

DIARY OF A REDEEMER

75.5.202 - A Skirmish in the Underworld

We began our crusade operating from a water still near the depraved hellhole of Castle Rock. We were told by the good folk working the still about a foul band of Scavvies, mutants and other daemons that was lurking in the tunnels nearby. I resolved to purge these monstrosities as my first act of Redemption in the Underhive.

When we found the tunnels they were so thick with toxic fog that Brother Radov and myself had to turn back, unable to fight. The Brethren wished to turn back also but I insisted they push on, reminding them of their vows to destroy the impure at all costs. Led by the Deacons they continued and I heard the sounds of gunfire a little later.

The Brethren returned battered and disheartened, Deacon Varnak and Zealot Vorshgar were hurt, though not badly. They had found the Scavvies in a series of chambers as the fog cleared and the Deacons had castigated their foulness with purifying flame and plasma. But more of the evil ones came and drove the righteous back with rotting Zombies and half-Lizard mutants. Zealot Dex scavenged some valuable loot from the tunnels so they were not entirely empty-handed, but I swore that we would return to bring righteous judgement down upon the heads of these Spawn of Darkness.

76.5.202 - A Return to the Underworld

We healed ourselves in a holestead owned by true believers. These simple folk bequeathed a great gift of credits unto us which had been given to them, they said, by travellers from the decadent Noble House Ulanti, in exchange for directions. It pleases me to think of such tainted mammon, redolent with lust and self indulgence, being expended on the righteous cause of the Redemption. Sinners will be repaid in full for their crimes!

Once all were healthy again I led them back to the tunnels and we stalked down the Scavvy band, whom I perceived to be called the Bloodworms from the scrawled graffiti. In time, we ambushed the polluted ones in a passage as they were fighting off a swarm of Carrion bats. While I led a frontal attack Brother Radov and Zealot Dex fell upon them from behind and burned their deviant leader and a number of his underlings. The hulking Lizard mutants almost fought the Brethren off, but the evil ones broke and fled just as it seemed they might get the upper hand.

Both Brother Radov and Zealot Dex were badly injured, Radov suffered a head wound and Dex lost three fingers. However we found one dead Scavvy after the fight, and another one still much alive. I determined he was beyond Redemption and soon freed him from his excremental existence with purifying flames.

81.5.202 - A Hard-fought Battle in the Ruins

We travelled onwards to a seminary which undertook its good work of training novice Brethren under the guise of a simple settlement. As we made ready to patrol the badzones around the seminary, Father Karkan (who ran it) told us of an area of mutant-haunted ruins where we could scavenge for archeotech. Wisely, though, he warned us that other gangs often scavenged there.

I spoke with the Brethren and found to my delight that they were determined to bring Redemption onto the benighted place. As we entered the ruins, foul rodents of unusual size assailed us, though fortunately no-one was hurt and the rats soon fled. The reason for the rodents' presence soon became apparent as we caught sight of scuttling, man-like shapes clad in furs: Ratskins.

We played a deadly game of hide and seek through the ruins as the savages tried to surround us and cut us off from the booty. As he sprang forward Zealot Vorshgar was assailed by a whooping Ratskin brave but he laid the barbarian low with a sweep of his Eviscerator.

Deacon Sturm and Zealot Vorshgar charged toward the loot but Zealot Dex was delayed by more mutant rats attacking him. Deacon Varnak blasted a Ratskin with his plasma gun, purging him with brilliant fire. Sturm clambered up to a walkway to fight with another brave but Vorshgar failed to get there in time to help.

Disaster struck as Deacon Varnak, attempting to give Sturm covering fire with an unfamiliar autopistol, accidentally hit Vorshgar and injured him. Sturm was unfortunately distracted and fell in combat. Seconds later, as he stood stunned by his mistake, Varnak was hit and fell from the gantry he was standing on, only Zealot Dex's quick thinking in charging forward at this point kept the Ratskins at bay.

I caught sight of the Ratskin's Shaman and blasted at him with my melta, but my aim unlike my faith was well off target. Almost immediately I was hit and fell unconscious for a few minutes. By the time I recovered my wits the savages were in retreat, abandoning two of their injured to our tender ministrations, along with some unclaimed loot.

Why the Ratskins retreated I know not, perhaps so that they could trail us in the hopes of ransacking a Redemptionist settlement. To this end I have led the Brethren to a workshop run by men sympathetic to our cause so that we may prepare and anoint our weapons before we clash with the unholy Ratskins again.

Two new novices accompanied us from the seminary. This kind thought of Father Karkan proved to be extremely wise indeed because a short time later Zealot Dex succumbed to Zombie Plague, which he must have caught during his encounter with the rats and died – a tragic fate for a true believer. We burned the walking cadaver he had become – he would have wanted it that way. I know the Ratskins trailing us wish to free their fellows – but I perceive that these captured savages are not beyond redemption and may be the first I will have a chance to save in the Underhive.

82.5.202 - The Ratskins Return

The Ratskins attacked us while Brother Radov and the two novices were guarding the prisoners. Though Novice Marak was felled by a silenced autopistol, Brother Radov and Novice Krasta fought with the strength of righteousness and managed to raise the alarm. Novice Krasta deserves special mention, because in this, his first battle against the forces of darkness, he vanquished the Ratskin's chief in hand-to-hand combat. Brother Radov felled one savage mutant with his flail and then flamed the Ratskin's Shaman, an evil warlock greatly in need of purging.

Myself and Novice Nitz were the first to arrive in response to the alarm and we immediately flamed some surprised Ratskins. I was slightly wounded by a shotgun slug before the Ratskins fled but I felt so overjoyed that the Brethren had battled with such conviction.

Afterwards I offered the two prisoners the chance to repent their sinful ways and join our righteous crusade. Alas, neither of the two savages would recant their wayward, devil-worshipping faith so I was forced to purge their sins with the fires of purity. Surely there must be some humans in this hellish pit who can see the path of Redemption when it is revealed to them! I should not torture myself with this fear, my path here is not just to save souls but to destroy evil in all its forms and our success in that cannot be questioned.

We remained at the workshop to prepare ourselves for our next battle, and to educate the workers who had given us only 10 credits as their tithe. I know not where we will find our next challenge but I am confident that it will become apparent soon enough.

84.5.202 - Striking Back at the Crime Lords

A few days after the Ratskins' attack a wandering zealot from No Hope arrived at the workshop bearing news. The Zombie Plague which had taken poor Zealot Dex's life had spread and the Ratskins' chief had fallen victim to it as well. The remainder of the Ratskins had cast themselves onto their leader's funeral pyre so evidently we taught them some measure of redemption in our encounters. Zealot Tyrus was happy to have found the cause he craved for and I was pleased to accept him into our crusade. Now we stand ten strong against evil and sin.

Zealot Tyrus had heard of a band of outlaws called the Black Hand that were attempting to lay claim to a water still beyond No Hope. The Black Hand were a long established gang of criminals and deviants whose history was steeped in infamy and wrongdoing. Their shadowy leader was in No Hope at present, seeking a supply of Spur for his drug-crazed followers. I at once determined to strike at this scion of evil while his cohorts were scattered throughout No Hope miring themselves in sin and frivolity like beasts. Leaving Deacon Sturm and Novice Marak to guard the workshop we moved off swiftly to lay a trap for this monster.

With the help of the faithful in No Hope we located the cellar bar where the Black Hand's leader was lurking and spread out around its only exit to await his emergence. Within an hour our patience was rewarded as the leader emerged accompanied by a brutal-looking bodyguard. There was no sign of the rest of his gang and my heart sang with joy. They were unsuspecting and we caught them in a sudden crossfire which was woefully inaccurate.

Deacon Varnak injured the bodyguard with a plasma bolt but both criminals leapt for cover with the speed of lashworms. The Black Hand's leader emerged briefly to snap off a boltgun shot which felled Brother Tiler from his rooftop position next to Varnak. I signalled the Zealots and Brethren to move in for the kill.

The bodyguard and leader split up, each running a different direction. Zealot Vorshgar attacked the bodyguard and cut him down with his Eviscerator. The rest of us pursued the leader as he ran into the bottom of a building where Zealot Tyrus and Novice Krasta were trying to cut off his escape.

By the time I arrived with Brother Radov, Novice Krasta was lying in pieces on the floor and the evil one was hacking down Zealot Tyrus with a glowing power sword. In red fury I levelled my melta gun and fired, catching the crime lord full in the chest with a blast of thermal energy. He fell, smoking to the ground and I became aware of the staccato rattle of a heavy stubber outside. The rest of the Black Hand were on their way and we had to make our escape.

Novice Krasta was dead, sad for such a promising crusader. Tyrus was horribly scarred but he takes pride in his first badges of courage. Brother Tiler's chest wound is serious and I fear his health will be impaired permanently. We rejoined Deacon Sturm and Novice Marak in the wastes, and they brought a far more worthy contribution from the workshop with them. Best of all was a huge donation from the faithful in No Hope for resisting the Black Hand on their behalf, brought to us by a new Novice, named Norley. The Black Hand's leader lived, much to my disgust, perhaps our faith is not yet strong enough to destroy devils such as he.