

THE POWERS OF CHAOS

Chaos fleets in Battlefleet Gothic

By Matt Keefe & Pete Haines

The powers of Chaos, and likewise their fleets, are myriad. Abaddon may have led a fleet of Chaos Undivided during the Gothic War, but there are nonetheless numerous fleets dedicated solely to the service of one of the Great Powers of Chaos – Khorne, Nurgle, Slaanesh and Tzeentch. Over the next few months we'll be releasing a number of new models to provide additional specific options for each of the Powers of Chaos, beginning this month with the *Terminus Est*, flagship of the Plaguefleets of Nurgle. In a series of accompanying articles, we'll be looking at the Powers of Chaos in Battlefleet Gothic. In this first instalment, Matt Keefe and Pete Haines introduce the Major Powers, plus full rules for the *Terminus Est* and the Plaguefleets of Nurgle.

THE CHAOS POWERS

There are many paths to damnation, and over its long, sorry history Mankind has trodden all of them. The four greatest are Khorne, Nurgle, Slaanesh and Tzeentch, each a component fragment of Chaos and a route to Mankind's ultimate damnation. Khorne is the Blood God, in whose name men kill. Nurgle is the Lord of Decay, by whose will men hide from the mortality they deserve. Slaanesh is the Prince of Pleasure, in whose empty promises men find escape from the sorrows of the world. Tzeentch is the Changer of Ways, by whose gifts men unwisely hope to change the inevitable fate which befalls them.

Each of these routes to damnation, and many more, may be followed, often by men who begin with good intents. To wish to escape death is perhaps understandable, yet it sorely overlooks the true destiny of man and entirely neglects to consider that a man, a creature born mortal, must surely pay for immortality. To bring change, to better oneself, is perhaps equally understandable, but when that change is wrought by lies, trickery and manipulation it is change unjustified, unearned and illegitimate, and thus not Man's true entitlement – merely a costly lie for which he must ultimately pay. So on leads the path to damnation.

Marks of Chaos

Once a man begins down the path to damnation, he is marked by it. Slightly at first, but marked nonetheless. A man might escape death, might survive the most virulent of plagues, but the boils and sores which strike at his flesh will scar him, mark him, nonetheless. These are physical marks, and perhaps nothing more than the marks made upon all men by the lives they lead, but once a man comes to know the path he is upon – once he can call its name, and the name of the power that leads him down it – then the mark may become something more. It becomes as a badge, a mark not merely inflicted upon him scar-like and accidental, but passed to him by the gods, taken and embraced knowingly, held up as a mark of devotion, of desire and of damnation. To have reached such a point is

to no longer question one's own path, or one's reason for being upon it, and so damnation in itself becomes an end or a goal, not merely a risk run by men of good heart doing their best. So it is then that their mark becomes a mark of damnation, a mark, indeed, of pure Chaos.

With such a mark of favour comes many gifts – gifts the unwary may well believe they can use to their own ends: to escape death, to change the things they hate about the world, to bring them the joy they deserve and so on. Each of the Gods of Chaos has their own mark, each a totem of that god's will and bringing with it the most unique gifts of that god. The effect of these gifts is far from uniform. Some may be random and uncertain, perhaps even unwelcome, the blessing of Chaos pure and undivided. Others are brought about by favour of one particular, or patron, god and so will take a form pleasing to the god and rewarding to the servant. The form of such patronages depends entirely on the chosen god and their unholy will.

The Shape of Change

Just as the powers of Chaos visit their warped and twisted blessings upon those followers who prove themselves worthy, so too do their gifts fall upon the great and aged machines devoted to them. A ship's form, its very materials, may be warped by the touch of Chaos to take on a form ever more pleasing to its patron. So it is that a ship might come to truly bear the mark of its god.

It is not merely the will of a god that can alter a ship, though. A dedicated and worshipful crew will lavish much time on their vessel, reshaping it in their god's image, branding great runes all across it, covering it in colours, symbols, substances or geometries favoured by their god as testament to their fervoured devotion. By weird enchantments and dark rituals, daemons, spirits and other entities likewise in their service of their patron may be summoned up, or even gifted whole areas of the ship, invited to dwell within its engines, sustained in the material realm by the same bound psykers and warp



engines that once allowed the ship safe passage through the Immaterium. Alone amongst the material creations of man, his magnificent starships are designed to travel both the material and the immaterial, and so offer a sanctuary to daemons which cannot be found elsewhere. These beings of Chaos might slumber within a ship's guns, launching fire from them with an unnatural fury; sweep formlessly throughout the ship's decks like a wailing ghost, driving off would-be boarders; or even lurk deep within the hull of the vessel itself, binding their own ancient malice with the intangible, yet no less resolute, will of the aged machine, birthing a vessel with a true heart of Chaos.



KHORNE

When the tribes of Man first travelled abroad upon the lands and seas of ancient Terra, when first they met their distant kin, their first words were not of peace and brotherly love. They were of anger, hatred and rage. This is the tragedy and saddest irony of Mankind; that in a universe poised to destroy him at every turn, in a world where his only friend is his brother; Mankind is as likely to turn his weapon upon his fellow man as upon his enemy.

Khorne is the manifestation of this violent, irrational aspect of human nature. He is the living embodiment of every hate-fuelled blow, every brutal killing, every pointless murder ever committed in the long, sad history of the Human race.

The Blood God sits upon a brass throne atop a mountain of skulls. The remains are those of his victims and his champions both, for he cares not whose blood is shed in his name. The skull mount forms an island amidst a vast ocean of blood: the living sacrificial essence of every victim of violent death throughout the ages.

Khorne is generally the dominant Chaos god, for he draws on the rawest, most elemental forces of human nature. His armies heave with those ensnared by notions of courage, honour, martial pride and revenge: all such concepts lead ultimately to the base of the Blood God's throne.

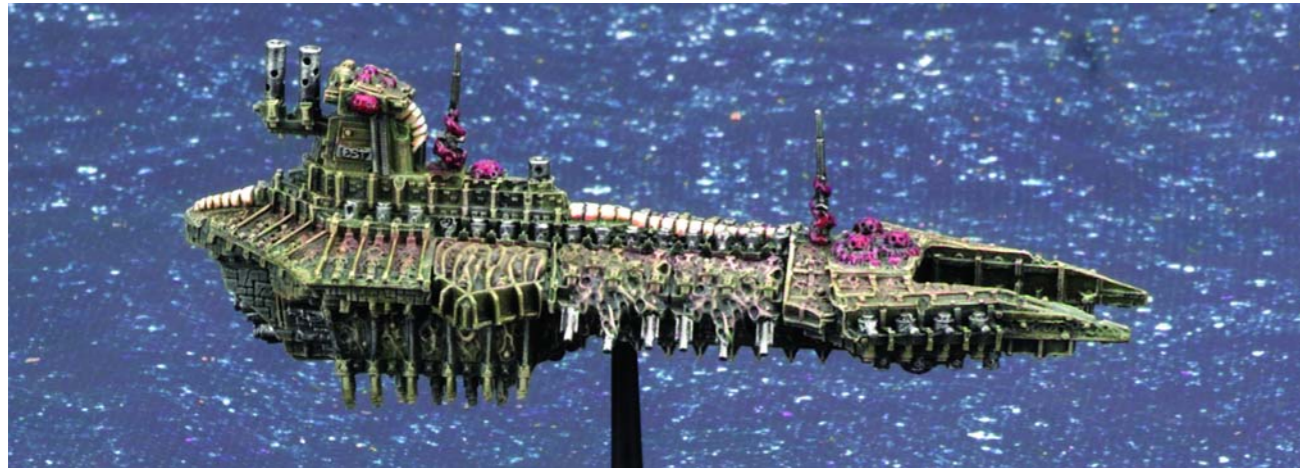
On every one of the million and more worlds that make up the Imperium there exist bodies of armed men. From the smallest garrison to the most populous fortress-world guarding an entire sector, warriors gather and train. Amidst these groups grow elite cadres, warrior-cults for whom martial pride and honour is all. Honour may give these men strength on the field of battle, but against Khorne it will prove their undoing, for pride becomes conceit in the Realm of Chaos, and from conceit it is but a short step to tyranny.

The Imperium of Man is driven by war. Upon thousands of worlds, a billion warriors strive for nothing more than slaughter. Amidst bloodshed on such a scale Khorne finds his followers, for when war has stripped a man of all decency, compassion and humanity, then his soul is open wide to the howling, hate-driven oaths of the Blood God. The antithesis of Khorne is Slaanesh. The Blood God rails against his rival's decadence and love of luxury. Where a follower of Khorne conquers through the application of crude, brutal force, a champion of Slaanesh delights in each delicate stroke of the blade, only releasing his victims from his attentions when they are wasted and used. Khorne also finds an opposite in Tzeentch, the Lord of Sorcery, whose elaborate scheming and use of magic he scorns as cowardly.

Chariots to Slaughter

To all but the blindest and most deranged of Khorne's followers, the need for ships to transport them across the stars is obvious, though beyond such cold utility even the most ancient of vessels deserves little more reverence. To Khorne's followers, such vessels are little more than steeds, chariots even, to take them to slaughter. Where other gods might visit their blessing equally upon their followers both man and machine, Khorne cares little for the beasts of steel, and it is instead upon the deranged and bloodthirsty warriors that slay in his name that Khorne's blessing falls.

Khorne's lust for blood eschews as cowardly and unworthy long-ranged guns of many traitor vessels. Even a perfectly well-armed and equipped warship of Khorne may forgo all firing as its frenzied crew instead plough furiously forwards, impatient to fall upon their enemy



hand-to-hand. With little love of magic or arcane technology, followers of Khorne are often equally loathe to rely upon such tricks as teleportation and instead enact the will of their god with their frenzied boarding actions.

So insanely devoured by the lust for blood are some that they forsake any form of shooting entirely, and instead populate drifting hulks, from where they can fall upon enemy fleets, or even worlds, in an unstoppable tide of boarding actions. Khorne is not blind to the need for firepower, though he gives no favour to it, and his fleets remain rigidly utilitarian in this regard, willing only to utilise those weapons and those tactics which will ultimately bring them closer to their target, closer to the slaughter.

SLAANESH
The hearts of mortals harbour the darkest of desires, and it is in Slaanesh that these desires find expression. Every culture imposes limits and standards on its peoples: Slaanesh is the manifestation of the desire to stretch these limits to breaking point, to exceed them, and to wallow in the act of violating ever more of civilised society.

Slaanesh is the youngest of the Chaos gods, having burst into being some ten thousand years ago at the moment of the Fall of the Eldar. Eldar society had, over the course of many centuries, regressed to a state of hedonism and self-indulgence, where every whim could be satisfied in an instant. The very nature of the Eldar race made them susceptible to excess. In one cataclysmic climax, almost the entire race was destroyed and Slaanesh was born with such force that the Eye of Terror came into being and the warp storms isolating Terra were driven away.

Slaanesh whispers to Man in many different voices; each whisper attuned to the most secret desires of the listener. Many desire perfection, whether in the intellect, the body or in ability, and Slaanesh will grant these individuals the power and drive to hone their desires to the utmost

excellence. The artist will produce works beyond Human comprehension, the narcissist hones their visage so that other mortals are driven insane with desire, and the warrior develops such abilities that a casual gesture may decapitate the mightiest of foes. To the followers of Slaanesh, the material world is a riot of colour, sound and sensation. However, their senses soon become accustomed to these levels of stimulation and they are driven to extremes in search of the slightest fulfilment.

The followers of Slaanesh often exhibit the utmost physical perfection to the naked eye, and on the exterior it may be true that no mortal is capable of such beauty. But the soul of each follower screams in eternal torment, as the gifts bestowed by the Prince of Chaos are purchased at a price as high as that demanded by any other Chaos god: eternal damnation.

Slaanesh may appear as male, female, hermaphrodite or androgynous. Whichever form he takes, his physical beauty is such that no mortal may look upon him and resist the urge to submit. Slaanesh is the rival of Khorne, who he sees as crude and unsophisticated. The Prince of Chaos does not have the resources to seriously challenge the Blood God; the very nature of his power is such that it will ultimately expend itself long before Khorne's hordes have satisfied their bloodlust.

The Floating Palaces of Slaanesh
Those vessels favoured by Slaanesh are nothing short of palatial – the finest and most delicately crafted of galleons, carefully maintained and lovingly restored, their every inch bedecked in the most precious metals and glittering gems, smothered in the richest and most extravagant of dressings, details and iconography, decorated with the most exquisite portraiture, sculpture and art, invariably portraying acts of the most perverse kind of beauty. Within the followers of Slaanesh both slumber in a malaise of ecstasy, drawing themselves into action only to further their exhausting pursuit of pleasure.

Such are the delights within that these Palaces of Slaanesh are as beacons of seduction to those that look upon them. Vessels nearing them might find their comm-links bombarded not by the expected hails of identification, allegiance and intent, but rather by a cacophony of giggles, screams, moans and gasps, both disorienting and enchanting, broadcast by the fickle followers of Slaanesh, seemingly uncaring, perhaps even unknowing, who watches them in their revelry. For those whose inadvertent frequency scanning or attempts at communication open up such a channel, it is a voyeuristic gaze at pleasure beyond comprehension and an aural enticement that would bring the weak to their knees.

But pain is pleasure also, as the incautious should not forget. To turn their guns upon the entranced crews of nearby ships is as much ecstasy to the followers of Slaanesh as it is agony to their victims. To board their vessels and take what captives may be found for purposes that may not be spoken is, to Slaanesh, not remotely a betrayal of the apparently harmless sensation which first proved so alluring to those same unwary victims. Such is the fate of any fool enough to stray close to the screaming Palaces of Pleasure which are the vessels of Slaanesh.

TZEENTCH
Tzeentch weaves the threads that connect every action, plot and subtle intrigue in a galaxy-wide game of manipulation and subterfuge. At the end of each of these threads writhe the ensnared soul of a Human puppet; his servants and agents who believe they serve the Lord of Sorcery in mutually beneficial pacts. The truth is that Tzeentch's every action is planned with its ultimate goal as his own establishment as the pre-eminent power in the Warp. Of course, the very nature of the Lord of Entropy is such that, were he to attain this goal, he would still strive for turmoil and change.

Tzeentch exerts his influence in the mortal realm through subtle manipulations and devious ploys. His victims are sorcerers drawn by the promise of forbidden knowledge, politicians lured by the power to outmanoeuvre their opponents. His power is sorcery, and as all sorcery flows from the fount of the Warp, so too is Tzeentch the master of that twisted medium. Tzeentch embodies mutability and change, the drive to evolve and manipulate. This spirit is present in the essence of every living creature from the first division of cells within the womb to the ultimate craving for survival. It is in the hearts of those with the strongest desire to prevail that Tzeentch whispers his insidious promise; offering a means to life eternal to those unwilling to accept death and oblivion as inevitable.

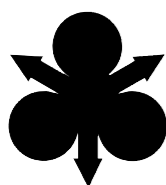
The main rival of the Lord of Sorcery is Nurgle. Where Tzeentch seeks to build and evolve, the Lord of Decay desires only to break down and dissolve. On innumerable occasions Tzeentch's intricate plots have been foiled by Nurgle's malign influence, and the two gods' servants clash as often with each other as with their mutual enemies.

Despite Tzeentch's rivalry with Grandfather Nurgle, he is nonetheless the god with the most influence over the others. At times, the Chaos gods must unite and act in concert if their individual plans are to reach fruition, and it is always Tzeentch who brokers these alliances. However, Tzeentch never acts out of altruism, and it can be guaranteed that every time he moves to unite the powers of Chaos he does so ultimately with his own unfathomable goals in mind.

Warp Entities
Alone amongst the Dark Gods, Tzeentch cares little to bring the vessels of Man under his service. The Warp is as much home to these vessels as the material universe, for they must travel through it at great length, and at greater peril, and cunning Tzeentch knows that it is here his power lies.

Within the Warp exist countless writhing entities, beasts of the Warp, born there or forged there by powers unspeakable. It is Tzeentch's great gambit that in his service these beasts are changed into the forms by which men might know them and fear them most – great, hungry leviathans and all consuming serpents are the pets of Tzeentch, creatures born from the hellish depth Man has conceived of ever since first his eyes gazed out upon the great oceans of Terra and knew that something truly terrible must lie beneath. That Man's own origins and birth lie also in such murky waters only adds to the instinctive dread and insurmountable fear such monstrosities awaken.

When his power is at its greatest, and when his loyal followers offer conduit and sacrifice enough that it might travel beyond the Immaterium, Tzeentch sends such beasts forth into the material universe itself, riding upon the tides of Chaos which surround the warfleets of Chaos, bouyed along by the surging waves of magick and eddies of unreality which Tzeentch's followers bring in their wake. Given form for a time, these leviathans fall upon Tzeentch's enemies like great predators, rending metal, flesh and soul apart with equal ease. The only mercy, perhaps, of such horrors is the inescapable impermanence of such Warp-spawned nightmares.



NURGLE

Death is the only constant in the realm of Man, and with death comes decay. Nurgle is the embodiment of disease and deterioration, the elemental forces that hold in check the energies of progress and evolution. There exists within every mortal the desire to let all around him rot, and to exult in the processes of disease and decomposition.

Nurgle empowers those who would see every accomplishment of Mankind reduced to mouldering ruin. He is the Lord of Decay, and his servants spread disease and contagion throughout the mortal realm in the name of their festering master.

Yet Nurgle's power embodies, by its very nature, the notion of the eternal cycle of life. Decay is inevitable, but so too is rebirth. The form that rebirth may take is, of course, rarely the ideal and if Nurgle has his way then it will take a form loathsome to Man.

Nurgle's appearance is the most abhorrent of the Chaos gods. His bloated body is home to every form of corruption imaginable, and his skin is covered in weeping sores. Foul Nurglings cavort amongst Nurgle's exposed organs, giggling with insane delight at the latest pestilence inflicted upon Mankind by their master.



Nurgle's followers suffer under the burden of his 'gifts' as much as they benefit from them. These gifts often take the form of repulsive diseases and hideous deformations which, while useful in spreading Nurgle's contagions, may often lead to the death of the carrier. The servants of Nurgle cry out to him to rid them of the gifts they so blatantly invited when they turned to worship him, and he takes great sport in prolonging their suffering through the granting of yet more of his marks.

Nurgle's power within the pantheon of the Chaos gods is inextricably linked to his workings in the mortal realm. When disease and pestilence are rife, then the Lord of Decay's influence is at its height. The very nature of Nurgle's power is such that it will inevitably consume all of its victims and leave few survivors to perpetuate the contagion. At this point the Plague God's might wanes and

his plans falter. But one thing is certain: the plague is never truly eradicated, and its spores are often spread far and wide before exploding into yet another epidemic, when once again Nurgle's legions are swelled with the grotesque living dead.

The only power that can oppose deterioration and decay are those represented by Tzeentch: change and evolution. The two gods are engaged in a galaxy-wide struggle of opposing forces, and whichever wins, the inhabitants of the material realms will be the ones who pay the highest price.

The Plaguefleets of Nurgle

Ships who met their end through disease and decay are the most pleasing sacrifices to Nurgle. Ships are cramped, claustrophobic places at the best of times, and the air which feeds their living crews is a commodity that must be endlessly recycled and filtered back into the vessel. Such lifeless air as this often becomes stale, and the stench of sweat and grime hangs heavy in it. Under this mask of filth, Nurgle and his dedicated followers find little difficulty in spreading something rather more virulent throughout a vessel. Such plagues aboard ships are not uncommon and Nurgle laughs gleefully at such works. A ship's entire crew may ail and weaken beneath this malady, and in such desperation they will turn to Nurgle for protection – and so a plagueship is born, its crew spared the sorrow of death, but instead gifted an eternity beset by the same plague which first laid them low.

But decay does not affect merely the living. Nurgle beams all the more proudly to see the creations of Man broken down by decay. The most virulent of his ills do not only strike at flesh, but also bring with them a noxious, stinging acidic feel to the air which can sicken even the metal of a warship. Like the bloated and pocked carcasses of his human followers, Nurgle plagueships bear these scars of disease like a badge of worship – liquified rust running like blood across the hull of his plagueships, cankered and broken power supplies, plasma coils and radiation conduits seeping their magmas like puss while cracked, broken and pulped metals so utterly robbed of their shape as to appear masses of contorted, strangled flesh rise like sores from the once sturdy hull...

Author	Matt is Head of System for Battlefleet Gothic. That means he has to supply material for Fanatic magazine, plan ranges, develop future products for the game, and worst of all, re-pin the studio's ships that have snapped off their stem.	
Further Information	Interested about Battlefleet Gothic? More can be found in Battlefleet Gothic: Armada, whilst the full range of BFG is available from Games Workshop.	
More BFG	Turn to page 52 for the Rogue Trader fleet lists, and turn to page 80 for the next part of Privateer.	
Websites	www.BattlefleetGothic.com	

THE PLAGUEFLEET OF NURGLE

FLEET COMMANDER

0-1 Chaos Warmaster

You can only include a Chaos Warmaster in your fleet if it includes any capital ships. He must be assigned to the most expensive ship and improves its rolled Leadership by +2, to a maximum of 9.

Chaos Warmaster (Ld +2) 135 pts
Chaos Warmasters get one re-roll. The Warmaster may be given an extra re-roll at a cost of +25 points. In addition the Warmaster has the Mark of Nurgle.

Chaos Lords

Any capital ship, apart from that of the Warmaster, may be captained by a Chaos Lord. If so then add +1 to the Leadership rolled for the ship at the start of the game subject to a maximum of 9.

Chaos Lord (Ld +1) 25 pts
A Lord may be given a re-roll (which he can use for his own ship or squadron only) at +25 points. A ship commanded by a Lord may be given a Mark of Nurgle.

Mark of Nurgle +35 pts

The vessel is rank with putrescence and the many plagues of the Lord of Decay. It gains 1 Damage Point and may not be boarded.

CAPITAL SHIPS

Battleships

You may include up to one battleship in your fleet for every three cruisers or heavy cruisers. A fleet of 1,000 points or more may include the Terminus Est as one of its battleships, subject to the normal restrictions.

0-1 Terminus Est 430 pts
Despoiler class battleship 400 pts
Desolator class battleship 300 pts

Grand Cruisers

You may include up to one grand cruiser in your fleet for every three cruisers or heavy cruisers.

Repulsive class grand cruiser 230 pts
Vengeance class grand cruiser 230 pts
Retaliator class grand cruiser 275 pts
Executor class grand cruiser 210 pts

Heavy Cruisers

You may include up to one heavy cruiser in your fleet for every two cruisers.

Chaos Styx class heavy cruiser 290 pts
Chaos Hades class heavy cruiser 200 pts
Chaos Acheron class heavy cruiser 190 pts

0-12 Cruisers

Chaos Devastation class cruiser 190 pts
Chaos Murder class cruiser 170 pts
Chaos Carnage class cruiser 180 pts
Chaos Slaughter class cruiser 165 pts

DEATH GUARD CHAOS SPACE MARINE CREWS

Any capital ship can be designated as having a Death Guard Chaos Space Marine crew at +35 points. The ship will be subject to the Chaos Space Marine special rules described in Battlefleet Gothic: Armada. If the ship contains the Warmaster or a Lord then you can assume that he is also a Chaos Space Marine. A ship with a Chaos Space Marine crew may have a Mark of Nurgle, even if a Warmaster or Lord does not captain it. For an extra 10 points, battleships and grand cruisers with Chaos Space Marine Warmasters, Lords or crews may include Death Guard Chosen Terminators, which follow the special rule for Chaos Chosen Terminator boarding actions in Battlefleet Gothic: Armada.

Daemonship

Up to a third of the capital ships in a Plaguefleet may be upgraded to Daemonships at the additional points cost shown, based upon the type of vessel chosen.

Battleship +85 pts
Grand cruiser +65 pts
Heavy cruiser +60 pts
Cruiser +55 pts

A Daemon ship may not be commanded by a Warmaster or a Chaos Lord even if it is the largest ship in the fleet. This is an exception to the normal rule. A Daemon ship may not have a Chaos Space Marine crew. Any number of capital ships can be upgraded to Daemon ships subject to these limitations.

All Daemonships in a Plaguefleet have the Mark of Nurgle (included in the cost to upgrade them to Daemonships).

ESCORTS

You can include any number of escorts in your fleet.

Chaos Idolator class raider 45 pts
Chaos Infidel class raider 40 pts
Chaos Iconoclast class destroyer 30 pts

ORDNANCE

Ships with launch bays can have a mixture of Swiftdeath fighters, Doomfire bombers and Dreadclaw assault craft. Ships with torpedo tubes are armed with normal and boarding torpedoes.

A ship with a Death Guard Chaos Space Marine crew may be equipped with Thunderhawk Gunships but if so it may only carry Thunderhawks and may not launch Swiftdeaths, Doomfires and Dreadclaws. Furthermore the launch capacity of the ship's bays is halved (round down). This is because the launch bays have to be substantially rebuilt to deal with the larger Thunderhawks.

The *Terminus Est* was one of the first capital ships assigned to the Death Guard by the Emperor. It was of a unique design that pre-dated the Great Crusade and which was copied in M36 as part of the Garcox Prerogative to create the Despoiler class. As might be expected the older vessel was considerably more powerful than the later copy.

Nothing definite is known of the pre-Heresy configuration of *Terminus Est*. References exist that suggest it was primarily employed as a planetary assault ship. This is not unusual as it conforms with the role assigned to the vessels of the Space Marine Legions. Many of the vessels used in the Great Crusade were, however, handicapped by system failures that the Imperium lacked the ability to repair. Often this would result in many systems being replaced with less efficient but more easily maintained alternatives.

The role of *Terminus Est* during the Heresy is better known. At Istvann the *Terminus Est* engaged and destroyed *Shadow of the Emperor*, the flagship of the Raven Guard. It is argued that this engagement was the earliest recorded conflict between battleships specialised to carry attack craft. The engagement was swift and deprived the embattled loyalist forces of any air support in the massacre that followed.

When *Terminus Est* was sighted as part of the armada that followed Horus to Terra it had changed. The Mark of Nurgle was upon it and all the other vessels of the Death Guard. When Mortarion led the assault on the Lion Gate starport Typhus controlled the Plaguefleet and it is suspected actually began the orbital bombardment of the Emperor's Palace.

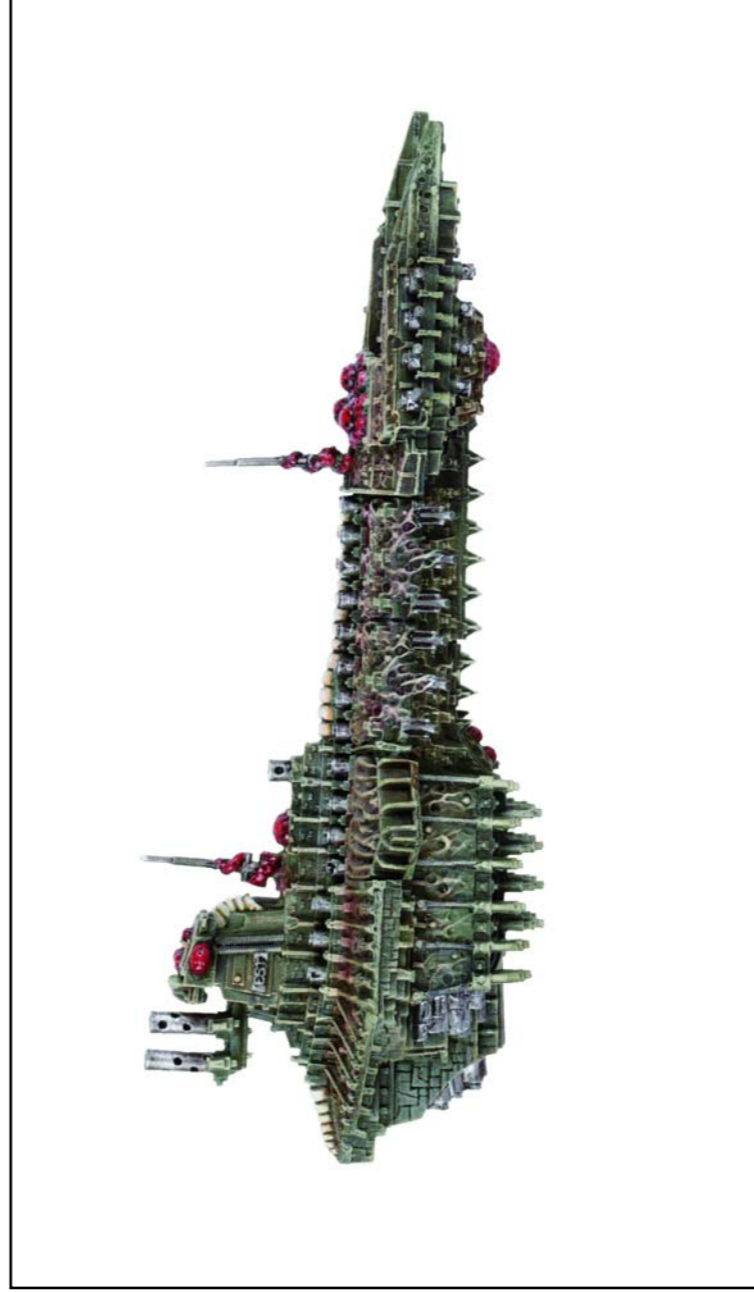
Following Horus' death and the arrival of loyalist reinforcements the *Terminus Est*'s formidable reserves of attack craft were expended as a rearguard while the Death Guard were evacuated back to their ships. Along with the rest of the Traitor Legions the Death Guard fled to the Eye of Terror and disappeared from Human knowledge for centuries.

In the Eye it is suspected that the Traitor Legions fought amongst themselves. It is the boast of the Death Guard that their Primarch-turned-Daemon Prince Mortarion

conquered a mighty empire within the Eye and transformed it to his own tastes. Typhus and the *Terminus Est* were among the first of the Death Guard to be sighted again when they brought plague to the Agripinaa system in M35. The success of the *Terminus Est* in defeating the battlegroups sent against it had a major effect on the thinking of the Imperial Navy. In M36 an Adeptus Mechanicus expeditionary force succeeded in finding schematics of its design on the perditia world of Barabus and began building the Despoiler class. Little were they to now that the core architecture and design of the class' warp shields hid a fundamental flaw. Only when in the following centuries the vessels of this class were either lost in the Warp or turned renegade did the realisation strike home.

The *Terminus Est* and Typhus did not assume a central role in the Gothic War. A single sighting near Anvil 206 was the only evidence of their presence. However, considering the later incidents traced back to Anvil 206 it is clear that a particular mission was accomplished.

In M41 the *Terminus Est* is one of the oldest ships known to the Imperium, the power of Nurgle holding its ancient hull together while the most virulent plagues seethe through its dank corridors. The *Terminus Est* is a part of Nurgle's realm given license to travel the stars, spreading death at the behest of its damned captain. There will be no rest for the Imperial Navy until it is finally hunted down and cleansed forever.



Miasma of Pestilence. The *Terminus Est* is surrounded by vast swarming clouds of the same Warp-spawned flies which buzz and howl through its interior, and which first transformed Typhus into the Host of the Destroyer Hive. This miasma permeates outwards from the ship, through blisters, boils and fractures in its surface or through corroded, useless discharge tubes and weapon barrels. The miasma replaces the ship's turrets, and works in exactly the same way as turrets against attack craft, but has no effect against torpedoes.

The miasma is so thick that it obscures and distorts the shape of the *Terminus Est*, meaning that vessels within 15cm do not benefit from the normal column shift to the left when firing at the *Terminus Est*.

Hives of Nurgle. Along either side of the *Terminus Est*, row upon row of festering pustules, hives, boils and sores erupt outwards from the ship's cankered skin. These growths cover the rusted remains of what was presumably once the ship's main broadside batteries, growing in a diseased parody of these weapons like coral over rock. They seep and bloat, periodically erupting violently and hurling a mixture of corroded debris, ammunition and filth out into space. The Hives of Nurgle function in exactly the same way as weapons batteries. In addition, the Nurgle player may place a single Blast marker anywhere along the *Terminus Est*'s course after each move, to represent the constant seeping from these hives.

Mark of Nurgle (extra hit already included on profile). *Terminus Est* cannot be boarded.

Cumbersome. May not use Come To New heading special orders.

Flagship. The *Terminus Est*, if chosen, must be your fleet's flagship, and must have the fleet's Warmaster placed aboard it. This rule is ignored if (Emperor forbid) the *Planet Killer* is also present.

TYPE/HITS	SPEED	TURNS	SHIELDS	ARMOUR		TURRETS
				4	5+	
Battleship/13	20cm	45	4	5+	4* (Miasma of Pestilence)	
ARMAMENT						
Prow Launch Bays	Swiftdeaths 30cm Doomfires 20cm Dreadclaws 30cm		3 Squadrans			-
Port Launch Bay	Swiftdeaths 30cm Doomfires 20cm Dreadclaws 30cm		3 Squadrans			-
Starboard Launch Bay	Swiftdeaths 30cm Doomfires 20cm Dreadclaws 30cm		3 Squadrans			-
Port Hives of Nurgle	30cm		Firepower 6			Left
Starboard Hives of Nurgle	30cm		Firepower 6			Right
Prow Lance Battery	30cm		Strength 4			Left/front/right
Dorsal Lances	45cm		Strength 4			Left/front/right
FIREPOWER/STR						
FIRE ARC						