

PATRIS EXERCITUS

An **ONLY WAR** Scenario by **BAZ NUGENT**



INTRODUCTIONEM

Patris Exercitus (*Only War*)

*Who do you think you are kidding Mr. Lictor?
If you think we've no lasguns,
We are the boys who will flame your ripper swarms.
We are the boys who will nuke you mangy worms.
'Cus who do you think you are kidding Mr. Lictor?
If you think The Empire's done?*

A Warhammer 40K RPG for 6 Imperial Home Guardsmen.

SYNOPSIS

In the sleepy Hive-Town of *Wahammer-on-Sea*, on the planet of *Perrycroft* in the *Lime Crescent* System, a *Tyranid menace* is about to make a mess of peace and quiet. The only hope is *Commisar-Captain Mainwaring* (pronounced “*Mannering*”) and his hastily assembled platoon of volunteers, the *Imperial Home Guard*. The future of this world is in the hand of a bank manager and whatever he can scrape together.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTIONEM.....	I
SYNOPSIS.....	I
CHARACTERS.....	I
A QUICK NOTE TO THE GMS.....	II
SOME THANKS.....	II
CHAPTER PRIMUS.....	III
CHAPTER SECUNDUS.....	VI
<i>The Boy that cried 'Tyranid'</i>	VI
CHAPTER TERTIUS.....	VII
CHAPTER QUARTUS.....	VIII
CHAPTER QUINTUS.....	XIII
EPILOGUS.....	XIV
APPENDIX.....	XV
<i>NPCs</i>	XV
<i>The Map</i>	XVI

CHARACTERS

- **Commisar-Captain Captain George Mainwaring:** Manager of the *Administratum Fiscalus*
- **Sergeant Arturas Wilson:** Chief cashier of the *Administratum Fiscalus* and bit of a dreamer.
- **Lance-Corporal Johann "Jack" Jones:** A butcher with the *Administratum Restaurantum* and a veteran of several wars.
- **Ogryn-Private Fray-Jur:** A dour Ogryn (big burly *Abhuman*) who works as a labourer
- **Ratling-Private Walka:** A sneaky ratling (small sneaky *abhuman*) “salesman”
- **Psyker-Private Franciscus Pike:** An idiotic manboy with psychic powers.

A QUICK NOTE TO THE GMS

This is a stripped down version of *Only War*. Rules to bear in mind if you know the system:

- The Imperial Home Guard don't count as a regiment so get none of the merits of such.
- There's no comrades. No-one else showed up for recruitment...
- “Wait? There's an Ogryn, Ratling and Psyker wandering around a Farm-World?” - yes, yes there is. Assume the Ogryn is a farmhand, the Ratling is a cook...and the Psyker? His mother is the head of the local *Adepta Sororitas*.
- The Tyranids presented are slightly watered down. Also, I know Gaunts aren't scout units, but it was fairer for gamesake.
- Pike's Psykic powers: Assume he's always “unfettered” so on doubles (so 11,22,33 etc) either roll on the Psykic phenomina table or if you don't have it handy, have something happenen. If if he needs to push, allow up to Psykic Rating of 4 (and +4 on all powers, instead of +2) but make any psykic phenomia much worse.
- Yes, it's Dad's Army 40K. They are meant to be well meaning morons.

If you don't know the system: congratulations, neither do I. Roll d100 (2 d10s), roll under to succeed.

SOME THANKS

- Sean Geraghty, my old housemate and lover of the 40KRP universe, whose mad attempts to make *Dark Heresy* work for Imperial Guardsman were short lived but fun. I finally bought a 40KRP book cause of you, sir.
- Dave Gorman, for embodying all the drunken, monstrous anachronistic goonery that would make up a day in the life of the Imperial Guard
- Clone, for trying many moons ago to run Inquisitor as 40KRP. Visionary. Some day *ImpGimp: The Paddling* (aka a 40K Imperial Guard Larp with Lasguns) will happen..

CHAPTER PRIMUS

The Lime Crescent (*Calx Lunatis*) is an isolated system, great distance from any battlefield of the Imperium. The system consists of 4 planets: *Deolali*, a pointless rock too close to the star to be any use; *Perrycroft*, a farmworld with one main settlement, *Warhammer-on-Sea*; *Meldrum*, an iceworld with a thin but breathable atmosphere; and *Crimpton*, a gas-giant used for refueling. Until now, this system has done little more than provide food to feed the empire.

Governor Mayer is not a particularly competent or capable man, and more than likely there due to familial connections; that said, Lime Crescent does not need a steady hand to keep it in line. Most of the population of the system are farmers and other sorts to whom Chaos is a distant threat.

However, the peace and quiet of the Lime Crescent was recently disrupted by an old responsibility that Governor Mayer had hoped would be overlooked – the Tithe. Every world is due to provide a number of men and women for the Imperial Guard. But *Perrycroft* is a world dependent on manual labour to guarantee food production goes out on time. No labourers, no food. Caught between a rock and a hard place, he handed over his planetary defence force and a good chunk of the local *Adeptus Arbitus* enforcers to the Imperial Guard recruiters – *Perrycroft* had never seen war, and so he was not greatly concerned with the need to keep a small army on world. Plus, he assumed that within a year new recruits could be found on world, or hired in post harvest. It was a gambit, and under normal circumstances, not a bad one.

Show the players page II (the system map). The player characters will have seen the Planetary Defence and Enforcers shipping out over the last few days, headed towards the space port out the *Via Astrus* (see the map in the appendix). Most townfolk are excited to see their boys off to fight the Emperor's war, though they are a peaceful sort who will get back to their day to day activities before long.

Of course, some people don't sit idle. One of those is Manager of the *Administratum Fiscalus* of Warhammer-on-Sea, one Mr. George Mainwaring. Not a man to sit idly by, and feeling there is work to be done since “there's a War on, don't you know” and “Jumping us when we're not looking, that's a cheap Chaos trick, wouldn't you know”, has submitted paperwork for a new Regiment of the Imperial Guard. Not fit for service in the Imperial Guard due to poor eyesight and responsibilities to the *Administratum*, he has decided to raise a volunteer Regiment. Because there's no restrictions on volunteers...

With him is the chief cashier of the *Administratum Fiscalus*, Mr Arturus Wilson. After all, someone had to stop Mainwaring going overboard and declaring himself Emperor, and we can't have that now.

In the *Administratum Ministorum* hall, to the mild chargin of the Cardinal, and the *Adeptus Arbitus* Warden Hodge, who also has to make do with using space in the Hall, since the Governor has taken over most of the *Adeptus Arbitus* building of late.

Warden Hodge will start an argument, hoping to provoke Mainwaring. He will call him a jumped up squirt, accuse him of having Chaos envy. Hodge is a petty and crass man, and should get Mainwaring's ire with no difficulty.

The only volunteers are the other Players:

- Jones, being a combat veteran (an the only normal person to show up) is immediately promoted to Lance-Corporal
- Pike, Fray-Jur, Walka, as a Psyker and 2 abhumans, are initially looked down upon. After a few hours, no-one else shows up. These 6 will be the entirety of the Imperial Home Guard.

After assembling the IHG, and some antics with uniform fitting, the players should be as close to mustered as likely. After some disparaging comments from Warden Hodge, a brief appearance by Governor Mayer (there to visit Cardinal Aldhelm Farthing, but play to Mainwaring's ego) and some motivational words, have them find their supplies, left by the planetary defence forces in a metal flight case with a faded imperial Eagle, in the Adeptus Ministorum hall.

In the trunk is :

5 X Laslock rifles

1 X laspistol

5 dummy grenades

Laspistol

Range	ROF	Dam	Penetrate	Clip	RLD	Special	Wt
30 m	S/2/-	1d10 + 2 E	0	30	Half	Reliable	1.5 kg

Laslock

Range	ROF	Dam	Penetrate	Clip	RLD	Special	Wt
70 m	S/-/-	1d10 + 4 E	0	1	Half	Unreliable	4 kg

Shotgun

Range	ROF	Dam	Penetrate	Clip	RLD	Special	Wt
30 m	S/-/-	1d10 + 4 I	0	8	2 Full	Scatter	5 kg

Reliable: Only fails on a 00

Unreliable: Jams on a 91-100

Scatter: Point blank range, every 2 degrees of success counts as another hit; armour doubled at long or extreme range.

Melee Weapons

Type	Damage	Penetrate
Broken Power Sword	1d5 + 5 E	0
Knife	1D5	0
Club	1d10	0

Before they can get to anything, remind Commisar-Captain Mainwaring that he really must submit that paperwork for his pips to come fully through. He doesn't have access to the Imperial Intelligence dossiers, until then, and technically he's "acting Commisar-Captain"...

LIME CRESCENT

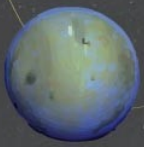
(CALX LUNATIS)



DEOLALI
(DESOLATE ROCK)



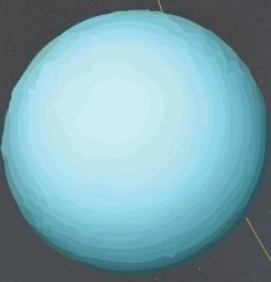
WARHAMMER
ON-SEA
PERRYCROFT
(FARMWORLD)




IMPERIAL GUARD
STAGING GROUND
MELDRUM
(ICEWORLD)



CRIMPTON
(GAS GIANT)



CHAPTER SECUNDUS

Let the players get to explore Warhammer-on-Sea a bit. Mainwaring should want them to march and drill, have the IHG get into a few random antics. Suggestions include:

- Attempting to rescue a cat from a tree.
- An (unannounced) drill to prepare the locals for an enemy attack.
- Stopping random passersby and trying to pressgang/accuse them of un-Imperial behaviour.
- A run in with Warden Hodges. It will not be violent, but tempers will be frayed.

Show them the map (last page). If the players try to root around the Departmento Munitorum shed, tell Mainwaring that he was told that everything of value was brought to the Adeptus Ministorum hall, any pilfering would be highly irregular, and besides, he doesn't have a key.

Generally, let them have some time to muck about, and cause a nuisance. Eventually, the Governor will pop in to see the IHG and ask them to tone it down a bit; if they refuse, have him remind Commisar-Captain Mainwaring that they are using the *Administratum Ministorum* hall, after all, and other clubs like the Choir do need it too. Plus, their extra ration for doing the job could go other more worthy places.

Due to an *Administratum* error, Commisar-Captain Mainwaring still does not have access to the Imperial Intelligence dossiers. Requisition forms will receive a bureaucratic fobbing off.

The Boy that cried 'Tyranid'

After some wandering around, some commotion will occur. Assuming the IHG go to investigate. If they do not, then a concerned parent will (having unsuccessfully tried the *Adeptus Arbitus*) approach Commisar-Captain Mainwaring about what her boy says.

The boy, Little Oswald, will say he saw a weird looking creature skulking about the Scrubland between the *Via Mountainus* and the *Via Ostrogorcus* (see map). He will say he had gone wandering about to find his dog that had gone missing (a lie, he had actually gone looking to find the Ratling who sold smokes, a *Decieve* or *Perception* roll might detect this). He caught a glimpse of it in the evening light, all scaly and purple with four pointy arms and with a weird slathering face thing.

"It looked like...a Licker!" he will say, before his mother demands he be left to rest. Ask Lance-Corporal Jones for a *Common Knowledge: War* roll. If he passes, tell him it sounds like a Xenos. If he fails (more likely) tell him it sounds like a Lictor, a terrifying forward scout of the Tyranids (It's not, but it's probably funnier coming from the most seasoned veteran to think it is). The characters should be motivated either to find out if Jones is just being eccentric (prove Jones is wrong) or if he's on the money for once (prove their worth to the governor and also the people).

Anyone who makes an *Int* roll or a *Common lore* roll about what a Lictor is:

Pass: It's an advance scout. Scary because it's stealthy. But probably small.

Fail: It's a sneaky xenos, but so strange that if it thinks you can't see it, it can't see you (falling for the old Imperial Propaganda). Also no match for good old fashioned Imperial elbow grease.

CHAPTER TERTIUS

Have the IHG. Root around. After a few hours of comedic searching or plan making, they will more than likely encounter Licker.

- **Bait a trap:** Licker comes to them, and due to the IHG getting the drop on it, will not be able to act in the first round. If they have a good plan (higher ground, vehicles) then Licker may not even get a chance to attack.
-
- **Beat around the Bush:** Eventually, they will find Licker, but having heard the enormous racket, Licker will be prepared, get an automatic round of ambush on any 1 target (probably Fray-Jur due to size) before disappearing into the undergrowth and using hit and run tactics to attack the group. Since Licker will have picked the spot, it has +10 to its stealth rolls. Licker will fight to the death.
- **Give up:** If they go home, Licker will eat another dog. Warden Hodges will refuse to do anything, and again Commisar-Captain Mainwaring will be plead with to investigate (if they decline again, this time they will be almost completely unprepared for the battle in Chapter Quintus, so give them far less time to prepare for that)

Upon finally getting a look at it, reveal the “lichtor” is indeed more of a “licker” - it has been quite stealthy, but it is merely a Hormagaunt with a very long, protubing tongue. A combination of distance from its command and injury has left it less dangerous but no less foul tempered, hence its tendency to sneak about and eat small targets. It attempted to eat Little Oswald but a clever combination of running away and throwing his dog at Licker gave him a chance to escape. Licker still has bits of little Oswald's dog in its jaws, mostly the collar with a little Imperial Eagle on it.

“Licker” - actually a Hormagaunt (close combat troop)

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	20	29	27	50	10	40	30	-

Skills & Traits:

Acrobatics: (Ag +10)

Awareness: (Per)

Dodge (Ag + 10)

Silent Move (Ag)

Swim (S + 10)

Natural armour (3 everywhere)

Natural weapons (sything talons – 1D10 + 5; pen 3)

CHAPTER QUARTUS

After returning to the Administratum Ministorum hall, where the IHG have their HQ, they will receive 3 bits of information that will explain everything...and probably make their stomachs drop.

- **The Corpse:** using the Imperial Intelligence Dossiers (which Mainwaring finally has access to), the corpse of the Licker will be identified as a Hormagaunt: a close combat troop and usually found in great numbers. Due to its limited mental capability, never further than 30 – 40 km from a command Tyranid.
- **The Mission:** Now that Commisar-Captain Mainwaring's commison has technically gone through, his intel briefing comes in. Meldrum wasn't merely a staging ground for a subsequent Imperial Guard campaign; rather, it was a mop up of a crashed Xenos vessel. The hope was to get boots on the ground of Meldrum as fast as possible, and so the Planetary Defence and Enforcers from *Warhammer-on-Sea*, being the closest armed troops, were deployed. What was expected to be a ruined xenos vessel turned out to be a damaged, but still functional *Tyranid BioShip*, the last lingering vessel of *HiveFleet Jabberwocky*. The new Guardsmen were unprepared for Tyranid warriors.
- **The Picture:** The transports bringing the Imperial Guardsmen to Meldrum were no match for the BioShip, but in it's damaged state, the managed through kamikazee runs to cripple it. It did, however manage to limp between worlds, finally splashing down into the ocean, 50 miles southeast of Warhammer-on-Sea. The BioShip may have been destroyed on landing...but it's occupants weren't. Show the image (page XIV), taken by an *oculus observatorum* satellite, several hours before, of the BioShip entering Perrycroft's atmosphere.

Bar the Imperial Home Guard, Perrycroft is now defenceless.

As the IHG prepare for the forces of Hivefleet Jabberwocky to strike Warhammer-on-Sea, they have several options. Show the players the Map (last page of the scenario) and they can draw up battle plans.

Depending on who goes where, they can attempt Fellowship rolls to try recruit, or obtain supplies.

- **Ordo Hospitaller Clinic:** They can offer a medic, with Medica Skill and Int 45, as well as plenty of medical supplies.
- **Administratum Fiscalus:** A younger teller might be convinced to take up arms with the IHG (use random townspeople stats, but with 35 Int). Otherwise the *Administratum Fiscalus* building has mundane things – chairs, desks, stationary. Nothing that would make for a weapon but perhaps could make a barricade (Trade rolls or Tech Use would cover this).
- **Administratum Restaurantum:** Most of the people here are just in for dinner, or maybe doing their shopping. If they can recruit someone, perhaps a farmhand (use random townspeople, but with 35 WS). They will also be able to get barrels, boxes, furniture for

barricades, as well as some very basic melee weapons like knives and forks, and if they look in the freezer, some carcasses of animals, in case that might be of use.

- **Domus Publica:** A drunk might be convinced to sign up, perhaps with the promise of more booze. (use townspeople but with 35 Toughness). There are barrels, bottles, and assorted tables that might make for barricades.
- **Adepta Sororitas School:** a lesser sister of the Sororitas might join if convinced (stats as per a townspeople but with 35 WP) – most of the boys close to old enough to be of use are either in the fields or gone to the Guard already, but an angry nun is better than nothing. They have heavy furniture, and some decent melee weapons.
- **Adeptus Ministorum Temple:** Cardinal Aldhelm Farthing has some ornate weapons that might be of use. There are also some devotees in Temple that might be convinced to help (perception 35). If The Cardinal can be convinced / bribed / bullied, he has a longlas that he might part with.
- **Adeptus Mechanicus Garage:** Brother Sponge is the sole member of the *Adeptus Mechanicus* there. He will offer any assistance he can, but cannot leave the garage. If pressed, he will display the umbilical cable that attaches him to the garage. No amount of Fellowship rolls will work as it will be quite fatal to remove him. His Int is 55, and has Tech-Use and Operate. He cannot, however, manufacture heavy ammo round or bolter rounds. He can fix Commissar-Captain Mainwaring's chainsword.
- **The Adeptus Arbitus:** They will not help. At all. Warden Hodge will not take the IHG seriously, calling Mainwaring a jumped up little twit with a Horus Complex. Even if presented with the tyranid corpse, he will dismiss it as a local vermin, or worse, a stunt by Mainwaring to justify his silly parades and pompous rank. However, when he sees a Tyranid during the final battle, then Hodge will take for the hills out the *Via Maris* (decide whether he gets eaten or not, whatever you think will get a bigger laugh). If the IHG fall back into the Arbitus building during the battle, they will find some clubs and other brute force weapons, and 2 laspistols and 5 laspacks.
 - Upstairs in the Adeptus Arbitus building, **Governor Mayer** will be very supportive of the IHG. However, he has a very important meeting “off world he simply must attend” with the “Sector Governor” and will make excuses, and sneak out through a back door. He will be later found at the Astroport, trying to open the door to his own shuttle, the keys to which he left in the lock on his desk drawer. If searched, it reveals a Bolt Pistol that clearly he intended to bring also.

Fellowship Effect

	Mainwaring	Wilson	Jones	Fray-Jur	Walka	Pike
Ordo Hospitaller Clinic	0	5	10	-10	-5	-5
Adeptus Ministorum Temple	-5	-5	0	-10	0 (Walka gets him stuff)	-10
Administratum Fiscalus	10	5	5	-20	-10 (owes money)	-10
Administratum Restaurantum	0	5	10	5 (big eater)	5 (big eater)	-5
Domus Publica	-10	5	5	10	10	-5
Adepta Sororitas	-5	10	0	-5	-10	10

- **The Departmento Munitorum Shed:** (at this point, Mainwaring should be convinced of the necessity of breaking in) It has no occupants, so no fellowship rolls are required. There is barely anything left, having been stripped bare. A perception roll will find one of the following.
 - 20 M36 Lasguns with 40 lasgun packs
 - 10 suits of full Flak Armour.
 - 1 Heavy rocket launcher with 10 Krak missiles
 - A Sentinel Scout Walker. It has only one leg currently attached, and it's only weapon is a M34 Autocannon; the Autocannon feed mechanism is jammed, but if belt fed, would suit as a heavy support weapon, or an Ogryn-sized weapon.
 - 100 round magazine for the M34 Autocannon
 - A Leman Russ Russ Demolisher battle tank, under a tarp.
 - There is a half full tank of Promethium in the tank, and it will start with an Operate (surface) roll.
 - There is no ammo for any of it's weapons.
- Searching any Domus Habitus, or trying to pressgang anyone in those houses, or indeed anyone on the street, will not be received well. Anyone pressganged will try to sneak off at the first chance, and will not reflect well on the IHG later.

Leman Russ Demolisher

Structural integrity: 60

Maneuverability: - 15

Armor: Front 40, Side 35, Rear 22

Lasgun

Range	ROF	Dam	Penetrate	Clip	RLD	Special	Wt
100 m	S/3/-	1d10 + 3 E	0	60	Half	Reliable	4 kg

LongLas

Range	ROF	Dam	Penetrate	Clip	RLD	Special	Wt
150 m	S/-/-	1d10 + 3 E	1	40	Full	Reliable, +10 to BS	4.5 kg

Bolt Pistol

Range	ROF	Dam	Penetrate	Clip	RLD	Special	Wt
30 m	S/2/-	1d10 + 5 X	4	8	Full	Tearing	4 kg

Autocannon

Range	ROF	Dam	Penetrate	Clip	RLD	Special	Wt
300 m	S/3/-	3d10 + 8 I	6	20 / 100	Full	Reliable	40 kg

Krak Missile Launcher

Range	ROF	Dam	Penetrate	Clip	RLD	Special	Wt
300 m	S/-/-	3d10 + 8 X	8	1	Full	(-30 on Toughness tests)	45 kg

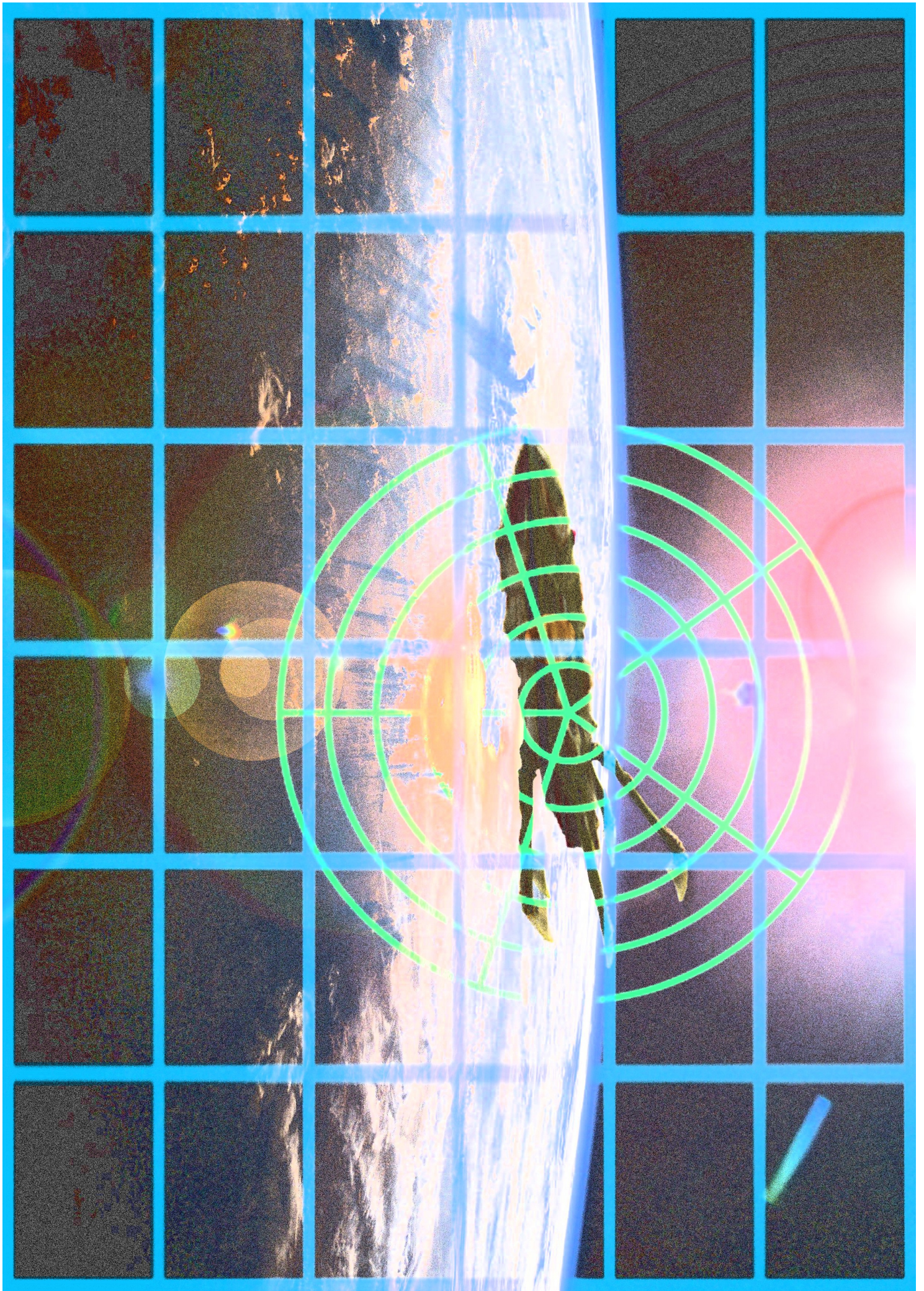
Reliable: Fails only on a 00

Tearing: Roll 2d10 for damage, discard lower roll.

Imperial Flak Armour	AP 4 (all)
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Melee Weapons

Type	Damage	Penetrate
Power Sword	1d10 + 5 E	5
Knife	1D5	0
Club	1d10	0
Big club	1d10 + 3	0
Sword	1d10	1



CHAPTER QUINTUS

This final scene will be the pitched battle. At this point, all comedy aside, it should get messy.

Hormagaunt (close combat troop)

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
45	20	35	30	55	10	40	30	-

Skills & Traits:

Acrobatics: (Ag +20)

Natural Armour (3 everywhere)

Awareness: (Per)

Natural weapons (scything talons – 1D10 + 5; pen 3)

Dodge (Ag + 10)

3)

Silent Move (Ag)

Swim (S + 10)

Termagaunt (Ranged troop)

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
30	33	32	30	40	10	40	30	-

Skills & Traits:

Acrobatics: (Ag +20)

Swim (S + 10)

Awareness: (Per)

Natural Armour (3 everywhere)

Dodge (Ag + 10)

Scything talons 1D10 + 3; pen 3)

Silent Move (Ag)

Fleshborer (20 metre range – 1d10 + 5; pen 3)

The Tyranids will win in a brute force attack, so some kind of strategy is needed. The ideal place to hold them up is the seafront of the *Paradium Imperialis* (the main street of Warhammer-on-Sea, which terminates in the sea itself). Apart from a single ramp down onto the beach, the rest of the seafront has 20 foot sea walls in case of flooding. This is about as good a bottleneck as the IHG will get, and the Tyranids are headed straight there.

The players will undoubtedly have moments of heroism, as these simple men manage to hold off the first wave of Hormagaunts, Termagaunts and even a Tyranid Warrior or two. However, just as the first wave fails, the second wave rises from the sea, this time another wave is on show – led by a Hive Tyrant (get everyone to make a WP -20 for Fear). The IHG got lucky once, but they have no chance against this.

Instead, just as Warhammer-on-Sea looks ready to fall, have the Tyranids get pushed back. Preceded by the heavy bolter and rocket fire, then followed up by the roar of heavy engines from Thunderhawk gunships, salvation comes in the form of the *Adeptus Astartes* – the Space Marines. The Astartes leap directly from the bus-sized aircraft and land, without parachute, right into the fray. The battle is nasty, brutish and short, with the tyranids foot soldiers outmatched by the Space Marines. The Hive Tyrant howls wildly as its underlings are destroyed. Then Thunderhawks pour battlecannon fire into it. After a spectacular firestorm, all that remains is a red slick of goey parts and waterlogged gaunt carcasses.

EPILOGUS

The IHG will be the first people the Space Marines encounter after the battle. Present them like American GI's in WWII Britain – loud, brash and not ashamed to boast about how great they are (In fact, I suggest that after all the genteel personae of this game, affect a Texan accent). Space Marine **Brother-Sargent Square** will be the one speaking, and depending on how the players acted, here's some variables for the end result.

	YES	NO
DID THEY MAKE A GOOD DEFENSIVE PLAN?	Positive response from the Adeptus Astartes – in the form of a backhanded compliment - “Not bad”	Severe berating, possible torture. More than likely the IHG will be disbanded and all members barred from any military roles.
DID THEY DO MASSIVE PROERTY DAMAGE? (DESTROYING A MARKED BUILDING ON THE MAP)	The IHG are roundly criticised by the Space Marines for being witless fools. Also whatever building's occupants will be annoyed...	Excellent. Praise from the Space Marines for surgical warfare.
DID THEY DECLARE MARTIAL LAW?	If things went well and a good plan was put in place, this is lauded as excellent thinking. If the plan was a disaster, Commissar-Captain Mainwaring is stripped of rank.	If they put a good plan in place, nothing happens. If no good plan, Commissar-Captain Mainwaring is stripped of Commisarship for failure to properly discipline in time of war.
DID THEY ROUGH UP ANYONE IMPORTANT?	Things will go badly; the IHG will be disbanded, and a proper Planetary Defense force will be mustered. None of the IHG are allowed in; Warden Hodge (if alive) stays in power, gloats a lot.	As long as they gave it a good try, the Hive-Town will rally behind the IHG, deflecting the ire of the Space Marines.
DID THEY KILL ANYONE IMPORTANT?	Things will go badly. More than likely an example will be made of someone. Either Commissar-Captain Mainwaring can pick a 'culprit' or take the blame due to his enormous ego	Huzzah! Common sense prevailed.
Put it to the players to vote WAS WARDEN HODGE EATEN BY THE TYRANIDS?	A new Warden is appointed. If he's not made a mess of things, enter Commisar-Captain-Warden Mainwaring	He's found up a tree with a sole Hormagaunt trying to gnaw it down. Humiliation ensues.
Put it to the players to vote WAS GOVERNOR MAYER'S ESCAPE AND COWARDICE EXPOSED?	Resigns. If the IHG messed up, enter Governor Hodges . If not enter Governor-Commisar-Captain Mainwaring	If the IHG saved the day, its Commisar-Major Mainwaring If they messed up it's Private Mainwaring

APPENDIX

TABLE 1-2: COMBAT ACTIONS

Action	Type	Short Description
Aim	Half/Full	+10 bonus to hit as a Half Action or +20 to hit as a Full Action on your next attack.
All Out Attack	Full	+20 to Weapon Skill Test, you cannot use the Evasion Skill.
Charge	Full	Rush at an opponent and make a melee attack with a +10 bonus to Weapon Skill.
Evasion	Reaction	Test Dodge Skill to negate a hit.
Full Auto Burst	Half	Make a ranged attack at a -10 to Ballistic Skill, gaining one hit per Degree of Success.
Move	Half/Full	As a Half Action, move a distance up to your Half Move, or as a Full Action, move as distance up to your Full Move.
Reload	Varies	Reload a ranged weapon.
Run	Full	Move a distance up to your Run Move; enemies receive a -20 to Ballistic Skill to hit you and a +20 to Weapon Skill to hit you.
Semi-Auto Burst	Half	Make a ranged attack at a +0 bonus to Ballistic Skill, gaining one hit on the first Degree of Success, plus one hit for every two additional Degrees of Success.
Standard Attack	Half	Make one melee or ranged attack at a +10 bonus to Ballistic Skill or Weapon Skill.
Use Skill	Varies	You may use a Skill, with the time required determined by the GM.

NPCs

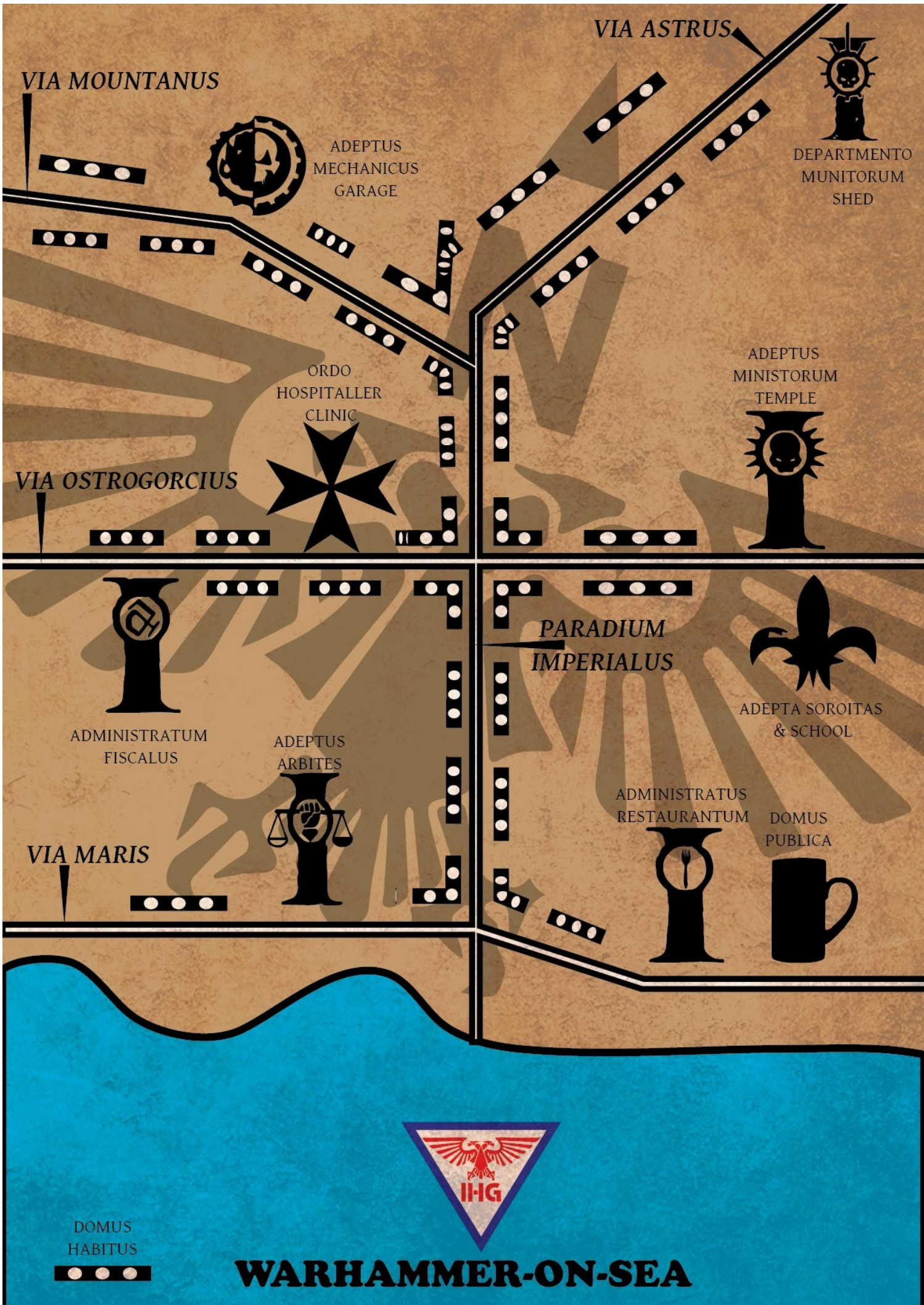
- **Governor Mayer:** A well spoken if light-handed bureaucrat, who like's long winded speeches and dress uniforms. He says things like “That's very nice” and “Yes, if you like that sort of thing”. His offices occupy most of the Adeptus Arbitus building, hence the squabble over space between Warden Hodge and Commissar-Captain Mainwaring.
- **Sister Mavis of the Adepta Sororitas;** Pike's “Mum” (and actual mother, though no-one would dare say publically), Sgt Wilson's secret lover. An angry woman at the best of times who takes no nonsense and would make anyone short of a Space Marine turn tail.
- **Brother Sponge of the Adeptus Mechanicus:** A short sighted and generally pleasant brother, but will not leave the garage, as he is now permanently attached to the building.
- **Adeptus Arbitus Warden Vilius Hodge:** A nasty piece of work who things the IHG are silly old men playing around, and considers himself really in charge (no-one things the Governor is, after all). He only has a few local goons, so he's not very dangerous, more of a nuisance. When the Tyranids arrive, he will cut and run.
- **Adeptus Ministorum Cardinal Aldhelm Farthing:** The well meaning, learned holyman, who is actually quite a shot with a LongLas (BS 45). Given there are no other sizable gathering halls in Warhammer-on-Sea bar the Temple's Hall, he remains an exasperated neutral between the petty bickering of Warden Hodge and Commissar-Captain Mainwaring.
- **Adeptus Astartes Brother-Sargent Square:** Loud, loud, even more loud. Standing eight or more feet tall and almost as wide (hence his name, probably), his timing is impeccable even if his manners are not. His Platoon of Space Marines will see off the Tyranids; his reaction to the IHG's behavior is another thing.

Random townsperson

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
25	25	30	30	25	25	25	25	30

Skills: Common Lore (Int), Trade: Farm (int), Operate (Ag)

Talents: WS: Melee (WS)



VIA MOUNTANUS

VIA ASTRUS

ADEPTUS
MECHANICUS
GARAGE

DEPARTAMENTO
MUNITORUM
SHED

ORDO
HOSPITALLER
CLINIC

ADEPTUS
MINISTORUM
TEMPLE

VIA OSTROGORCIUS

ADMINISTRATUM
FISCALUS

ADEPTUS
ARBITES

PARADIUM
IMPERIALUS

ADEPTA SOROITAS
& SCHOOL

VIA MARIS

ADMINISTRATUS
RESTAURANTUM

DOMUS
PUBLICA

DOMUS
HABITUS



WARHAMMER-ON-SEA

Commisar-Captain George Mainwaring

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
27	37	29	33	28	38	32	45	35

Wounds: 13

Fate Points: 3

Skills:

Command (Fel)

Common Lore Imperial Guard (Int)

Scholastic Lore: *Tactica Imperialis* (Int)

Scholastic Lore: *Administratum Fiscalus* (Int + 20)

Commerce (Int +20)



Talents:

Air of Authority (can command NPCs over 100 metres away)

Unshakable Faith (can reroll any WP roll for fear)

WT (Bolt), WT (Chain), WT (Las)

Equipment:

Broken Chainsword, Commisar-Captain's Uniform, reasonably smart suit.

George Mainwaring is a pompous, blustering figure with overdeveloped sense of his importance, fuelled by his social status in Warhammer-on-Sea as the manager of the local branch of the *Administratum Fiscalus*, and his (self-appointed) status as Commisar-Captain of the local Imperial Home Guard unit. He does have a number of redeeming qualities -- he is essentially brave, loyal, and industrious, is generally kindhearted beneath the bluster, and is unerringly patriotic. However, he believes in following rules and orders, sometimes to a ludicrous degree. As a manager of the *Administratum Fiscalus*, he is efficient if ruthless and stingy; as a military commander he is barely competent, confused by the 24-hour clock, and his plans result in chaos. Mainwaring has no combat experience and despite his shortcomings as a leader, considers himself an excellent military tactician.

The others:

Sergeant Arturas Wilson: Mainwaring views him as an upper class, elitist, entitled twit. And his best/only friend.

Lance-Corporal Johann "Jack" Jones (Heavy Weapons): Elderly veteran and going blind, but given his status as a Butcher in the *Administratus Restaurantum*, he makes sure there's meat on the table every dinner time.

Ogryn-Private Fray-Jur (Ogryn) – “Ogryn” and “delusion of granduer” aren't words often said in the same sentence, but Fray-Jur seems to think he's in next in command after Jones.

Ratling-Private Walka (Scout): A nasty sneaky piece of work, sadly necessary, given no-one else turned up.

Psyker-Private Franciscus Pike: A useless boy, both at Guardsman duty and as a psyker, but the woman responsible for him, Sister Mavis of the *Adepta Sororitas* is far more terrifying than any Inquisitor. Plus the boy is clearly to stupid to be any use to Chaos.

“I was wondering who'd be the first to spot that heresy.”

Sergeant Arturas Wilson

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
35	28	23	27	37	31	35	33	50

Wounds: 12

Fate: 3

Skills:

Command (Fel +10)

Inquiry (Fel +10)

Navigate: surface (Int)

Talents:

Air of Authority (command NPCs over 100 metres away)

WT(Bolt), WT (Las), WT (Solid Projectile)

Equipment:

Very nice suit (+5 fellowship rolls), IHG Uniform, antique shotgun.



Cheery, polite and social, Sgt Wilson is from the Nobility, who, after a brief career as an officer in the Imperial Guard, retired to the Farm World of Perrycroft for a bit of peace and quiet. Technically, his old rank of Captain would apply, if he had any ambition. Most people don't even know about this, and Wilson has no desire to make a point of that title or any other. He is generally happy to serve as the Chief Cashier of the *Administratum Fiscalus* of Warhammer-on-Sea, and play cricket. As Sargent, he does not bark orders, rather asking politely.

The others:

- Commisar-Captain Captain George Mainwaring: A pompous fool who, upon adopting the rank of Commisar-Captain, paraded around Warhammer-on-Sea for a whole day waiting for someone to salute him. Still, everyone needs a friend.
- Lance-Corporal Johann "Jack" Jones (Heavy Weapons): A veteran of numerous wars and probably blind at this point, so best to give him a gun with a better rate of fire, so he has a better chance of hitting something.
- Ogryn-Private Fray-Jur: Dour even for an Ogryn, and so interested in "rank" too.
- Ratling-Private Walka (Scout): A cheeky character, but he is useful for obtaining things.
- Psyker-Private Franciscus Pike (Psyker): Quite likely Wilson's son, though he is called "Uncle Artur" by the boy. The woman responsible for him, Sister Mavis, may be a member of the *Adepta Sororitas* but she does bake a delightful flan...and that sort of thing...

“Are you sure that's wise?”

Lance-Corporal Johann "Jack" Jones

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
37	54	22	24	26	27	25	33	35

Wounds: 11

Fate: 3

Skills:

Survival (per)

Common Lore: Imperial Guard (Int)

Operate: Surface (Ag)

Trade: Butcher (Int)

Talents:

Iron Jaw (If stunned, successful Toughness roll to ignore)

WT: Las, WT: Low Tech, WT: Solid Projectile, WT: Heavy

Equipment:

Butcher's apron, cleavers, Shotgun, IHG uniform



No-one really knows how old Jack Jones is. The local arbiters even say he was a drummer boy for the emperor himself. Either way, Jones has signed up for more wars than most guardsmen have fingers, and somehow, he's come back. Mostly due to incompetence and and luck. Jones is a very pleasant, dithering old fellow. He managed to survive a run in with several Xenos species (or "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" as he calls them) without any ammunition, ending up talking at length to said Xenos, who either gave up assuming Jones was mad, or were distracted long enough by Jones genteel charm to get shot by his squadmates. Regardless, attempts to get Jones retired from the Guard have been attempted for years, with him finally getting dumped on Perrycroft, which in the eyes of the Imperial Guard recruiters, was as far from them as possible. Even in old age, Jones works as a butcher in the *Administratum Restaurantum*, and like a man a quarter of his age or filled with cybernetics, Jones is full of a boundless energy...still getting himself into situations...

The others:

Commisar-Captain Captain George Mainwaring: Jones, like a good soldier, obeys his officers without question. No matter how idiotic.

Sergeant Arturas Wilson: Though he's the NCO, his informal manner results in the job getting done, but perhaps not in the most military of means.

Ogryn-Private Fray-Jur: Big fellow. Like a fuzzy-wuzzy, only not biting his head off.

Ratling-Private Walka: Jones likes a bit of snuff tobacco, so Walka is the best man for that. Plus Jones is probably the most cosmopolitan of the lot, even if he is a few marbles short.

Psyker-Private Franciscus Pike: Just as Jones has ended up having blithering conversations to Xenos, so the same with Pike. He will tell stories about Pskyers, usually ending up with some sort of prank being played, in good humour. Which probably didn't happen, given how people react to Pskyers, but Jones is that innocent or senile.

"Don't panic! Don't Panic!"

Ogryn-Private Fray-Jur

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
37	30	43 (+2)	47 (+2)	15	10	27	31	29

Wounds: 30

Fate: 1

Skills:

Survival (Per)

Craft: Farm (Int)

Talents:

Die Hard (Roll twice to resist death)

WT: Heavy, WT: Solid Projectile

Equipment:

Big stick, overalls, IHG hat.

Traits:

Auto-stabilised (always counts as braced), But It's Dark in Dere! (-10 to all skill roles in anything smaller than a building), Clumsy (cannot use normal size weapons), Size: hulking (+10 to hit, -10 to stealth, +1 AB for movement), Sturdy (+20 to resist grappling takedowns), Unnatural Strength (+2), Unnatural Toughness (+2)

Ogryn are not common in the empire, and usually found in the Imperial Guard as shock troops. Fray-Jur would be such a creature, but for one tiny thing – even other Ogryn find him dour. Its a combination of wanting to be a “Smart Un” and his pessimistic attitude that keep him from filling the niche of “psychotically loyal meatshield”. Instead, he has ended up on Perrycroft as a labourer. He fulfills this roll well, given his size and strength, but still, he knows that life on the farm will not get him “Rank and pips”. The Imperial Home Guard is a good halfway house, a chance to get rank but not have to go to War.



The others:

Commisar-Captain Captain George Mainwaring: Fray-Jur's attempt at being “smart” includes generally following the chain of command. He's smart enough to know that if he gets into the chain of command, sooner or later he'll *be* in command. Short-sighted, but it's something.

Sergeant Arturas Wilson : Fray-Jur's dour demeanour tends to clash with Wilson's dreamy postitivity, but Fray-Jur's takes Wilson's polite orders as sign he's getting somewhere.

Lance-Corporal Johann "Jack" Jones: Whenever Mainwaring or Wilson isn't around, Fray-Jur's is quick to declare himself second in command to Jones. Which is nice, but pointless, as Fray-Jur's is just Ogryn dim, whereas Jones is probably senile.

Ratling-Private Walka: Fray-Jur's (extremely) Little 'Un. As pretty much the only 2 abhumans on *Perrycroft*, they have a bond. Mostly based off drinking and Walka playing tricks on the dour giant.

Psyker-Private Franciscus Pike: Pike would worry Fray-Jur, but for the fact Pike is only marginally smarter than him. Somehow he knows Pike isn't much of a threat.

“We're Doomed!”

Ratling-Private Walka

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
24	42	30	20	35	29	48	31	39

Wounds: 7

Fate Points: 2

Skills:

Stealth (Ag +10)

Deceive (Fel)

Trade: Cook (Int)

Commerce (Int)

Awareness (Per)



Talents:

Deadeye Shot (called shot penalty is reduced by 10)

Heightened Senses: Sight, Smell, Taste (+10 bonus to any skill using this sense; does not apply to BS tests)

WT: Las, WT: Solid Projectile

Traits:

Size: Weedy (-10 to hit, +10 stealth, base movement -1AB)

Equipment:

Dapper suit (+5 Fel), child's Imperial Guard uniform with IHG logo, tradeable tobacco and unusual booze.

Walka is exactly what people think of Ratling – shady, sneaky and greedy. Which is fine, because if people know what they're in for, they don't expect smart too. Walka is well aware of how biggun's think of him, but since he can get stuff that the *Administratum* don't approve of, well he has a place. It may be an outside place, but the booze is warm and your hand is fast. That said, there's always a scam to be pulled, and working for the IHG is at least a veneer of respectability. That and odds are you won't be nabbed for the real Guard. That was a close one, last time. You called in a lot of favours to get “corned beef allergy” on your medical record...

The others:

Commisar-Captain Captain George Mainwaring: Uppity and never pays.

Sergeant Arturas Wilson: A pleasant fellow and one who always tips.

Lance-Corporal Johann "Jack" Jones: Fair deal, meat for tobacco. Walka trades fair...well, sort of fair.

Ogryn-Private Fray-Jur: Walka intended to use Fray-Jur as muscle, but since there's no-one who needs muscling out, and since he's the only other Abhuman about, it's all fairly moot. Plus, he's a drinking buddy now.

Psyker-Private Franciscus Pike: more scary since Walka is convinced Psykers read minds, and he's a secretive fellow.

“That'll be a bit tricky since he's the only one with a gun.”

Psyker-Private Franciscus Pike

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
23	28	25	31	31	19	31	44	29

Wounds: 10

Fate Points: 2

Skills:

Common Lore: Adepta Sororitas (Int)

Talents:

Heightened senses: Hearing +10 bonus to any skill using this sense)

WT: Las, WT: Low Tech

Equipment:

Sensible clothes with warm scarf, IHG uniform.

Traits:

Psyker (Psy rating 2), Telekinesis powers



Assail: Half action, +10 WP test, range 40 metres, 1d10 + 2 damage, 3 degrees of success and target is flung 1d5 metres and knocked prone

Crush: Half action, WP test, range 20 metres, Vs Toughness test, 1d10 + 2 damage, and snared

Shockwave: Half action, WP test, range self / anyone within 2 metres suffers 1d10 + 2 damage and knocked 2 metres back

Sister Mavis of the *Adepta Sororitas*, or “Mum” as he calls her, is Pike's guardian and keeper, as he is both a psyker...and an idiot. She is also his mother, the product of an illicit affair with Sergeant Arturas Wilson, but no-one's willing to admit to anything, and no-one ever told Franciscus.

Probably due to his parentage, Sister Mavis' influence and terrifying demeanour have kept Pike out of both the regular Imperial Guard and the Astronomicon. That said, he is like any other 17 year old boy, yearning for adventure. At least being in the Imperial Home Guard means' “Uncle Artur” can keep an eye on him.

Pike is not distrusted, despite being a psyker. Most people tend to think that the Ruinous Powers took one look and decided to move onto a less empty cerebellum.

The others:

Commisar-Captain Captain George Mainwaring: A bit of a stick in the mud and he keeps shouting at Pike. However Pike is more likely to cry than melt anyone's brain.

Sergeant Arturas Wilson: “Uncle Artur” is a mellowing influence on Pike, and usually the one keeping him from anyone who might bear pitchforks and torches.

Lance-Corporal Johann "Jack" Jones (Heavy Weapons): Works as a butcher in the *Administratus Restaurantum* and was a war hero of many campaigns, so always wanting to hear more stories about “Fuzzy-wuzzies” as Jones calls the Xenos.

Ogryn-Private Fray-Jur (Ogryn): Pike doesn't really see what the difference between him and normal people is, bar he's bigger and has an unusual (scottish) accent.

Ratling-Private Walka (Scout): Walka is a smooth talking crooked type, so Pike tends to be suckered in by whatever he says.

“I'll tell Mum!”