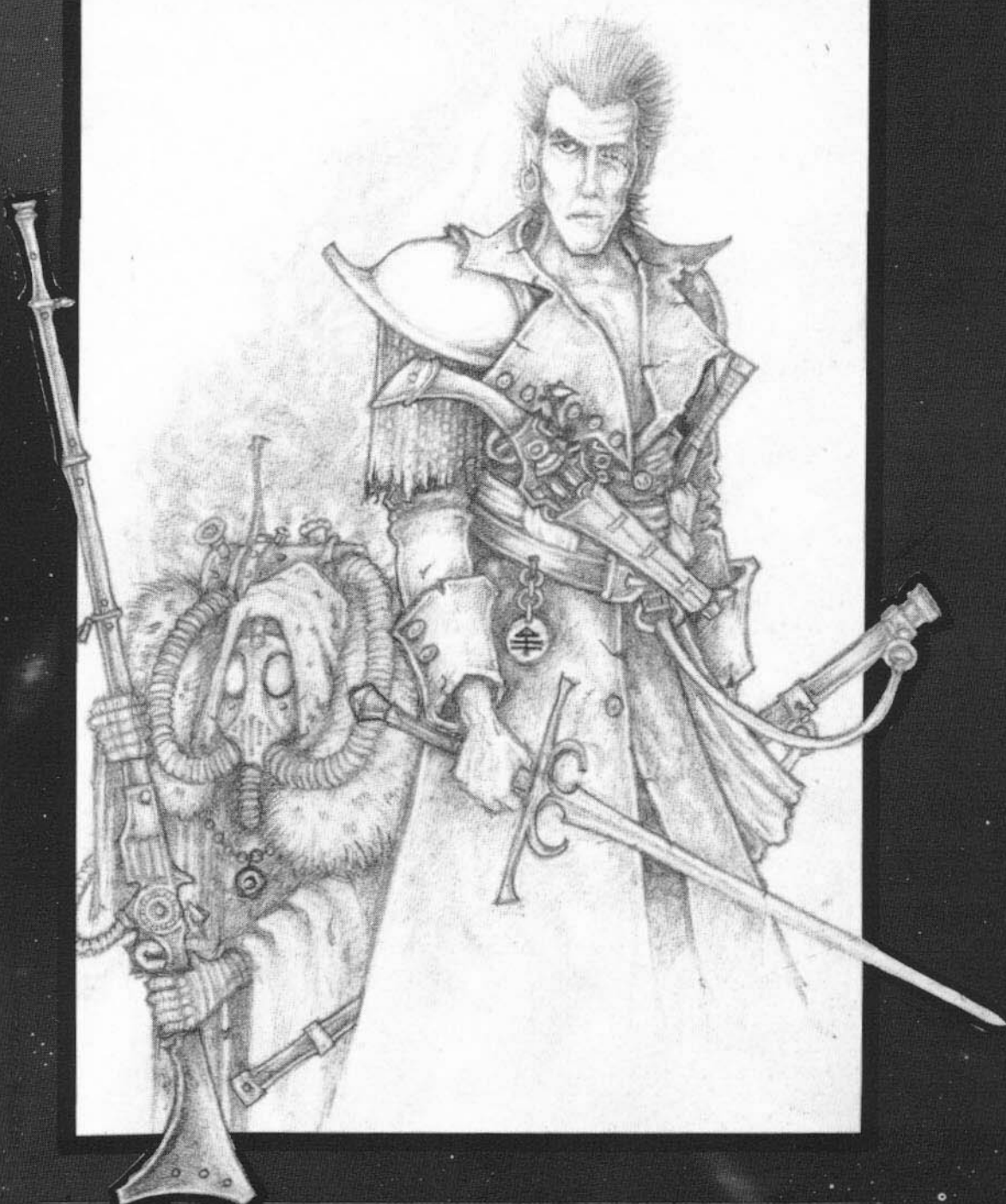




or more than a hundred centuries the Emperor has sat immobile on the Golden Throne of Earth. He is the Master of Mankind by the will of the gods and master of a million worlds by the might of his inexhaustible armies. He is a rotting carcass writhing invisibly with power from the Dark Age of Technology. He is the Carrion Lord of the Imperium to whom a thousand souls are sacrificed every day, and for whom blood is drunk and flesh eaten. Human blood and human flesh - the stuff of which the Imperium is made.

To be a man in such times is to be one amongst untold billions. It is to live in the cruellest and most bloody regime imaginable. This is the tale of these times. It is a universe you can live today if you dare - for this is a dark and terrible era where you will find little comfort or hope. If you want to take part in the adventure then prepare yourself now. Forget the power of technology, science and common humanity. Forget the promise of progress and understanding, for there is no peace amongst the stars, only an eternity of carnage and slaughter and the laughter of thirsting gods.

But the universe is a big place and, whatever happens, you will not be missed. . . .

**BEWARE!**

Citizens of Logans World be warned that, during a brief lull in the warp-storm, the renegade *Myron Jubalgunn* arrived upon your planet in concert with a dangerous alien of unknown origin. The presence of these criminals upon Logans World constitutes a threat to all its inhabitants and to true men everywhere. Citizens withholding information about these enemies of the Imperium shall suffer the undiminished wrath of the Master of Mankind.

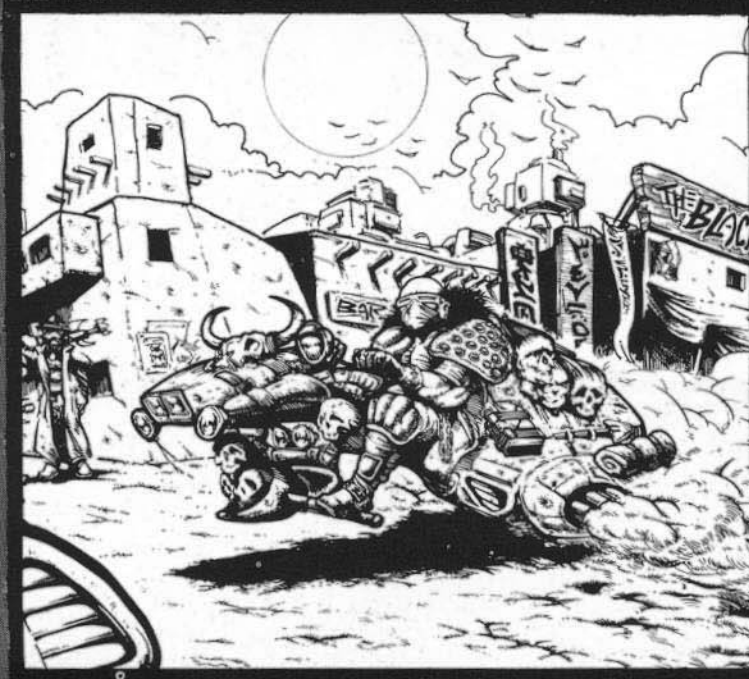
Inquisitor Toulon Hess





Mercenary warriors hire their services to the mining and bus gangs in Helsreach.

Isolated for up to eight years at a time, technological atrophy and improvisation is the order of the day on Logans World.



The tides of warp-space blow in unpredictable ways. Sometimes, settlements become isolated by impenetrable warp storms, denying access or escape for their inhabitants. At other times, worlds isolated for millennia are suddenly and inexplicably freed from the grip of the storm.

The Lost Worlds lie deep within the epicentre of a persistent warp storm known to Navigators as the 'Eye of Terror'. For years this raging storm halts all travel within its warp-space boundaries. Then, once every four to ten years, the eye blinks, and for a few days only, ships of all races fly to and from the Lost Worlds. Many Imperial planets lie deep within the Eye of Terror, and so too do many alien, and anarchic planets. The



Imperium holds back from these lawless worlds, unwilling to risk entrapment within the unpredictable warp storms.

Where Imperial Order has no meaning, humans and aliens co-exist in societies moulded by anarchy, violence and self-interest. Fortunately the very warp storms that keep out Imperial agents also keep out psychically dangerous warp-entities.

Logans World is a typical example amongst the Lost Worlds. Upon its barren and waterless surface live men and Orks, often fighting, sometimes trading, at times even cooperating to overcome the hostile environment.

Chapter Information.

Update.



When the Eye of Terror blinks, ships fly between the Lost Worlds and the rest of the galaxy. Miners ship their ores and slavers play their loathsome trade. Where chance permits, the forces of the Imperium make their mark, bringing to the Lost Worlds the brutal order of the Imperium, if only for a few days.



Helsreach is the largest settlement on Logans World. Within its boundaries the rival Ork and Human gangs hold to the peace ... most of the time.

Mining is the life-blood of Logans World, and the routes between Helsreach and the mines are controlled by the corporate bus gangs. Bus gangers are tough racketeers, making their money by serving the scattered mine heads. Even the toughest mine gangs wouldn't dream of risking the journey without the protection of the bus gangs.



The bus gangs operate armoured hover-buses between Helsreach and the mines. Passengers are expected to help defend bus convoys during the inevitable attacks by hill bandits.





Mercenaries indicate their status by a white patch or band from eye-to-eye. All the mine and bus gangs hire mercenaries in addition to their own men.

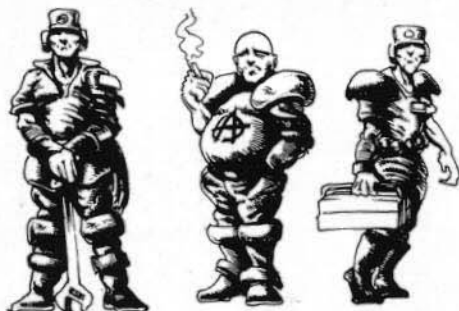


The mountains surrounding Helsreach are inaccessible and bleak. Unfortunately the only route to the mines lies through them, and also through the territories of the hill bandits.

Beyond the generally neutral ground of Helsreach every creature is at the mercy of slavers. Slavers raid buses for human slaves which they sell to the Orks.



HOVERBUS GANGMEN



HELS REACH STREET PUNKS



ORC SLAVERS



HILL BANDITS



MERCENARY-GANG WARRIORS



WATER SELLER & GUARDS



MINERS AT WORK & RELAXING

