

THE HORUS HERESY®

Dan Abnett and Neil Roberts

MACRAGGE'S HONOUR

The vengeance of Ultramar



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THE HORUS HERESY®

It is a time of legend.

The galaxy is in flames. The Emperor's glorious vision for humanity is in ruins. His favoured son, Horus, has turned from his father's light and embraced Chaos.

His armies, the mighty and redoubtable Space Marines, are locked in a brutal civil war. Once, these ultimate warriors fought side by side as brothers, protecting the galaxy and bringing mankind back into the Emperor's light. Now they are divided.

Some remain loyal to the Emperor, whilst others have sided with the Warmaster. Pre-eminent amongst them, the leaders of their thousands-strong Legions are the primarchs. Magnificent, superhuman beings, they are the crowning achievement of the Emperor's genetic science. Thrust into battle against one another, victory is uncertain for either side.

Worlds are burning. At Istvan V, Horus dealt a vicious blow and three loyal Legions were all but destroyed. War was begun, a conflict that will engulf all mankind in fire. Treachery and betrayal have usurped honour and nobility. Assassins lurk in every shadow. Armies are gathering.

All must choose a side or die.

Horus musters his armada, Terra itself the object of his wrath. Seated upon the Golden Throne, the Emperor waits for his wayward son to return. But his true enemy is Chaos, a primordial force that seeks to enslave mankind to its capricious whims.

The screams of the innocent, the pleas of the righteous resound to the cruel laughter of Dark Gods. Suffering and damnation await all should the Emperor fail and the war be lost.

The age of knowledge and enlightenment has ended.

The Age of Darkness has begun.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE – XIII LEGION ‘ULTRAMARINES’



MARIUS GAGE
Chapter Master of the XIII Legion,
First Chapter



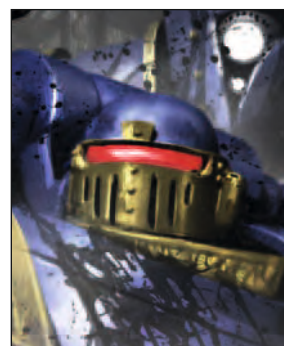
AERION MERSAROR
Centurion, First Company,
Captain of Vindicus Squad



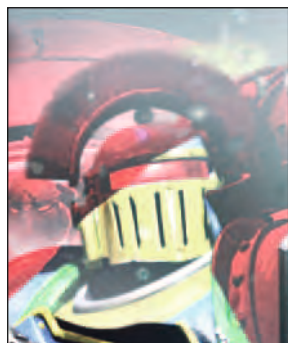
LAUS EDROS
Captain, 70th Company



ALEKTUS
Battle-brother, First Company



DRAXUS IAX
Battle-brother, First Company



GAIS BRONTIR
Honoured Veteran,
Naxos Kill-squad



MARTIAL VIVORUS
Honoured Veteran,
Bellaxes Kill-squad



OUON HOMMED
Acting Shipmaster, *Macragge's Honour*



KOLOS ZARATAINI
Officer of Auspex,
Macragge's Honour



JANA LIGHTHOURL
Acting Officer of Artifice,
Macragge's Honour



SIRE SARGUNE MARA SEPT LOQUOI –
Navigati Secundus,
Macragge's Honour

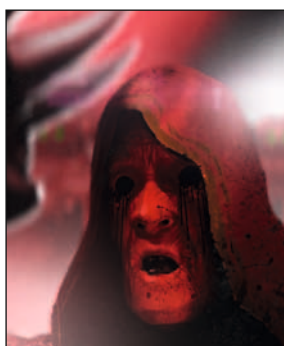
DRAMATIS PERSONAE – XVII LEGION ‘WORD BEARERS’



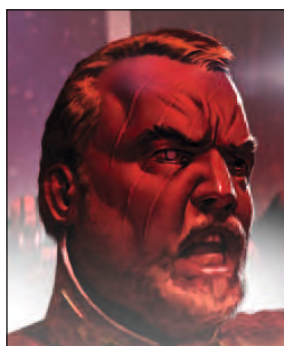
KOR PHAERON
The Black Cardinal,
Master of the Faith



EHL EWETH
Gal Vorbak



GEMIAH DAEMOS
Hierophant,
Kor Phaeron's retinue



SIRE ANTONUS ANTWARK
Shipmaster, *Infidus Imperator*



GELKEWH
Primary Helmsman,
Infidus Imperator



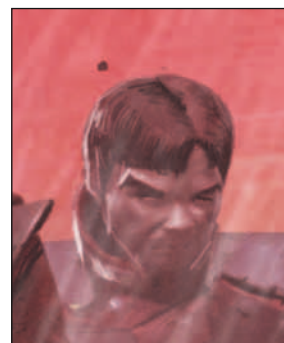
UNSELM KA
Master Devisor, Host of Sensors,
Infidus Imperator



LHANTOR
Housekeeper,
Kor Phaeron's retinue



AKLION
Wordsinger,
Kor Phaeron's retinue



TERKOS TOROK
Master of the Lifewards,
Kor Phaeron's retinue

[mark: 20.24.10]

THE MASTER CONTROL room is on fire. Flames and smoke are rapidly filling the habitats of the Zetsun Verid Yard. Thiel and the remainder of the kill squad retreat rapidly towards the transverse assembly deck. They pack tight around the wounded, limping primarch.

‘The flagship is inbound,’ says Thiel.

Guilliman nods. He seems to be recovering some strength.

‘The sun,’ murmurs one of the squad.

They look up through the vast crystalflex observation ports and see the Veridian star. It is stricken, its light ugly and sick. A bubonic rash of sunspots freckles its surface.

‘I think we have won something just in time to lose everything,’ says Guilliman.

Thiel asks him what they should do, but the primarch is not listening. He has turned his attention down, to something he can see on the through-deck beneath the assembly layer.

‘Bastards!’ he hisses. ‘Can’t they just burn?’

Thiel looks.

He can see half a dozen of the surviving Word Bearers. They carry the bloody carcass of Kor Phaeron. Somehow, the wretched Master of the Faith seems to be alive, despite the fact that Guilliman tore out his primary heart. He is twitching, writhing.

Leading the party, Thiel sees the Word Bearer whose helm and skull he cut away.

Tchure turns to look at them, sensing them. The side of his face is gore, teeth and bone exposed.

Thiel draws his boltgun, reloaded with ammunition from a fallen brother. The other Ultramarines start to fire too.

The Word Bearers shimmer. Spontaneous frost crackles out in a circle around their feet, and corposant winds around them. They vanish in a blink of teleport energy.

‘Gage! Gage!’ Guilliman yells.

‘My primarch!’ Gage responds over the vox-link.

‘Kor Phaeron is running. He’s gone from here, teleported out! He’ll have run to his ship.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Just stop him, Marius. Stop him dead, and send him to hell.’

‘My primarch—’

‘Marius Gage, that’s an order.’

‘What about you, sir? We are moving into the yard to recover you.’

‘There are ships docked here,’ Guilliman replies. ‘The *Samothrace*, a couple of escorts. We’ll board one and be secure enough. Just get after him, Marius. Get after the damned *Infidus Imperator*.’

[mark: 20.27.17]

THE WORD BEARERS battle-barge *Infidus Imperator* turns in the debris-rich belt of Calth nearspace, ships dying in flames behind it. It engages its drive and begins a long, hard burn towards the outsystem reaches.

As it accelerates away, raising yield to maximum, the *Macragge’s Honour* turns in pursuit, its main drives lighting with an equally furious vigour.

It is the beginning of one of the most infamous naval duels in Imperial history.

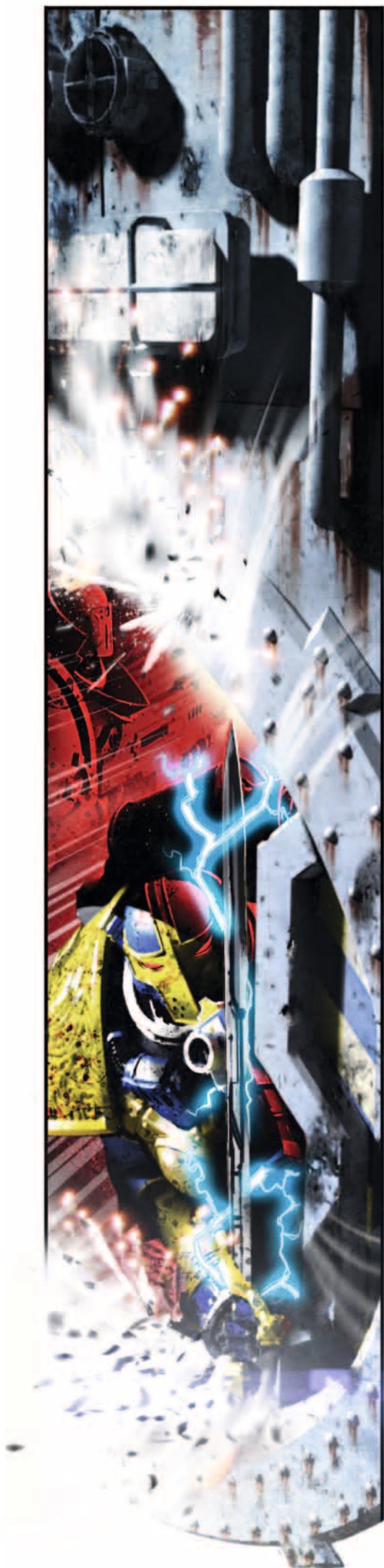
ADAMAR SHIPYARDS,
CALTH ORBIT.

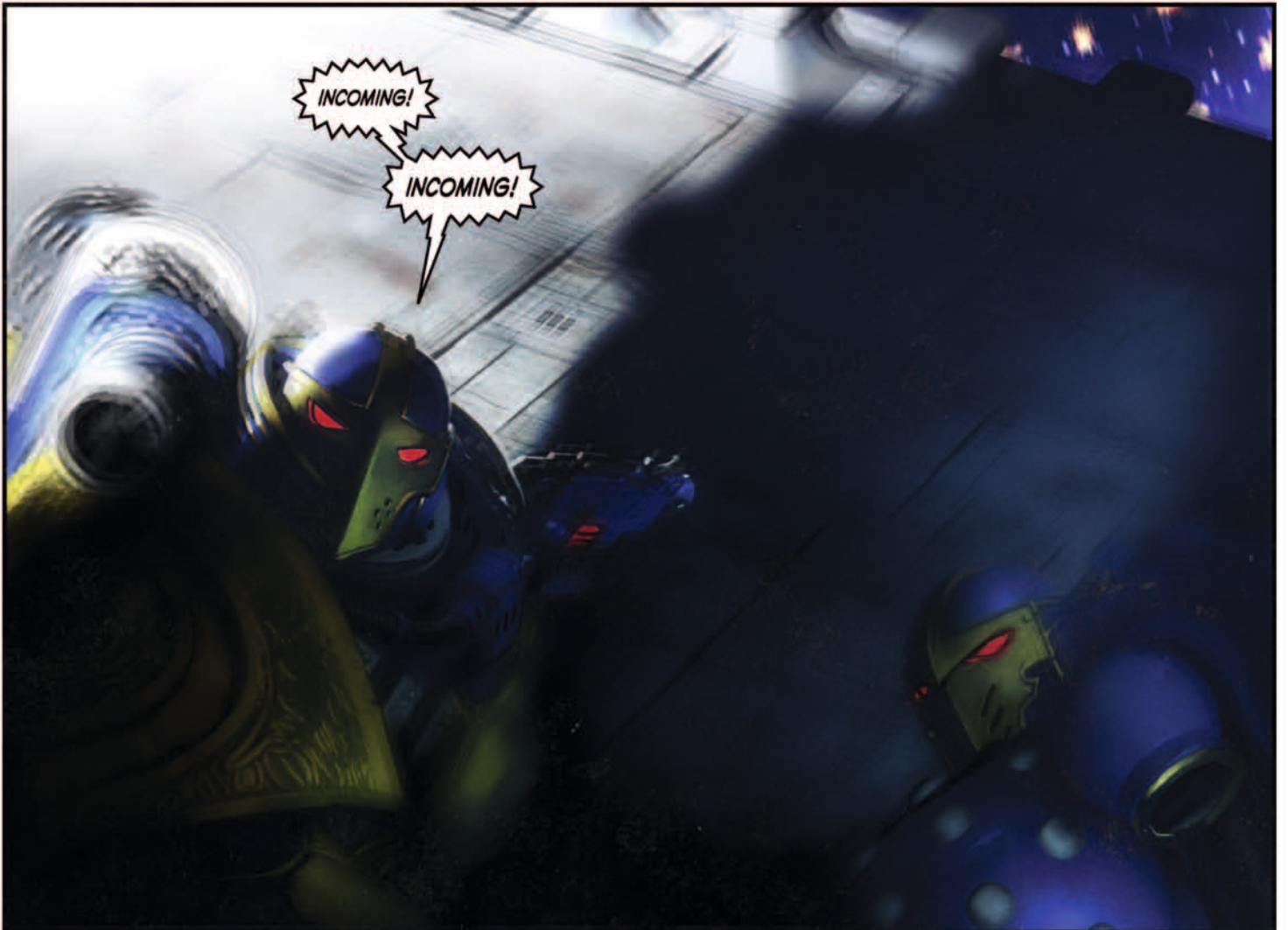
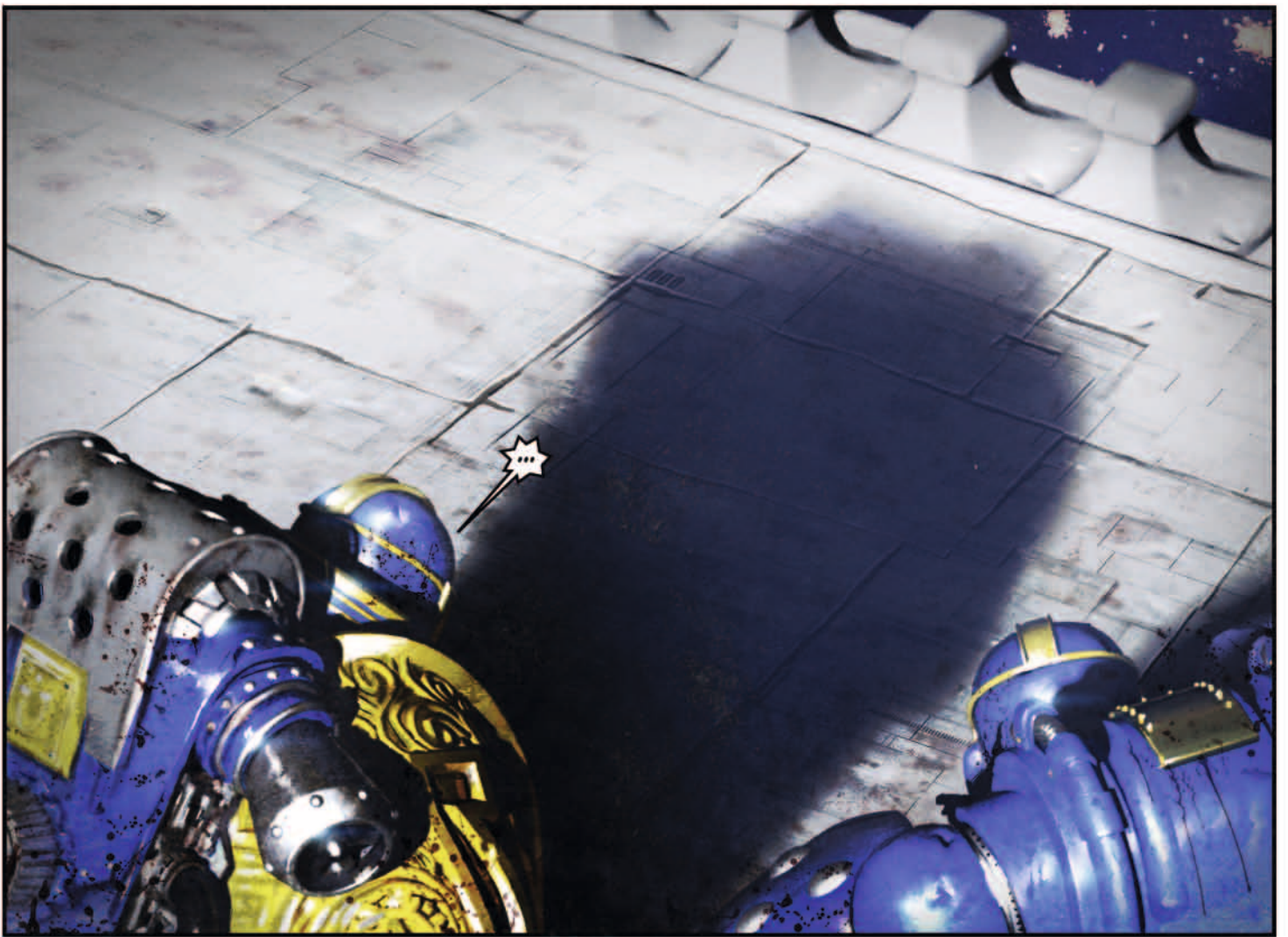
MARK: 20.34.19

INTO THEM!
FIVE HUNDRED
WORLDS!











MACRAGGE'S
HONOUR!

IT'S IN
PURSUIT! IT'S
IN PURSUIT!



Officer of
Vox, despatch
a message
directly to the
primarch.

Message
begins: "From Ouon
Hommed, acting shipmaster
of the flagship *Macragge's
Honour*..."

"...we are shields
raised and moving at full
realspace burn in pursuit of
the target vessel, as per
your command..."



"In the name
of the Emperor,
we will not allow the
enemy flagship
to elude us."

Ah, *Chapter
Master*. Do you wish
to add anything to
the despatch?





...inform the primarch that his loyal son **Marius Gage** has combat command of the Macragge's Honour and will not rest until the blood of Calth is **avenged**.

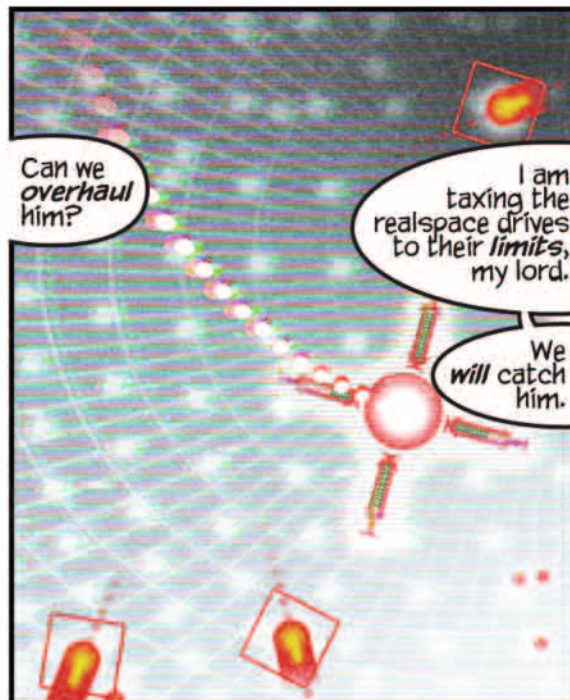
Transmit the message, vox station.

We have a ranged auspex lock on the **Infidus Imperator**, Chapter Master.

It is making best speed towards the nearest viable translation point so that it might escape to the warp.

Is that animal **Kor Phaeron** aboard?

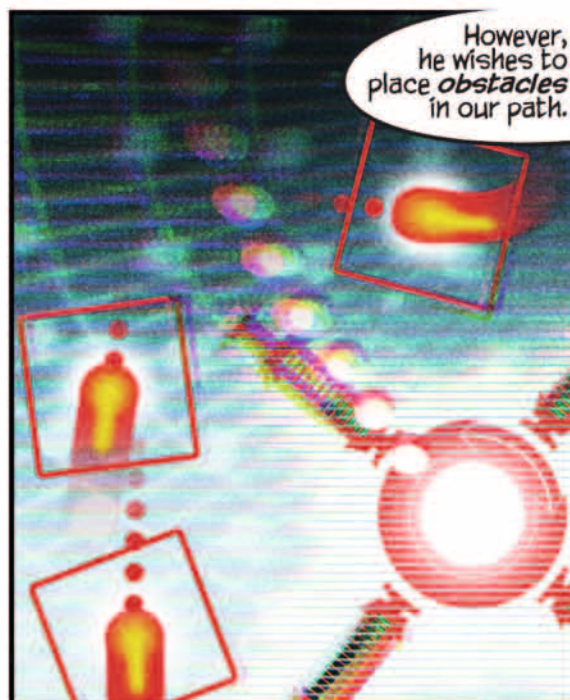
We believe so.



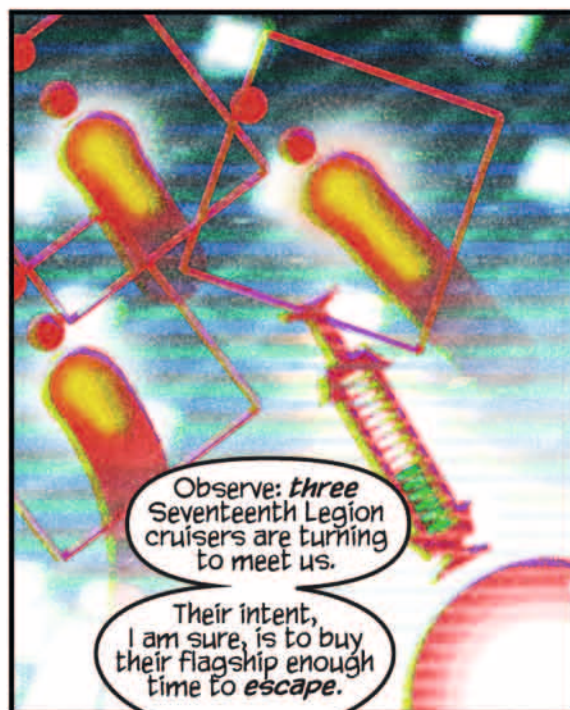
Can we **overhaul** him?

I am taxing the realspace drives to their **limits**, my lord.

We **will** catch him.

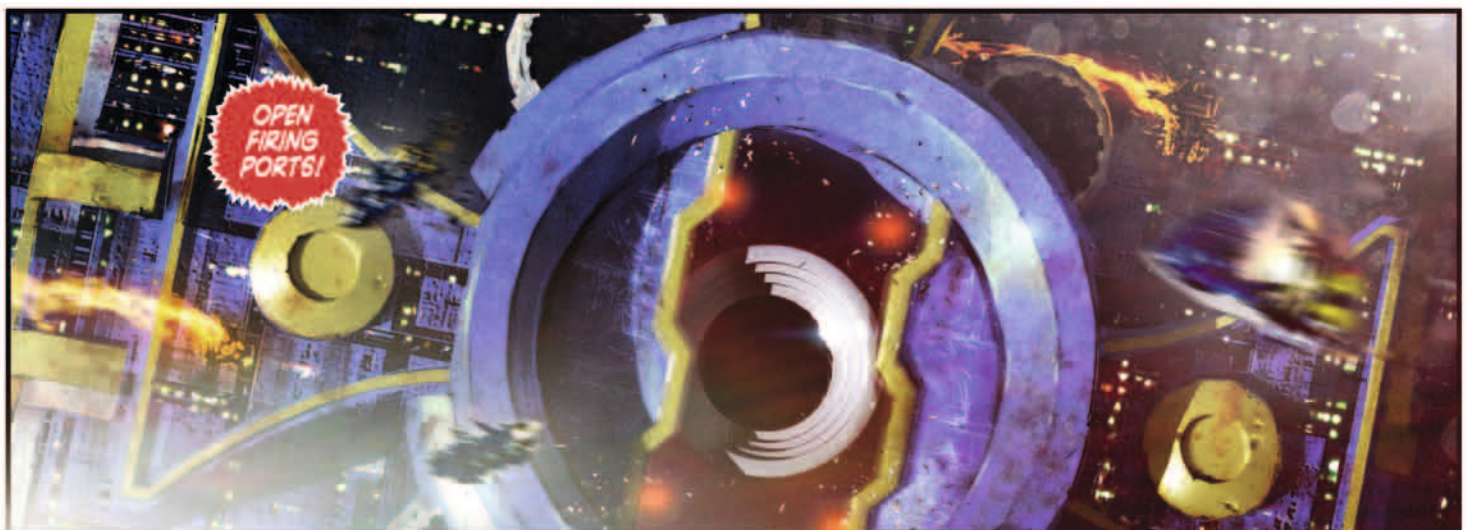
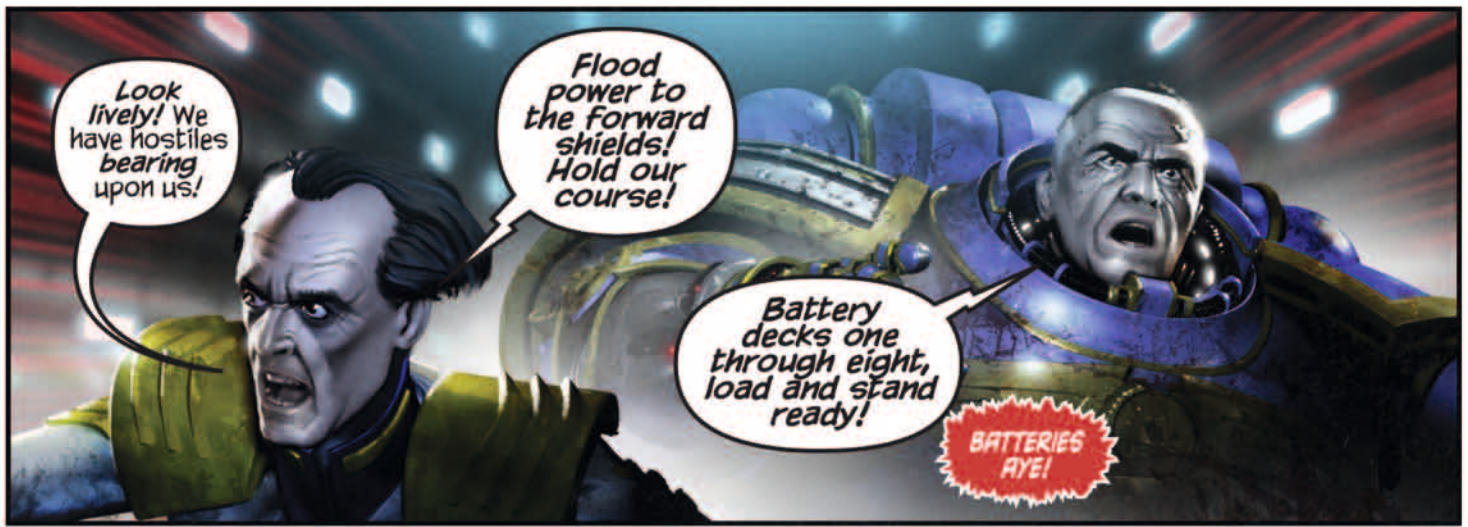


However, he wishes to place **obstacles** in our path.



Observe: **three** Seventeenth Legion cruisers are turning to meet us.

Their intent, I am sure, is to buy their flagship enough time to **escape**.

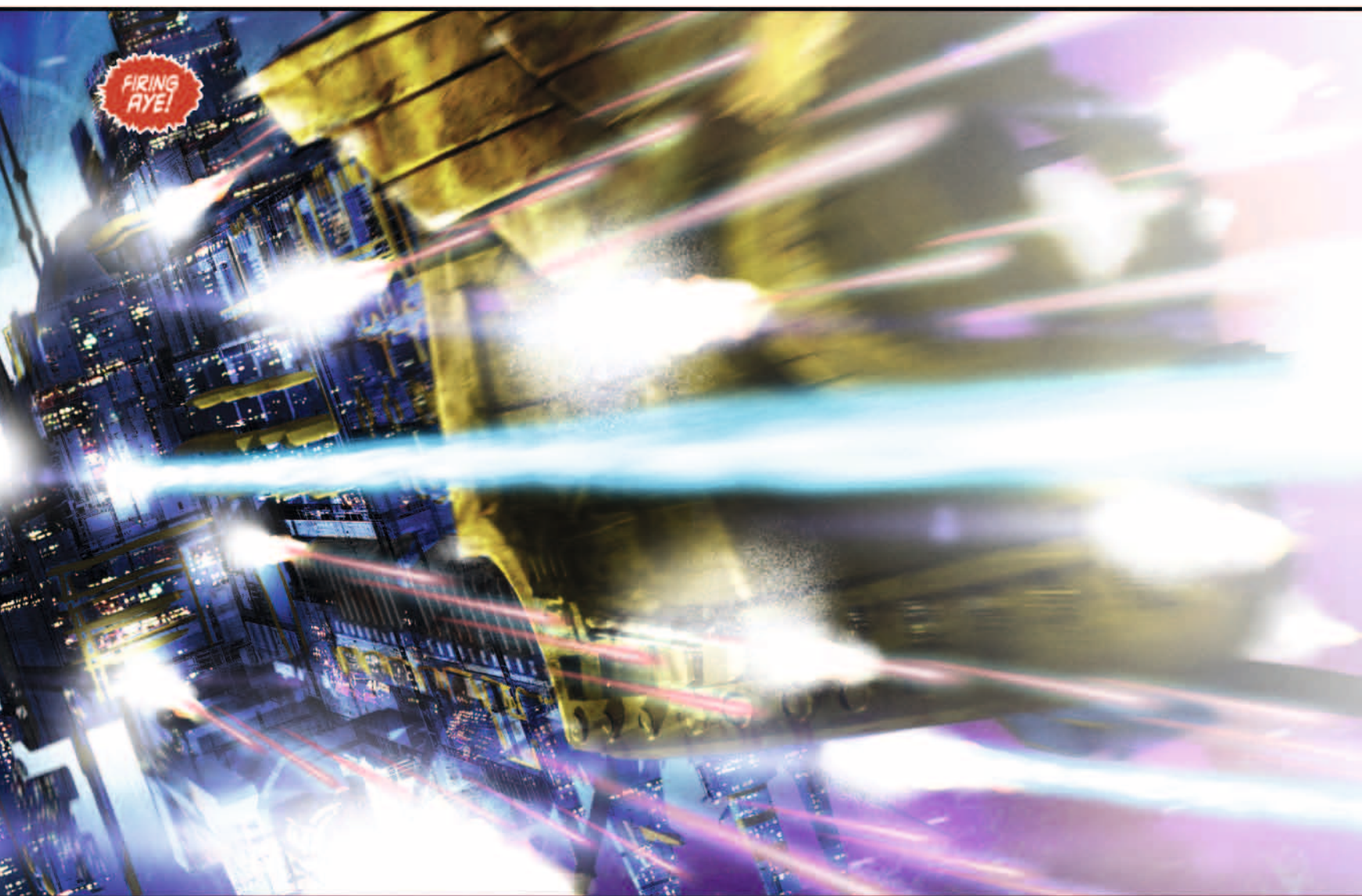




BATTERIES
EXTENDED!
REPORTING
READY TO
FIRE!









MULTIPLE
HITS! TWO TARGETS
DESTROYED!

THE THIRD
IS STILL
COMING!



Arrghhh!
VOID SHIELDS
HAVE RUPTURED!
WE'RE HIT!



"DAMAGE
REPORT!"



Engineering
department
seven is *lost*,
shipmaster.
Eighty-one
dead.

Batteries
re-target! *Fire*
again!



"... *dead* or *alive*."

FEARFUL!

INFIRMARY DECK, THE
INFIDIOUS IMPERATOR.

The pain
will pass, exalted
master... we must
repair the damage
Guilliman wrought
upon you.

He tore
out my living *heart*.
Bind me with your
sorcery!

While I
yet have *life*, I will
annihilate *all* who
follow him!

Let us
come about!
Let us *meet* our
tormentors!

My lord?

Do it!



Yes, my master!

Kor Phaeron orders *full turn!*
Come about! Come about!



They've stopped running, sir.

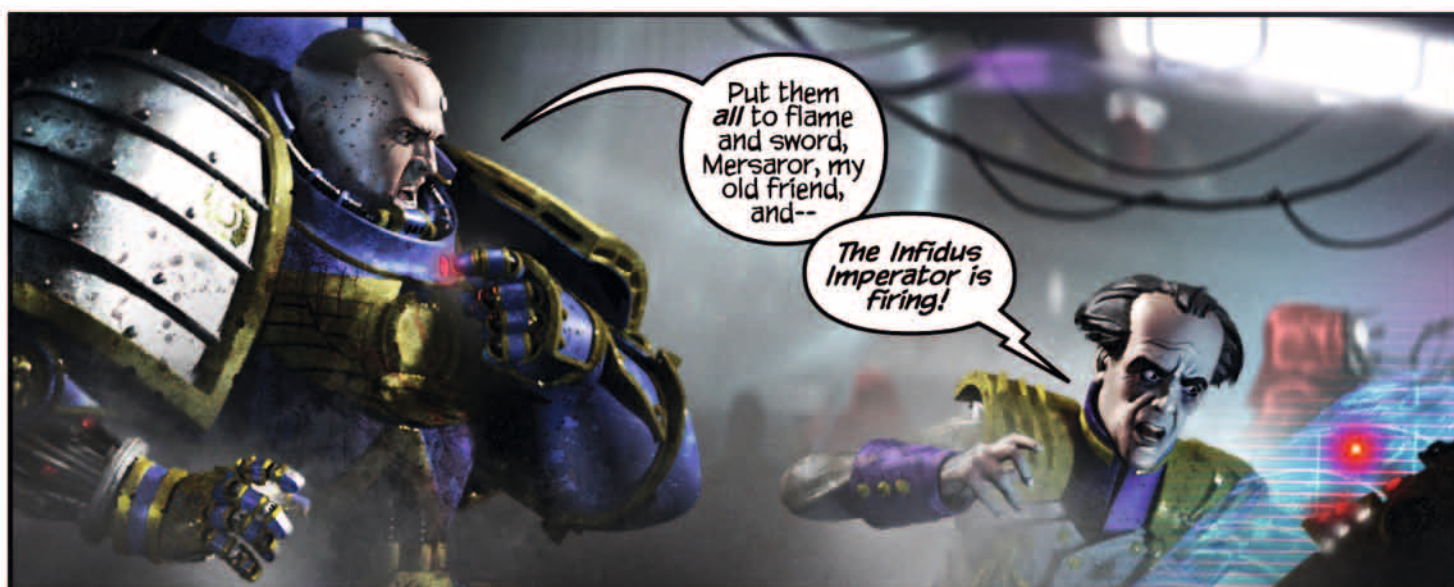
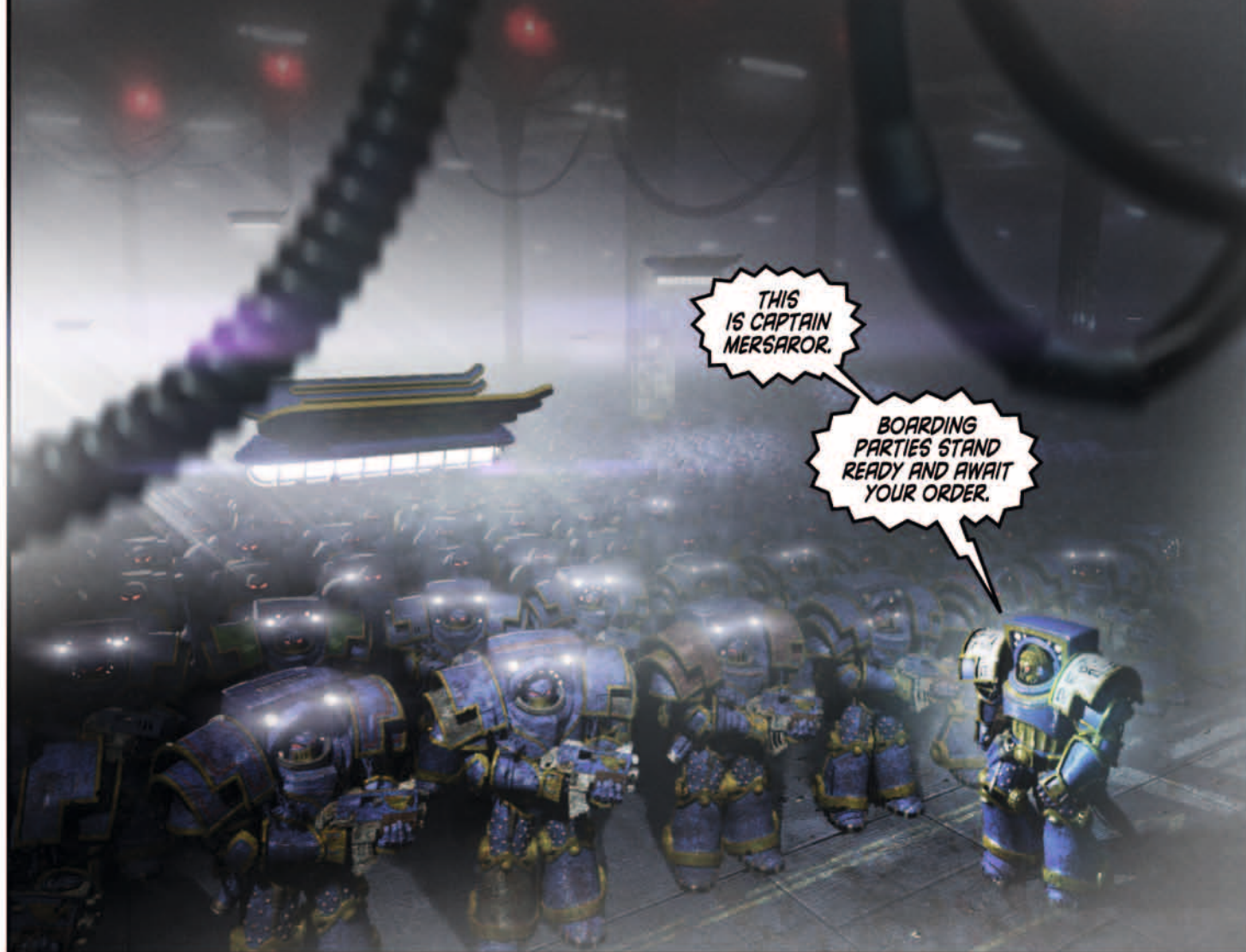
They're turning to *meet* us.



Well, he's *still* capable of surprises. I thought he would flee.

But if it's a *clash* he wants...







IT'S FIRING
EVERYTHING
IT HAS!

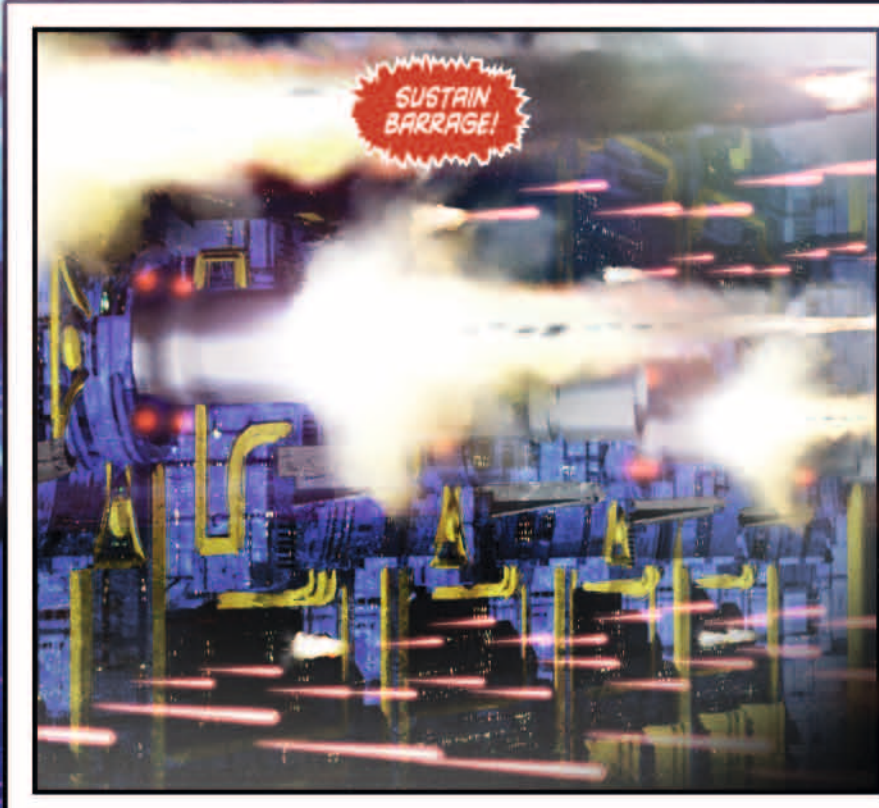


BRACE FOR
IMPACT! RESERVE
POWER TO THE
SHIELDS!

PREPARE
PORT BATTERIES
FOR BROADSIDE!
WE'LL PASS THEM IN
THREE... TWO...



...FIRE!



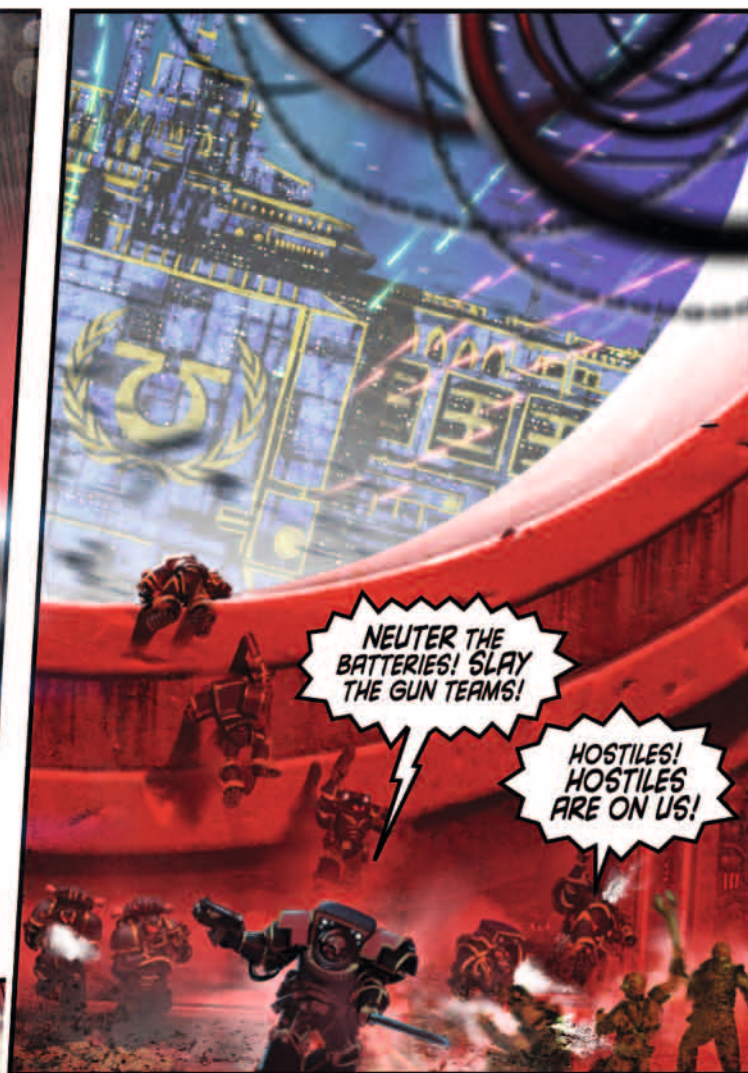
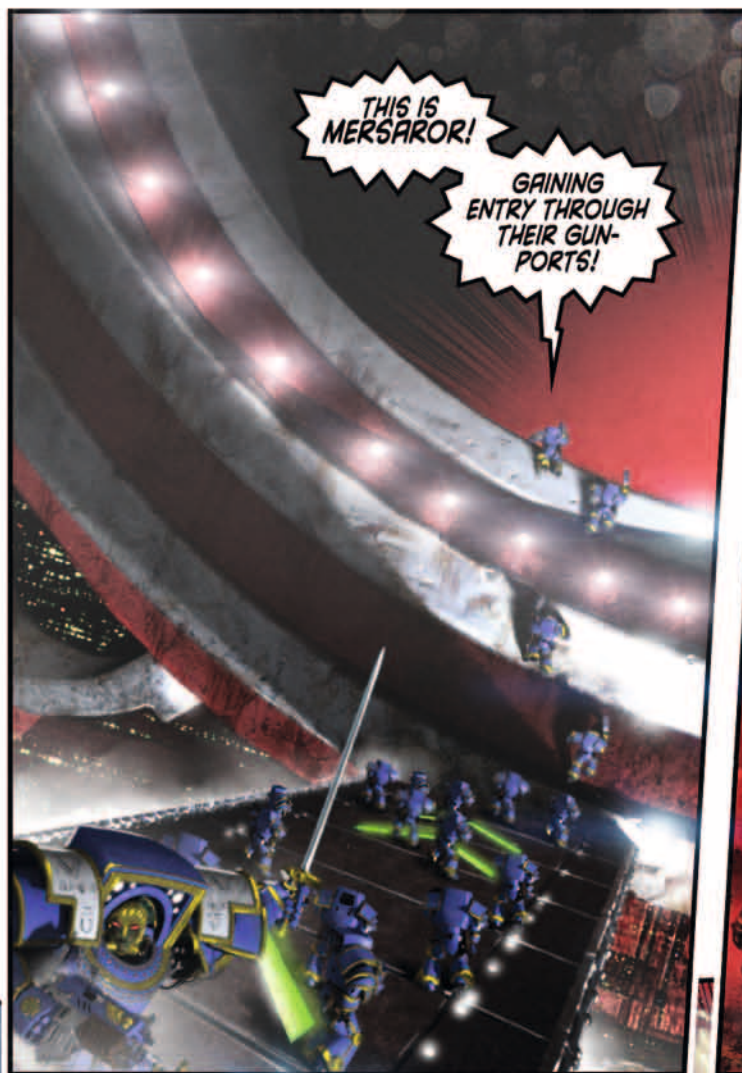
SUSTAIN
BARRAGE!



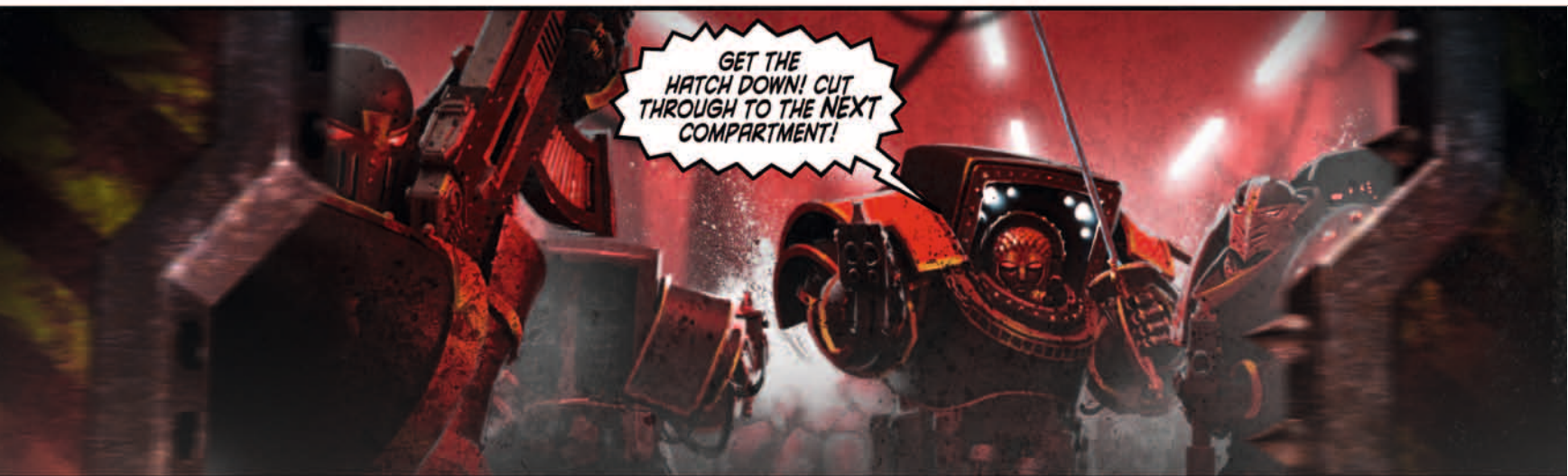


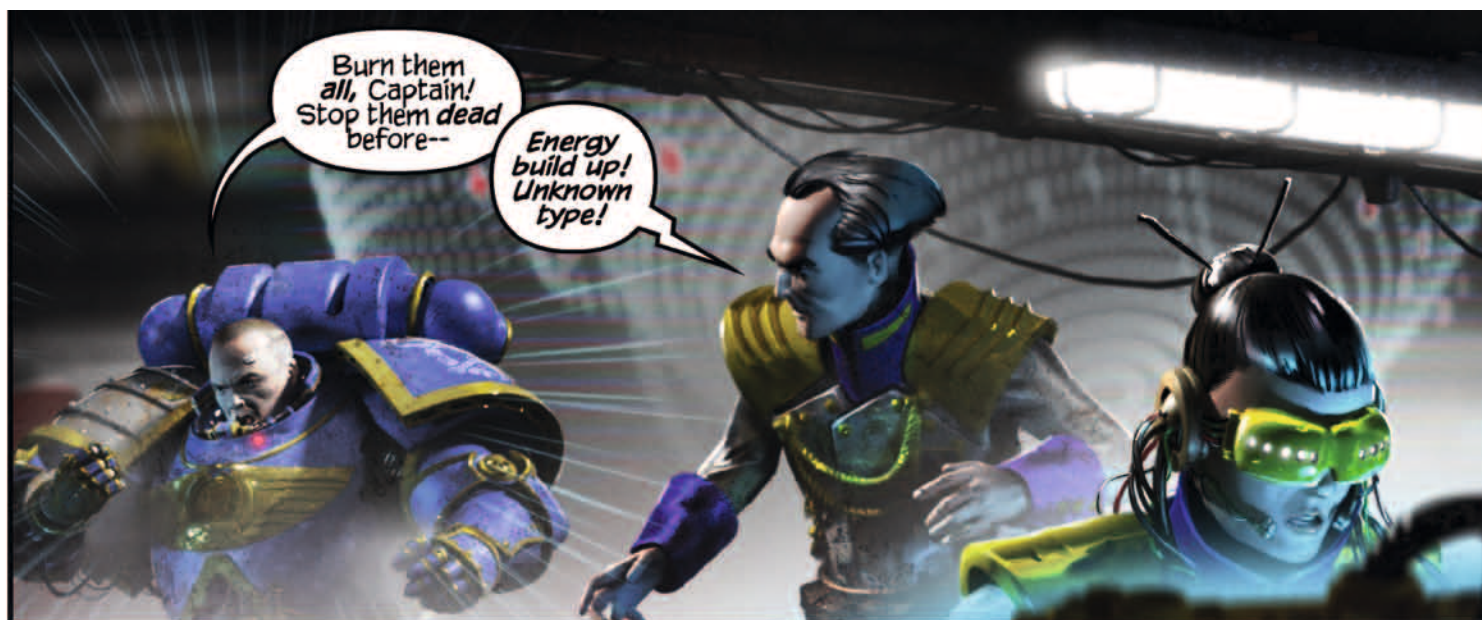


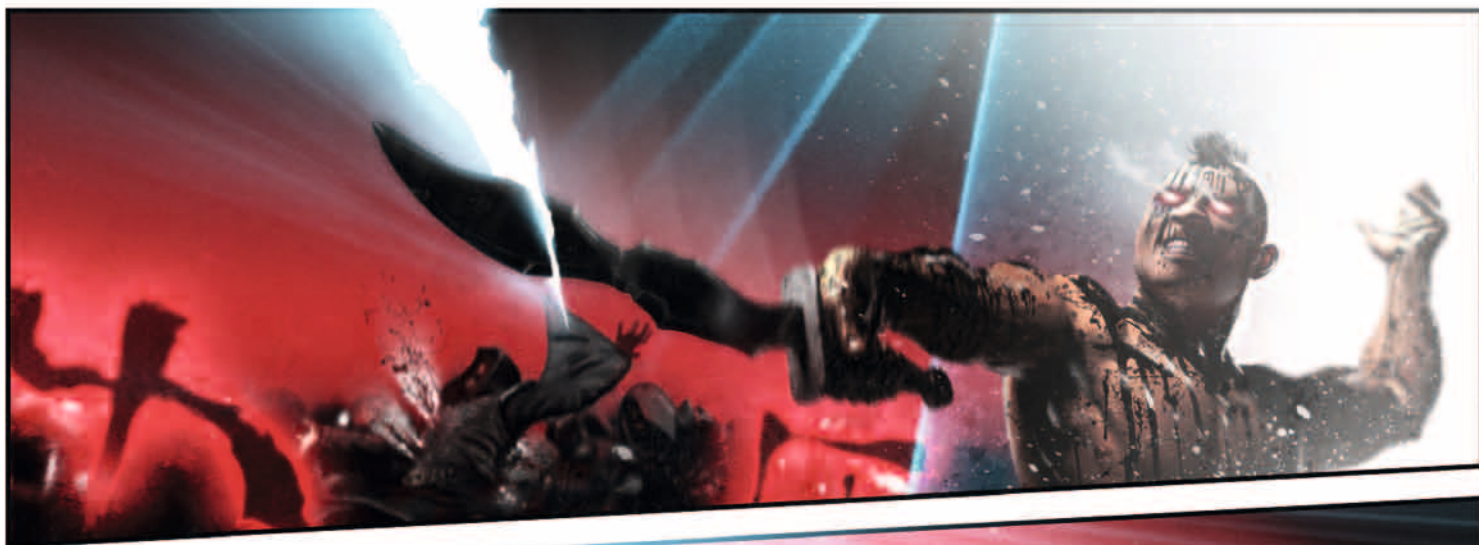






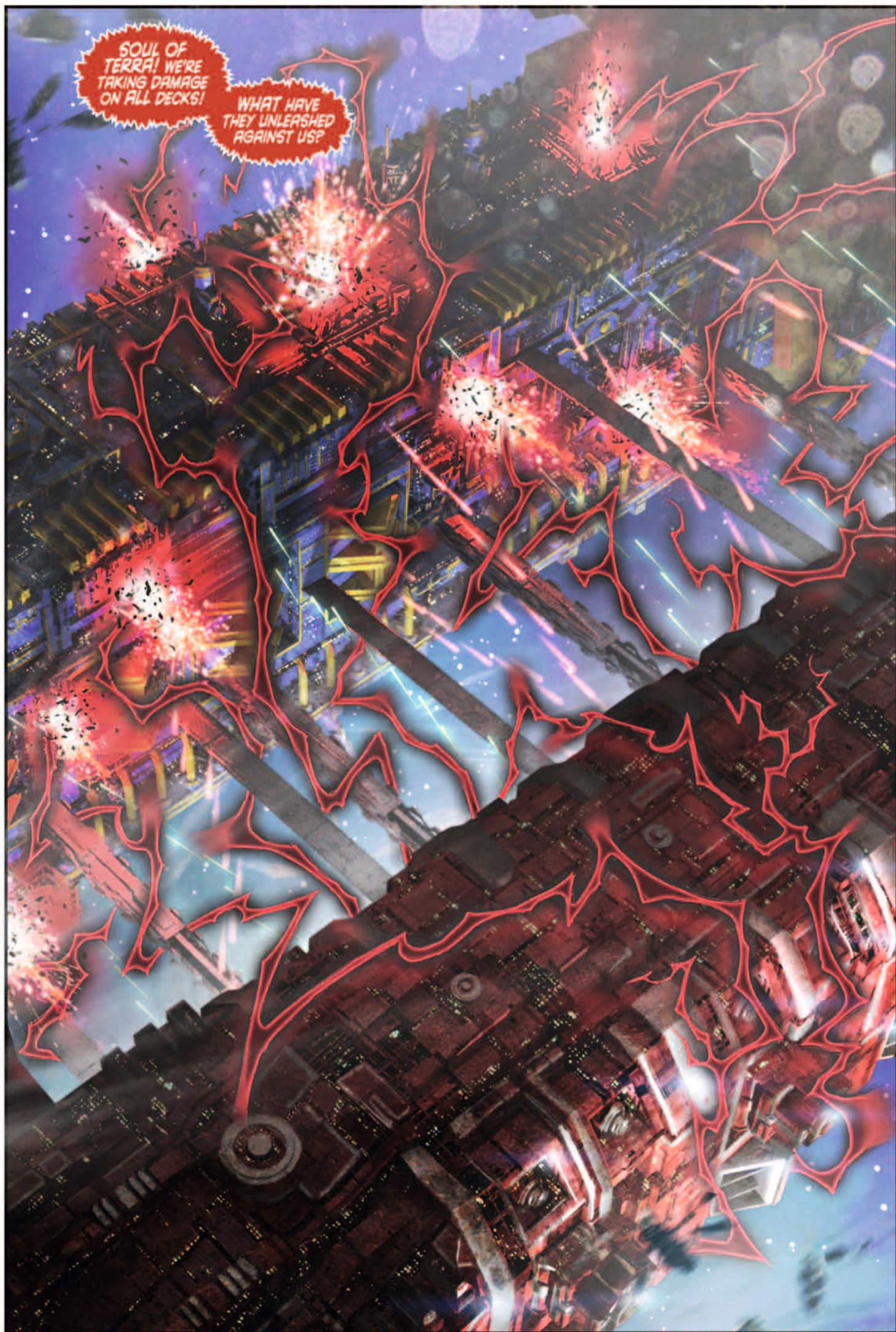






SOUL OF
TERRA! WE'RE
TAKING DAMAGE
ON ALL DECKS!

WHAT HAVE
THEY UNLEASHED
AGAINST US?

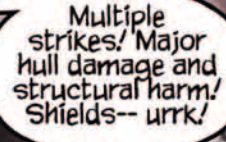




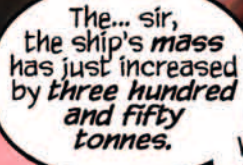
I say *again*,
Shipmaster!
What have they
hit us with?



U-unknown,
sir!



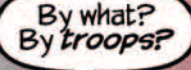
Multiple
strikes! Major
hull damage and
structural harm!
Shields-- urrk!



The... sir,
the ship's *mass*
has just increased
by *three hundred
and fifty
tonnes*.



We've been
boarded!



By what?
By *troops*?



YES,
MY LORD.
NO TELEPORT
SIGNATURES.



THE
WORD BEARERS
HAVE CONJURED
THEMSELVES
ABOARD OUR
DECKS!



THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE!
MAIN HANGARS!
ENGINEERING!
GUNNERY
STATIONS!



Then
it is *well*
played to the
wretch Kor
Phaeron.

He has
counter-struck
effectively.



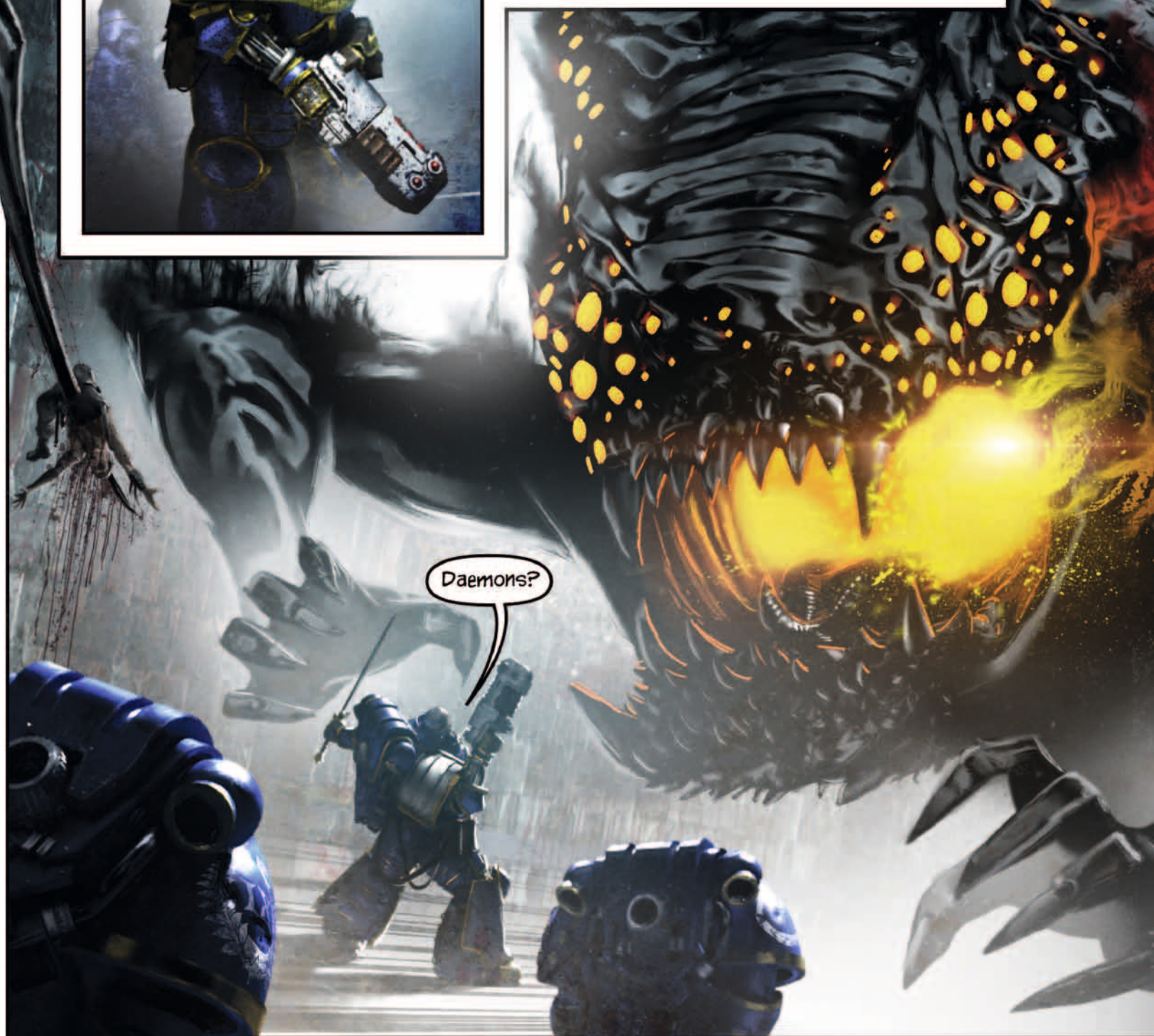
Make
ready to repel
boarders!

All stations!
Drive them off
the ship!



My
lord...

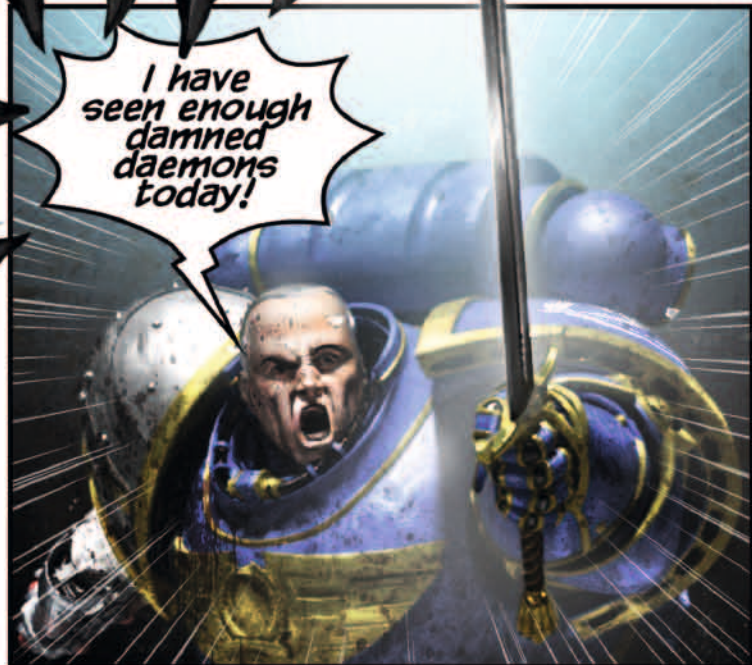
...I do
not believe it
was *just* troops
they sent
aboard....



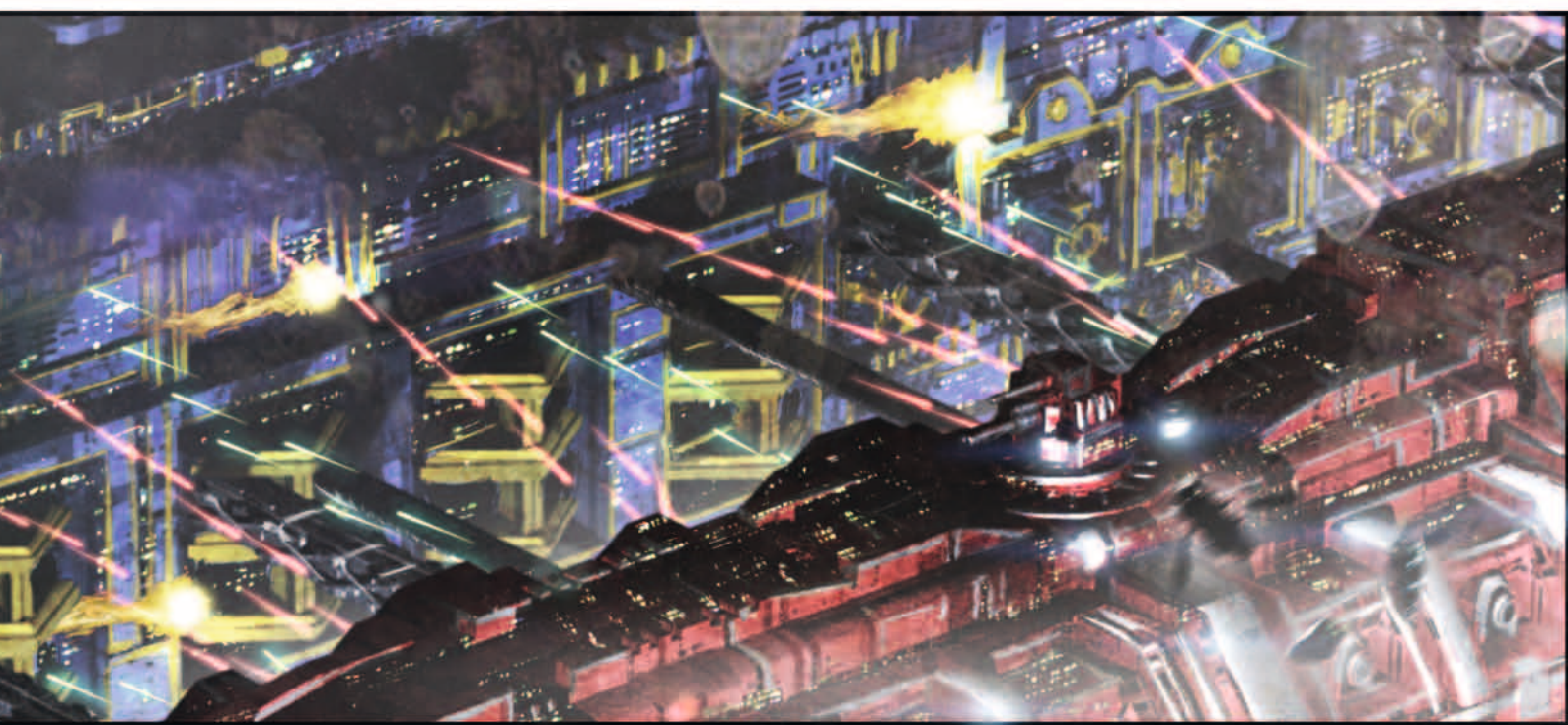
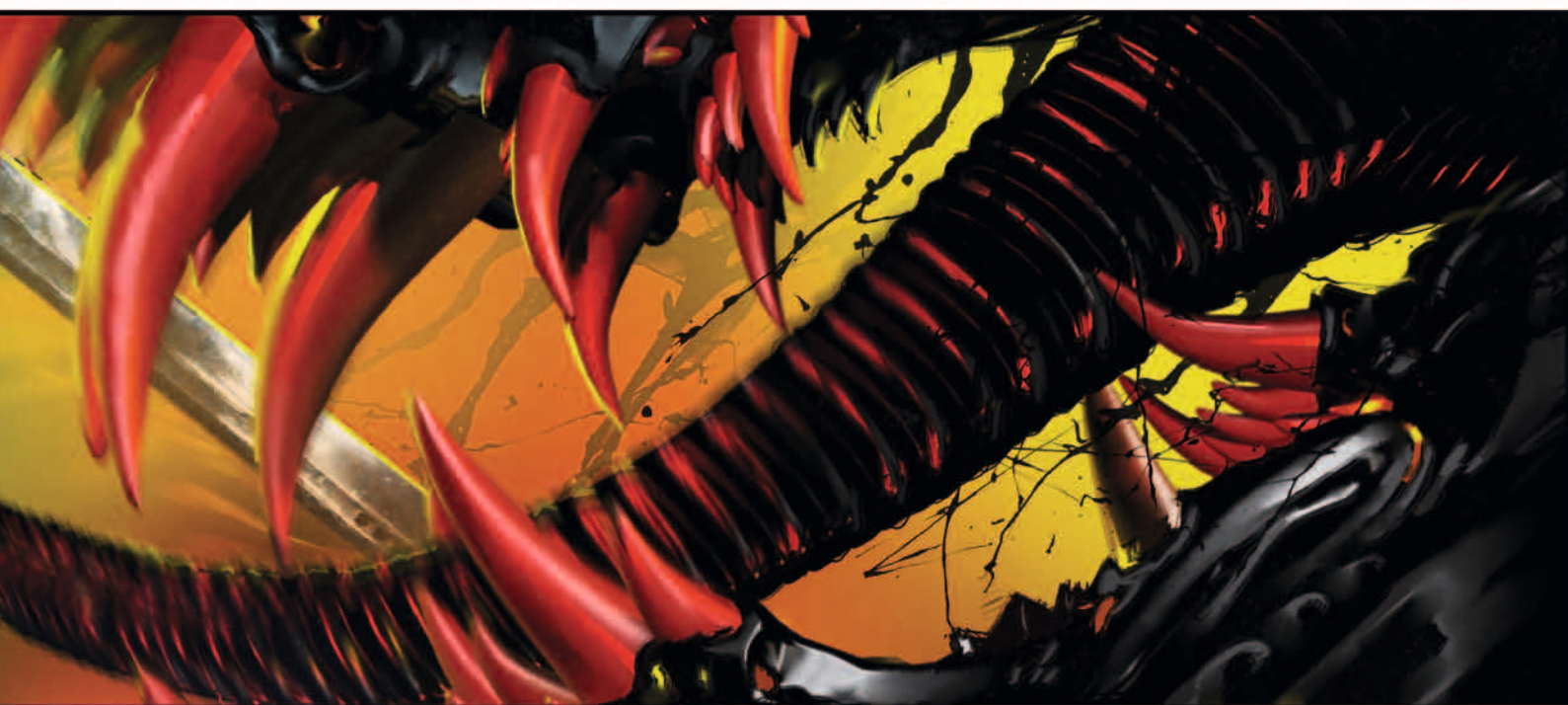


R/B

I have
seen enough
damned
daemons
today!









Are they all *slain* yet?

Have we *scourged* them?



The dark beasts of the warp have been *let slip*.

They *feast* upon the souls of Ultramar.

Their ship will soon be a *corpse*, exalted lord.



I would have preferred to slake my fury on *Guilliman* himself, but his *flagship* is a worthy prize.

Come, we have bought ourselves *time*...



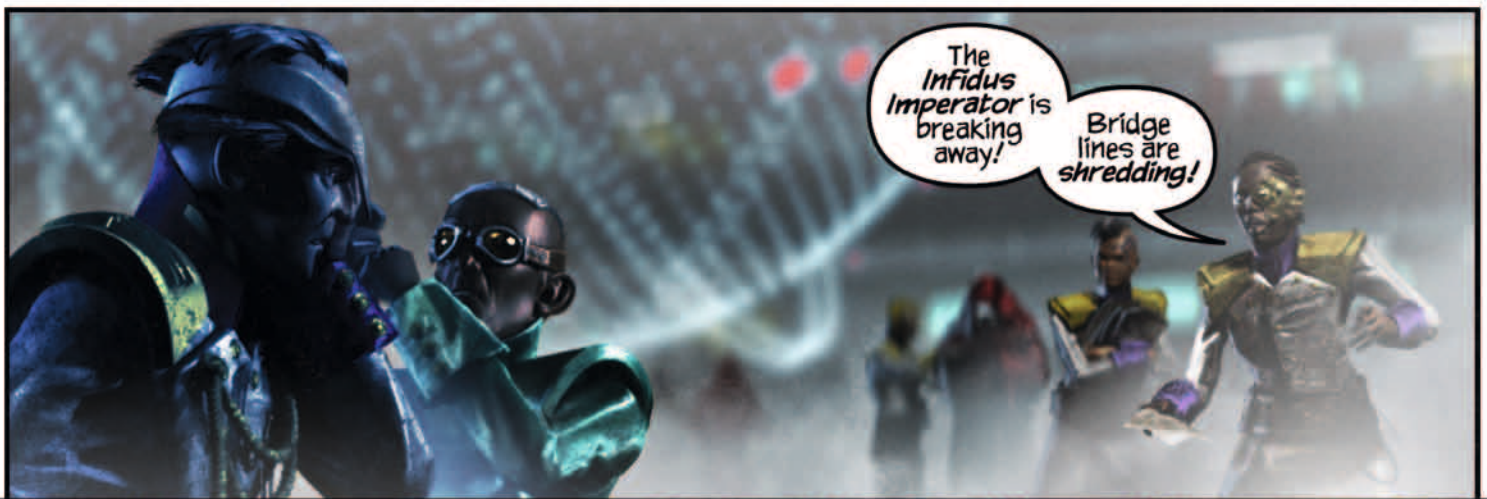
...My strength returns.

Break the boarding lines and come about.

And prepare the *final* ceremony for consecration...











Light the
damned
engines!



DRIVES
ARE FIRING!

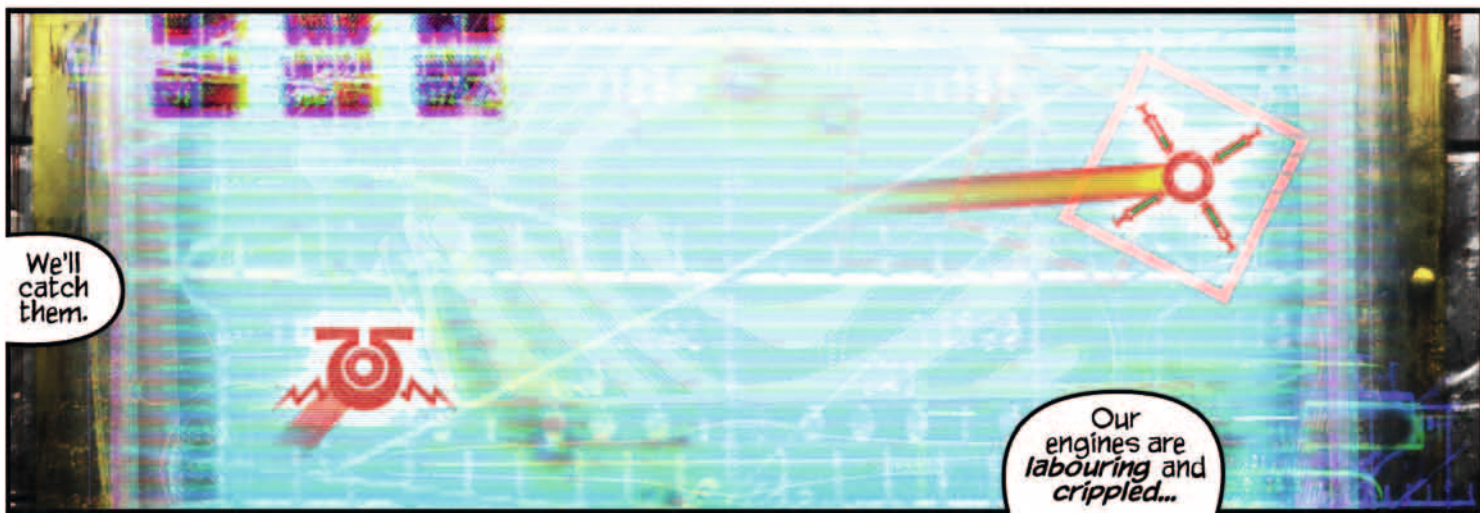


GET INTO THEIR
WAKE AND MAKE
BEST SPEED!



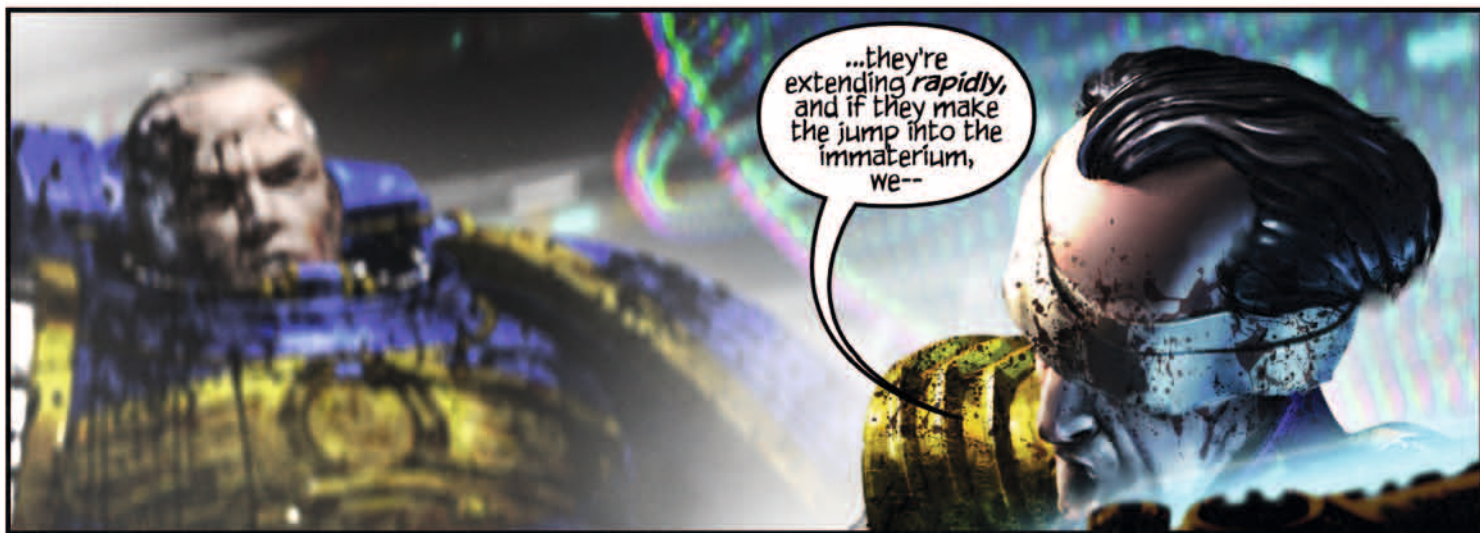


THEY'RE
EXTENDING THEIR
LEAD, CHAPTER
MASTER...

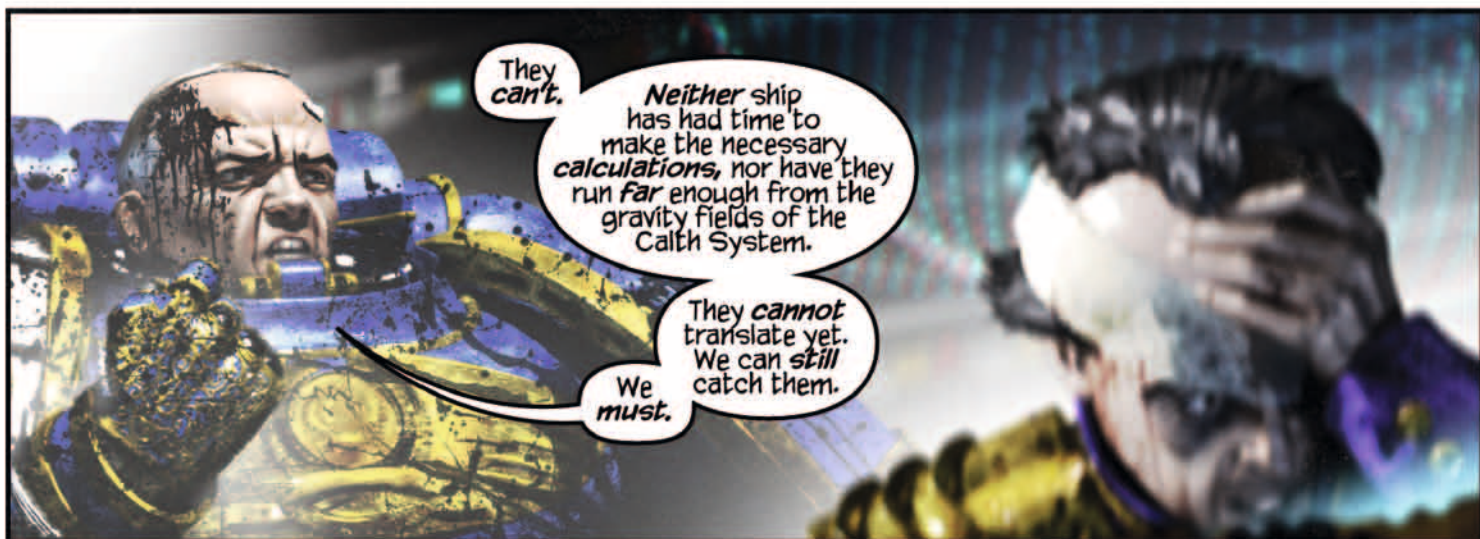


We'll
catch
them.

Our
engines are
labouring and
crippled...



...they're
extending *rapidly*,
and if they make
the jump into the
immaterium,
we--



They
can't.

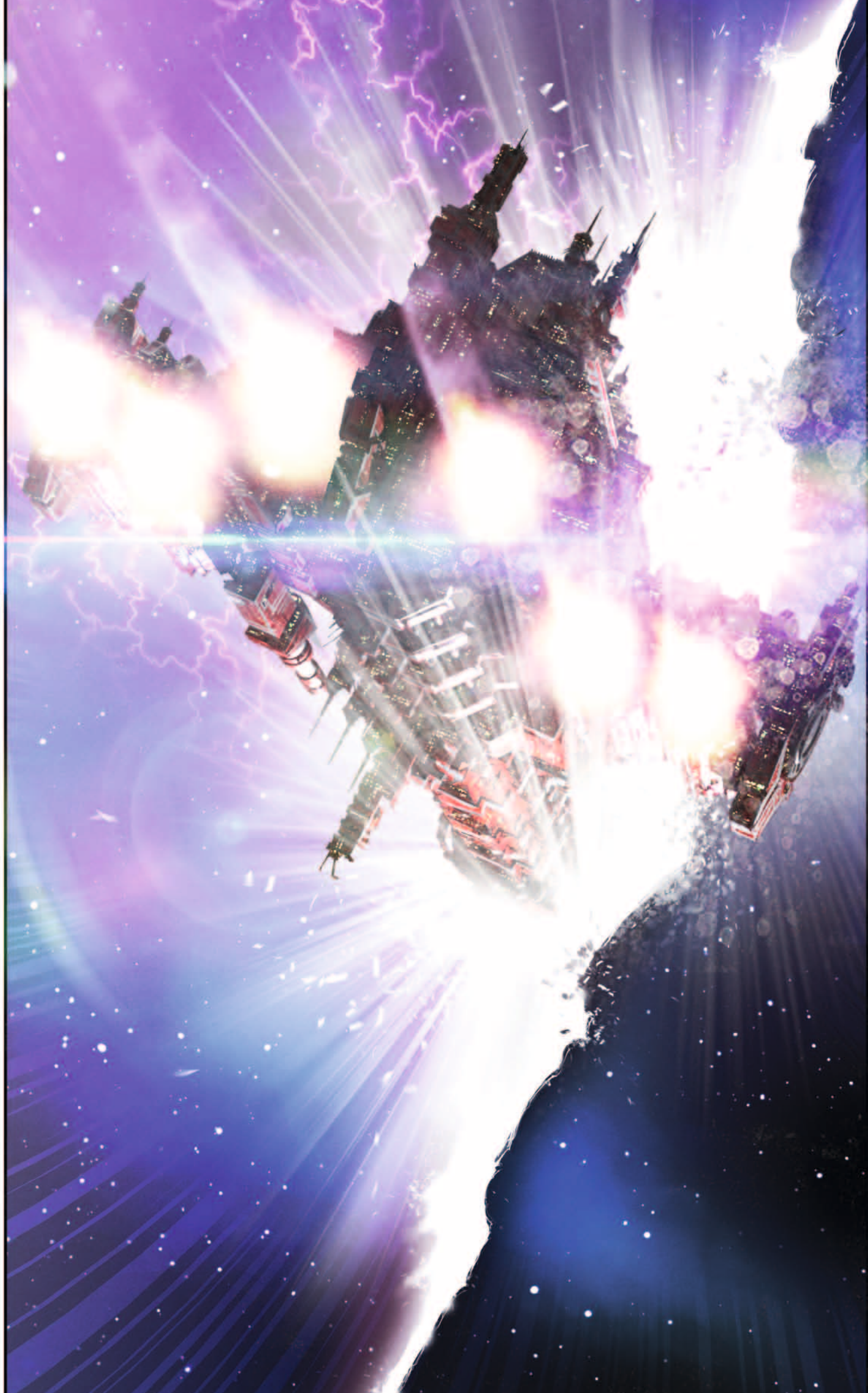
Neither ship
has had time to
make the necessary
calculations, nor have they
run *far* enough from the
gravity fields of the
Calth System.

They *cannot*
translate yet.
We can *still*
catch them.

We
must.









Lord
Gage!



We have
lost them. The
enemy ship has
translated.

I have
no *idea* how
they opened
space like
that.



We
follow
them.

But we have
no *translation*
calculations.

We have
no *notion*
of their
transit
vectors...



You
remember
how you
followed my
orders, no
matter what,
shipmaster?
I was given an
order too, by
my primarch.



BRACE FOR
TRANSLATION!

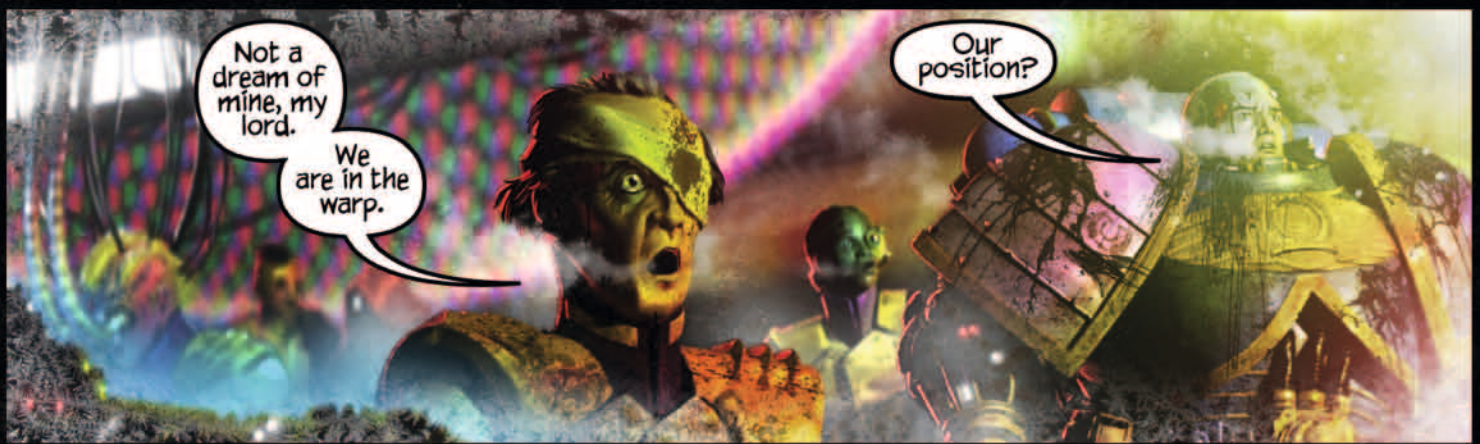
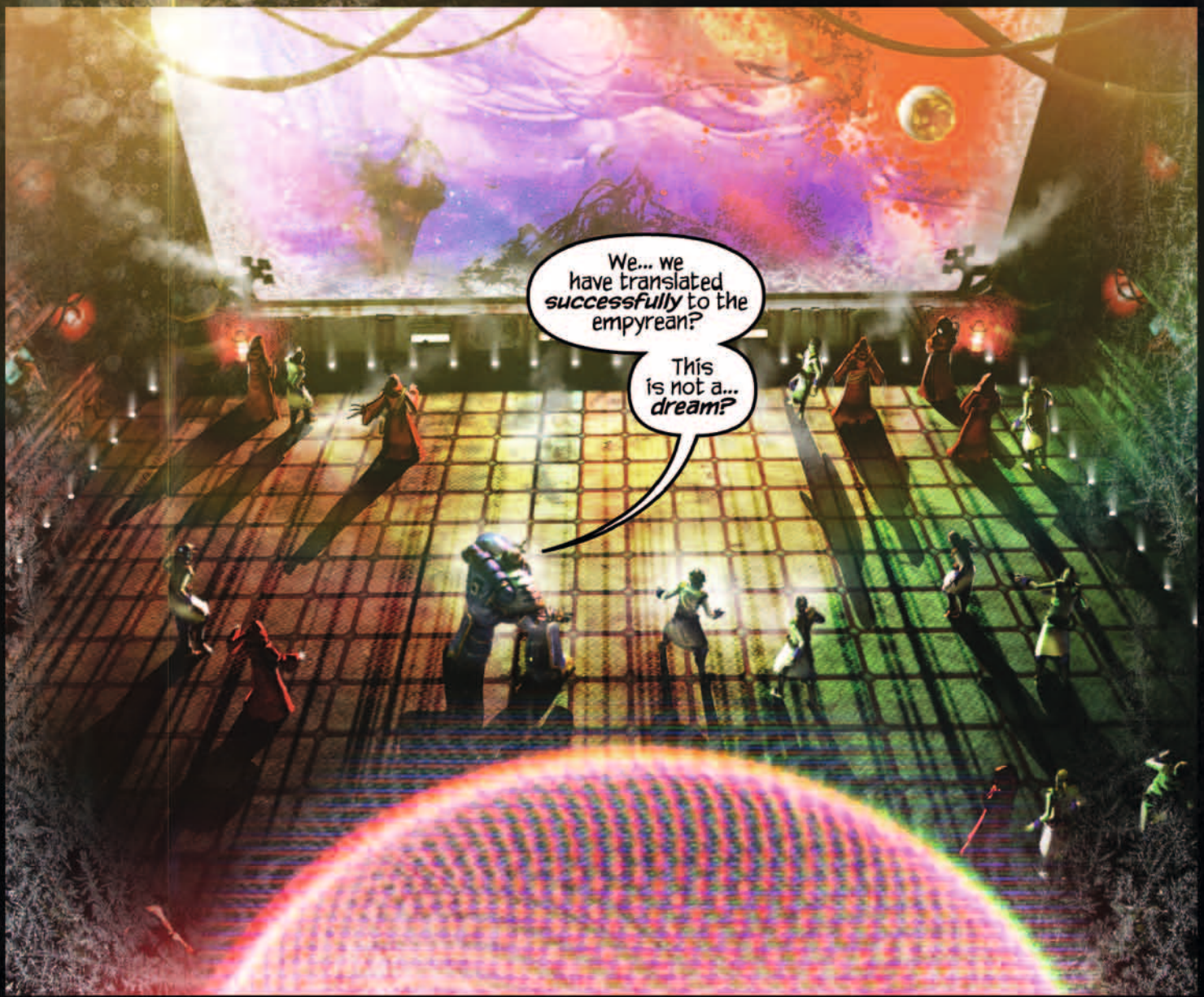






BY THE
FIVE HUNDRED
WOLDS, WE'RE
THROUGH.

AND THEY
ARE STILL IN
VISUAL!





We have *no* vector. Not even a *warp signature*.

I have been in the warp *many* times, and know its dangers...
...but I have *never* made a transit like this.



Navigation? Please corroborate my readings.



We have made an un-vectored translation by following the enemy's wake.

Even the *tenuous* laws of warp-transit are now *lost* to us.

Provided we can maintain a *fix* on the Infidus Imperator, we have a pathway and a bearing.



If we *lose* that track...

...we will be lost *forever*.



The flagship? It is *still* with us?



It followed us into the warp-cut and continues its pursuit.

It is relentless.



But their engines are *damaged*. We can probably *lose* them in the long run.



Not for certain. Our drives are weakened through *hard use* of maximum yield.

We have *over-taxed* the power reserves.

We cannot *count* on out-performing the Ultramarines vessel.



But it is likely, exalted lord, that their only navigational reference is *us*.



Indeed?



I don't *just* want to evade them. I don't *just* want to escape.

I don't *just* want to lose them in the warp...



...I want them *dead*.



Hear me!

We're going to shake them off our heels, and once they're *lost* and *blind*...

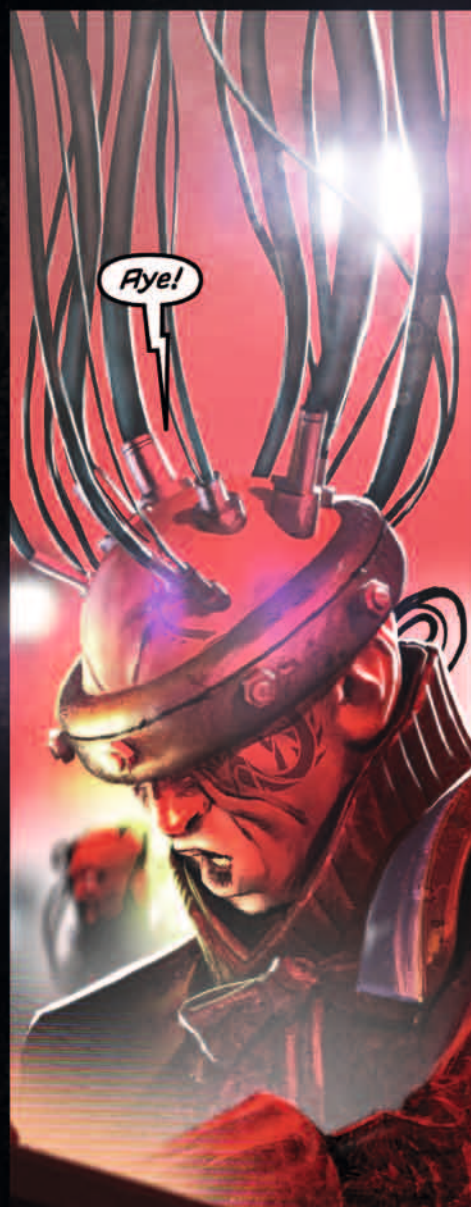
...we're going to come about and *cut their throat!*



Course heading, lord?



Incline
maegister
three-forty-five
variable axis, and bear
through that shoal
of dead suns.

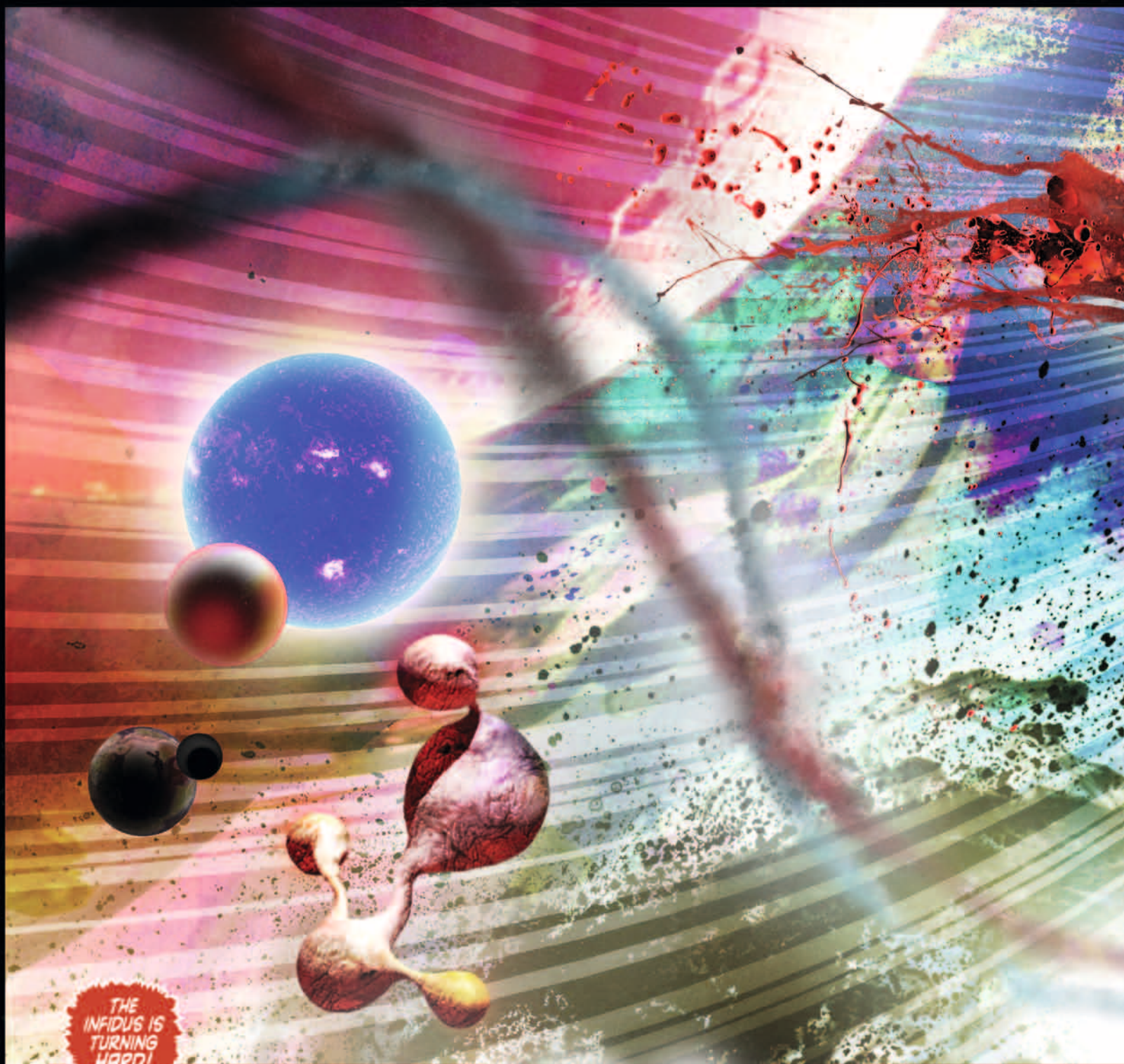


Aye!



Course set!
Executing!



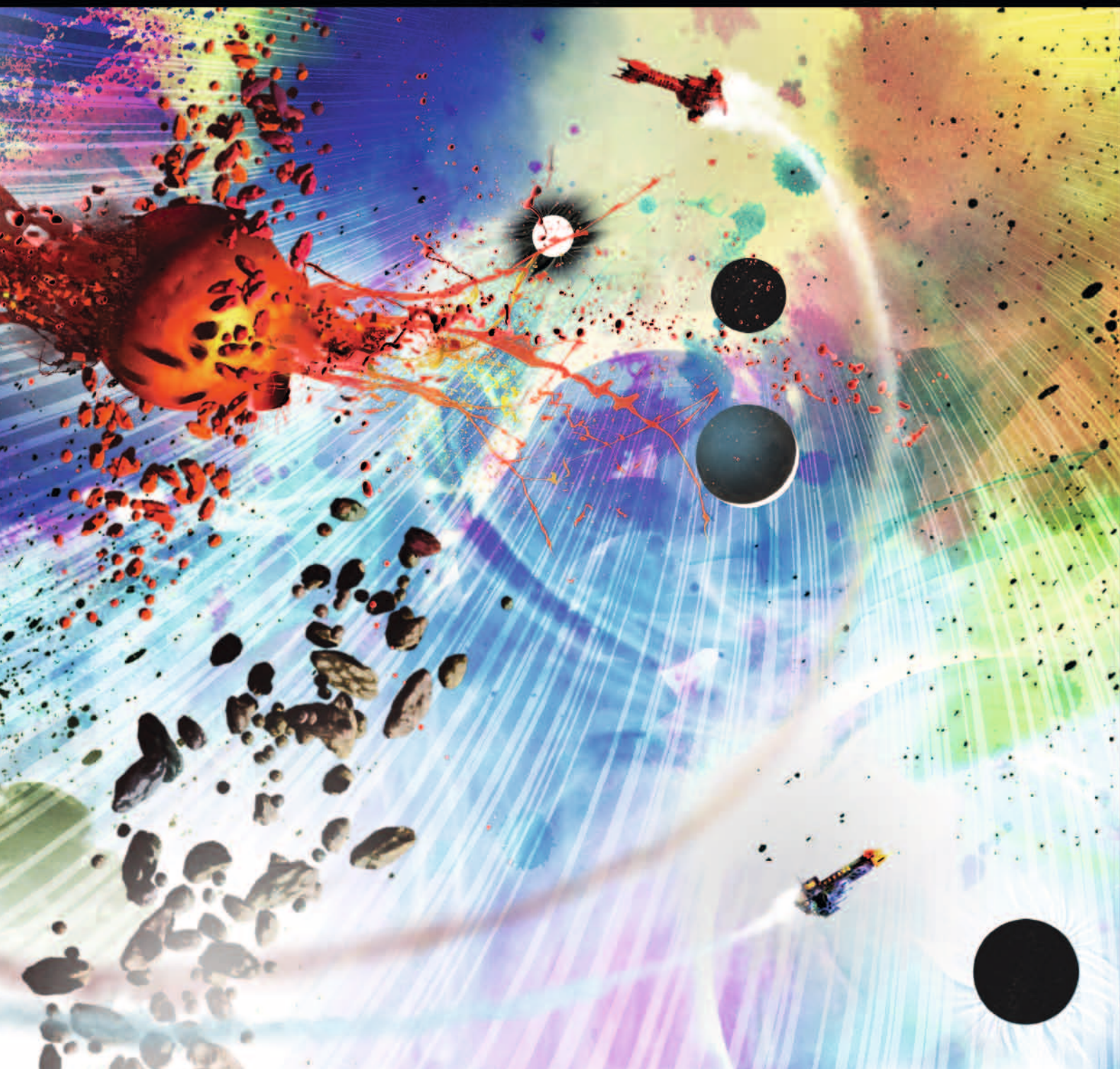


THE
INFIDUS IS
TURNING
HARD!



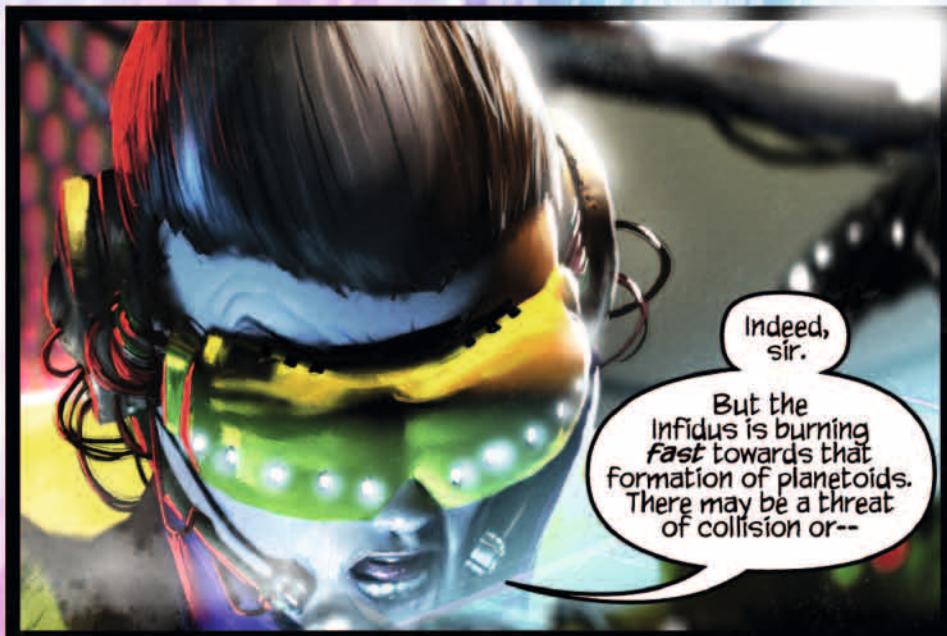
It's
heading--





I don't *care*
where it's
heading.

I'm
following it all
the way to *hell* if
needs be.



Indeed,
sir.

But the
Infidus is burning
fast towards that
formation of planetoids.
There may be a threat
of collision or--



JUST FOLLOW!

The Ultramarines ship remains *locked* to our course, lord!



Turn *harder*! Incline *four-five* seraph!

Lose them amongst the *corpse-moons*!



I think... I *think* we're holding him.



Lose him, and we lose *everything*, shipmaster. We--



What in Terra's name!?

Brace for impact! Brace for im--





Nghhh!

What
hit us! **WHAT
HIT US?**



The Officer of
Detection reports we
have struck... a swarm
of *organisms*,
my lord.

Warp entities,
sir! *Millions* of them!
The upper hull is
covered!



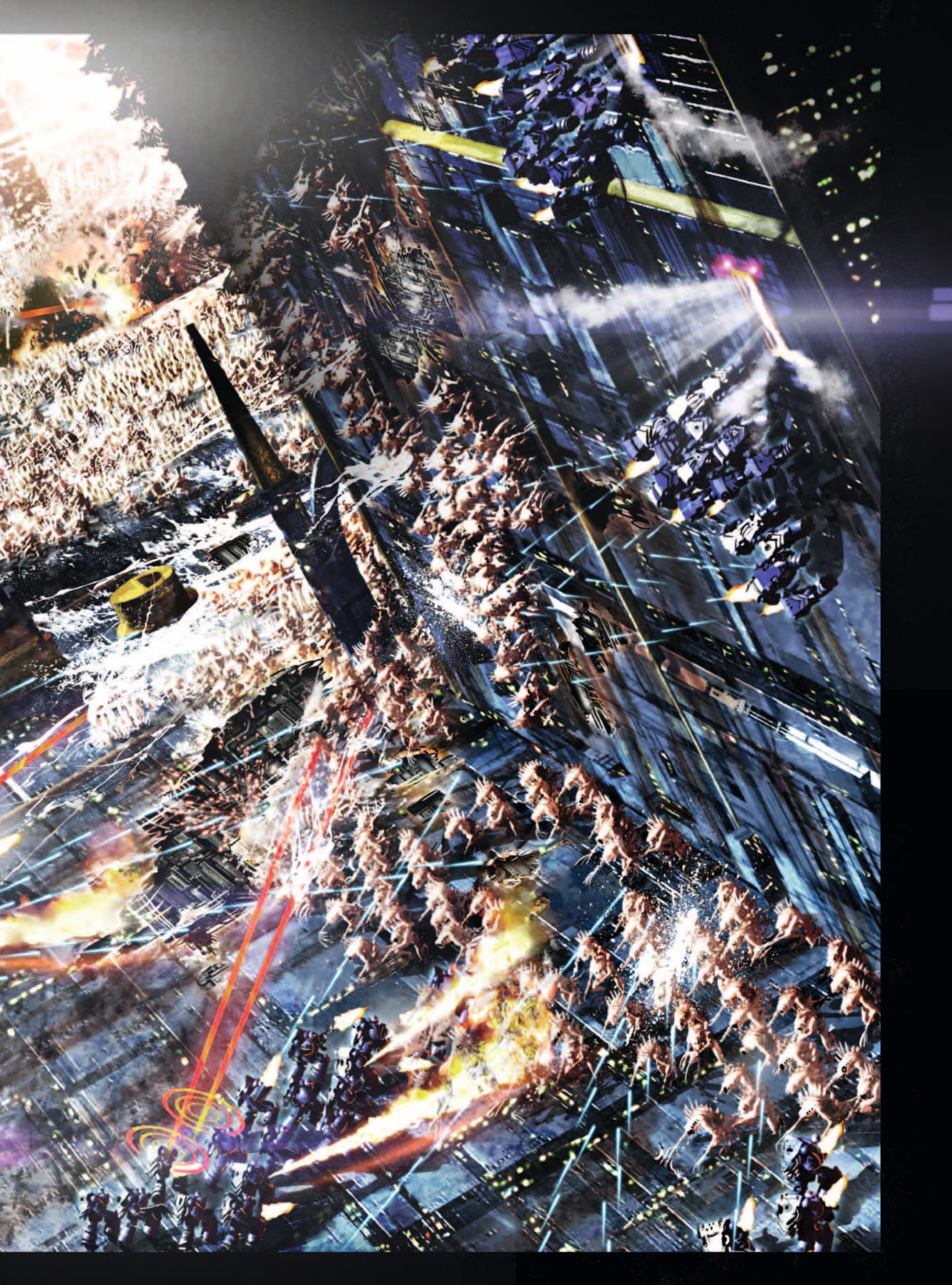
My lord...
many of them
have *survived* the
collision!



















Lord Kor
Phaeron, we have
them at our
mercy.

They
cannot
see us.



Their
status... their
helplessness...

...this
is *genuine*?



Just as
you *wished*, lord.
They have killed their
speed.

They have
clearly lost
our track.

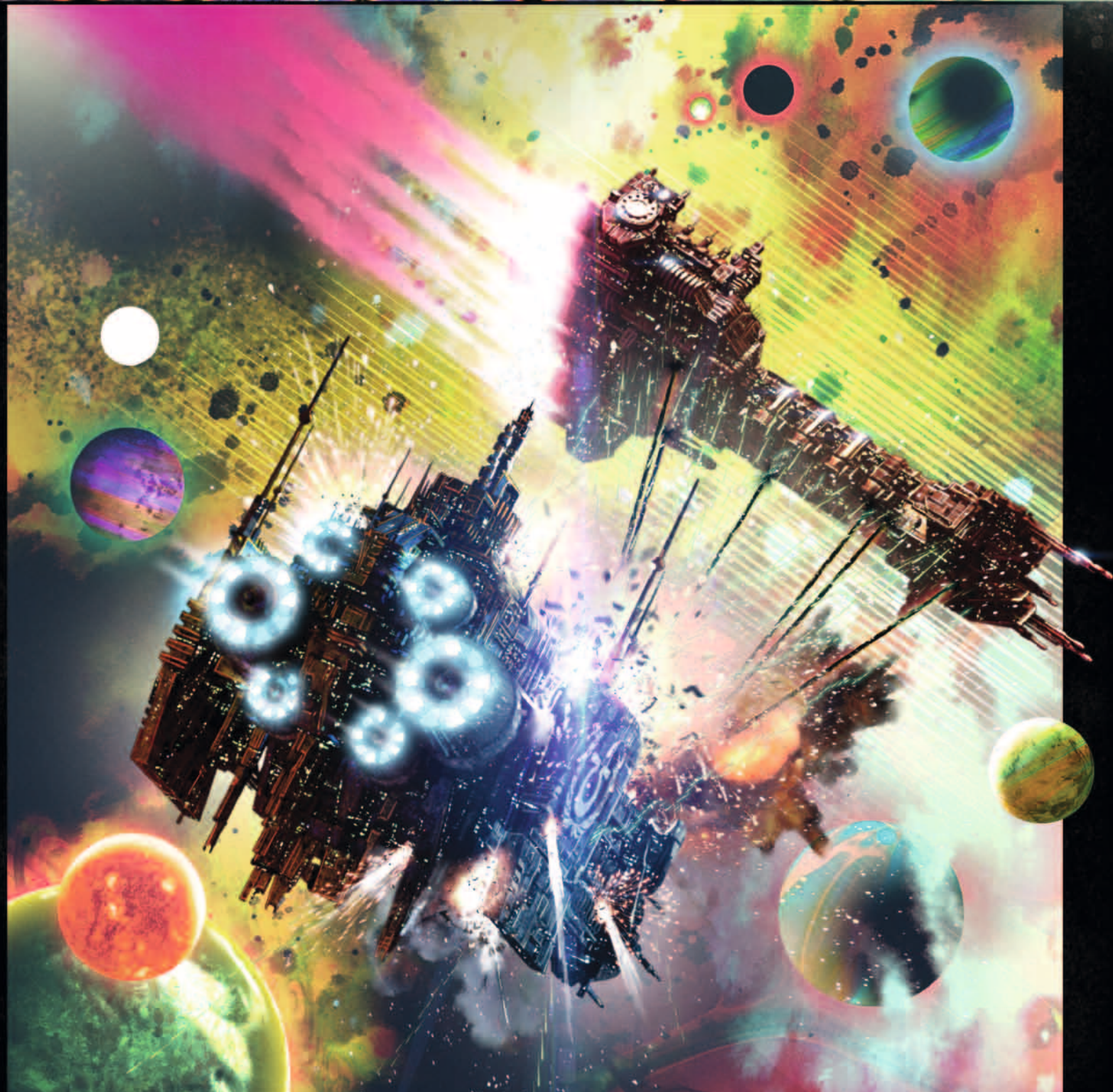
As you
predicted, once
they lost *visual*,
they had no means to
detect us, because
we *are* the warp.



Power to
the batteries.
Bombardiers,
ready
hullcutter
shells.

It is time to
crush Macragge's
oh-so-noble
honour.

Prepare
for a *killing*
pass.







*Burn
them!*



Stabilise!
Stabilise!



Get me a
damn *target!*
A *firing*
solution!



There's
nothing to lock
on to! We're
blind!



So perish
all servants
of the *False*
Emperor!



POWER FAILED
33.49 TRUNK

ALL ARTIFICERS IN SECONDARY
DRIVE SECTION REPORTED DEAD

GRAVITY OUT,
DECK SIXTEEN

FIRE IN MAIN
ENGINEERING

FIRE IN
ENVIRONMENTAL

HULL BURST BETWEEN
DECKS 33 AND 37

POWER FAILED, MAIN
AETHERIC ROUTER

SHIELDS
FAILED

Shut
off the
reports.

We
cannot
survive
another
pass like
that.

I am
not sure we
have survived the
previous ones,
lord.



We have
some gunpower
left.

I could... I
could fire a *broad
spread*, and try to
cover *all* approach
angles...

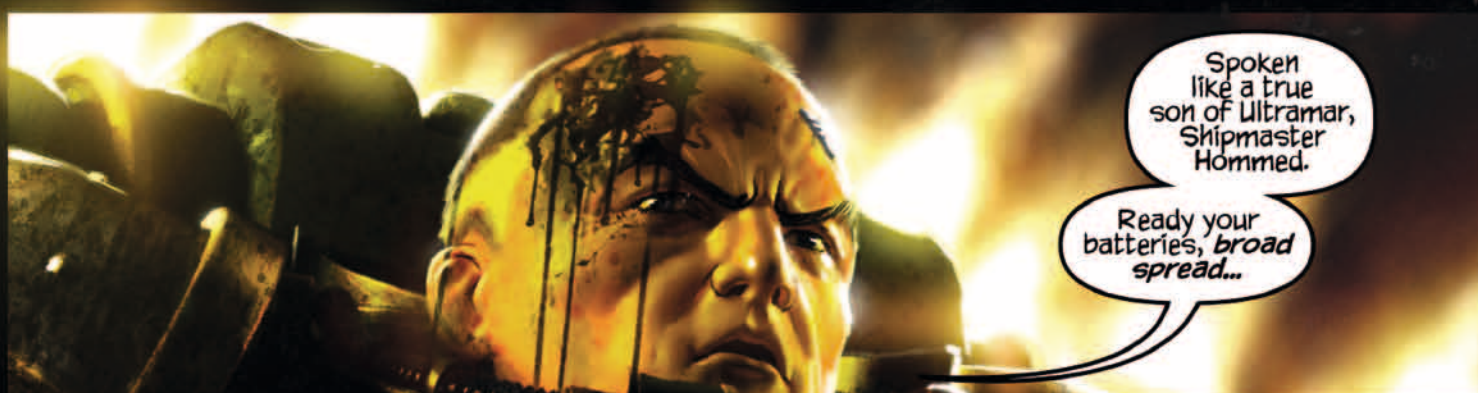
Flail
blindly in the
hope of hitting
something?



Foolish,
I know.

The
probability
of success is
negligible.

But I
would rather
do that, than do
nothing and
then *die*.



Spoken
like a true
son of Ultramar,
Shipmaster
Hommed.

Ready your
batteries, *broad
spread*...



A contact!
I have a
contact!

That's not
possible!



Approaching
vector six-five-seven,
Iir'ad apex. Faint but clear.
Unmistakable.

But we
cannot detect
their corrupted
signature!

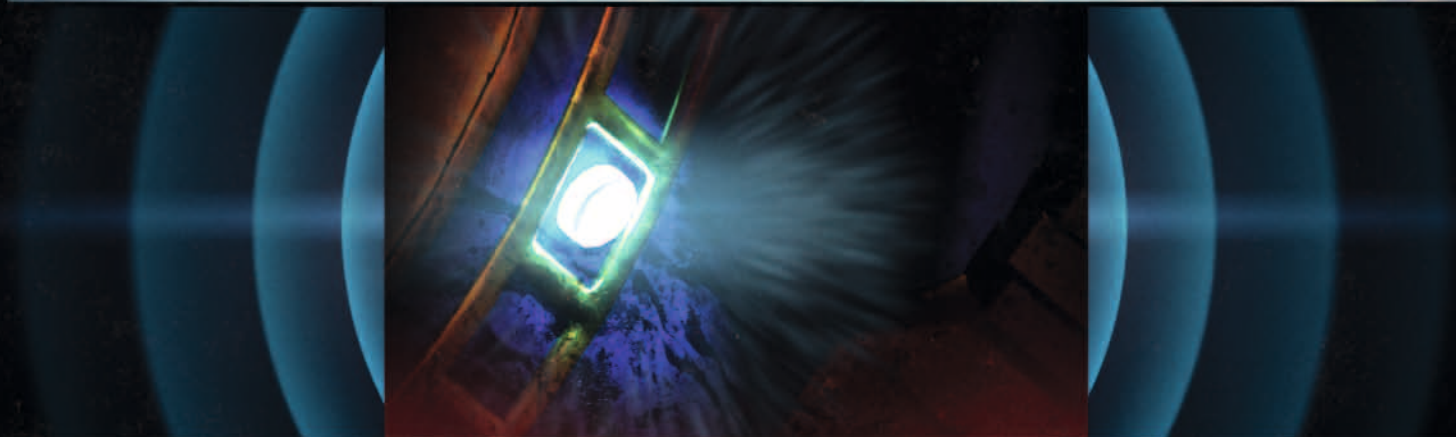
It's not
theirs sir, it's
one of *ours*.



Great
darknesses!

That's a
homing tracer!
That's the homing
tracer of an
Ultramarine's
wargear!

Serial
identifies it
as...



"...Captain *Mersaror*!"

This is...
Mersaror...







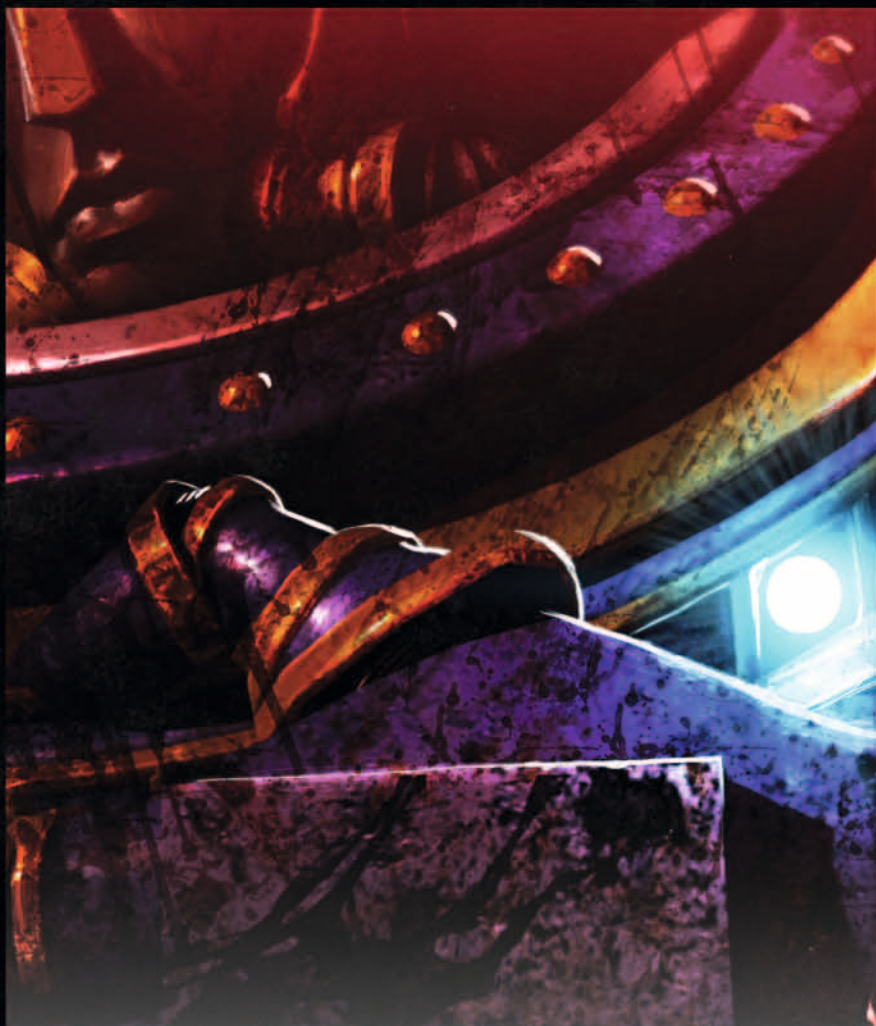


Hurry!
Hurry my
lord!



Ughhn!

Hurry,
before I am
gone!



Fire.





R/B



What?

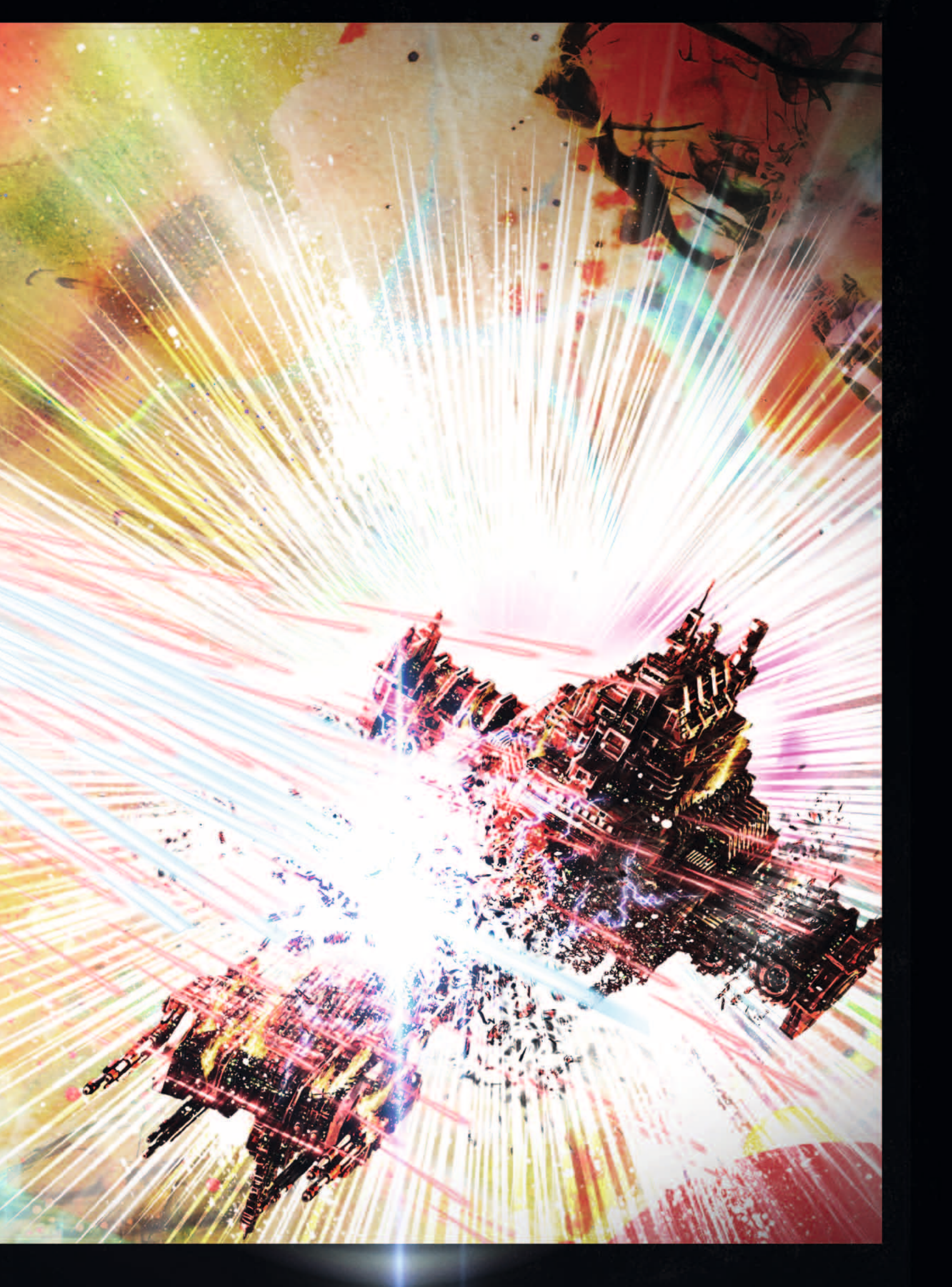
















My lord...



...kill confirmed.



My compliments to you and your crew, shipmaster.

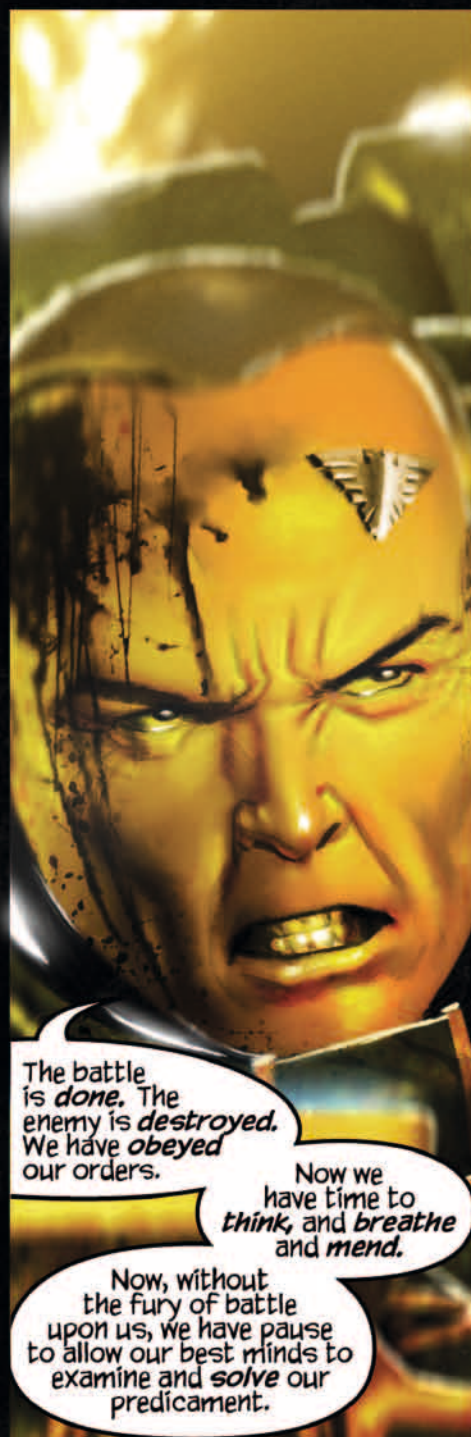
Begin recovery and repair protocols. Secure the ship.



Prioritize drives, detection grids and astronavigation.

We are lost in the heart of the warp anomaly, my lord.


We must find a way to be not lost in the warp anomaly, shipmaster.



The battle is *done*. The enemy is *destroyed*. We have *obeyed* our orders.

Now we have time to *think*, and *breathe* and *mend*.


Now, without the fury of battle upon us, we have pause to allow our best minds to examine and *solve* our predicament.



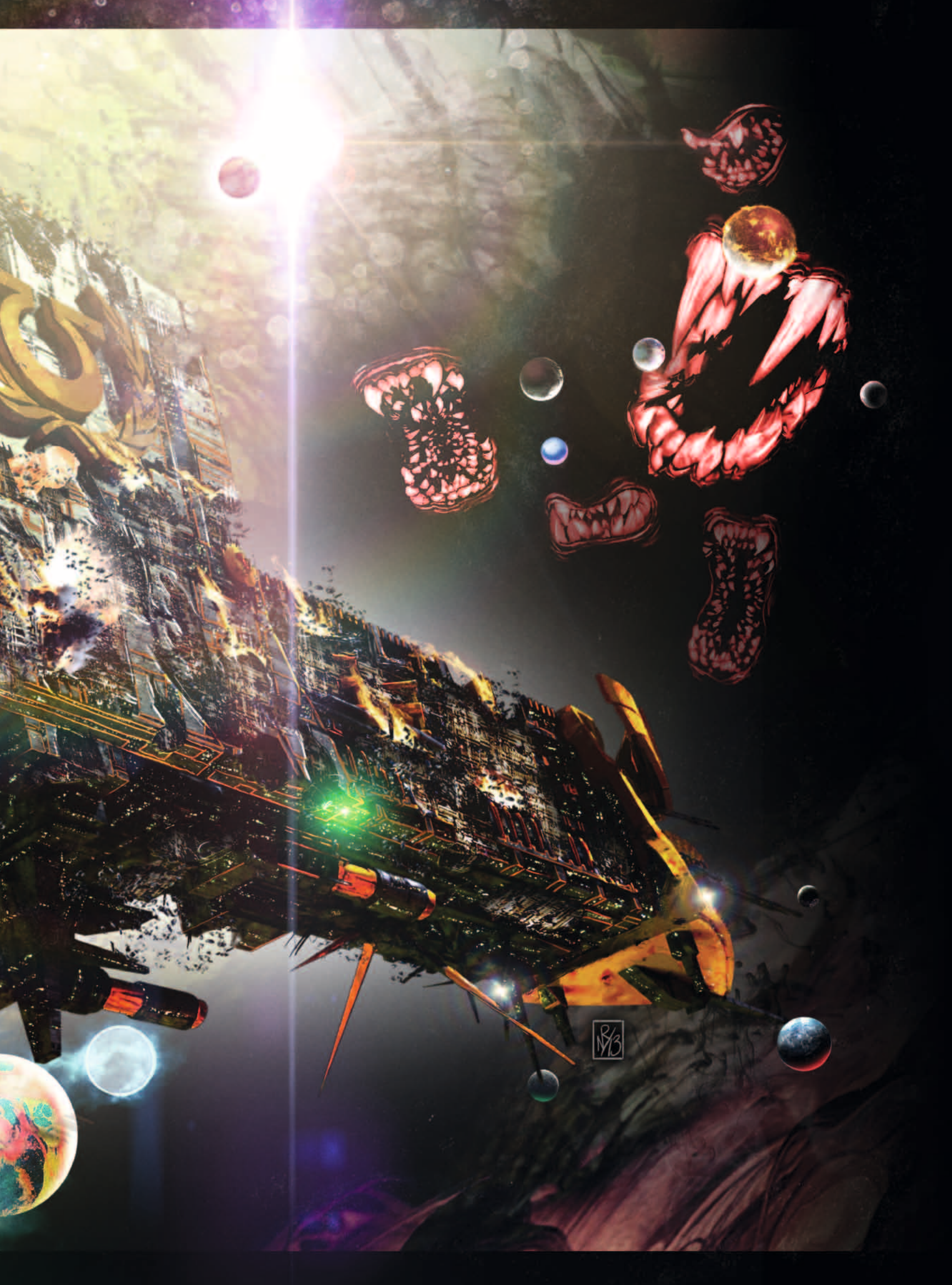
We will
heal this ship,
and we *will* find
our way back
home.

It may
take *years*,
my lord.

It may take
lifetimes...



...but we
will find a
way back.



R/B





At
last.



My lord
Kor Phaeron,
what *place* is
this?

Where have
you *brought* us
to? Where has your
sorcery *carried*
us?

To
salvation
and
sanctity.



But it
is a *wild*
place! How can
we be *safe*
here?

We needed an *escape*
route. The Octed
answered me.

The
Primordial Annihilator
received my prayers
and granted me
this.

They
whispered
its *name*
to me.

The winds
of the warp blew
us here, for they
knew we would
be safe on this
world.



"In a place of *sanctuary*. In a place of *freedom*.
In a place where our enemies can *never* touch us."

END.





The following pages contain a look at
the making of *Macragge's Honour*.

For the first time, you can read the
final twenty-five pages of Dan Abnett's
original script, illustrated with
concept art, page layouts and character
studies taken from Neil Roberts's
sketchbook.

PAGE SEVENTY-SIX

1. Big panel, the bridge of the Macragge's Honour. Gravity has stabilised, but the deck is still at an angle. The whole place is smashed and fire-lit, terribly damaged. Many bridge crew are dead. Gage stands, grim and defeated, back-lit by flames. Hommed and his helm officer try to get some sense out of the main console as other crew members (servitors?) try to fight fires with extinguisher units. The "jag small" balloons should be half-size and run down the upper left of the page, overlapping in a stack before Gage speaks.

JAG SMALL: Power failed 33.49 trunk

JAG SMALL (cont'd): Gravity out, deck sixteen

JAG SMALL (cont'd): Fire in main engineering

JAG SMALL (cont'd): Hull burst between decks 33 and 37

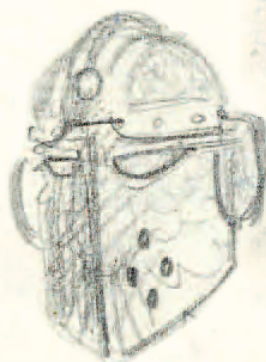
JAG SMALL (cont'd): Power failed, main aetheric router



Gage



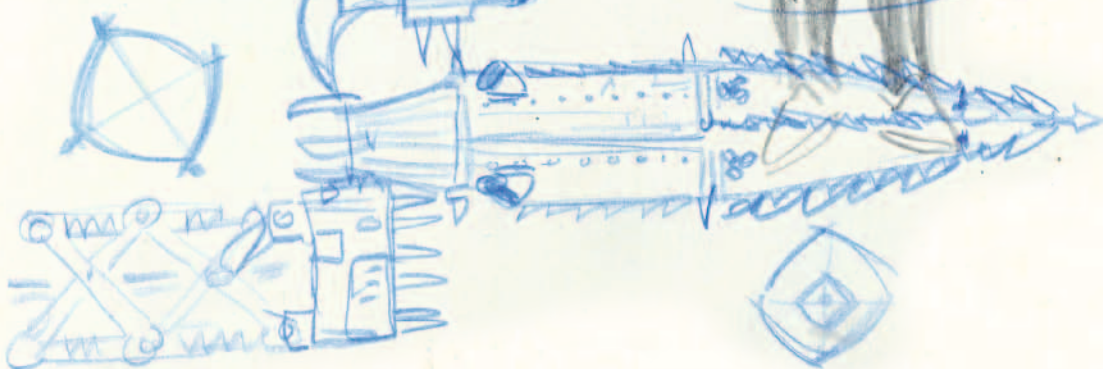
Hommed

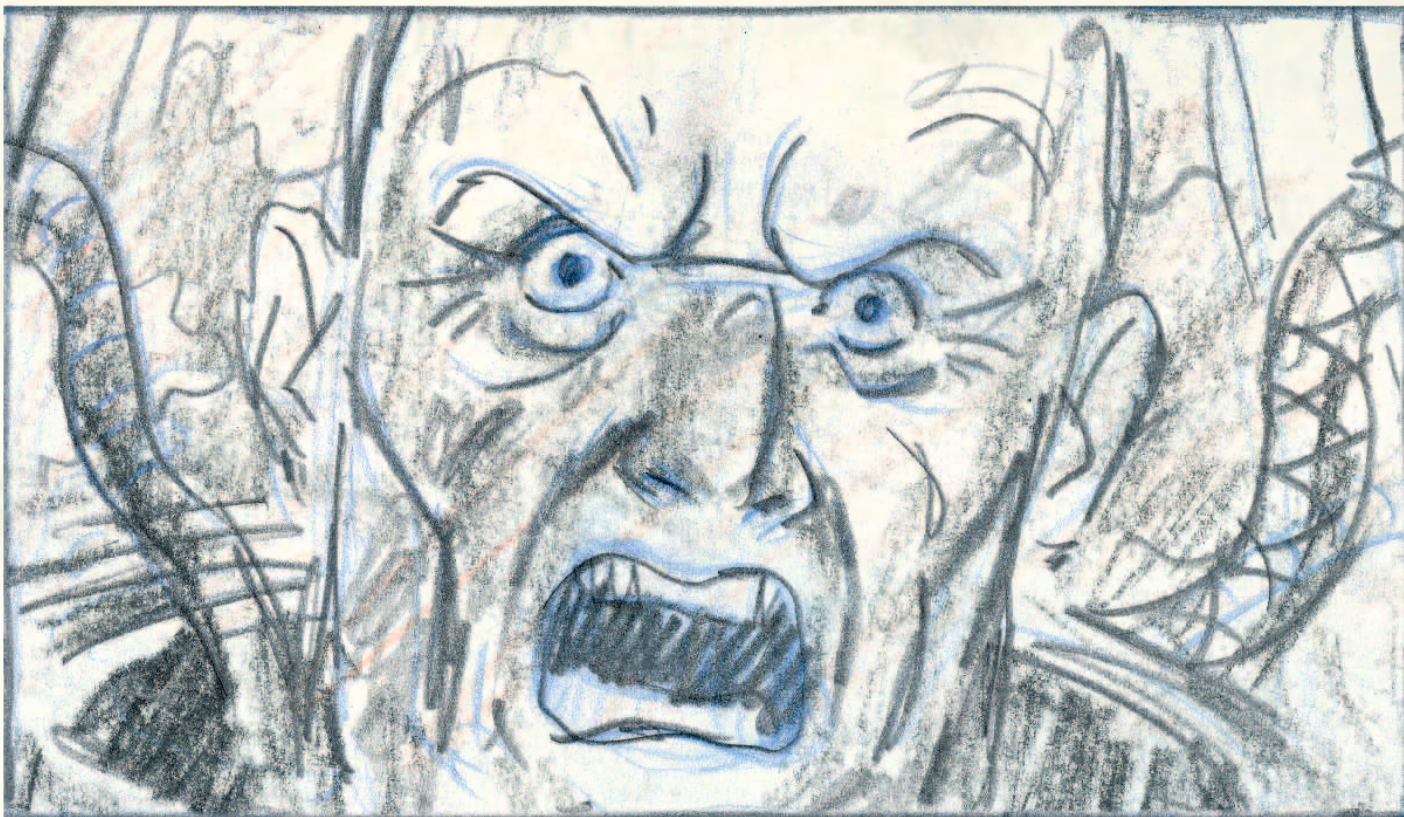


white
-minded



Honour
Macragge





JAG SMALL (cont'd): Shields failed.

JAG FROM: Fire in environmental.

JAG SMALL: All artificers in secondary drive section reported dead.

GAGE: Shut off the reports. [joined] We cannot survive another pass like that.

HOMMED: I am not sure we have survived the previous ones, lord.

2. He looks around at Gage.

HOMMED (cont'd): We have some gunpower left. [joined] I could... I could fire a broad spread, and try to cover all approach angles...

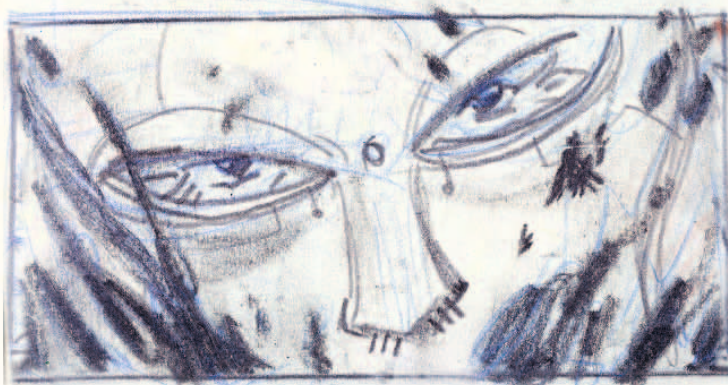
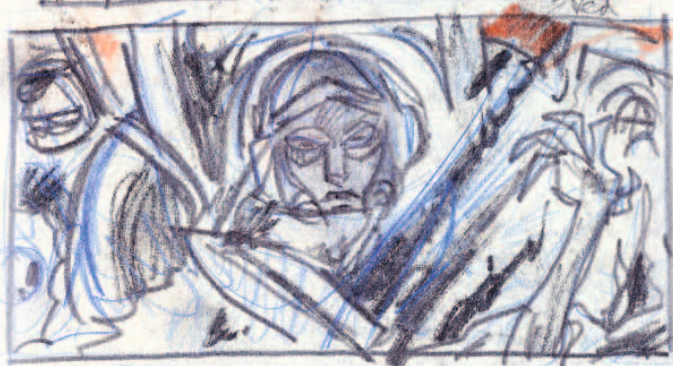
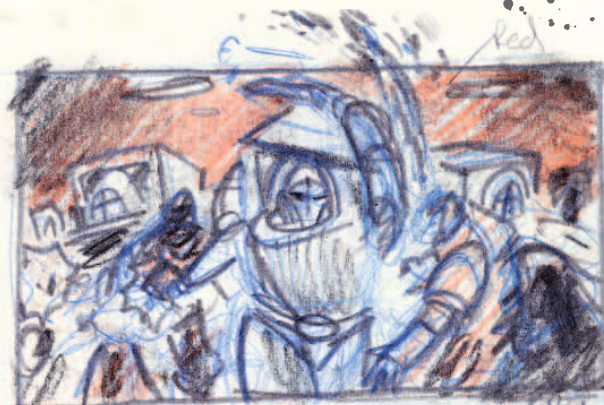
GAGE: Flail blindly in the hope of hitting something?

3. Tight on Hommed.

HOMMED: Foolish, I know. [joined] The probability of success is negligible. [joined] But I would rather do that, than do nothing and then die.

4. On Gage, solemn.

GAGE: Spoken like a true son of Ultramar, Shipmaster Hommed. [joined] Ready your batteries, broad spread...



PAGE
SEVENTY-SEVEN

1. They both look around sharply as the helm officer sings out.

HELM: A contact! I have a contact!

HOMMED: That's not possible!

2. They both rush to her. She studies the console excitedly.

HELM: Approaching vector six-five-seven, liriad apex. Faint but clear. Unmistakable.

HOMMED: But we cannot detect their corrupted signature!

HELM: It's not theirs sir, it's one of ours.

3. Gage steps in between them to study the display.

GAGE: Great darknesses! [joined] That's a homing tracer! That's the homing tracer of an Ultramarine's wargear!

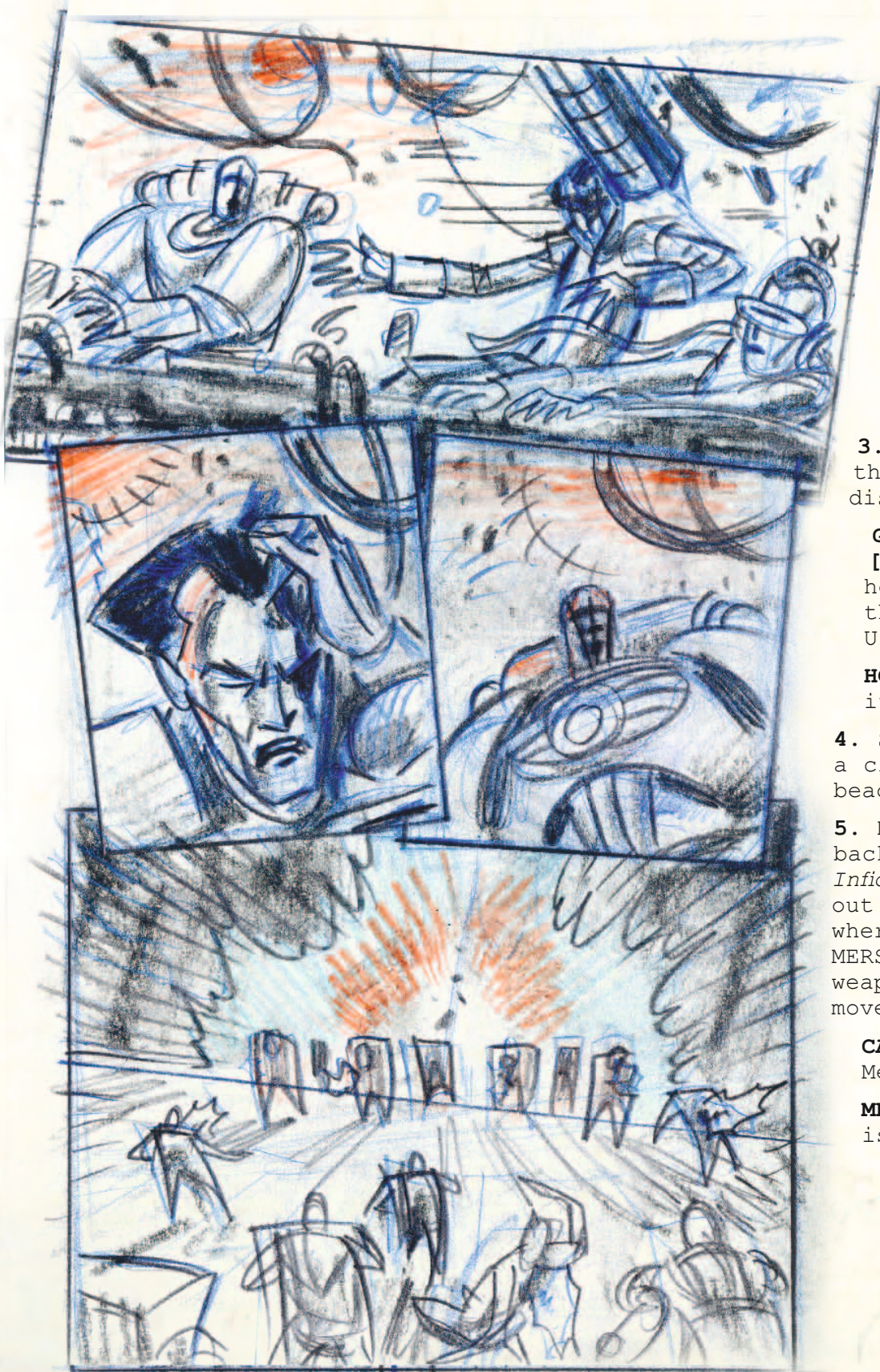
HOMMED: Serial identifies it as...

4. Small panel, cut to a close-up of that suit beacon, blinking.

5. Match shot and pull back: the interior of the *Infidus Imperator*, a burned out and mangled section, where the terribly wounded MERSAROR crawls forward, weapon in hand, every movement an effort.

CAP: "....Captain Mersaror!"

MERSAROR (wobbly): This is... Mersaror...



KEY OF
TERROR

PAGE
SEVENTY-EIGHT

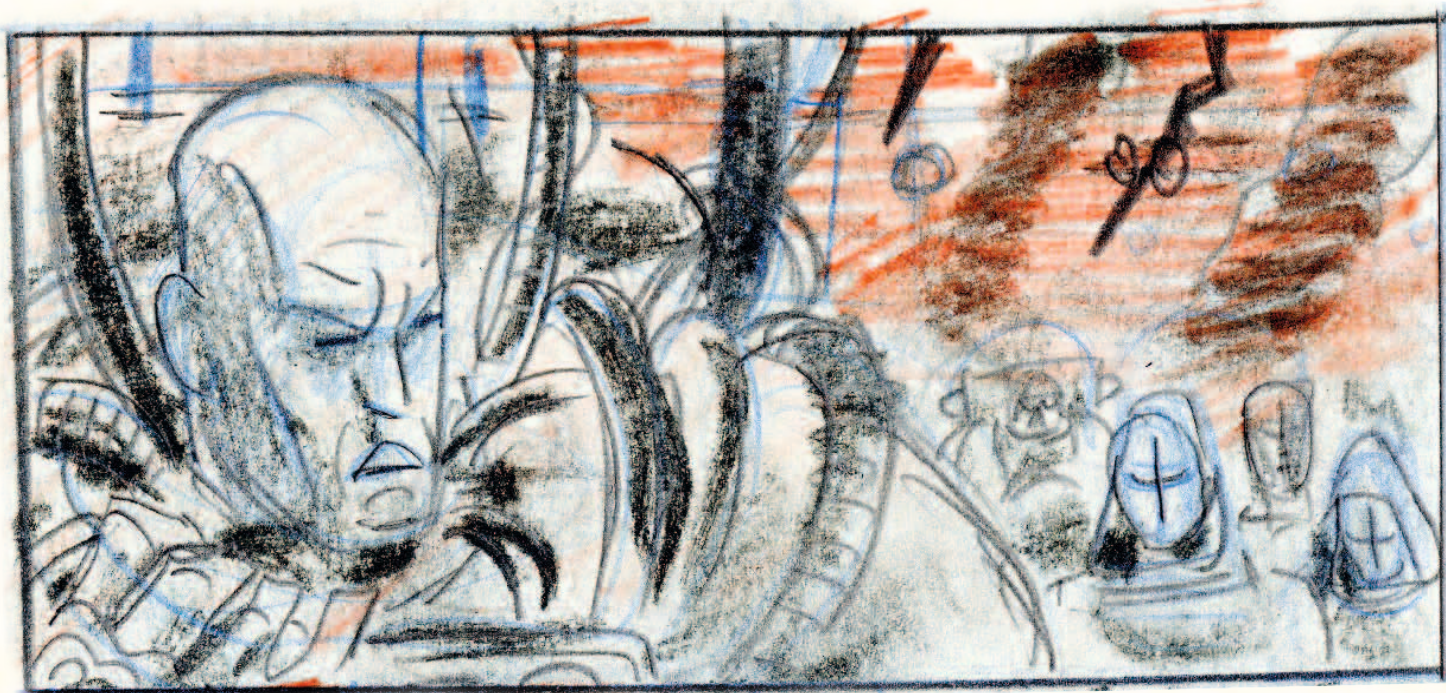
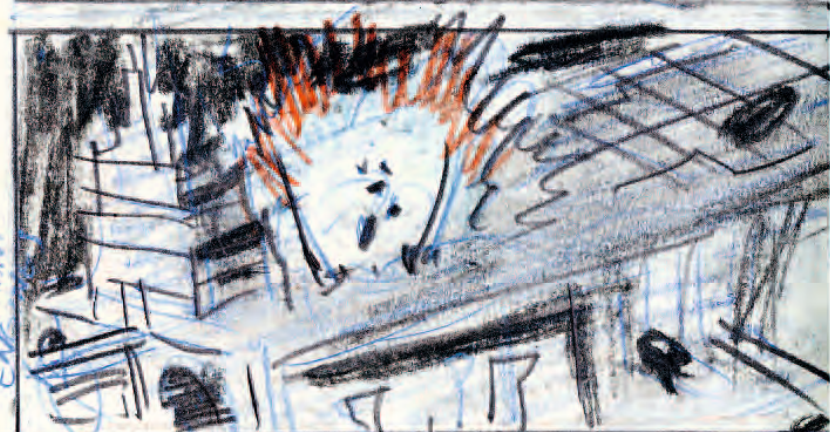
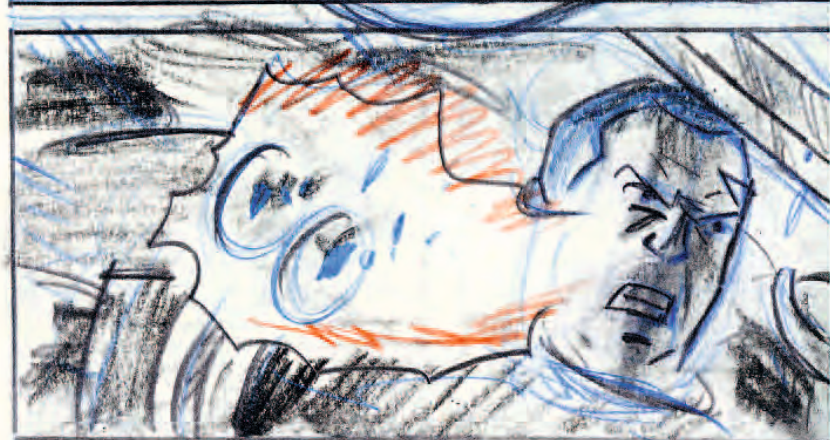
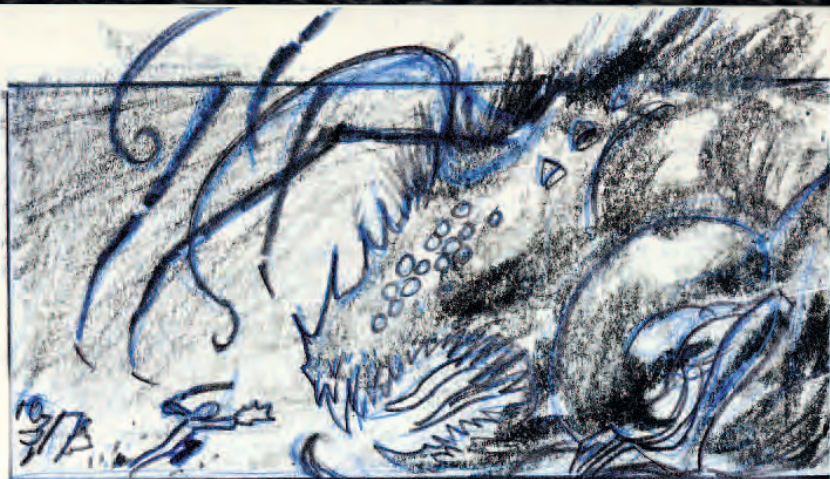
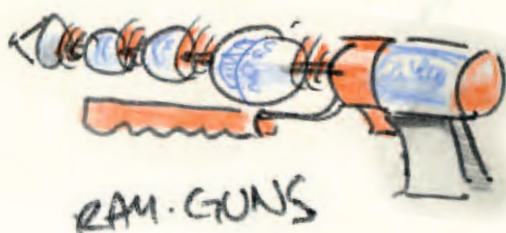
1. Pull back on him as he moves through the ritual chamber space of the *Infidus Imperator* which is blackened with the effects of the warp magic and littered with the bodies of his comrades.

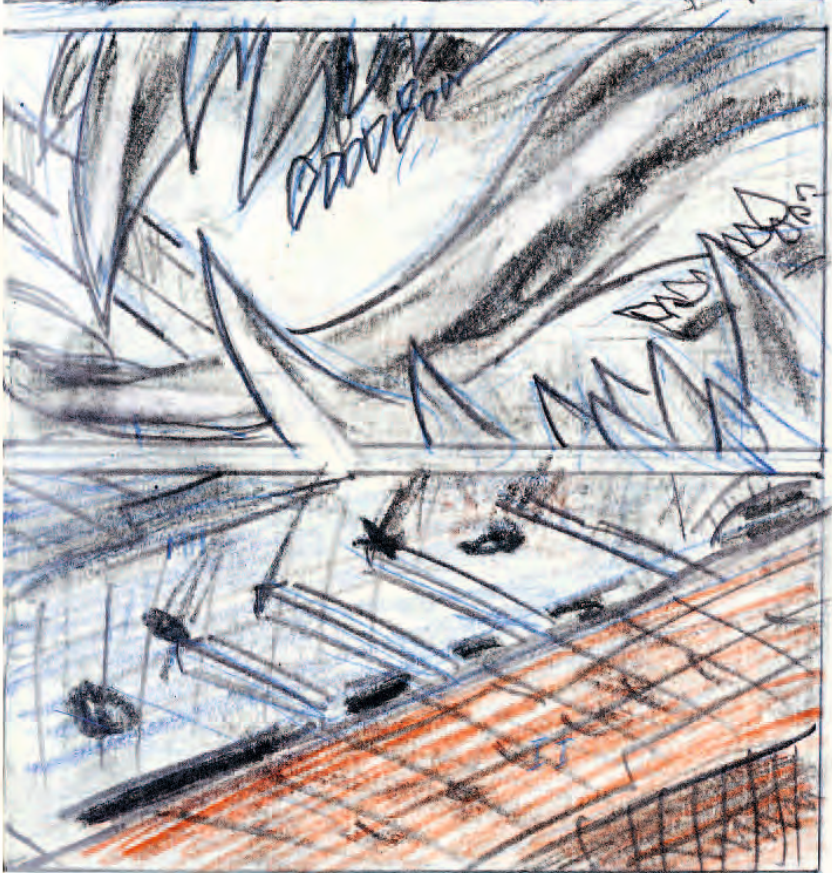
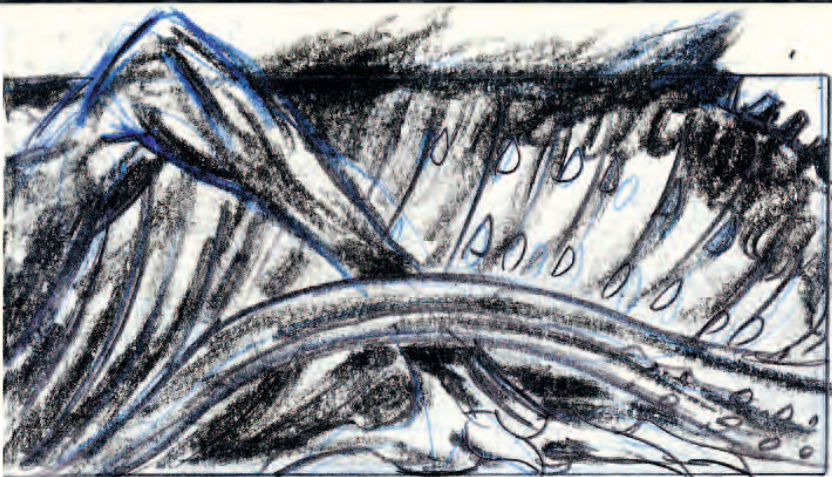
MERSAROR (wobbly): ...if you can hear me, Macragge's Honour... [joined]
...lock onto my signal. Make me your target.

2. He rolls suddenly, blasting down two Word Bearers who have discovered him.

3. He rocks back, hurt.

MERSAROR: Hurry! Hurry! [joined]
They will soon find me and silence me! [joined] Hurry!





PAGE SEVENTY-NINE

1. On the *Macragge's Honour*. Gage looks at Hommed.

GAGE: Approaching vector six-five-seven, liriad apex. [joined] Shipmaster, make that your target. [joined] Commit all ordnance.

HOMMED: Approaching vector six-five-seven, liriad apex, all ordnance, aye.

2. He turns, yelling orders. Everybody scrambles.

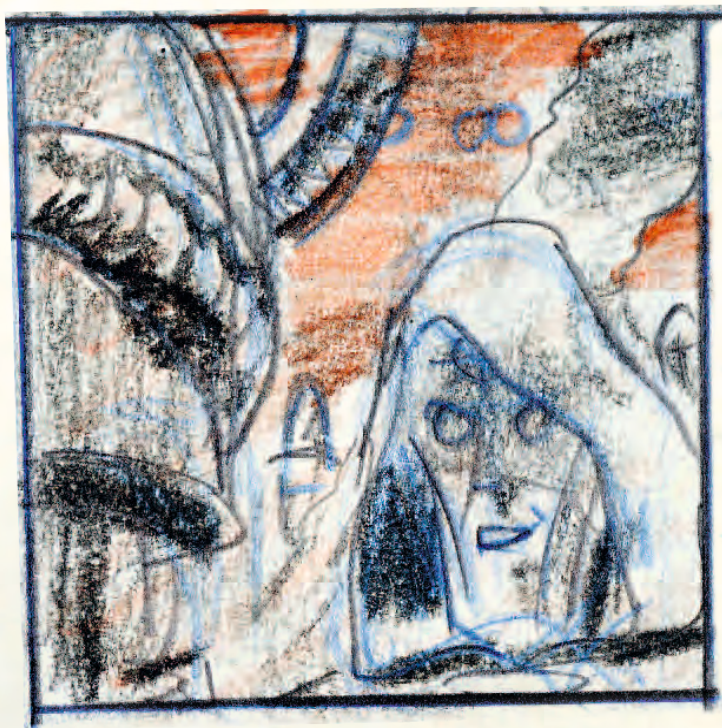
HOMMED (cont'd): Set target approach vector! [joined] All viable ordnance to bear! Prep firing cycle.

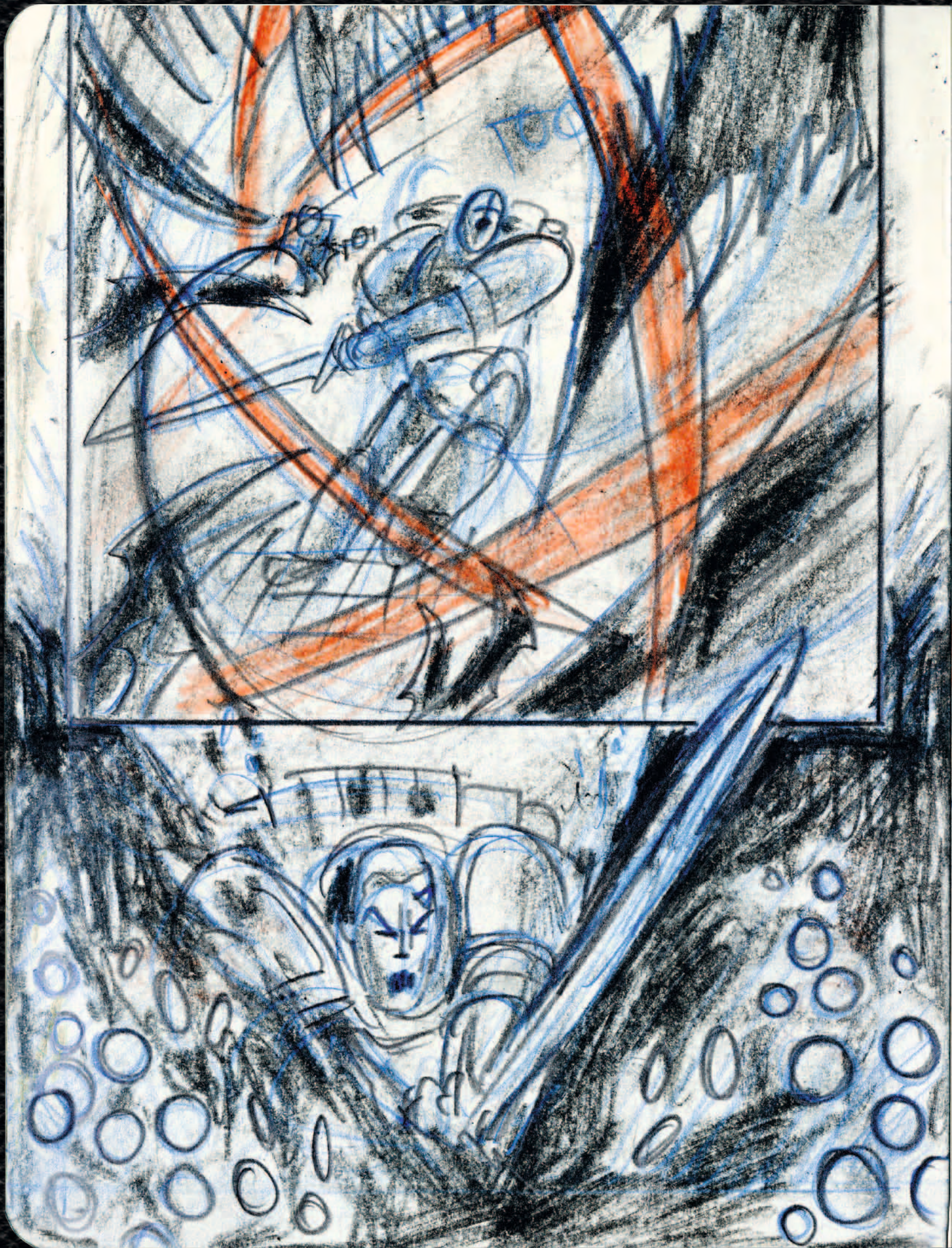
3. Shot of one of the huge gunnery decks as the loaders scramble to load the huge shells. Damage and fires all around.

JAG FROM: Main batteries load!

4. Cut to a shot of one (or more? In a line?) of their energy weapon batteries mounted on the hull, as the power relays light up with energy.

JAG FROM (cont'd): Divert all available power to the beam-weapon mounts!





'METAL' MARINE



'HERE BE DRAGONS'

PAGE EIGHTY

1. Cut to Kor Phaeron on his bridge, grinning.

KOR PHAERON: Full motive power!

[joined] Bring us in!

[joined] Finish them!

2. Cut to a shot of the display screens as seen by Kor Phaeron and his crew: multiple views of the listing, burning *Macragge's Honour*, facing away from us, three-quarter view, to the right.

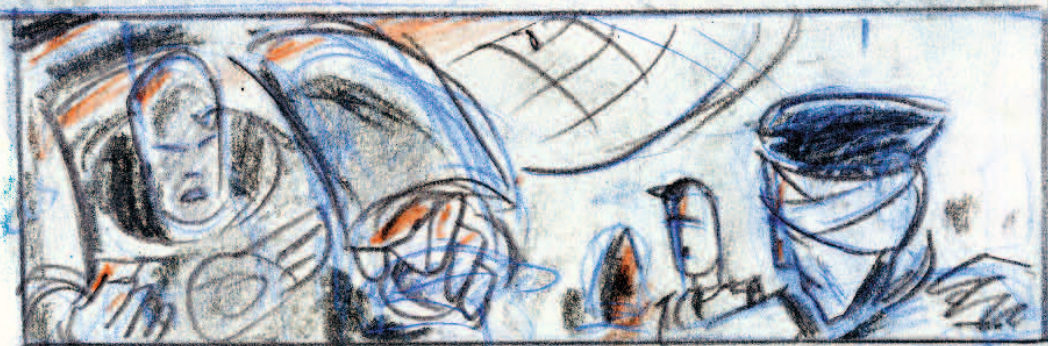
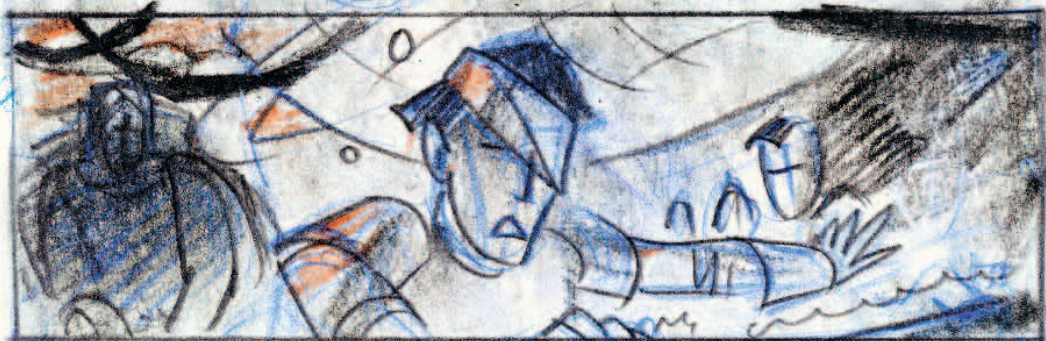
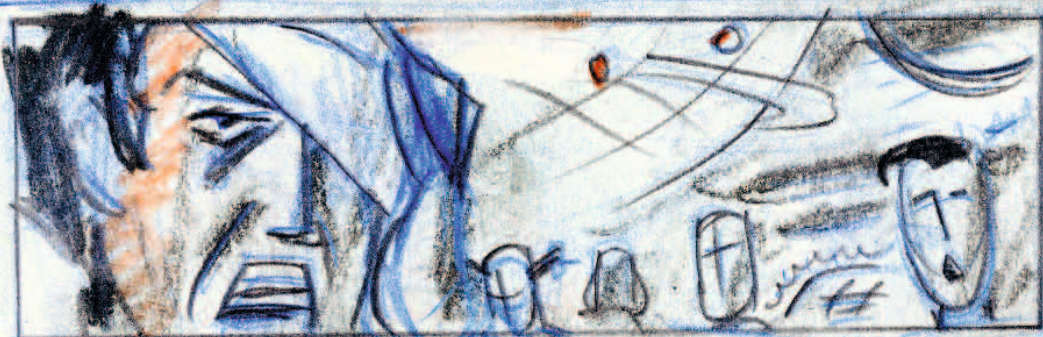
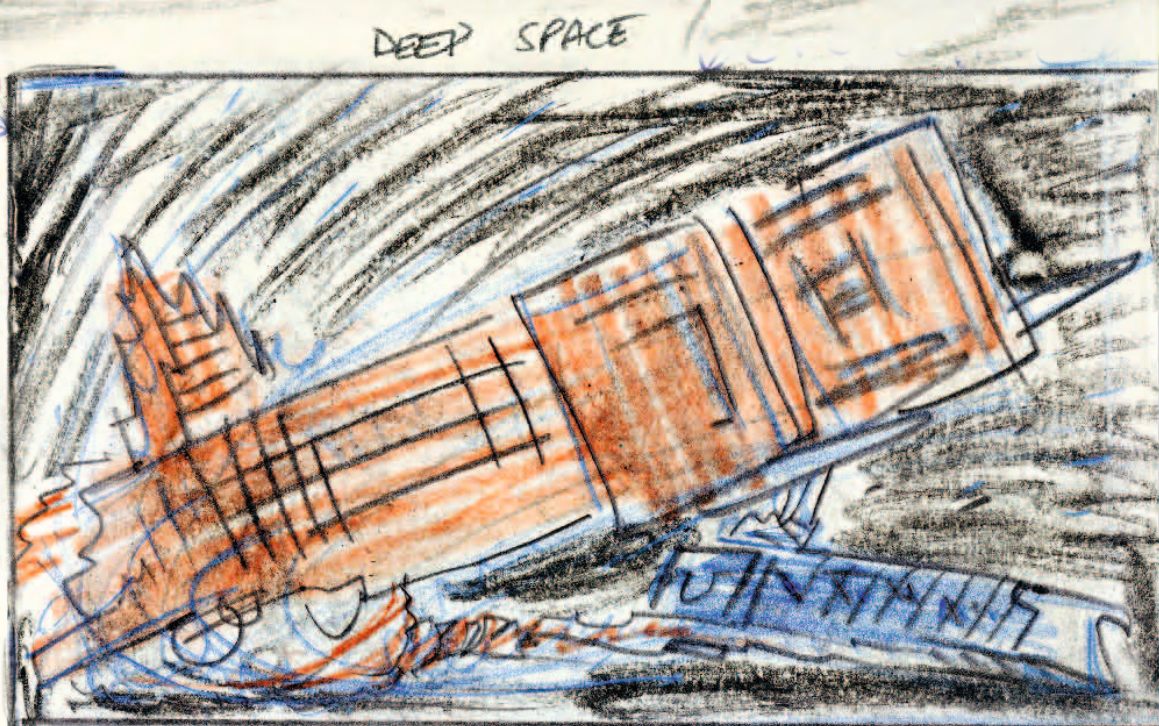
KOR PHAERON (cont'd):

They don't have a clue.

3. Big shot filling the rest of the page, the *Infidus Imperator* burning towards us.

FROM INFIDUS IMPERATOR:

Let the last and only thing they see be the flash of our murderous batteries!



PAGE EIGHTY-ONE

1. Back on the wounded Mersaror in the depths, blasting away at dozens of Word Bearers who are closing in from all sides. He is killing some.

MERSAROR: Hurry! Hurry my lord!

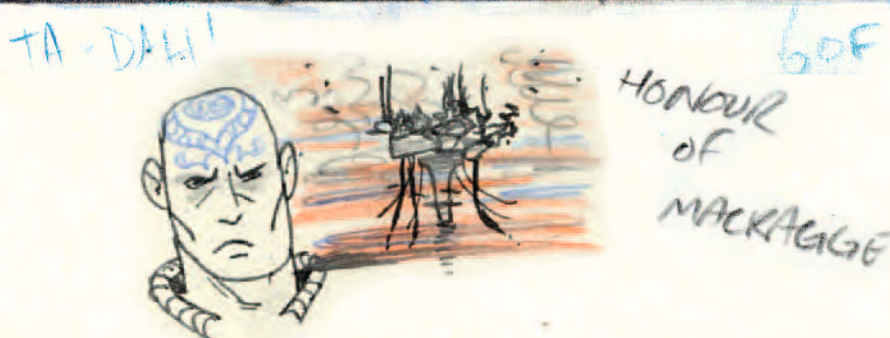
2. He turns and kills another, but is winged painfully.

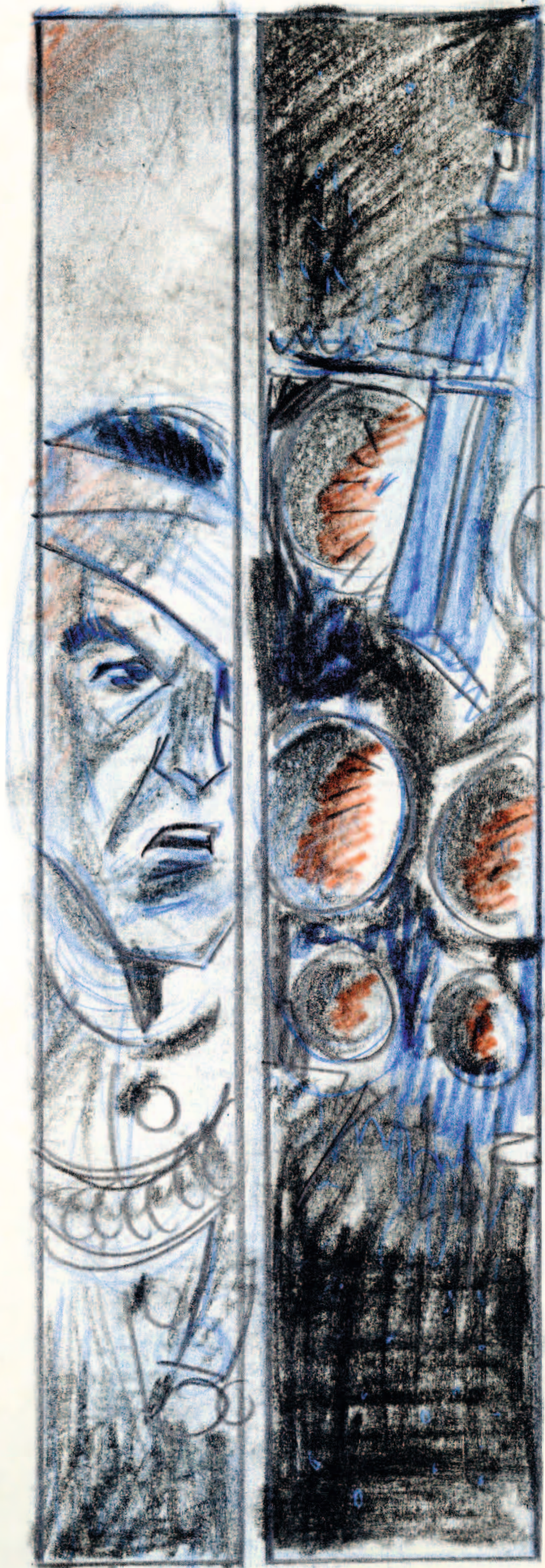
MERSAROR (cont'd): UGhnn!

[joined] Hurry, before I am gone!

3. Close-up on the beacon.
4. Cut back to Gage, narrow eyed.

GAGE: Fire.





PAGES EIGHTY-TWO/EIGHTY-THREE

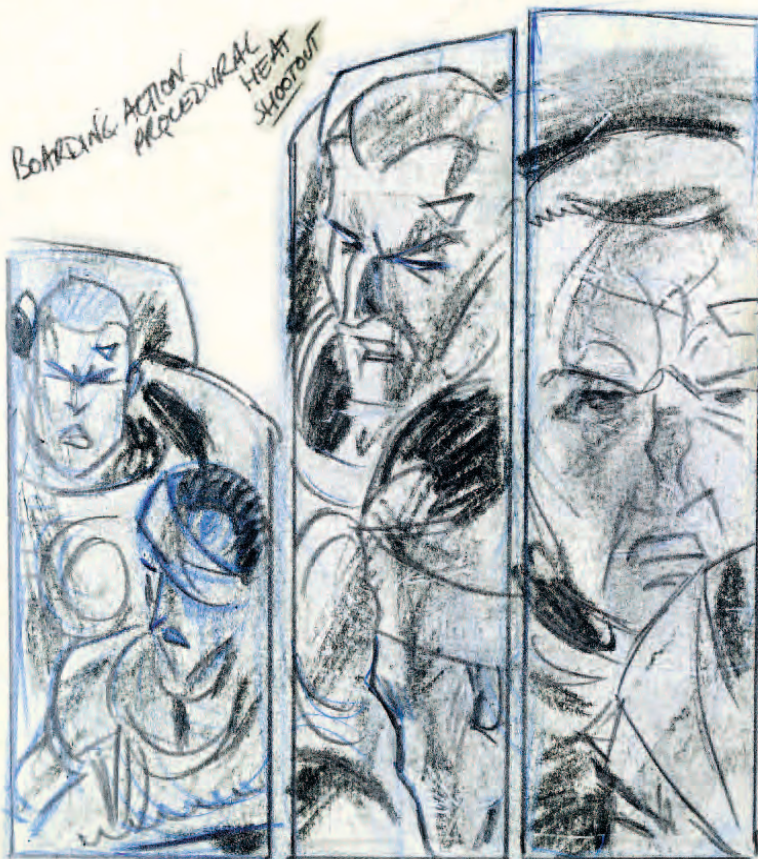
Awesome double-page spread of the massive, wounded *Macragge's Honour* opening fire with everything it has left, firing beam and projectile weapons in one direction, sort of "over it's right hand shoulder", or a full starboard broadside.

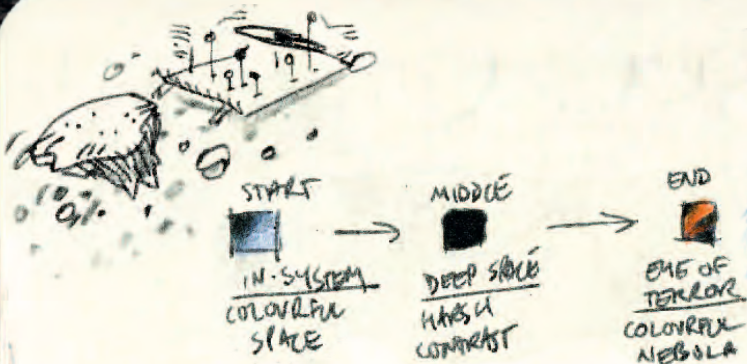
PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR

1. Cut to Kor Phaeron's horrified face.

KOR PHAERON (small): What?

2. Big shot. Shells and beams rip into the front part of the hull of the *Infidus Imperator* coming in from the left.
3. Big shot. Interior of the *Infidus Imperator*, crew vaporised and hurled headlong as compartments blow out. Fireballs.





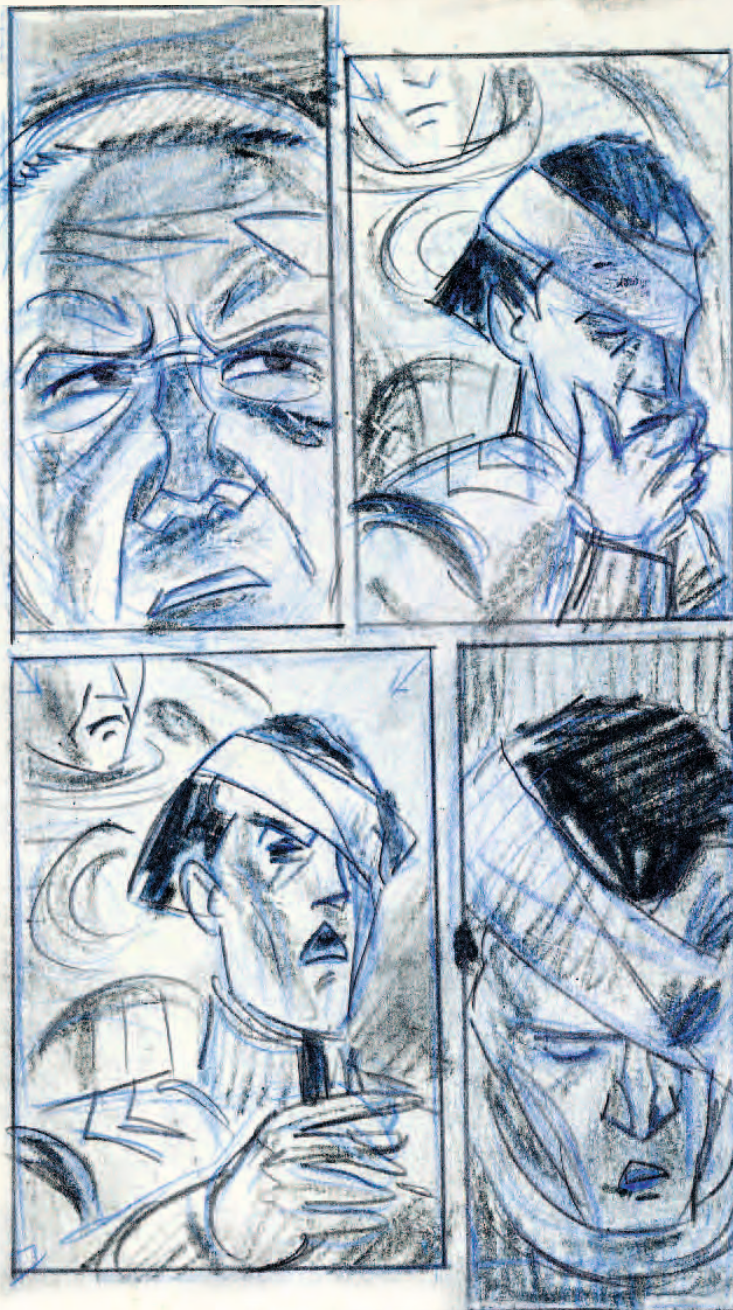
PAGE EIGHTY-FIVE

1. Big shot. Beams of energy (coming from frame left) rip through the *Infidus Imperator's* armoured hull as if it was paper.

2. Back on Kor Phaeron screaming.

KOR PHAERON: Reinforce the shields! Come about! Come about!

3. Big shot. Huge explosions rip through the *Infidus Imperator's* engineering section.



PAGE EIGHTY-SIX

1. On KP's chief officer, howling out in alarm, chaos all around.

OFFICER: Main engineering is annihilated! [joined] Artifice is lost! [joined] My lord, what order shall I-

2. He looks around and sees that KP's chair/throne behind him is empty.

OFFICER (cont'd): My lord?

3. Big shot, exterior of the stricken *Infidus Imperator*, still travelling to the left as it is hit by multiple beams and shells, parts of it blowing out.

PAGE EIGHTY-SEVEN

1. Page wide, the *Macragge's Honour* from the *Infidus Imperator's* point of view (i.e. side on, facing right, directly in front of us). It is no longer firing.

FROM MACRAGGE'S HONOUR: My lord, first firing cycle is complete. We are in danger of exhausting gun power.

[joined] Your orders?

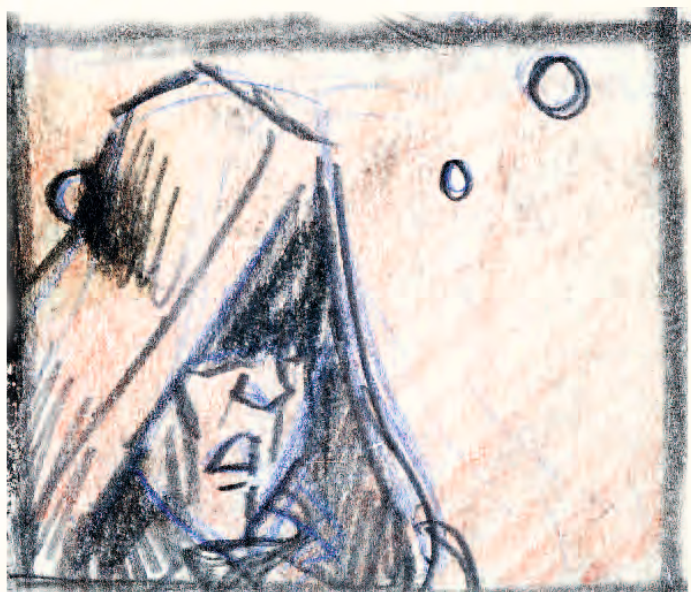
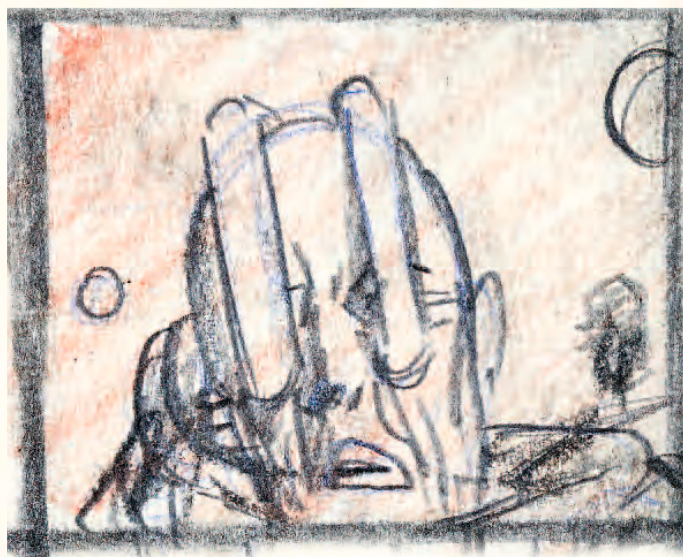
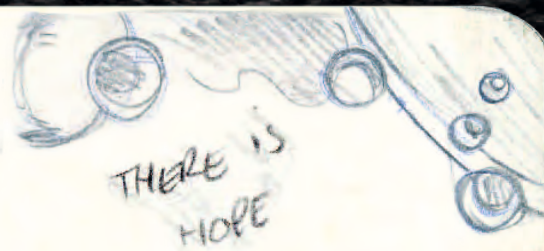
2. Page wide. Gage looks at Hommed.

GAGE: Make sure of it. **[joined]** Give them everything.

3. Hommed turns and yells at his crew.

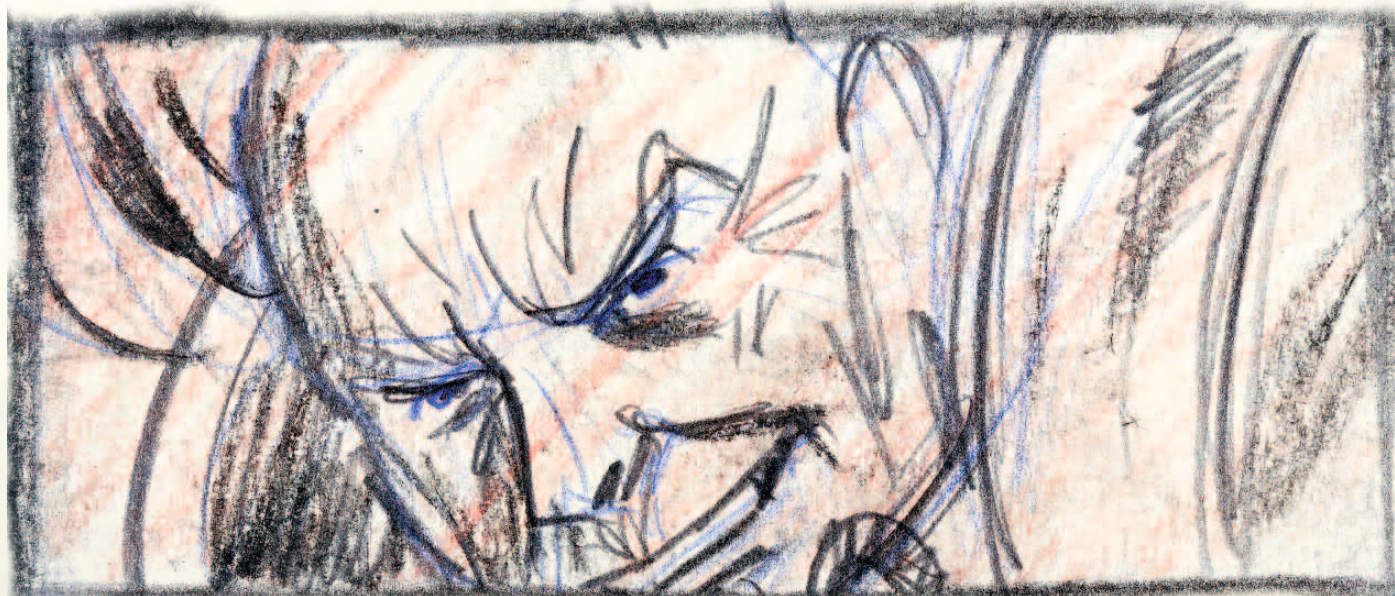
HOMMED: Commence second firing cycle!

[joined] Blow them to hell!



PAGES EIGHTY-EIGHT/EIGHTY-NINE

Double page spread. The *Macragge's Honour* is on the left of the spread, three-quarters facing us. It is firing its second full broadside, left to right, across the spread. On the right, heading towards frame left, the *Infidus Imperator* is engulfed in this and explodes. We are catching this explosion early enough (in this frame) to see what's exploding (i.e. the *Infidus Imperator*) but it's huge and dazzling and awesome.



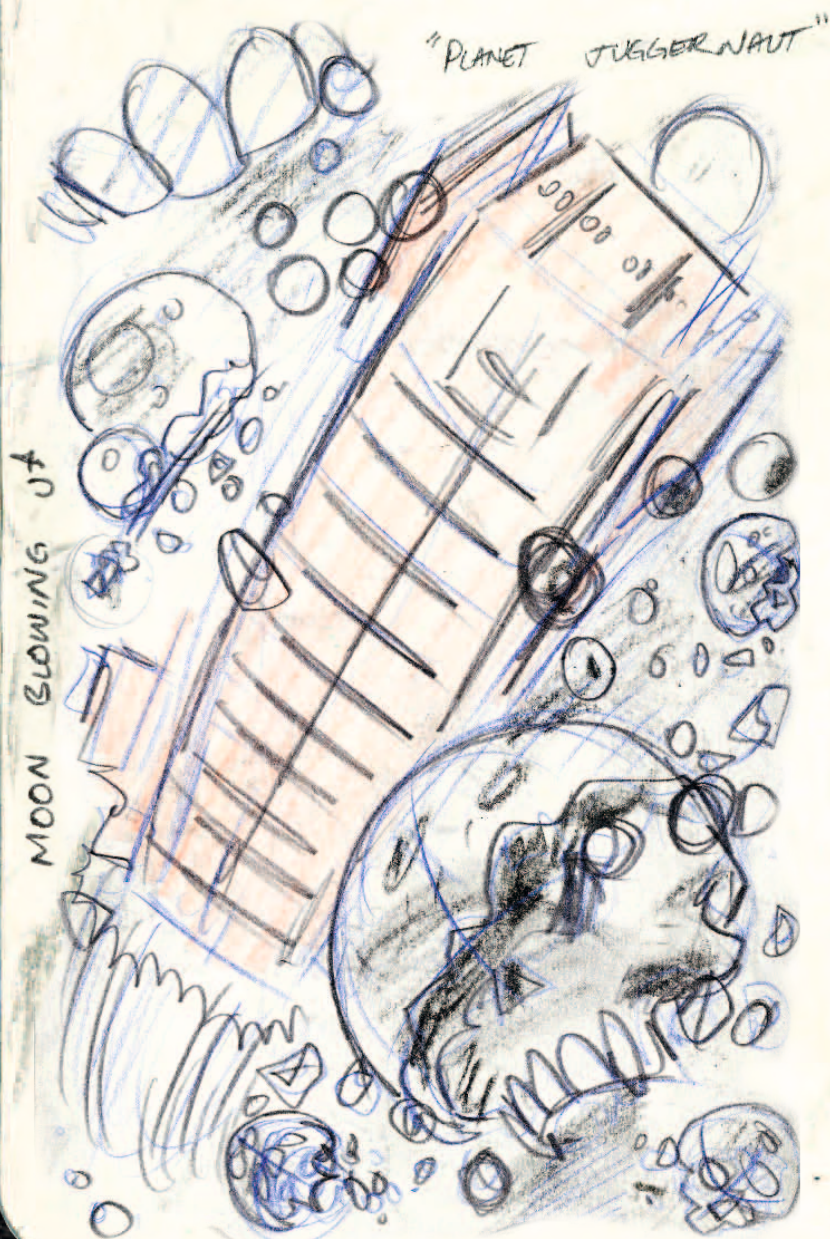
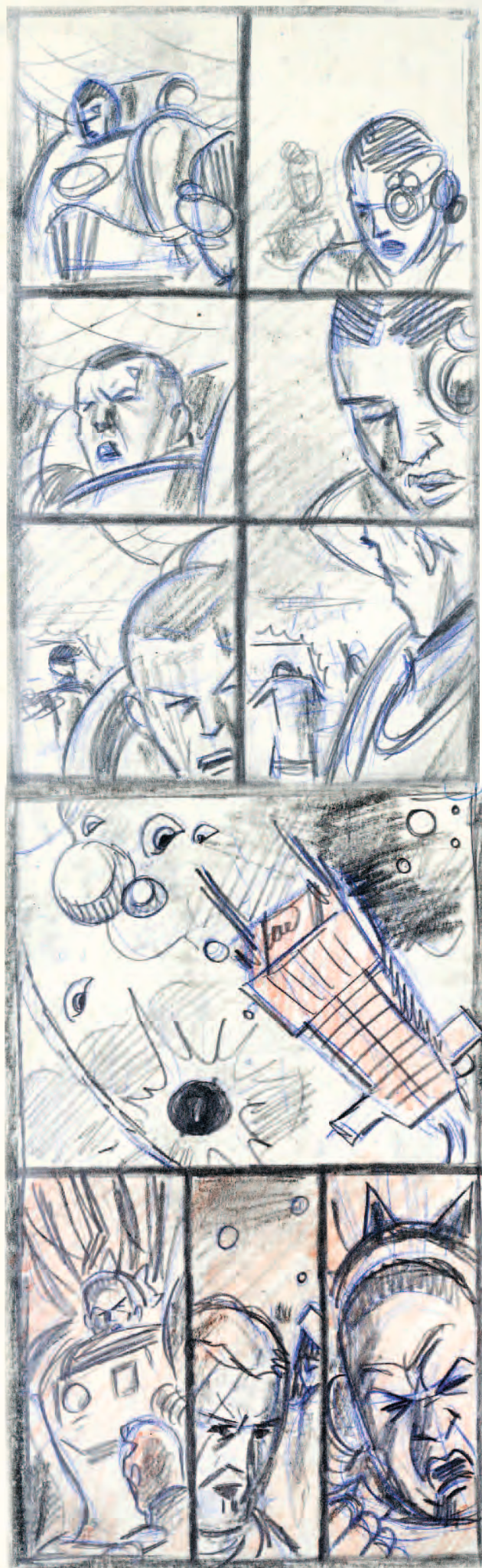
PAGE NINETY

Full page splash. The explosion is shown fully... Huge, eye-searingly bright, debris and energy shockwaves ripping out from it. This is the graphic novel's "punctuation mark".

PAGE NINETY-ONE

Full page splash. The *Macragge's Honour*, no longer firing, and probably seen as per frame 1, page eighty-seven, but we're now looking at it through a dispersing sea of burning debris and junk.

FROM MACRAGGE'S HONOUR: My lord...



-PHOSPHEX - CREEPING NAPALM?

PAGE NINETY-TWO

1. On the bridge, which is still damaged, and on fire in places. Hommed stands, dignified, exhausted, gazing at the blank screens.

HOMMED: ...kill confirmed.

2. He turns to Gage.

GAGE: My compliments to you and your crew, shipmaster. [joined] Begin recovery and repair protocols. Secure the ship.

3. Gage takes a data-slate from the helm officer as he talks to Hommed.

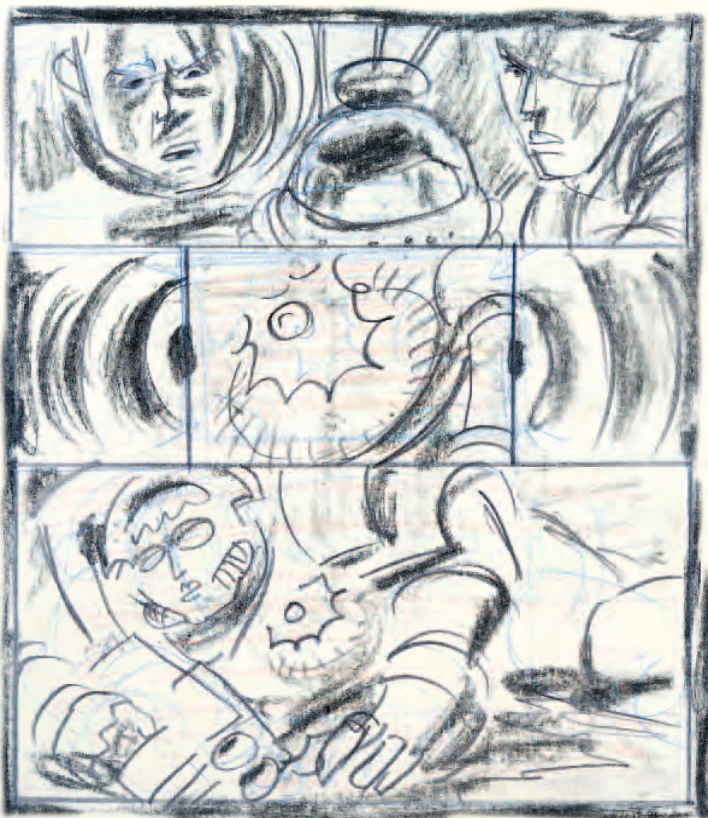
GAGE (cont'd): Prioritize drives, detection grids and astronavigation.

HOMMED: We are lost in the heart of the warp anomaly, my lord.

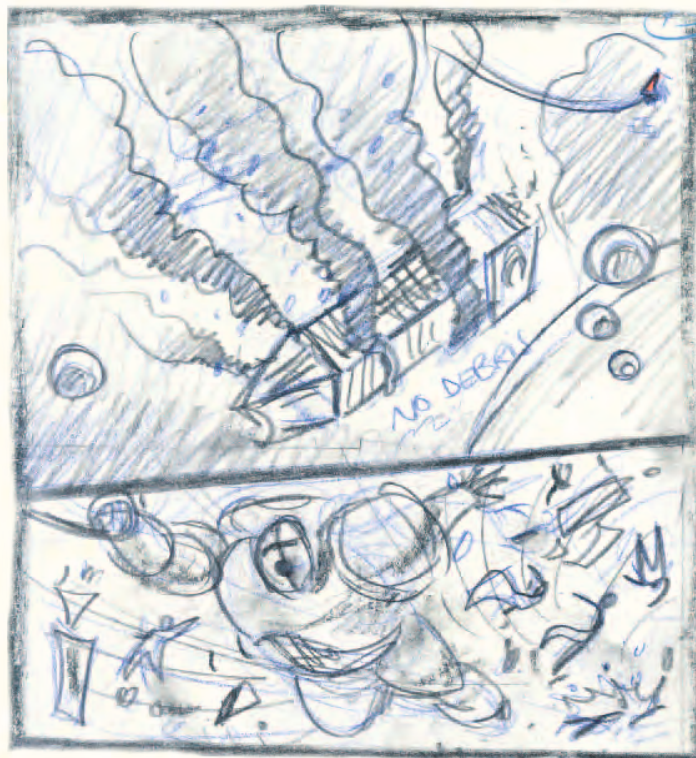
GAGE: We must find a way to be not lost in the warp anomaly, shipmaster.

4. On Gage.

GAGE (cont'd): The battle is done. The enemy is destroyed. We have obeyed our orders. [joined] Now we have time to think, and breathe and mend. [joined] Now, without the fury of battle upon us, we have pause to allow our best minds to examine and solve our predicament.



NO GET 'EM!



PAGE NINETY-THREE

Full page splash, pulling up and away to show him standing in the middle of the devastated bridge, seen from a raised angle. He is an enduring, dignified figure, but around him is damage, death, devastation, the surviving crew members are struggling to man their posts, repair systems, hold the injured or fight fires. This is almost like a sea of multiple details, with Gage and Hommed in the middle of it.

GAGE: We will heal this ship, and we will find our way back home.

HOMMED: It may take years, my lord.

GAGE: It may take lifetimes...

PAGES NINETY-FOUR/NINETY-FIVE

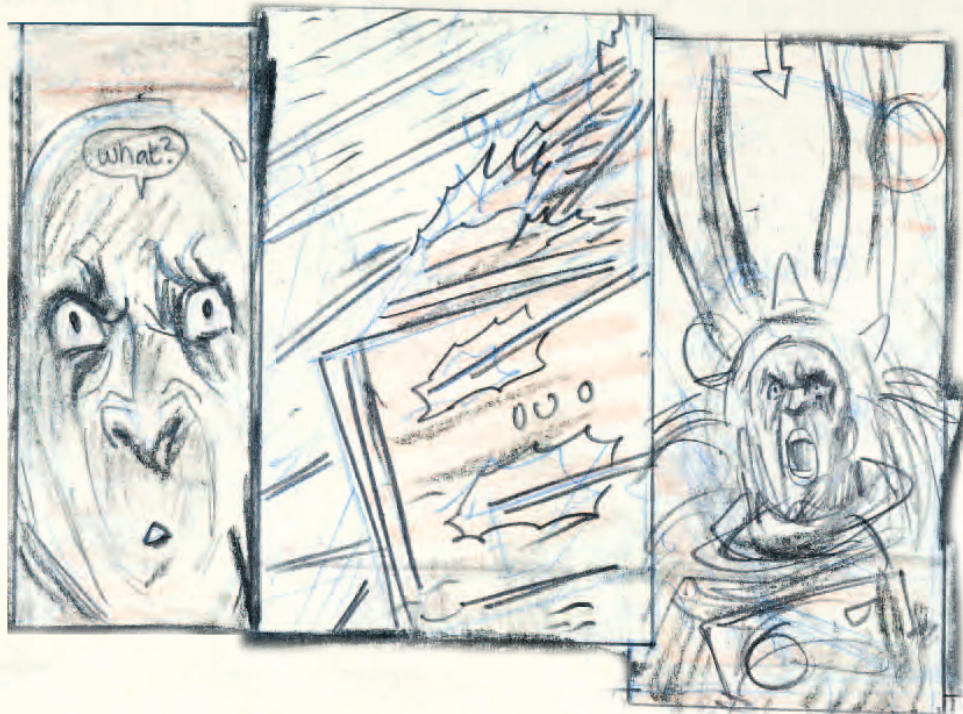
Double page splash, on the wounded *Macragge's Honour* as it lights its engines and begins to limp away from us into the hostile warp. We're low down, looking up to give it some bulk and majesty, but it is still heroically dwarfed by the vista. The madness of the warp is all around, perhaps darker and more nightmarishly sombre than ever before.

FROM MACRAGGE'S HONOUR: ...but we will find a way back.

PAGE NINETY SIX

We're cutting for the final scene to the daemon world Sicarus in the Eye of Terror. It's a desolate, pestilential place with a "boiling sky of fire and blood", though at this time it has not been built up with the endless cathedrals of Chaos.

1. Page wide. Long shot across this dark, hostile wasteland.
2. Page wide, continuous.
3. Page wide, continuous. A bright "puncture" appears through the fabric of reality, in the air in front of us, as a sacred athame cuts through from the other side.



PAGE NINETY-SEVEN

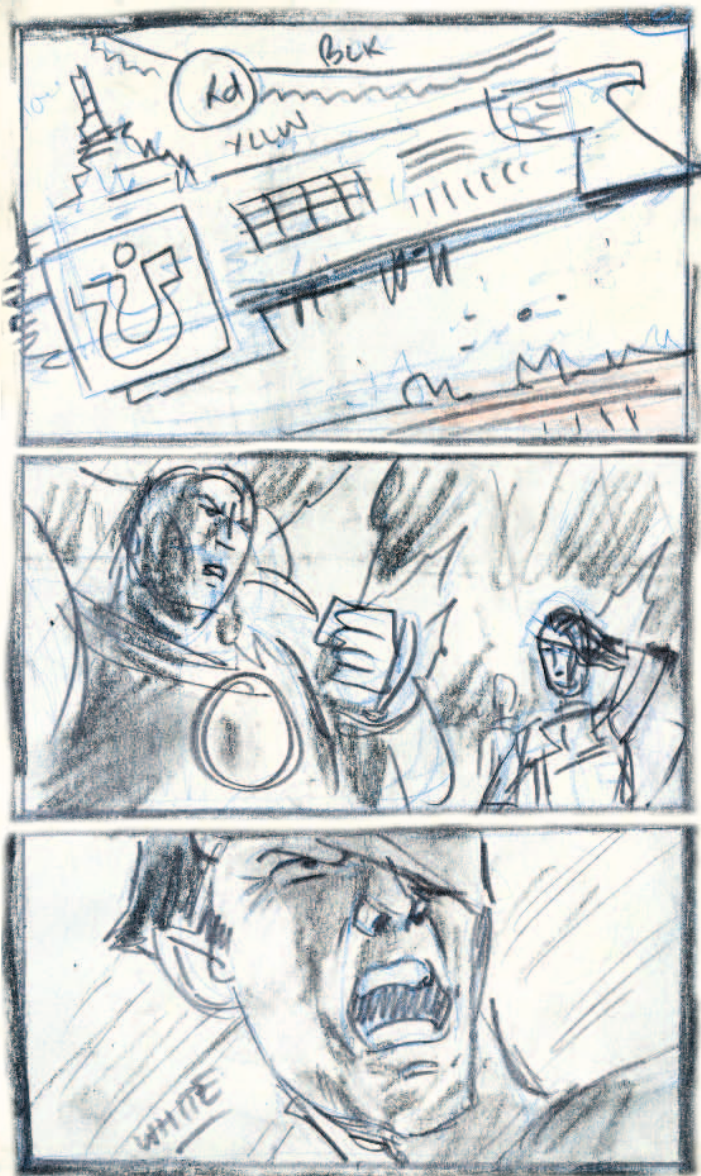
Full page splash. Same view and angle, but the athame cut has now become a huge diagonal slash in reality, and we are looking into it to see the bloody, maniacal Kor Phaeron (athame in hand, making the cut) looking out at us. Wherever he is. It is dark and cold.

KOR PHAERON: At last.

PAGES NINETY-EIGHT/NINETY-NINE

Double page spread with inset panels along the bottom of the spread.

Main image. Kor Phaeron emerges from the warp "slash" into the wild landscape. He is like King Lear here - almost dead, horribly injured, wrapped in his robes, soaked and bloody, his last energies exhausted by his Chaos magic efforts to save himself. His band of supporters, an honour guard of warriors, acolytes and crew, number about a dozen or so. They support and carry him like a messiah, but the Word Bearers legionaries also look around at the wild landscape, weapons raised, covering the angles for possible attack.



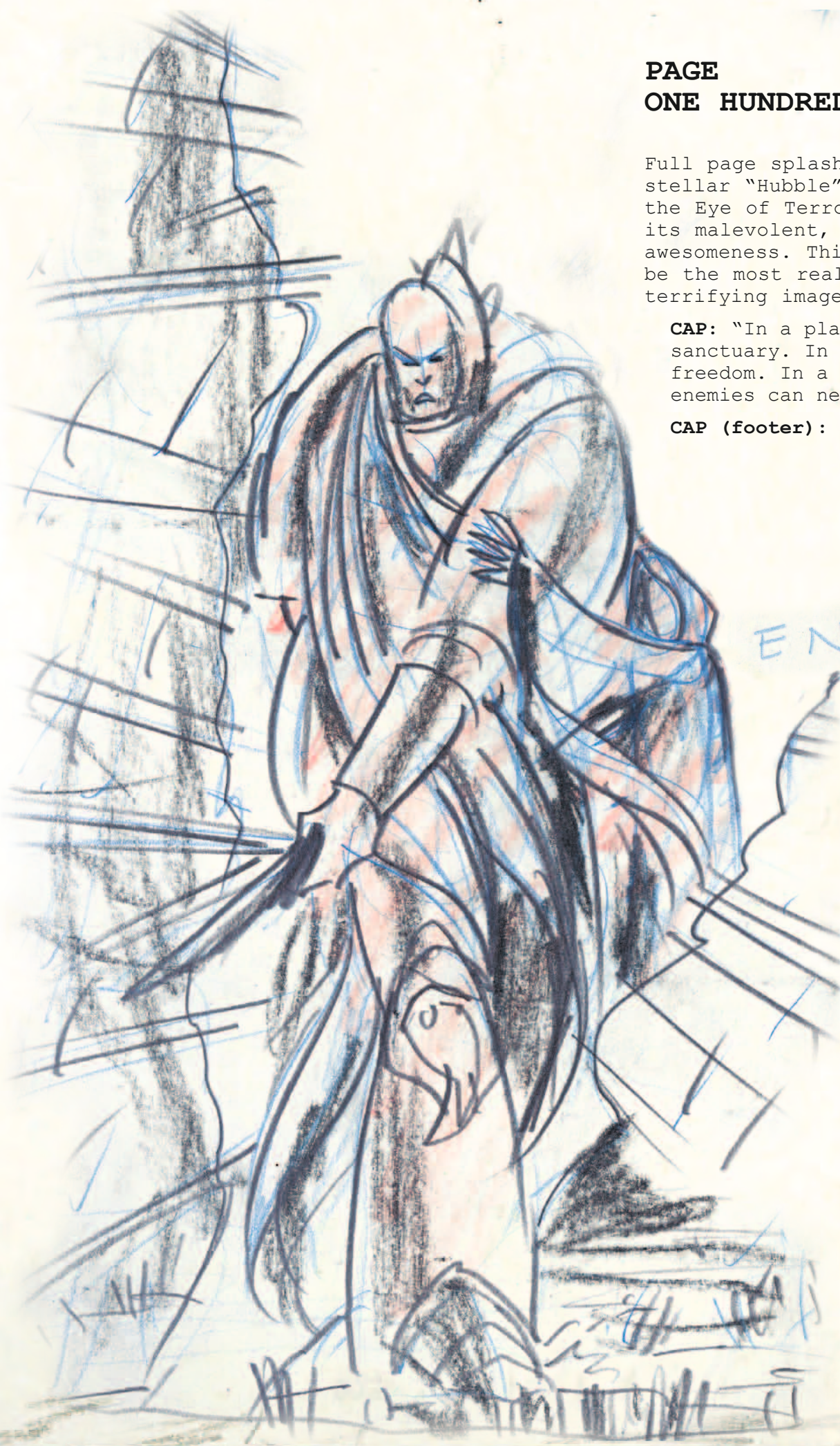
**PAGE
ONE HUNDRED**

Full page splash. Awesome stellar "Hubble" image of the Eye of Terror in all its malevolent, astronomical awesomeness. This should be the most realistic and terrifying image ever.

CAP: "In a place of sanctuary. In a place of freedom. In a place where our enemies can never touch us."

CAP (footer): END.

END!





Neil Roberts (also known by the creative moniker SkinnyElbows) is a freelance illustrator, painter, sculptor, 3D modeller and comic book artist.

His work has graced countless Black Library novels and novellas, though he is best known for the covers of the *New York Times* bestselling *Horus Heresy* series.



Dan Abnett has written over fifty novels, including the acclaimed Gaunt's Ghosts series, and the Eisenhower and Ravenor trilogies. His Horus Heresy novels *Prospero Burns* and *Know No Fear* were *New York Times* bestsellers. In addition to writing for Black Library, Dan scripts audio dramas, movies, games and comics for major publishers in Britain and America. He lives and works in Maidstone, Kent.

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