He lashed out with his crackling power fist, catching the warrior high on the temple and almost

tearing his head clean off. The warrior dropped, his legs spasming weakly, and the Magus turned back to where his master shimmered in the throes of its final transmutation. He experienced a moment of pure horror as the servitor-warrior he had just escaped from charged from the dimming light, and this time there was no escape. The power claw slashed across his leg, the return stroke closing around his arm and ripping it from his body as easily as a man might snap a twig. Blood fountained from the wound and Kaludram collapsed, pain like nothing he had ever known flaring around his body like an electric charge. Even as consciousness slipped away he felt a surge of vindication as he felt his master ascend to this mortal plane.

With a hollow crack that pounded the air with its violence, the last remnants of the Healer's flesh exploded from the newly-birthed Daemon Prince's form. A creature older than time stood revealed in all its chaotic majesty. Iridescent wings flapped

from its back and its skin glittered as though studded with diamonds. Its movements were sluggish, as though not yet used to physical form. Its eyes burned with the thirst of ages and an anger that had seen civilisations exterminated on a whim.

Lichtenstein chanted the Verses of Banishment, intoning the names of the holy saints of exorcism as he drew vast amounts of psychic power into his body. He would only get one shot at this and thought it fitting that since he had brought this monster into the world, he should be the one to send it back to the hell from whence it came. Blood ran from his nose as the accumulated warp energy threatened to spill out from his fragile human frame. He took a step towards the Daemon Prince, raised his hands above his head and yelled, "Foul beast! Back to the pit from which you were spawned!"

Bolts of pure white energy leapt from his outstretched hands, lashing the beast with coruscating energy and enveloping its

form in binding chains of power.

Lichtenstein kept pouring power into his banishment, but Pharaa'gueotla merely laughed, swelling its barrel chest and splitting the bindings asunder.

On the hillside above the township, Tyrus ran stiffly towards the exhausted members of his warband where they stood over the body of the fallen gladiator. Malicant's features shone and his huge chainblade was coated in blood. Perhaps the Redemptionist had done something right for a change. The wound in his groin pulled painfully every step he took, but Tyrus was damned if he would miss this fight. Stone's medi-kit should keep the bleeding down and minister to the pain for long enough. With a curt nod, he led his followers towards the centre of the town. Lichtenstein was there, and there was soon to be a reckoning.

Kessel groaned in frustration as he saw the Daemon Prince shrug off Lichtenstein's banishment. It was still groggy, unable yet to take advantage of its stolen physical form, and Kessel realised what he had to do. Silently he commended his soul to the Emperor and raised his force staff to his lips. The blessed saint of Ulantrix herself had touched the weapon and Kessel reverently kissed the inlaid scrollwork there. The Daemon towered above him as he charged towards it, its fanged maw leering at him malevolently. With a scream of revulsion, Kessel ducked beneath the Daemon's claws and swung his force staff in an upward arc. The skull-topped staff connected with the Daemon's midriff and Kessel channelled

all his rage and disgust through the psychically attuned material of the weapon. Foul ichor spattered him as the Daemon's substance burst apart under the impact. Pharaa'gueotla shrieked in sudden pain, reeling from Kessel's blow. The Inquisitor stepped aside a sweep of the Daemon's talons, narrowly avoiding being crushed under its gnarled foot. The Daemon stepped back, closing its claws around Kessel's body, but the inquisitor stepped forward and hammered his force staff into the rippling tear in the Daemon Prince's body where he had struck before. He screamed as power he had not dreamed or dared he could tap poured through his body, along his arms and into the force weapon. Kessel's staff ripped upwards through the substance of the Daemon's body, cleaving it in two, blazing arcs of dark light vomiting from the wound. The fluid matter of the Daemon Prince disintegrated under the assault, exploding with a burst of tainted light and a shriek of tortured anguish as it was once again banished to the haunted depths of the warp. Kessel dropped to his knees, utterly drained as he saw Loa Gorg floating towards him.

Grinning with vindicated triumph, Lichtenstein staggered forward towards Kessel, his reserves of energy stretched to the limit by this encounter. Pharaa'gueotla was gone, destroyed while in physical form and cast back to the Immaterium. No matter that he had not been the one to dispatch the Daemon; the deed was done, and that was what mattered. He leaned on the pipe and called out, "Impressive, Kessel. Most impressive." He saw Gryx standing over the body of the

fallen Magus and telepathically sent the shut-down command to his berserker, feeling the weight of the past few months wash from him. Kessel nodded, too weary to respond and hauled himself to his feet using his force staff. He turned to face Lichtenstein as a crack of gunfire echoed across the square and Gryx went down, twin holes blasted in his groin. Lichtenstein ducked into the cover of the pipe and drew his stubber as Kessel spun to face the new threat.

Tyrus stepped into the square beside an enforcer carrying a smoking stubber. His fanatic sprinted around the flanks while a burly soldier followed behind. Lichtenstein returned fire as Logan Storm opened up with his multi-laser, having worked his way into a covering position. The enforcer went down under the hail of fire and the square became a death-trap of bullets and laser fire. Kessel ducked and hurled another pyrotechnic burst of psychic energy into the centre of the square. He strode forward and shouted, "Cease this madness! The foe is defeated!"

Tyrus fired off a volley of bolter shells as he saw Lichtenstein sheltering behind a giant ore pipe, cursing as he saw the majority of his shots ricochet from the ironwork. The meddling fool Kessel stepped in his way, blocking his line of sight, foolishly thinking that this would prevent him from shooting. He drew a bead on Kessel and fired, putting him down with bolter fire, one shot clipping his leg, another grazing his skull. Kessel dropped, blood pouring down his face as he heard Tyrus bellow, "There is no escaping the Emperor's justice, sinners!"



Face to face again. Bitter rivals, Tyrus and Lichtenstein, square off as Kessel tries to halt the bloodshed.

Once more, Lichtenstein cursed Tyrus's name as he saw Kessel fall. In the confusion of the battle against the Daemon, he had allowed Tyrus to slip from his mind. It was time to leave this place. But not before he had exacted a measure of vengeance on Tyrus. He sent a psychic thought to Dimitri and seconds later, a Kraken penetrator bolt hammered into Tyrus' leg, pitching him to the ground. Lichtenstein ducked back as another volley of fire rang from the metal of the pipe and swiftly spun from cover to take aim at Tyrus. He squeezed the trigger and grinned as the round punched through the Witch Hunter's thigh armour, hurling him backwards. Kessel was down, but Lichtenstein owed him nothing and, as Tyrus struggled to rise, he realised he would never get a better chance than this to make his escape.

Keeping his pistol trained on Tyrus's warband, Lichtenstein and his followers left the devastated township of Paganus Reach to make their way back to Cephalon. Their work here was done.



After a deadly gun battle, Lichtenstein is the last man standing.

Tyrus fought through the pain of his wounded leg and pushed himself to his feet. Blood washed down his thigh cuissart and his every nerve screamed in pain. But he had suffered worse before this and could not show weakness before his followers. No matter that each of them had allowed their wounds to debilitate them to the extent that they were unable to fulfil their obligations to him. He would decide their punishments later, but for now he had more pressing concerns. He limped painfully to where the bleeding form of Kessel lay, a long gash torn in his temple where Tyrus had shot him. Lichtenstein had escaped him once more, but the capture of Kessel was a prize that almost made up for the renegade's escape. Kessel groaned, and even a cursory glance told Tyrus that these wounds were not mortal. The rogue Inquisitor's disfigured face was testament to the dangers of Radicalism and Tyrus shook his head at such folly. The misguided fool would soon learn through pain the error of his ways.

Tyrus waved the wounded enforcer forward. "Bravus, restrain this one. And do not touch the sword; it is corrupted. Leave that to me."

Bravus nodded and removed binders from her belt as Tyrus and Stone walked through the devastated township towards the fallen warrior in power armour. Tyrus' lip curled in

contempt, recognising the blasphemous sigils engraved upon the figure's armour as Stone knelt beside the man. This was a follower of the Ruinous Powers, and Tyrus would take great pleasure in bringing agonising retribution down upon him. The heretic's arm was crudely severed just above the elbow, blood pumping steadily from the ragged stump.

"His wounds are grievous," confirmed Stone with relish. "He will die soon."

"Make sure that he does not," snapped Tyrus.

Stone rose, a puzzled look on his face. "You wish him to live?"

"I do," confirmed Tyrus. "He must be seen to be punished, so that all who see his fate shall know the price of heresy. He will die without your skills."

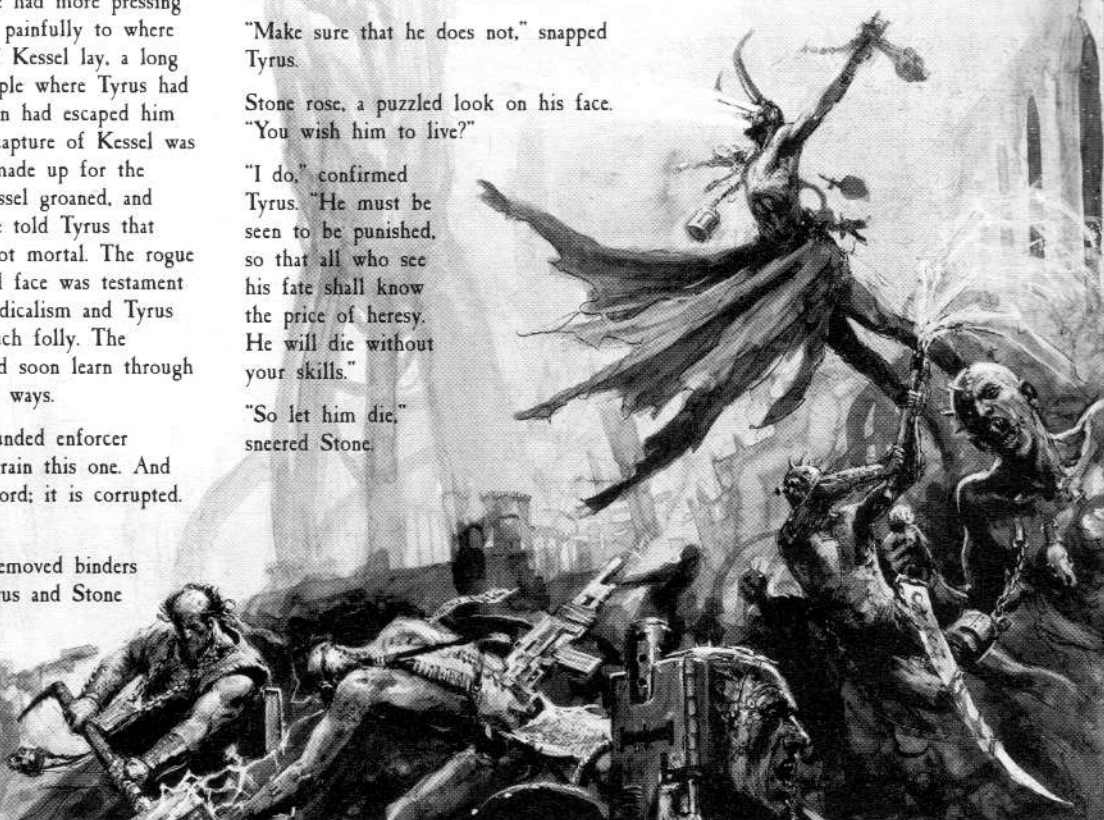
"So let him die," sneered Stone.

Tyrus lashed out with his fist, gripping Stone's bandolier and lifting the heavy sergeant from his feet.

The Witch Hunter hauled Stone level with his own scarred face.

"If he dies, so do you. Now do as I command."

Tyrus dropped the shocked Stone and turned away.



MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK



Graham McNeill

Graham: I don't think I've ever seen such a destructive game of Inquisitor, and I've run plenty of games. Setting the scenario in a mining complex was a gift for fans of explosions and destruction, and I knew that these guys weren't going to be happy unless they managed to destroy half the settlement as well as the Daemon. And they didn't disappoint. I saw this game as the climax of a movie. I could picture the truck laden with ammo careening into the hydrogen tank in slow-mo and the chain reaction of explosions that followed. Equally as vivid were the psychic pyrotechnics when Kessel destroyed the Daemon's physical vessel before it could act, and the final shoot-out between Lichtenstein and Tyrus. I was very pleased at the way things worked out and none of the worries I'd had before the game cropped up.

I remember Rowland once describing games of Inquisitor as being like the last

ten minutes of an episode of Buffy the Vampire Slayer, the point in the show where everyone knows what's going on and it's time for Buffy to kick some bad guy butt. That description really struck a chord in me, and it's a feeling I've tried to carry over into my games of Inquisitor. Keeping things moving quickly and giving the players a sense of urgency is essential for an exciting game of Inquisitor, and it makes it a much more involving experience when players are getting into their roles to the extent that they're yelling, "Die evil Chaos-scum!" across the board. I was also pleased that the vehicle rules I'd written also got a try out. Though the truck was being 'remote-driven' by Dimitri, the rules worked pretty much as I had hoped and if you want to give them a try, be sure to check out issue 2 of Exterminatus magazine.

I had great fun running this scenario and it developed nicely as the game went on, with tensions escalating steadily from gunfire to explosions, to bigger explosions, to a dramatic finale with a brave Inquisitor

taking on a Daemon Prince single-handed! After the game, we talked about what would happen next. The wounded Tyrus has now taken Kessel and Kaludram prisoner and is preparing them for their Trial by Ordeal. This is another of Inquisitor's great strengths, where the ending of one game naturally leads into the next. As we talked over the scenario's ending, a number of potential story arcs immediately suggested themselves. Would Loa Gorg attempt to rescue his master? What would happen if someone else were to pick up Kessel's sword containing the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg? Might Lichtenstein attempt to free Kessel from the Witch Hunter's clutches – as much to annoy Tyrus as for any altruistic motives?

There's plenty more to be told in the adventures of these Inquisitors and we're already planning their next encounter as part of our own Studio campaign. It seems that there is yet more blood to be spilt and intrigue to be had on the streets of Karis Cephalon.

BETWEEN A ROCK...

Paul: I've not had so much fun in a game in ages – Inquisitor really does allow for some superb, action-packed moments, plus many moments of hilarity. The game had everything and despite my eventual demise I had a great time. I even got time off at the end of the game for bad behaviour...

It was fairly predictable that Kaludram and his retinue would struggle against the odds arrayed against him, and so it proved. Kessel and Lichtenstein kissing and making up didn't help my cause and was my eventual downfall. As they say, 'it's a game of two halves'.

For the first part of the game Kaludram's warband totally dominated, but being outnumbered eventually counted against them. That, and not being able to actually put Tyrus's retinue out of the game. Kaludram himself started proceedings nicely by taking control of the already confused mind of Malicant. Unfortunately his deranged faculties meant that control wasn't as absolute as I'd have liked. It was also unfortunate that Malicant started with his las pistols drawn and not his deadly eviscerator, as that would have made a severe mess of Stone. In the end, some very

poor shooting meant that Malicant did no damage to Stone but did tie the two of them up for a considerable period of time.

Zhenkang blazing away on full auto at the start of the game was a riot – 40 shots, of which only two hit, but imagine the hail of hot lead tearing chunks out of everything in its path (apart from Tyrus's lot sadly...). Zhenkang did very well early on but caused more fear than actual damage in the end.

Shred BD259 was an immense disappointment, but then he did take on Tyrus's whole retinue pretty much alone. His rules mean he has to move towards the nearest visible enemy each turn and I had the choice of letting him go or joining him but leaving my main objective, the Healer, unprotected. In the end, Shred charged in and, whilst he tied the Imperial lackeys up for a turn or two, did little damage himself as he was up against too many opponents – I really wanted to see what damage his power claws could do...

As the game drew on the writing was firmly on the wall, and so it proved as one-by-one the valiant defenders fell to the bullyboy tactics of the false Imperium. Kaludram alone stood against the so-called might of the Imperium, driving all before him until they turned a cheap trick and set upon him from behind, typical behaviour that shows just why they have no future in this galaxy or any other. The might of my masters will prevail.

They think they have me prisoner, debilitated with one arm ripped from this mortal coil. How terribly naive they are – I have them right where I want them...



The aftergame handshake took many minutes to untangle...

MIXED SUCCESS

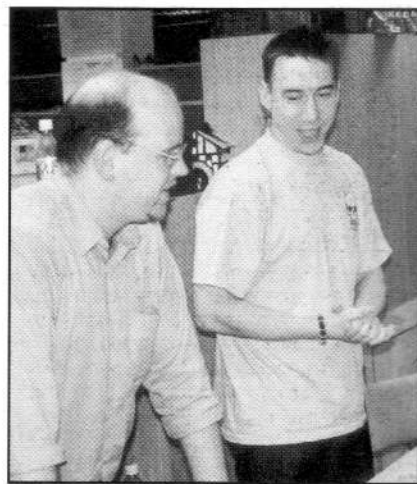
Gav: As expected, this turned out to be another classic episode in the saga of Inquisitor Kessel, with plenty of gunplay, sword fights, explosions and, of course, raging daemon entities hell-bent on subjugating the world of Karis Cephalon.

Well, the shaky alliance with Lichtenstein just about managed to hold together, despite Kessel having the feeling that Lichtenstein knows more about the Daemon Prince than he's been telling. In the end, the Chaos Magus and his nefarious followers were dealt with in pretty short order, mainly because Phil and I agreed to settle our differences and concentrate on the main objective.

Overall then, Kessel had a moment of great victory and a moment of shaming defeat. His single-handed banishment (or pummeling, to be more precise) of the Daemon Prince has to go down as one of the most heroic and downright impressive things he's ever done. Never before has a force staff served such a great purpose! Okay, it was a little lucky to destroy the Daemon's manifestation in a single turn, and it could have spelled real

problems for our daemon-hunting hero if it had been given the chance to attack back, but it all turned out good in the end. Really, it was a just reward for his bravery in challenging the Daemon alone and unaided.

The real fly in the ointment is that bombastic, meddling fool Tyrus! If only he had listened to reason, much bloodshed could have been avoided. Despite Kessel's selfless attempt to resolve the dispute between the Witch Hunter and the dubious Lichtenstein, the knuckle-headed oaf simply opened fire on him and has now taken Kessel into custody. In fact, though I say it myself, I thought it was quite impressive – the blinding flash to attract attention, and the booming demand to everyone to lay down their weapons. Kessel's no stranger to Inquisitorial Conclaves, and will probably make short work of any accusations Tyrus tries to level at him. After all, he has been valiantly protecting the Emperor for several centuries now, and no upstart with a power armour complex is going to get in his way now... Oh, and yes there were some slightly iffy moments. After Kessel's Willpower was



Graham and Gav plot the next Inquisitor scenario.

reduced by a failed psychic attack, he spent the rest of the battle staving off Loa Gorg's attempts to take him over. There'll be some chastisements for a certain Daemonhost, and probably the addition of a few more charms and wards to keep him in place when the two meet again.

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

Phil: I just love blowing stuff up in Inquisitor. A game's just not the same for me unless I've caused substantial property damage and wrecked at least one terrain feature. For me, one of the highlights of the game was Dimitri's overly successful distraction tactics – the psychic commandeering of a munitions truck. His impromptu ram-raid took down a fence, blew up a couple of piles of crates, the truck itself and ultimately a hydrogen tank, causing an explosion of monumental proportions. Excellent news.

As far as my mission was concerned, perhaps the most important action I took was talking to Kessel. As far as I knew he intended to go in guns blazing and obliterate the witch before Pharaa'gueotla manifested; in no way a solution to its rampage. Because I took the time to

role-play an exchange between the two Inquisitors, Gav's warband acted as my allies rather than as my enemies. Although my attempt at banishing the Daemon failed by the smallest of margins, Kessel was on hand to beat seven kinds of hell out of the manifested Daemon Prince with his force staff (who needs psychic chicanery when you've got a big old stick). Where does he get those wonderful toys...?

As for Tyrus, well, the big bully didn't even get close. Due to the intervention of Paul's warband, Rowland didn't really get off the starting blocks until the Daemon was dealt with. By then, Gryx had taken down two thirds of the Chaos warband, including snipping the arm off the Magus himself (good dog!). That meant that by the time Tyrus had hauled himself over to the town square, I was good and ready for him;

Lichtenstein's rock steady aim and the cover afforded by the pipe sealed the deal. So when it came down to the high-noon style shootout, I was able to take out Tyrus' legs (again) whilst sustaining practically no damage in return. I was very lucky that Dimitri came back online just in time to slam one of his two Kraken penetrator rounds into Tyrus's kneecap. It happened I'd stacked the rounds in his bolt pistol's magazine just right.

So the Daemon was banished back to its hell for a millennium, Lichtenstein thwarted his old enemy Tyrus yet again, and my warband came away with no more than the odd scratch. Definitely a success. I'm so chuffed at the way things panned out, I'm even considering a rescue mission to free Kessel from the self-righteous clutches of Tyrus...

BATTERED AND BLOODY

Rowland: All Tyrus had to do was shoot Lichtenstein in the head. Pretty simple? It might have helped if I'd aimed, but like Tyrus himself, I was pretty fired up by that point in the game. Barring Lucretia's man-hating shot to Gryx's groin, Lichtenstein's warband was pretty much unscathed. With his quarry so tantalisingly close, Tyrus only had to win a gunfight and his nemesis would be at his knees at last. It was not to be.

I have to say that I was feeling rather confident to start with, a sure sign of failure perhaps. Tyrus hadn't counted on fighting his way through two other warbands before coming up against Lichtenstein. Graham had endeavoured to make Tyrus's task as difficult as possible. Any initial confidence that had

existed was soon blown away. Literally. A heavy stubber on full auto is a frightening thing. In all my games of Inquisitor, not once had I came up against a heavy weapon, and after that opening salvo, I wished the rules for the damn things hadn't been written. Or that I had one in my warband. Then to make matters worse, the ever-reliable Malicant suddenly didn't feel himself. One thing's for sure, you can always trust Malicant to mess everything up.

Luckily, Sergeant Stone didn't hold any grudges, until after the game, where he will pistol-whip him into unconsciousness! After such a bad start, I didn't think I could get back into the game. However after a timely groin shot, some band-aids from Stone's medi-kit, and out-of-character competence

from Malicant with his eviscerator, things looked better. It's the ups and downs of fortune that makes Inquisitor so much fun to play. One minute you're doomed and the next, your warband stands triumphant! Even though Tyrus couldn't bring Lichtenstein in, some considerable solace can be taken from the capturing of Kessel and the Chaos Magus. In story terms, Tyrus will obviously put the Chaos Magus through various ordeals before sentencing him to a painful, perhaps even fiery death. As for Kessel, an Inquisitorial Conclave will have to be arranged to pass judgment on the wayward Inquisitor. Next time Tyrus meets Lichtenstein, Tyrus will have a new plan, a resourceful plan, a plan involving using Malicant as a bullet shield...