

The Imperium of Man: The God-Emperor

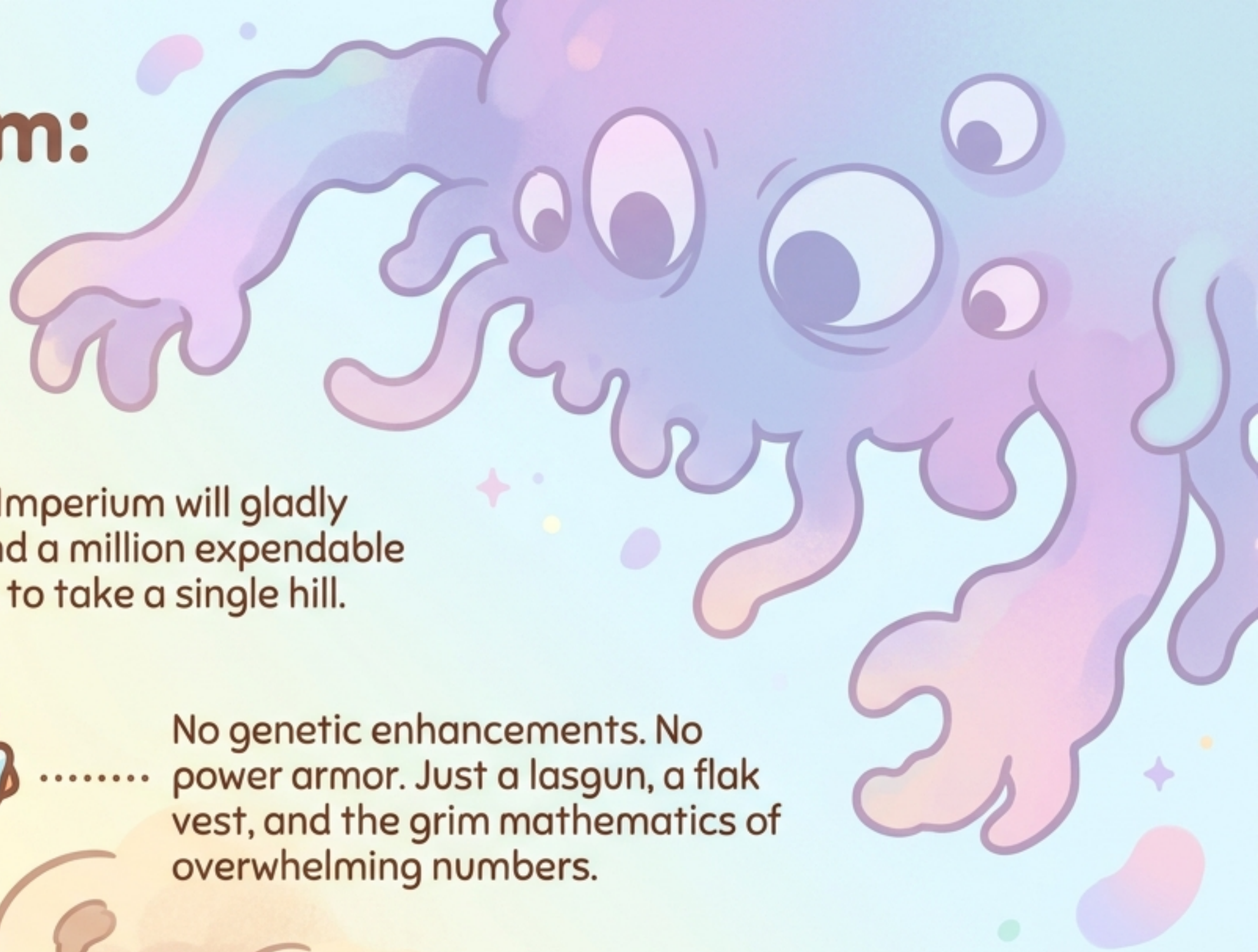
A dying god-empire. The Emperor has sat upon the Golden Throne for 10,000 years, neither alive nor dead.



His struggling mind projects the Astronomican, a psychic lighthouse guiding ships through the hell of the Warp.

He wanted to stamp out religion. Now, he is worshipped by a trillion souls. (He is very stressed about this).

The Astra Militarum: The Real Army



The Imperium will gladly
spend a million expendable
lives to take a single hill.

No genetic enhancements. No
power armor. Just a lasgun, a flak
vest, and the grim mathematics of
overwhelming numbers.

When the galaxy's wars are won,
it is by frightened, ordinary
soldiers holding the line.

Chaos: Nurgle, The Plague Father

The Chaos Gods are born from raw emotion. Nurgle is the grandfather of disease, decay, and a strange, smothering love.

He gives you a horrific plague and is genuinely delighted that you get to share it with everyone.



There are no good guys. You just pick which flavor of doom you find most aesthetically pleasing.

The Xenos: Orks

Orks generate a collective psychic field.
A red vehicle goes faster simply
because Orks *believe* red ones go faster.



A fungus-based
species engineered
eons ago purely
for fighting.
They are the galaxy's
gleeful agents of chaos.



An enemy whose delusions become actual physics.
War is the entire point.

The Xenos: Genestealer Cults & Tyranids

Genestealers infect populations, building secret cults that worship the coming alien swarm as saviors.



The Tyranids are an extragalactic swarm with no soul to bargain with. They consume all biomass down to the bacteria.

The tragic reward: the cult subverts a world from within, only to be promptly eaten by the Hive Fleet along with everyone else.