

DARK HERESY™

SHATTERED HOPE



FREE DEMO ADVENTURE



SHATTERED HOPE

"Fear not death; the God-Emperor watches you".

In February 2008, the DARK HERESY roleplaying game will be born in a hail of bolter fire and the cleansing pyres of the unclean. For the first time, the worlds of the tumultuous 41st Millennium will be made available for pen and paper roleplaying, where you can take up your force sword, strap on your bolter, and root out heretics, burn mutants with the liquid death of your flamer, and battle xenos as they seek to contaminate the worlds of mankind with their foul views and fouler natures. With so much in need of killing in this dark and grim future, there's no reason to wait, and with this special preview, you have a taste of the darkness arrayed against you and a chance to do your part to keep the sprawling Imperium safe against its many and varied enemies. So take up your laspistol, make ready your chainsword, and say a quick prayer to the God-Emperor, for in the 41st Millennium, there is only war...

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IT IS THE 41ST MILLENNIUM...



For 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 for whom a thousand souls are sacrificed every day, so that he may never truly die.

YET EVEN IN his deathless state, the Emperor continues his eternal vigilance. Mighty battlefleets cross the daemon-infested miasma of the warp, the only route between distant stars, their way lit by the Astronomican, the psychic manifestation of the Emperor's will. Vast armies give battle in his name on uncounted worlds. Greatest amongst his soldiers are the Adeptus Astartes, the Space Marines, bio-engineered super-warriors. Their comrades in arms are legion: the Imperial Guard and countless planetary defence forces, the ever-vigilant Inquisition and the tech-priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus to name only a few. But for all their multitudes, they are barely enough to hold off the ever-present threat from aliens, heretics, mutants – and worse.

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. These are the tales of those times. Forget the power of technology and science, for so much has been forgotten, never to be re-learned. Forget the promise of progress and understanding, for in the grim dark future there is only war. There is no peace amongst the stars, only an eternity of carnage and slaughter, and the laughter of thirsting gods.



GETTING STARTED

DARK HERESY is a roleplaying game, where the action and adventure takes place in the imaginations of those who participate. To play this game, one person should take the role of the Game Master (GM), while the rest of the group, preferably four people, are the players. If you're selected to be the GM, read on, for you have the best job. If you're a Player Character (PC), you should stop reading when you get to the Adventure Background lest you ruin your fun as you play through the scenario. To use *Shattered Hope*, you'll need to make copies of the Character sheets and the Skills and Talents reference sheet (permission is given to photocopy these sheets for the players) found at the end of this booklet; at least two ten-sided dice, each of a different colour; pens; and scrap paper.

THE BASICS

Before we get started with the adventure proper, it's worth going over the core game concepts so you have an idea how certain things are handled in the game. Do note that the rules provided in this preview are simplified versions of those that appear in the full game, streamlined to whet your appetite for adventuring in the many worlds of DARK HERESY.

THE DICE

Like most other games, DARK HERESY uses dice. You roll dice whenever you would determine if something you want your character to accomplish succeeds or fails. If your character climbs a sheer wall, leaps across a chasm, fires a bolter at an Ork, you roll dice to see if he or she is successful or not. Most times, you don't need to roll the dice, especially when time is not a factor and when failure doesn't have disastrous consequences, but for those dramatic moments, when success counts the most, are when you pull out the dice and kiss your corpse hair charm for luck.

This game exclusively uses 10-sided dice. Each player should have at least two dice, but

three are better. The individual dice need to be of different colours if possible since many times you'll need to know which is which. If you don't have enough dice or don't have different coloured dice, when it's important, just roll the ten-sider one at a time.

The most common dice roll is called a test. A test is a special roll that produces a result from 1 to 100. To get this result, pick one ten-sider to serve as the "tens place" and another to serve as the "ones place". Then, roll them together. The tens die gives you 00, 10, 20, 30, and so on, while the ones die gives you 0, 1, 2, 3, etc. Put the two dice together and you have your result. If you rolled "00" then you rolled a 100, which is not good at all. When rolling for a test, you want to roll low.

EXAMPLE

The GM calls for Owen to make a test. He has a blue die and a red die. He decides the blue die is for the tens, whilst the red is for the ones. He rolls the dice, and the blue die comes up as a 3 and the red die comes up as a 9. He puts the dice together and sees that he has rolled a 39.

DARK HERESY uses another dice convention for such things like weapon damage or in some specific situations where a successful test has a variable result. When called to do so, you roll one ten-sided die and add any "modifiers" to the roll to arrive at the total. Unlike tests, here, you want to roll high. This sort of die roll is often abbreviated as 1d10, where the first number (1 in this case) signifies how many dice you roll, d stands for die or dice, and the last number (10) the type of die rolled. Variations on this can include 1d5, where you roll a ten-sider, halve the result (round up), or 1d100, which operates just like a test. Finally, if the abbreviation includes a number after it, such as 1d10+2, it means roll a ten-sided die and add two to the die roll. So in this case, if the die came up as a 4, you'd add 2 for a total of 6. Easy!

CHARACTERISTICS

All characters have nine Characteristics. They are: Weapon Skill (WS), Ballistic Skill (BS), Strength (S), Toughness (T), Agility (Ag), Intelligence (Int), Perception (Per), Will Power (WP), and Fellowship (Fel). Characteristics tell you something about the character, giving you an idea about his or her capabilities, personality, smarts, and even what they might look like—in a broad and general sense of course. Now we've mentioned that when it comes to tests, you want to roll low, right? The reason is pretty simple. Whenever you need to take a test in the game, you compare the dice roll to the Characteristic most likely to be involved in the test. Say you're trying to shoot a Mutant, you'd roll against Ballistic Skill. Likewise, if you're trying to avoid a falling column, you'd roll against Agility. Make sense? Since you want to roll under the number associated with the Characteristics, the higher the Characteristic the better.

EXAMPLE

Kate tries to break down a door. Strength is the most likely Characteristic to test in this case, so she rolls the dice and compares them to her Strength Characteristic. If her roll comes up equal to or lower than her Characteristic, she succeeds. If she rolls over her Characteristic, she fails.

CHARACTERISTIC BONUSES

Except for Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill, all Characteristics have an associated bonus. This bonus is represented by the "tens" digit of the Characteristic. When looking at a Characteristic Stat Block, the "tens" are denoted by a shaded area for easier reference.

SKILLS

Skills are a lot like Characteristics, but offer special things you can do during play. Every skill is associated with a Characteristic so when you want to use a skill, just test the Characteristic that's tied to the skill. For example, take Awareness. This skill is keyed to Perception, so

whenever you would use Awareness, you make a Perception Test.

OPPOSED SKILL TESTS

Sometimes you have to test your skill against that of an opponent which is known as an Opposed Skill Test. This works by both parties making Skill Tests as normal, whoever succeeds wins. If both participants succeed, then the one with the higher Characteristic bonus wins out. If both parties fail, then new Tests are again attempted to find a clear winner.

EXAMPLE

John attempts to quietly sneak behind a sentry. He rolls the dice to make his Silent Move Skill Test, compares them to his Agility Characteristic and succeeds. The GM makes a test against the guards Perception Characteristic and also succeeds. Comparing Characteristic bonuses, John has a 3, whilst the guard has only a 2. With a higher Characteristic bonus, John manages to silently slip past the guard, without attracting his attention.

TALENTS

Talents offer slight advantages, reflecting special training and expanding on your options in the game for using skills and so on. Talents can also grant access to different parts of the game, such as psychic powers, Tech-Priest augmentations, and so on. Most talents featured in this scenario include descriptions about how they can be used.



NOTES

APPENDIX: THE ACOLYTES

MIR

MALE FERAL WORLD CONSCRIPT

"Men must die so that Man endures".

You hail from the deadly world of Fedrid, whose forests are so dense and so full of dangerous predators, the Imperium strictly forbids offworlders from descending on the planet without a licence. Indeed, it's a wonder that your people have survived, so hostile is Fedrid to human life. Somehow, your tribes managed and established small colonies formed out of a need for mutual defence. Unfortunately, your efforts are often for naught, for the Imperium culls the best and brightest warriors from your tribes to fill the ranks of the Imperial Guard, which was how you found yourself removed from everything you knew and battling for your life against horrid xenos and the shrieking tide of Chaos.

You found the work of a Guardsman especially suited to you; your fighting skills honed by fighting sabre cats, blood wolves and worse on Fedrid, and it wasn't long before you attracted the attention of Lord Inquisitor Anton Zerbe of the Ordo Hereticus. Impressed by your zeal, natural toughness, and ability to take orders, he lifted you from the faceless throng of Guardsmen and gave you a place in his retinue. Having only served your master for a few weeks, you are not yet comfortable with your duties and wonder where fate will take you.



Included here are four sample characters, enough for each player in this scenario. You have permission to photocopy each sheet, so do so and distribute them to your players. Finally, at the end of this section is a handy reference sheet (copy this too) that explains what everything means.

You are a rangy young man with fair skin, long brown hair and flinty grey eyes. Whorls and geometric symbols cover your flesh, tribal tattoos you gained as a right of passage to adulthood. You still wear the uniform of your battalion, a camouflaged suite of fatigues and thick jungle boots, but you've worked in a number of disturbing trophies taken from your enemies—fingers, locks of hair, and scraps of clothing. You believe that by taking a trophy from a vanquished foe, you gain ownership over his soul.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
40	36	47	50	31	30	28	23	24

Movement: 3/6/9/18

Wounds: 14

Fate Points: 1

Skills: Awareness (Per), Speak Language (Low Gothic, Tribal Dialect) (Int), Swim (S).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (Las), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (Las), Sound Constitution.

Armour (Flak): Guard Flak Armour (Armour Points 4).

Weapons:

Axe (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d10+5; Primitive, Unbalanced [−10 parry]).

Las pistol with 2 Charge Packs (Pistol [Las]; 30m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+2; Clip 30; Reload: Full Action).

Long Las with 2 Charge Packs (Basic [Las]; 150m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+3; Clip 40; Reload: Full Action).

Gear: Uniform, 1 Week of CS Rations, Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer.

ISHMAEL

MALE HIVE WORLD DREG

"Even a man who has nothing can still offer his life."

For nearly fifty years, you spent your life in the manufacturum of Malfi, one of the pre-eminent hive worlds in the Calixis Sector. Like your parents before you, you toiled long hours, giving your blood, sweat, and nearly all your time for the good of the hive. It was a thankless existence and one you were happy to perform since you knew that your efforts added, even in a small way, to the prosperity of your world.



Popular with connections throughout your block, many of the other dregs looked to you for leadership, to represent their interests to the Administratum authorities that oversaw your collective labours. You proudly championed your people, instilling them with pride for the mind-numbing tasks and encouraged them to push harder. Many believed that you would go far, rising above the rest to perhaps become a foreman. You might have, but something inexplicable happened. One day, you enjoyed the friendship and respect of your peers, the favours of your masters, and the next, everything changed. The only explanation was a mistake, a mishap in the higher offices that confused you for someone else. You were accused of murder, theft, acts so foul that to recall them causes you to shudder. Everywhere you turned, there were arbitrators and bounty hunters looking for you. You knew it was your duty to turn yourself in, to present your case, but deep down you understood that such a move would be hopeless and fatal. So you hid, losing yourself amidst the machinery that dominates the bowels of your world until you could find some way to escape.

The only way you could live was to get off the planet and doing so was all but impossible in the depths. So you drifted upwards, creeping about, stealing food to survive, until you came to one

of Malfi's many spaceports. There you stowed away on a ship, the first ship you came upon, and hid in the cargo hold. The lighter escaped the atmosphere and it seemed as if you had slipped free. At least until you learned you were on the personal craft of Lord Inquisitor Anton Zerbe. You were found, clapped in irons, and dragged before the frightening Inquisitor. Being tossed out of the airlock was your fate, but somehow, the man saw something in you, perhaps your natural talents at leadership or maybe your familiarity with the dregs. He had you released in exchange for your loyal service. You agreed. Your slate was cleaned, and you've been a loyal servant ever since.

You are pushing fifty years old and a life spent in the manufacturum has left its mark. You have thinning brown hair and haunted brown eyes. Your dark skin is bleached white in places from exposure to chemicals and reagents and you bear the scars of toiling in the often dangerous environment. You have next to no possessions except for the stained and torn coveralls you wore on Malfi.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
29	40	33	24	43	32	29	30	42

Movement: 4/8/12/24

Wounds: 11

Fate Points: 3

Skills: Awareness (Per), Charm (Fel), Common Lore (Imperium) (Int), Deceive (Fel), Dodge (Ag), Navigation (Surface) (Int), Speak Language (Hive Dialect, Low Gothic) (Int)

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (SP), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (SP), Unremarkable

Armour (Primitive): Quilted Vest (Body Armour Points 2)

Weapons:

Hand Cannon with 2 Clips (Pistol [SP]; 35m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+4; Clip 5; Reload: 2 Full Actions),

Brass Knuckles (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+2)

Knife (Melee or Thrown [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+3)

Gear: Stained Coveralls

XANTHIA

FEMALE IMPERIAL WORLD KILLER

"Violence solves everything."

Zillman's Domain is a brutal world, trapped in a feudal monarchy, where might makes right. If you're not one of the king's supporters, you are a peasant and live and die at the pleasure of your betters. For much of your life, you lived in ignorance of the larger world, content to serve and be used by the "nobles" of your world. Your life took a sudden and drastic change though when your pretty sister was abducted by a filthy and lascivious lord for who knows what purpose. You had heard stories of the lord's appetites, but it was his right. However, with the loss of your sister, you felt, for the first time, enraged, appalled at the unfairness of your life, and so you decided to take matters into your own hands. Against all reason and good sense, you crept into the lord's castle, found his bedchambers and brutally murdered him.

That should have been the end of your story, since after you were caught, you were frog-marched to the gallows to hang. But it wasn't the end. Just as they slipped the noose over your neck, a dark man of sinister mien interceded on your behalf. He appraised you with his sparkling black eyes and you felt his presence in your mind. He demanded that you serve him and if you did, you would be rewarded. Death by hanging was not the fate you had in mind for yourself, and so faced with no other option, you agreed. You were cut down, given proper clothing and was then spirited away from Zillman's Domain for the rest of your days.

Having only been in the Inquisitor's retinue for a few short weeks, you have



found the arrangement to your liking. You resent his command, but the promise of honing your talents is attractive. You're content, for now, to see where your service will take you, but are ready to make a run for it at any time.

Although you spent many years on a Medieval World, you have embraced the wonders of civilisation, even going so far as to get an electoo on your arm and purple lenses to give your eyes an exotic look. You have long blonde hair, but you've dyed the ends black. You wear tight-fitting leathers that both enhance your physical assets and warn people to keep their distance.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
38	37	26	36	42	28	35	31	34

Movement: 4/8/12/24

Wounds: 10

Fate Points: 3

Skills: Awareness (Per), Dodge (Ag), Silent Move (Ag), Speak Language (Low Gothic) (Int).

Talents: Ambidextrous, Heightened Senses (Sight), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (Las).

Weapons:

Las pistol with 2 Charge Packs (Pistol [Las]; 30m; RoF: S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+2; Clip 30; Reload: Full Action).

Compact Las pistol with 1 Charge Pack (Pistol [Las]; 15m; RoF: S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+1; Clip 15; Reload: Full Action).

Sword (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d10+2; Balanced [+10 to parry]).

Knife (Melee or Thrown [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+2).

Gear: Corpse Hair Charm, Stealth Gear (Common Clothing).

CIMBRIA

FEMALE VOID BORN TROOPER

"There are no civilians in the battle for survival."

Drifting through the gulf of space, you were born and spent much of your life on a ragged mass of flotsam and jetsam—the barely spaceworthy remains of a space hulk. Isolated and adrift, your people were largely insane and many held heretical views, a fact that concerned you being well-versed in the Imperium and the responsibilities of its citizens. You took it upon yourself to root out heresy and corruption and to retain the right-thinking of good Imperium citizens. You were a bit too aggressive, which made you unpopular, but those who followed your example saw in you a pious commitment to the God-Emperor.



Having escaped nearly a dozen assassination attempts and personally killed almost as many mutants and suspected mutants, you came to see your home as being stifling, and that you could do greater deeds by serving the Imperium more directly. The chance you had waited for came when the Lord Inquisitor paid a visit to your hulk. He walked the corridors, inspecting the people, searching for any sign of heretical behaviour. You, of course, made yourself available to him, sticking close to his side to cater to his every whim. He found little evidence of anything amiss until he interviewed your parents. From his scrutiny, he deemed them cultists of Chaos and ordered their deaths. Your parents denied the claims, but the Inquisitor could do no wrong. You offered to execute the heretics yourself and the Inquisitor allowed it. When the deed was done, he plucked you from the space hulk and invited you to join his retinue.

Though the deaths of your parents, as well as your hand in the act, has been hard to

endure, you have few regrets. Through your new master, you have the chance to do great things and purge the heretics from the great Imperium. Each day, you strive to prove your worth in the hopes that you will one day become an inquisitor yourself.

People find you disturbing. You are an albino, with wispy thin blonde hair that's nearly white and blood-red eyes. Your milky skin, nearly translucent, clings to your skeletal frame. You wear long black robes trimmed in silver beneath a heavy black flak vest that's seen its share of action.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	Per	WP	Fel
28	39	23	38	32	33	30	38	33

Movement: 3/6/9/18

Wounds: 11

Fate Points: 3

Skills: Awareness (Per), Common Lore (Adeptes Arbites, Imperium) (Int), Inquiry (Fel), Literacy (Int), Scrutiny (Per), Speak Language (Low Gothic, Ship Dialect) (Int).

Talents: Basic Weapon Training (SP), Melee Weapon Training (Primitive), Pistol Training (Las), Rapid Reload.

Armour (Flak): Flak Vest (Armour Points 3).

Weapons:

Laspistol with 2 Charge Packs (Pistol [Las]; 30m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+2; Clip 30; Reload: Full Action).

Hunting Rifle with 3 Clips (Basic [SP]; 150m; RoF S/—/—; Damage: 1d10+3; Clip 5; Reload: Full Action).

Club (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d10+2).
Brass Knuckles (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+1),

Knife (Melee [Primitive]; Damage: 1d5+2).

Gear: Good Uniform, Arbitrator ID, Chrono, Pack of Lho Sticks.

SKILLS & TALENTS REFERENCE SHEET

Skill Name

Characteristic Description

Basic

- ☐ Awareness
- ☐ Climb
- ☐ Concealment

Perception
Strength
Agility

Use to detect items, small details and hidden dangers.
Use to ascend or descend sheer surfaces.
Use to hide in your surroundings, requires an opposed check against an 'viewers' Awareness to hide successfully.
Use to move around silently, requires an opposed check against a 'listeners' Awareness.

- ☐ Silent Move

Agility

Advanced

- ☐ Ciphers
- ☐ Common Lore
- ☐ Psyniscience
- ☐ Speak Language
- ☐ Survival

Intelligence
Intelligence
Perception
Intelligence
Intelligence

Use to decipher complicated communications or obscure marks and signs.
Use to recall the habits, institutions, traditions and superstitions of a particular world, culture or race.
Use to detect disturbances from the Warp from psychic phenomena or the presence of daemons.
Use to communicate with others with a common language.
Use to subsist in foreign environments by hunting, foraging, finding a refuge and constructing shelter..

Talent Name

Prerequisite

Benefit

- ☐ Ambidextrous
- ☐ Basic Weapon Training
- ☐ Heightened Senses—
- ☐ Melee Weapon Training
- ☐ Pistol Training
- ☐ Rapid Reload
- ☐ Sound Constitution—
- ☐ Unremarkable

Ag 30

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Use either hand equally well.
Use weapon group without penalty.
Gain +10 bonus to particular sense.
Gain proficiency with a group of melee weapons.
Gain proficiency with a group of pistol weapons.
Reduce reload time.
Gain an additional Wound.
You are easily forgettable.



DARK HERESY™

Make ready your chainsword,
strap on your bolter, and say
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