

Angry Marines 2:

Electric Boogaloo



A Deathwatch (sort of) game

by

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Disclaimer:

If you ran or played the prequel to this game last year, you probably know the score, and can skip this page.

If not:

The Angry Marines are a sort of home-brewed Warhammer 40,000 Space Marine chapter from the internet. More specifically, from 4chan. Now if that isn't ringing alarm bells then put this scenario down and walk away.

No, seriously. If you are under 16, or unfamiliar with the Angry Marines, or in any way offended by phrases such as:

“CUNTPUNCH”,
“SHITTING DICKNIPPLES”
“FAIRYASSED PANTSHITTERY”
or
“COMPLETELY FUCKING FAGGOTROCIOUS”

Then this game is not for you. Don't say nobody warned you, or not to expect your players screaming the above obscenities and worse (Far, FAR worse) at you.

This game makes no attempts at being subtle or clever or even remotely mature.

So if that's not to your liking, SUCK IT YOU PANSY.

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Crash course in Deathwatch:

If you've played or run Dark Heresy, Rogue Trader or Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay before...

... You'll be right at home, the game system is almost identical. Players may have a few abilities/skills not in the other books so have a look over the character sheets to familiarise yourself with the new stuff. And most importantly the players ARE FUCKING ANGRY MARINES. So best make sure you're familiar with the special things Space Marines can do. In particular, HE'S FUCKING ANGRY! Functions like Deathwatch Training.

If you're new to Dark Heresy, Rogue Trader or WHFRP...

... Here's a quick rundown on how the system works. It's not completely accurate but it'll do nicely for a con scenario.

All a player's skills are based off their characteristics, and the sheet clearly marks which skill uses which characteristic (eg. Their Acrobatics skill is equal to their Agility). When a dice roll is called for, the player rolls d100. If the result is EQUAL TO OR LESS THAN the relevant skill, then the roll succeeds, and vice versa. The more you pass by, the better you succeed.

Sometimes a Characteristic Bonus may be applied to a roll. That is the tens digit of that characteristic, so someone with Strength 58 has a Strength Bonus of 5, for example.

Players possess Traits, Talents and Special Abilities that may modify the rolls (mastering a skill gives a player +20 to that skill, for example).

Fate Points:

Every player has some fate points. One can be spent at any time to:

- Reroll a failed test once (the new result must be accepted)
- Make an attack, if it hits, unblockable.
- Gain +10 to a roll. Must be declared before rolling!
- Instantly heal d5 damage
- Avoid a hideous death, but only just. Up to GM's discretion.

Combat:

Roll initiative (d10 plus Agility Bonus), go in descending order.

Combatants take free/half/full actions

Roll to hit: Roll under Ballistic Skill (BS) for ranged attacks and under Weapon Skill (WS) for close combat. Note that ranged combat is frowned upon by Angry Marines as "Fucking gay", and an Angry Marine who prefers ranged combat over melee is generally labelled "A BIG FUCKING FAG" by his squad mates.

Target can parry melee attacks by rolling under WS, and can dodge any attack by passing a Dodge roll (or ½ Agility if they lack Dodge).

Roll damage: If a natural 10 is ever rolled here, the attacker can roll another attack and add any damage. If such an attack also rolls a 10, another attack can be made, and so on as long as the attacker rolls a natural 10 for damage.

Note that Angry Marines, due to the special rule "HE'S FUCKING ANGRY!" don't need to roll to hit. They just roll damage again.

Target subtracts Armour and Toughness Bonus from the damage rolled.

Any damage that gets through takes Wounds away from target. Anything reduced to 0 Wounds dies. Except of course the players. They just get brutally maimed. If you have the Critical Hit tables then use those. Otherwise think up something nasty like an arm getting ripped/blown off. This is where Fate Points are handy.

Free actions require no real effort and are quick. Examples:

- Speaking a few words
- Dropping an item.

Half actions require some effort and take half a player's turn. Examples:

- Aiming (+10 to hit)
- Melee feints (opposed WS tests, if passed then target cannot block next attack)
- Readyng a weapon
- Standard attacks.

Full actions take full effort and take up a full turn to do. Examples:

- All-out attacks (+20 to hit but cannot defend)
- Charging (+10 to hit)
- Called shots (-20 to hit)
- Readyng a weapon.
- Full-auto burst with a gun (+20 to hit, with an extra hit scored for every 10 points the roll was passed by. Dodging requires passing by 10 for every hit scored, eg. Someone with Dodge 50 must roll less than 20 to dodge 3 shots from a full auto burst)

Psychic Powers:

The Angry and Pretty Marine Librarians can use psychic powers. To activate a psychic power, they have to choose how much energy to throw behind the power. They can choose 3 power levels for each power:

Fettered: Librarian rolls Wp, success activates the power. Psy-rating is halved rounding up to determine outcome.

Unfettered: Librarian rolls Wp, success activates the power. Uses full Psy-rating for outcome. Failure causes something strange and detrimental to happen.

Push: Librarian rolls Wp, success activates power. Psy-rating is doubled for outcome. Something bad happens regardless of Wp roll.

Game in a Nutshell:

Setting mood:

If you've played any 40K stuff before, you'll know the kind of feel to apply to this scenario. Bear in mind that this game is about Angry Marines. As such the Grimdark aspect plays second fiddle to truckloads of swearing and beating things to death with Power-baseball bats. The players would be utterly badass without also being ANGRY FOR THE EMPRAH. There are bad things, which they shout at and hit until they die. And there are plot points, which they shout at and hit until they reveal the next plot point. It's wonderfully simple.

If they're flying through it, throw in more enemies, improvise some weapons with internet-meme inspired flavour. Perhaps the cultists all talk in a cute voice with a "h" at the start of every word. Perhaps the Necrons (OLDFAGS to the Angry Marines) won't shut up about how whatever the players do IS NOT A MEME. Perhaps Brother Afro steals someone's bike.

Try to avoid Nyancat, because that's used for the end boss. Otherwise, play it loose and fun!

Synopsis:

The planet Beetardicus has called for help: Normally it's a world where minor heretics are chained to writing consoles and forced to write the same old crap *ad infinitum* in praise of THE EMPRAH, but something has gone horribly wrong: Prisoners are muttering something about "Original Content" and planetwide insurrection is almost inevitable.

Recently-crowned Chapter Master Fuckspud and his battlefleet just happened to be reasonably nearby when the distress signal went out, and he's shouted at a bunch of Angry Marines (the players) until they went to investigate.

The players land the drop-pod on their first contact, and have to figure things out from there. Mostly this "figuring things out" will comprise of beating the living daylights out of people until they tell the players where to go next.

They'll battle a small army of furrries on a train, aid the remaining defence forces, and come to the aid of an Inquisitor who has a better idea of what's going on. They'll race to the top of the spire on his ship and meet a badass Arbiter called BASTARD, where they'll learn that the Original Content is actually a Chaos ritual to tear open a gaping, distended hole to the Brown Eye of Terror (obvious Goatse reference). They'll assault the spire but will be too late; A daemon appears, who will admit to being duped into being summoned before dying, whereupon the players will finally come face to face with the OLDFAGS, or Necrons, who posted the crap everyone thought was "original content" millennia ago.

A very large fight will ensue between the players and a gargantuan centipede Tomb Stalker that happens to look a lot like Nyan Cat. There then follows a choice: They can kill the OLDFAGS, thus making the NEWFAGS (Chaos) more powerful and dooming the planet to heresy, or they can let the OLDFAGS wipe the planet clean of life, ensuring nobody wins. Or they can do something totally unexpected that results in everyone but the players losing.

It really wouldn't be the first time.

Scene 2: SNAKES ON A TRAIN

The Angry Marines pile aboard the IMPROBABLY LARGE TRAIN. It is a magnetic hover-rail kind of train and zips along extremely quickly. Not quick enough for most angry Marines though, and if the players aren't looking to speed it up before long, make them roll Willpower -20 to resist tinkering with the engine, or otherwise trying to beat the train into going faster.

After a little faffing about, they'll see their destination come over the horizon. It looks like a hive city, a miles-high pile of buildings/factories/cathedrals/palaces/etc., but looking more spiky. Sections of the hive are on fire. Let them roll Perception. Anyone who passes will realise they're not alone on this train. Give them a small amount of time to "discuss" the fact that they're about to be attacked before they're attacked by a small team of 6 FURRY CULTISTS, followed by 3 large, serpentine creatures of the Warp. Yes, that's right. Snakes on a train. Well, serpents of Slaanesh but if anyone gets technical, slap them. The train is travelling at supersonic speeds, and there are plenty of tunnels and walls speeding by that you could hold an enemy's face against and grate it down to mush, or barriers and lights on poles to chuck them off the train to smack into.

ENEMY STATS ON PAGE 17

This will be proof enough to the players that Chaos is behind the troubles on Beetardicus. A friendly warning will sound from the speakers that the train is not slowing down and that there are no further stops beyond the next. Anyone bothering to investigate the train will notice that the controls have been sabotaged (Maybe a cultist did it while they weren't looking, maybe the players beat someone against them too hard, whatever), and the train will likely crash horribly. Unless something is done.

Possible options, if the players cannot think of anything:

- The techmarine might be able to bully the machine spirit of the train into submission. Roleplay it. Machine spirits are embarrassingly logical and have no sense of humour.
- The players might be able to organise themselves so that if they physically attack the crash point at the right time, any damage they deal is taken away from the damage they'd suffer in the crash.
- Some fate points could be spent to ensure the train crashes into something like a building of cultists while the Angry Marines surf the explosion blastwave on pieces of shrapnel while wailing on guitars for some reason. Perhaps they could determine some targets at long range, and position themselves so the crash hurls them into the fight like a Predator Angrinator.

However they do it, the players arrive in the Dark Sector.

Scene 3: Can't Yiff If Yiffing Is Without Ewe.

The first thing they'll notice when they get off the train (and possibly beat a few cultists to death) is that the station is seriously on fire. No, really, blazing infernos everywhere. Angry Marines, with all that power armour and fiery rage, won't be too bothered. Furry Cultists, however, do not have any flame-retardant qualities, and use of fires is encouraged when beating the snot out of them.

There are a few prisoners and security guards running here and there, looking for cover, trying to fight back against the Furry Cultists, but being what the players' commanders would call "FUCKING PUSSIES", they're just barely holding their own.

These groups of defenders can tell the players a few useful things if they help in a couple of these fights. The Furry Cultists might be able to tell them too, but they'd have to stay alive long enough...

FURRY CULTISTS COME IN GROUPS OF 5-10, SOMETIMES ACCOMPANIED BY A SNAKE. STATS ON PAGE 17

- There's an Inquisitor knocking around somewhere, looking for something important. Nobody seems able to understand a word he says though.
- Chief Arbiter BASTARD has rallied his small squad of Adeptus Arbiters, and the remaining loyalist forces, and has secured the Hive's upper levels while building forces for a proper counterattack into the Hive Spire. Most groups are stragglers trying to fight their way to him.
- There are strange lights and sounds coming from the hive spire, where most people reckon is under cultist control.

While they're being all social (!) and finding stuff out, have a servo skull wander up to them, do a quick scan, and replay them a holographic message from the Inquisitor. He appears as a well-dressed man with slicked back hair and a moustache, with a mean-looking chainsword in one hand and an automatic shotgun in the other. There appears to be a tiny little robotic arm attached to his jacket, holding a cigarette on a long filter from his mouth when he's not smoking it.

Relay the following from the message. Use a ridiculous French accent if at all possible:

"Ah am Inquisitor Clouseau, of ze Ordo Memeticus. Ah came 'ere on an archaeological mission, only to have zis planet turn to icky rebellion just as Ah was about to uncover something very important. Ah am 'olding mah own in ze lower factory Alpha, but Ah am cut off from mah sheep and mah supplies and ammunition are dwindling. Ah need assistance, mah mission ees more important zan this 'ole panet, in ze name of ze EMPRAH come immediately. Zere are too many pervert cultists for me to keel on mah own! Ka'Tau, zey come again! Keel zem!"

The last few words are drowned out by renewed fighting. The video sputters out. Soon after several radio channels relay a message from Chief Arbiter BASTARD: *“This is Chief Arbiter BASTARD, you better have heard that message from the Inquisitor you deaf fucks! Any of you limp-dicked assbandits not dead or killing cultists on the upper hive levels better take their lasguns out of their arses and double-time it down to the lower factories to aid the Inquisitor, or I will personally arrest you and throw the entire Pax Imperialis at you and let me tell you that book is big enough to crush a motherfucking titan! Don't worry about us, we can hold this fucking line without pussies like you. GET TO IT YOU COCKBAGS! Ah, bollocks, they're attacking again. Hey nice Mark of Chaos you got, you cultist fuckbend! I GOT A MARK FOR YA RIGHT HE-”*

The message cuts out with an exploding sound. Soon after, a faint scream from above can be heard, which gets louder and louder until a cultist falls from the sky and slams into the ground, facing up, clutching his crotch, into which appears to be stamped the imprint of a very large boot with an Imperial double-eagle sigil. There is a look of utter terror on his face.

This Arbiter sounds like a pretty cool guy. In any case, he seems to have the upper levels well in hand, best get that Inquisitor sorted out because EMPRAH knows none of these fags will be up to the challenge...

Scene 4: Inquisitor Clouseau

There is going to be a horde in this, so make sure you read up on the cliff notes for fighting hordes in the crash course section above.

The players need to fight their way downwards towards Lower Factory Alpha to the Inquisitor. If they're speeding through the fights, give them a couple of Chaos Marines to fight (STATS ON PAGE 19).

As they get close, they'll see piles of cultist bodies, mostly in front of heavy bolter turrets that have run out of ammo. There are a half dozen circles of these as they move closer to the centre, with sounds of gunfire getting closer. The last 2 circles of bolter turrets are still firing, but don't target the players. At the centre of these rings of bolter turrets is the Inquisitor. He's gunning down the last of this wave of cultists and kicking them off a high gantry into grinding machinery below. He'll come down and shout at the players:

“No time to talk, zere is another horde coming and Ah am out of ammunition! Help me destroy zese cultists and Ah will feel you in!”

No sooner has he finished then everyone hears the heavy bolter turrets fire up again, although they quickly fall silent. A horde of cultists attacks the players. Time for them to try some squad formation stuff

Horde stats and mechanics on page 18

Once the horde is dealt with, Inquisitor Clouseau will thank the players and tell them things:

- He believes this “Original Content” thing is a complete myth.
- He was investigating caverns below the hive city when the rebellion began. They were clearly not human made, and had ancient languages carved into the walls.
- Even the Inquisitorial databases couldn't decipher all of it, but the writings referenced something about an ancient war which employed the most terrible weapons, and some group of enemies waging eternal war against what they called “Newfags.”
- He believes this planet was one such weapon, and the forces of Chaos knew it, and planned this rebellion over centuries to steal it from the Imperium.
- If his calculations are correct, the entire hive city was built around the firing mechanism, which is why the communication spire at the top of the city is strange-looking.
- He also knows how to make the weapon work, and needs to get to the main spire to deactivate it or claim it for the Imperium, depending on how bad it is up there. And the players have some heresy to kill. HOORAY COINCIDING GOALS!

Scene 5: Taking Arrow through debris

The party gets ready to leave. The Inquisitor starts looking for his assistant, Ka'Tau, who leaps out of the shadows and attacks him, just like in the Pink Panther films. Ka'Tau is, of course, a Tau, a blue-skinned humanoid in almost Manga style armour yelling things like “HAAAAAIIIIIIII-YA!” in an embarrassing fashion.

If the players don't intervene, the Inquisitor manages to throw him off and calm him down, before knocking him out with a surprise dirty punch. If, as is probably more likely, the players pile on top of the hapless alien and beat the shit out of him, the Inquisitor will be upset, and explain that he's a slave with shock collars and everything, and he lets him live partly because he can advise on fighting the Tau, but mostly because he makes the best fucking waffles ever.

Either way, Ka'Tau is out of the picture as the Inquisitor gets a servitor drone to pick him up and carry him back to his ship. It'll take forever to get back up to Chief Arbiter BASTARD, so the Inquisitor offers to fly them on his ship, **Arrow**. (The name is important for a Skyrim reference in the final fight, so don't forget it!)

It's a sleek little ship bedecked with guns and some nice impressive engines. The inside smells faintly of *pot pourri*. Once on board, it fairly zooms out of the factory and towards the upper levels of the hive from the outside. There will of course be some turbulence and dodging enemy fire that will knock the players about and make them angry. If they want to leap out of the ship onto enemy fighters, then why the hell not? Inquisitor Clouseau will pilot the ship so as to pick them up again once they blow up whatever they were beating on. No need to bother too much with hit points and armour, they'll be doing crazy stuff like smashing open the cockpit glass, yanking out the pilot and chucking him into their own fighter's jet engines. Play it loose and epic. Explosions EVERYWHERE.

On the way up Chief Arbiter BASTARD will relay a message:

“Fuck this waiting around! All units, this is Chief Arbiter BASTARD! If you're not on the upper levels yet, congratulations, YOU'RE A FUCKING PUSSY. While you're busy tossing yourselves off in a corner crying for your momma, we're fucking attacking the Hive Spire right now! FORM A FUCKING LINE YOU LIMP-DICKED ASSHOLES! FOR THE EMPRAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

From the outside the players should be able to see a large glass dome at the top of the communications spire. This is the Chief Arbiter's destination, and they can see it light up with lasfire and explosions. Inquisitor Clouseau opens up a hatch to the outside and shouts “ZEES EES YOUR STOP! I WEEL PROVIDE ASSISTANCE FROM ZE AIR! BON VOYAGE!” He'll hover close to the glass dome so the players can get off and crash the party however they please...

Scene 6: Arbiter BASTARD

When the players arrive in the Spire dome (big circular area with a couple of stairs, a few computer consoles and generators to provide cover, and a big railing around the edge, over which is a several kilometer drop), there's a big fight going on. Guardsmen are dying left right and centre, but so are cultists. There is a 10-man squad of chaos Marines here, protecting their master who has JUST finished some sort of heretical ritual behind an impenetrable shield, and vanishes into the Warp, laughing maniacally. As they arrive they can see Chief Arbiter BASTARD howl with fury, give one Chaos Marine a massive wedgie and kick him over the edge of the spire. He then glares at another, who drops his gun and dives out the window to a far less horrible death.

Chief Arbiter BASTARD is a big guy, only a little shorter than the Angry Marines. He has a MASSIVE HAT and HUGE BOOTS OF KICKING, with large Imperial eagle buckles identical to the one imprinted on the cultist that fell out of the sky earlier. When he sees the players he shouts something like the following:

“Well fuck me sideways with a chainaxe, there really ARE a few fighters on this planet who aren't COMPLETE PUSSIES. Well don't just stand there, FUCKING KILL SOMETHING!”

There are now 8 Chaos Marines and about 4 cultists per player (Stats on pages 19 and 17 respectively), to tie them up a little bit. There are loads more cultists, but Inquisitor Clouseau is employing The Chaos marines will mutter things like “You're too late, already our master has ascended!” or as much of that as they CAN say before a player smashes them in the throat with a wrench.

The last Chaos Marine or cultist to die rattles out a chuckle, managing “Too late!” or something similar, as the Spire tower begins to shake and the SKY SPLITS OPEN.

Scene 7: The Brown Eye Of Terror

Daemoniac laughter fills the air, as a pair of ethereal clawed hands appear above the spire and tear open a gaping, distended hole to the warp like the Goatse hands. If you don't know what that is, ask one of the other Gms. At least one will know, and shudder. Out of this hole appears a long, veiny serpent, with a Trollface grin. It might be a tongue, but it might be something else altogether. It proceeds to spin right round, baby, right round, like a record baby. While taunting the players with the following:

“You fools, there IS no Original Content! Master Tzeench taught me this ritual centuries ago! I planned all of this to bring my master a sacrifice worthy of him! 5 of the Corpse-Emperor's best warriors will do nicely.”

Everyone should roll Wp to avoid staring into the, um, hole. Guardsmen aren't so lucky, they scream as their faces melt off and their heads explode. Angry Marines, however, will just be inconvenienced by a -10 to all other rolls, as the fury and revulsion of seeing something like that makes it hard to concentrate on killing.

Inquisitor Clouseau will pipe up on the intercom, saying:

“Fear not, Ah shall wipe ze smug grin from its, erm, face, with mah sheep's weapon systems! Firing in Cinque... Quatre... Trois...”

He gets no further before he is interrupted by a loud “HAAAAAIIIIIIII-YAAAAA!”

His countdown changes to “Non, Ka'Tau! You foolish foolish fool! Ah am losing control of ze sheeeeeeeeeeep!”

A large cannon shot from the ship goes wide and the ship veers off, out of sight, while Clouseau's channel goes dead with static. It is up to the players to come up with a way to send this foul daemon back to the bowels of the Warp.

Good time to mention EMPRAH'S RAEG, if Librarian Sodomitus hasn't used it yet, is essentially a large fist... Just saying, is all...

Brown Eye of Terror stats on page 19

Scene 8: The Oldfags Return/ Return of the Nyancrons

However they beat off (!) the horrific Brown Eye of Terror, it squeals like a stuck pig before being sucked noisily back into the anus of the Warp, but not before the trollface can lick the edges of the portal and make a Sky-Rimming joke.

It goes quiet for a while. One of the few surviving Guardsmen remarks “Huh... Uh, my lord Space Marines? The ground outside is splitting openOHSWEETJESUS!”

Another earthquake, and the ground is indeed splitting open. Green light spills from the cracks, and all electronic equipment begins to flicker on and off. Anything with a display screen shows the following:

ORIGINAL CONTENT CONFIRMED FALSE



DESTROY THE NEWFAGS
FOR THEIR ARROGANCE
RELEASING KRAKEN
PROGRESS: xxxxxxxxxx.....

If you know the Nyancat music, now is the time to hum it. Swarms of metallic creatures pour out of the rift in the ground, gauss blasters disintegrating things everywhere in crackling bursts of green light. A Perception roll will allow the players to see clints of red in the crowd of Necrons: There are Blood Angels trying to dry-hump as many Necrons as possible.

A massive form crawls out for the players to deal with: Essentially a giant metal centipede (think Tomb Stalker if you're familiar with 40K Necrons, only much bigger!) on 100-foot long razor-edged legs, belching green energy blasts at the Hive city, crawling up the spire so its massive head smashes through the glass dome (whatever little is left) to stare down at the players. It lets out a deafening, low-pitched

“NNNYYYYYYYYAAAAAANNNNN!”

A squad of dead Blood Angels falls from its mouth. It looks like they had been painting themselves Ultramarine Blue. One of them has a tattoo of Matt Ward on his left buttock (A shockingly bad Games Workshop writer, hated by nearly everyone who plays 40K). There are love hearts and everything.

Whenever the fight seems to be at a crucial moment, Inquisitor Clouseau returns, screaming defiance at the metal behemoth, as he flies his ship Arrow straight into the knee joint of one of the Nyancron's supporting legs. Allow for Skyrim arrow-to-the-knee jokes here.

Ending Scene: Their Grimdarkest Hour

The giant metal face crashes to the dome surface, where all the players can pile on and beat the snot out of it. It dies, falling from the spire.

The relative silence is broken by Chief Arbiter BASTARD yelling at the players “THE INQUISITOR PONCE THREW HIS XENO FUCK-BUDDY OVERBOARD BEFORE IMPACT! HE'S GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU GORMLESS SHITHEADS!”

The Angry Marines alone have the access codes for the holo-recording duct-taped to the broken corpse of Ka-'Tau.

It contains instructions on activating the super-weapon the Inquisitor mentioned before. A console in the centre of the dome should provide access to the weapon. And a gentle reminder that there is a planet full of Oldfags killing everyone.

It doesn't really matter who activates the weapon. The important thing is that it shoots DOUBLE RAINBOWS of energy ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE SKY. It wipes out the Nyancrons on the ground and blazes a multi-hued trail of FAGGOTRY across the stars.

Almost immediately after it stops, they get a pair of communications.

One is from Chapter Master FUCKSPUD. It reads:

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU WORTHLESS COCKWEASELS JUST DO!?!

The other is from the Pretty Marine homeworld. It reads:

“It's beautiful... So beautiful... Thank you so much, noble brothers!”

Antagonists:

Furry Cultists:

WS: 36 Wounds: 12
BS: 22
S: 30 Armour: 3
T: 32
Ag: 40
Int: 22
Per: 31
WP: 24

Weapons:

Lasgun:	Dam	ArmourPen
	1D10+3	0
Sword/knife/club/whip:	Dam	ArmourPen
	1D5+3	0

Abilities: 2 attacks per round due to desperate need to skullfuck things

SNAKES ON A TRAIN:

WS: 45 Wounds: 20
BS: 40
S: 55 Armour: 6
T: 55
Ag: 51
Int: 15
Per: 20
WP: 40

Weapons:

Bite:	Dam	ArmourPen
	1D10+5	3

Roll 2D10 for damage, discard the lowest.

If you roll 3 more degrees of success to hit than needed, ArmourPen is 6 for that hit.

Abilities:

2 Attacks per round due to furry desires.

Cultist Horde:

Horde mechanics:

Treat the horde as a single creature that can attack all players.

Hits from single attacks to 1 wound damage, regardless of damage acutally rolled.

Power weapons inflict an additional wound.

Melee attacks inflict additional hits for every two degrees of success they hit by.

Rapid fire weapons inflict an additional hit for every degree of success.

Explosive weapons (eg Bolters) inflict an extra hit

Blast weapons inflict as many hits as their blast rating.

Hordes attack everyone in close combat range.

They can make a number of ranged attacks equal to the first number of their current wounds, but ONLY on players not in close combat (on gantries or a roof, swinging from a rope, whatever)

Melee hits from Hordes inflict an extra 1D10 of damage for every 10 wounds remaining, up to a maximum of +2D10. **ATTACKS CANNOT BE PARRIED OR DODGED. THEIR HANDS ARE EVERYWHERE.**

Unlike other, girlier Chapters, Angry Marines can in fact Gang Up on Hordes. For every Angry Marine attacking alongside another, WS rolls are +10. Yes, that gives them a ridiculous edge. **THEY'RE TOO ANGRY TO OUTNUMBER.**

WS: 36	Wounds: 80
BS: 22	
S: 30	Armour: 3
T: 32	
Ag: 40	
Int: 22	
Per: 31	
WP: 24	

Weapons:

Lasgun:	Dam	ArmourPen
	1D10+3	0
Sword/knife/club/whip:	Dam	ArmourPen
	1D5+3	0

Abilities: 2 attacks per round due to furry lust.

Nyancron:

WS: 55

Wounds: 90

BS: 30

S: 60 (SB 12)

Armour: 8 all over

T: 60 (TB 14)

Ag: 55

Int: 30

Per: 30

WP: 30

Weapons:

Pincers:

Dam

ArmourPen

2D10+12 12

If attack gets 3 more degrees of success, then no armour or TB can soak damage!

Multitude of Legs:

Dam

ArmourPen

1D10+12 6

Can make one attack with multitude of legs against all players in melee as a half action. IT CAN STILL USE PINCERS TO ATTACK AS THE OTHER HALF ACTION.

Twin Gauss Flayers:

Dam

ArmourPen

1D10+8 3

Gauss weapon: Damage rolls of 9 or 10 explode instead of just 10

Apothecary APOPLECTICUS

WS 55 Wounds 30
BS 45 Fate points 3
S 60 (SB 12) Armour 8(head), 10 everywhere else)
T 48 (TB 8)
Ag 46 **Special ability: Choke on this, fucko!**
Int 50 Called melee attacks to the throat have no penalty.
Per 40 Power Armour: Extra strength (included in profile)
WP 41
Fel 48

Skills:

Awareness (Int)	Carouse (T)	Charm (Fel)	Climb (S)	Command (Fel)
Concealment (Ag)	Contortionist (Ag)	Deceive (Fel)	Dodge (Ag)	
Drive (Ag)	Inquiry (Fel)	Intimidate (S)	Literacy (Int)	Search (Per)
	Silent Move (Ag)	Tracking (Int)	Wrangling (Int)	

Talents:

Ambidextrous (Self explanatory)
Killing Strike (Spend fate point to make attack unblockable)
Nerves of Steel (Reroll failed willpower tests)
Quick Draw (Free action to ready weapons)
Resistance (psychic) (+10 bonus to resist powers)
HE'S FUCKING ANGRY! (damage rolls of 10 explode without re-rolling to hit)

Weapons

Bolt Pistol: Range	RoF	Damage	ArmourPen	Clip	Rld
20m S/2	1d10+5	8	5	1 full actions	

Bolt Weapon: Roll 2D10 and pick the highest result for damage.

Power Folding-Chair: Damage	ArmourPen
1D10+12	5

Nartheicum

1D5+12

AP3

Toxic: when damaged, target rolls T-20 or takes an extra 1D10 damage

Equipment:

3 Frag Grenades (2D10 dam, Blast 4), 3 Krak Grenades (3D10+4, ArmourPen 6)

10 doses of "Imperial Marching Powder"

1D10 wounds restored for each degree of success on a Medica

Demeanours: SURLY, ALWAYS ANGRY! ALL THE TIME!

Tactical Marine AFRO

WS	52	Wounds	30
BS	47	Fate points	3
S	53 (SB 10)	Armour	8(head), 10 everywhere else)
T	47 (TB 8)		
Ag	44	Special ability: BITCH PLEASE	
Int	43	After dealing damage, AFRO can Command the target, like a pimp	
Per	49	(Contested WP roll, target must call AFRO "Daddy")	
WP	46	Power Armour: Blingin' (Extra Fel (included in profile)	
Fel	56		

Skills:

Awareness (Int)	Carouse (T)	Charm (Fel)	Climb (S)	Command (Fel)
Concealment (Ag)	Contortionist (Ag)	Deceive (Fel)	Dodge (Ag)	
Drive (Ag)	Inquiry (Fel)	Intimidate (S)	Literacy (Int)	Search (Per)
	Silent Move (Ag)	Tracking (Int)	Wrangling (Int)	

Talents:

Ambidextrous (Self explanatory)
Killing Strike (Spend fate point to make attack unblockable)
Nerves of Steel (Reroll failed willpower tests)
Quick Draw (Free action to ready weapons)
Resistance (psychic) (+10 bonus to resist powers)
HE'S FUCKING ANGRY! (damage rolls of 10 explode without re-rolling to hit)

Weapons

Blingin' Bolt Pistol:	Range	RoF	Damage	ArmourPen	Clip
	20m	S/2	1d10+8	6	1 full actions

Bolt Weapon: Roll 2D10 and pick the highest result for damage.

Blingin' Digiweapons:

Once per scene, if Afro parries an attack, he may get a free bolt-pistol shot in.

Blingin' Power Pimpcane:	Damage	ArmourPen
	1D10+12	5

Damaged target rolls WP-10 or is ashamed; -5WS/BS to attack Afro, cumulative.

3 Frag Grenades (2D10 dam, Blast 4), 3 Krak Grenades (3D10+4, ArmourPen 6)

Librarian SODOMITUS

WS	49	Wounds	30
BS	24	Fate points	3
S	43 (SB 8)	Armour	8(head), 10 everywhere else)
T	50 (TB 8)		
Ag	49	Special ability: BRAIN PUNCHER	
Int	42	Psy-rating of	4
Per	37	Power Armour:	Cigar of Manliness
WP	55	+10 WP when lit. If it goes out, Roll WP-20 not to flip out and kill whatever put it out.	
Fel	41		

Skills:

Awareness (Int)	Carouse (T)	Charm (Fel)	Climb (S)	Command (Fel)
Concealment (Ag)	Contortionist (Ag)	Deceive (Fel)	Dodge (Ag)	
Drive (Ag)	Inquiry (Fel)	Intimidate (S)	Literacy (Int)	Search (Per)
	Silent Move (Ag)	Tracking (Int)	Wrangling (Int)	

Talents:

Ambidextrous (Self explanatory)

Killing Strike (Spend fate point to make attack unblockable)

Nerves of Steel (Reroll failed willpower tests)

Quick Draw (Free action to ready weapons)

Resistance (psychic) (+10 bonus to resist powers)

HE'S FUCKING ANGRY! (damage rolls of 10 explode without re-rolling to hit)

Weapons

Bolt Pistol: Range	RoF	Damage	ArmourPen	Clip	Rld
20m	S/2	1d10+5	8	5	1 full actions

Bolt Weapon: Roll 2D10 and pick the highest result for damage.

Force Lead Pipe:	Damage	ArmourPen
	1D10+8	5

Force weapon: When rolling damage, Librarian can make a Wp vs target's Wp. Every degree of success adds 1D10 damage.

Equipment:

3 Frag Grenades (2D10 dam, Blast 4), 3 Krak Grenades (3D10+4, ArmourPen 6)

Psychic powers:

Fight Harder, You Fucks! (+5xPsy rating to target's WS)

EMPRAH'S RAEG (5 rounds to cast. Usable once a day. Radius 100xPsy-rating metres. 3D10xPsy-rating to buildings/anyone in a building)

DO IT FAGGOT (Affects [Psy-rating] number of targets. Target makes an opposed Wp roll or is forced into an action that takes no more than one round)

The Cockslapping (1metre x Psy-rating radius. Everyone inside takes 1D10xPsy-rating damage)

NO U (Librarian makes a Wp check when attacked. Success = Free counterattack,. Once per combat scene only!)

Demeanours: Bitches Don't Know..., ALWAYS ANGRY! ALL THE TIME!

Techmarine IRATUS

WS 55 Wounds 31
BS 51 Fate points 3
S 47 (SB 8) Armour 10 all over
T 47 (TB 8)
Ag 51 **Special ability: Dodge this you cowardly fucks!**
Int 54 +2 damage whenever EMRAH'S FURY is rolled.
Per 47
WP 41
Fel 42

Skills:

Awareness (Int) Carouse (T) Charm (Fel) Climb (S) Command (Fel)
Concealment (Ag) Contortionist (Ag) Deceive (Fel) Dodge (Ag)
Drive (Ag) Inquiry (Fel) Intimidate (S) Literacy (Int) Search (Per)
 Silent Move (Ag) Tracking (Int) Wrangling (Int)

Talents:

Ambidextrous (Self explanatory)
Killing Strike (Spend fate point to make attack unblockable)
Nerves of Steel (Reroll failed willpower tests)
Quick Draw (Free action to ready weapons)
Resistance (psychic) (+10 bonus to resist powers)
HE'S FUCKING ANGRY! (damage rolls of 10 explode without re-rolling to hit)

Weapons

Bolt Pistol: Range RoF Damage ArmourPen Clip Rld
 20m S/2 1d10+5 8 5 1 full actions
Roll 2D10 and pick the highest result for damage.

4 servo arms with Thunder Wrenches:

 Dam ArmourPen
 2D10+8 10

Concussive: When hit, target makes a Toughness test -10 for every degree of success the attack hit by, or is stunned for 1 round. Also, if damage greater than his Toughness Bonus is dealt, target is knocked prone.
(Can make up to 4 attacks. Each attack requires a WP roll, -10 cumulative penalty)

Bitchin' Guitar welded to arm.

Demeanours: Scornful, ALWAYS ANGRY! ALL THE TIME!

Assault Marine BLOSSOM

WS	62	Wounds	30
BS	50	Fate points	3
S	52 (SB 10)	Armour	8(head), 10 everywhere else)
T	42 (TB 8)		
Ag	46	Special ability: PERIOD DRAMA	
Int	52	+10 to called shots to the crotch of male enemies	
Per	52	Extra +5 to all rolls against anyone mentioning she's a woman.	
WP	51	SHE'S AN ANGRY MARINE SHUT UP YOU DON'T GET IT.	
Fel	45	Power armour: SPARKLY! Opponents are at -5 to hit from blindness	

Skills:

Awareness (Int)	Carouse (T)	Charm (Fel)	Climb (S)	Command (Fel)
Concealment (Ag)	Contortionist (Ag)	Deceive (Fel)	Dodge (Ag)	
Drive (Ag)	Inquiry (Fel)	Intimidate (S)	Literacy (Int)	Search (Per)
	Silent Move (Ag)	Tracking (Int)	Wrangling (Int)	

Talents:

Ambidextrous (Self explanatory)
Killing Strike (Spend fate point to make attack unblockable)
Nerves of Steel (Reroll failed willpower tests)
Quick Draw (Free action to ready weapons)
Resistance (psychic) (+10 bonus to resist powers)
HE'S FUCKING ANGRY! (damage rolls of 10 explode without re-rolling to hit)

Weapons

Thunderthunderthunderhammerhammerhammer:

Dam	ArmourPen
2D10+12	10

Roll 3 damage dice, discard lowest.

-20 to parry

3 Frag Grenades (2D10 dam, Blast 4), 3 Krak Grenades (3D10+4, ArmourPen 6)

JETPACK! BLOSSOM CAN FLY.