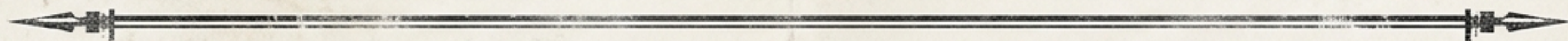




A Field Guide to the Factions of the 41st Millennium

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A galaxy at total war needs combatants worth fearing. Here is the cast – a dying god-empire, four nightmare powers wearing reality like a glove, and a dozen alien races that all believe they are the protagonists.

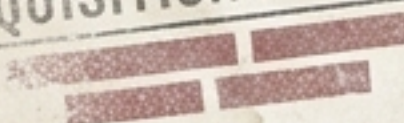
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TOP SECRET

INQUISITION
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CLEARANCE: ORDO XENOS / ORDO MALLEUS / ORDO HERETICUS - EYES ONLY



INQUISITION EYES ONLY

HERESY LEVEL: CRITICAL

INQUISITION EYES ONLY



IN THE GRIM DARKNESS OF THE FAR FUTURE,
THERE IS ONLY WAR.



INQUISITION EYES ONLY

HERESY LEVEL: CRITICAL

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ORDO XENOS/MALLEUS/HERETICUS



THERE ARE NO GOOD GUYS. YOU DON'T PICK A
SIDE. YOU PICK WHICH FLAVOR OF DOOM YOU
FIND MOST AESTHETICALLY PLEASING.



THREE GREAT BLOCS DIVIDE A BURNING GALAXY

INQUISITION EYES ONLY



THE IMPERIUM OF MAN

A fanatical, rotting human empire that burns its own children for thinking the wrong thoughts.

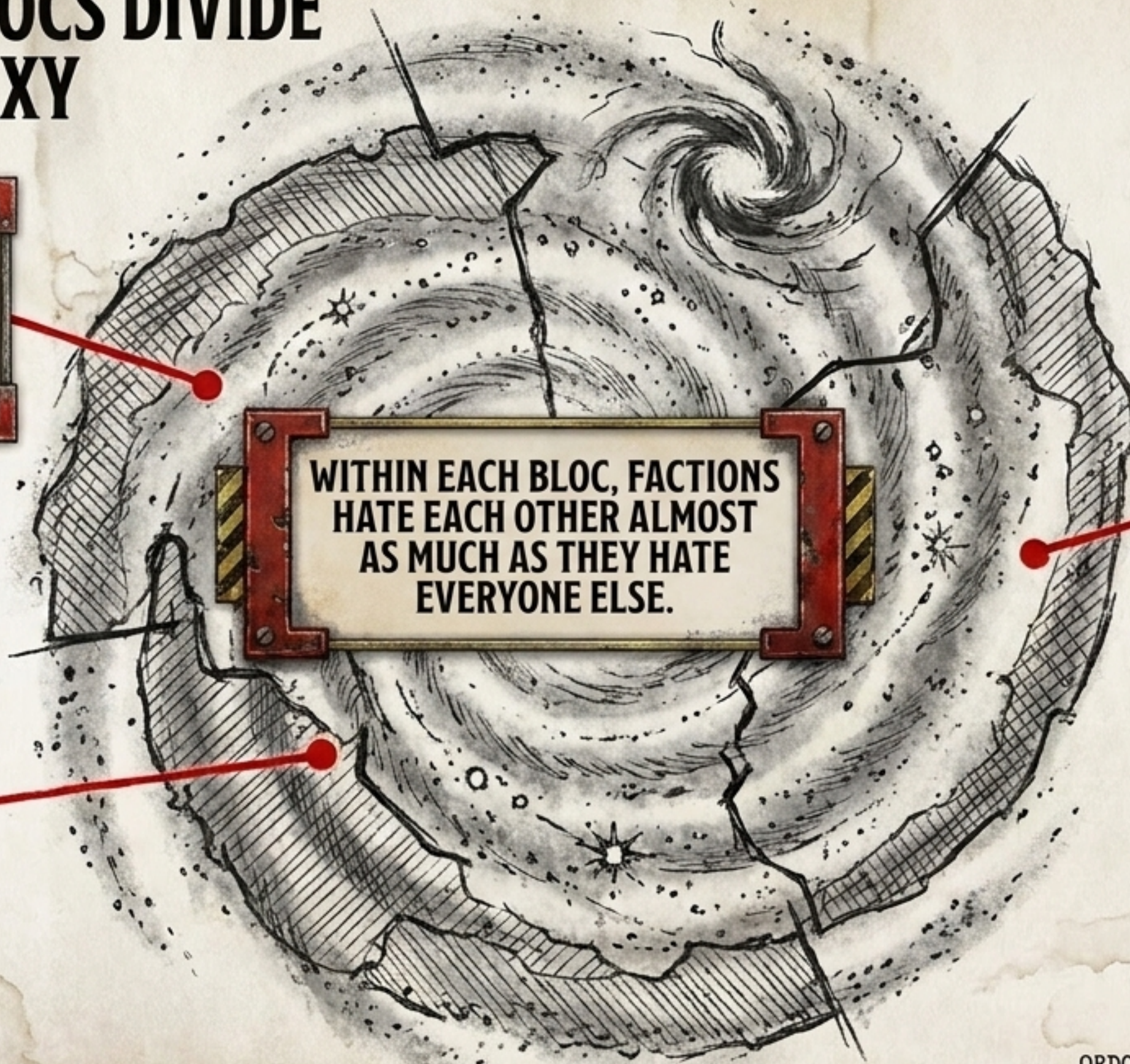
WITHIN EACH BLOC, FACTIONS
HATE EACH OTHER ALMOST
AS MUCH AS THEY HATE
EVERYONE ELSE.

THE XENOS

Aliens ranging from "merely genocidal" to "a planet-eating swarm with no off switch."

CHAOS

Gods made of pure emotion who want to wear your soul as a hat.



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HERESY LEVEL: CRITICAL

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ORDO XENOS/MALLSUS/HERETICUS



A CORPSE ON A THRONE, WORSHIPPED BY A TRILLION SOULS

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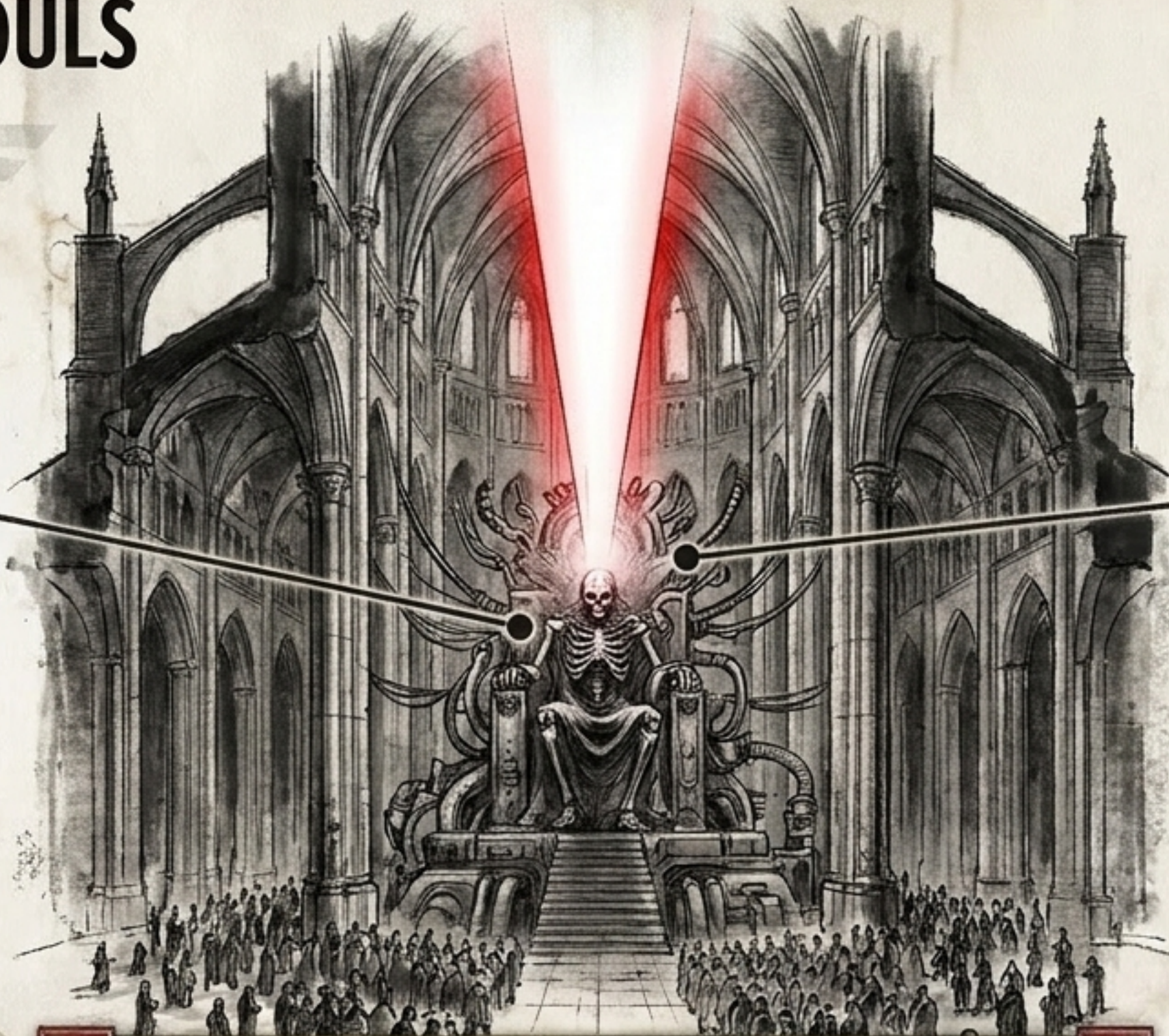


THE EMPEROR:

Ten thousand years ago, a living super-being trying to drag humanity into an age of reason. Now, a mortally wounded god on a failing life-support machine.

THE ASTRONOMICAN:

The Emperor's psychic lighthouse, projecting through the warp to allow faster-than-light navigation.



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HERESY LEVEL: CRITICAL

HE SPENT HIS LIFE TRYING TO STAMP OUT RELIGION, AND IS NOW THE MOST WORSHIPPED FIGURE IN GALACTIC HISTORY. THE IMPERIUM IS HUMANITY AT ITS MOST POWERFUL AND MONSTROUS.

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A deliberate fracture prevents anyone from seizing total power

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Adeptus Mechanicus

Red-robed tech-priests of Mars. They build guns and Titans, but don't understand them. They recite prayers to machine-spirits.

Adepta Sororitas

The Sisters of Battle. The all-female state church warriors whose zealotry manifests as literal battlefield miracles.

Adeptus Custodes

The Emperor's personal bodyguard. Ten thousand genetically forged warriors, superior to Space Marines, cloistered on Terra.

The Inquisition

Secret police answerable to no one. They hunt heretics, demons, and aliens, burning whole worlds to stop the rot.

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HERESY LEVEL: CRITICAL

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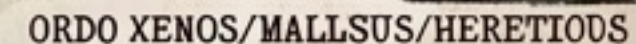
ORDO XENOS/MALLSUS/HERETIORS



The Hammer



HERESY LEVEL: CRITICAL



The original sin that doomed the galaxy

The Horus Heresy

In M31, the Emperor's favored son, Horus, was seduced by Chaos. Nine of the twenty Space Marine Legions turned traitor.



The Fallout

Horus is dead, the Emperor is a rotting prisoner of the Throne, and the surviving traitors fled into the warp-rift known as the Eye of Terror.



The Long War:

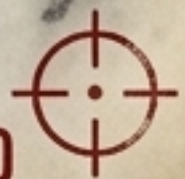
Sustained by the Warp for ten thousand years, Chaos Space Marines, led by Abaddon the Despoiler, wage an endless war to tear down the Emperor who they believe betrayed them.



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HERESY LEVEL: CRITICAL

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The gods you make by feeling things

The Immaterium

Faster-than-light travel runs through the Warp, a parallel dimension of raw psychic energy beneath reality.

Reality (The Mortal Realm)

Rage

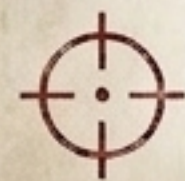
Hope

Lust

Despair

The Catch

The Warp is shaped by the emotions of every living thing. Pour enough raw emotion into that ocean over millions of years, and it congeals into something that thinks.



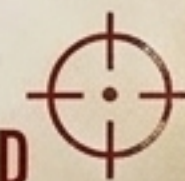
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HERESY LEVEL: CRITICAL

The Revelation:

Chaos is an enemy that can never be defeated, because mortal life creates it just by existing.

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The Ruinous Powers and the Great Game



Khorne (The Blood God)

Domain: Rage, war, murder, martial honor.

The Pitch: "Blood for the Blood God." He just wants skulls.



Nurgle (The Plague Father)

Domain: Disease, decay, endurance.

The Twist: Smothering love. He gives you a horrific plague and is genuinely delighted to share it.



Tzeentch (The Changer of Ways)

Domain: Ambition, sorcery, scheming.

The Catch: Plans inside plans; he sometimes works against himself just to change things.



Slaanesh (The Dark Prince)

Domain: Excess, pleasure, perfection.

The Danger: Starts as wanting nicer things, ends as a need that consumes everything.

The Great Game

The four gods are not a team. They spend eternity at war with each other. Only rarely do they unite as Chaos Undivided.

Everyone else thinks they're the main character

Xenos Threat Diagnostic

Faction & Origin	Core Motivation	The Horror Factor
Aeldari (Ancient psychics)	Avoid extinction.	Gave birth to a Chaos God by partying too hard.
Orks (Engineered fungus)	War.	Delusions become literal physics.
Necrons (Android pharaohs)	Reclaim the galaxy.	Soulless machines that killed their own gods.
Tyrannids (Extragalactic swarm)	Consume biomass.	No soul to bargain with; a pure force of nature.



Imperium Official Stance: Extermination of all entries.

The elves who already lost

The Ancient Aeldari Empire

The Fall: In M30, Aeldari decadence birthed Slaanesh, who devoured their souls and tore open the Eye of Terror.

Asuryani
(Craftworlds)

Flee on continent-sized ships. Maintain rigid emotional discipline. Store souls in gemstones.

Drukhari (Dark Eldar)

Hide in Commoragh. Stave off Slaanesh's hunger by torturing others and drinking the agony. Space-elf vampires.

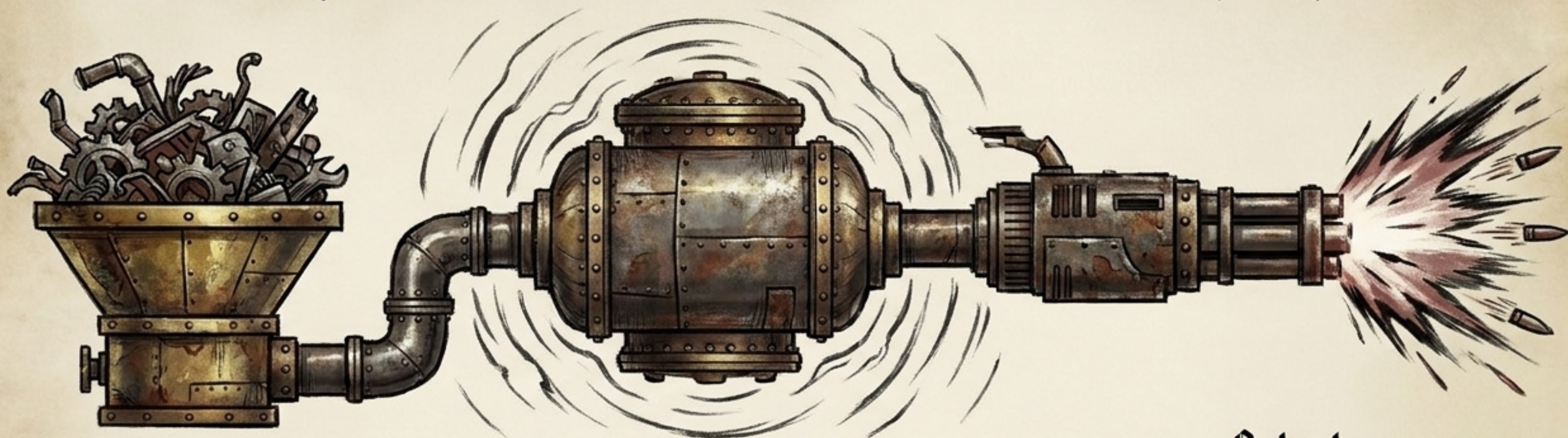
Ynnari

Worship a god of the dead to awaken it and finally kill Slaanesh.

Harlequins

Masked dancer-warriors serving Cegorach, the Laughing God who survived the Fall.

An enemy whose delusions become physics



Input

Cobbled-together junk
weaponry and scrap.

The WAAAGH! Field

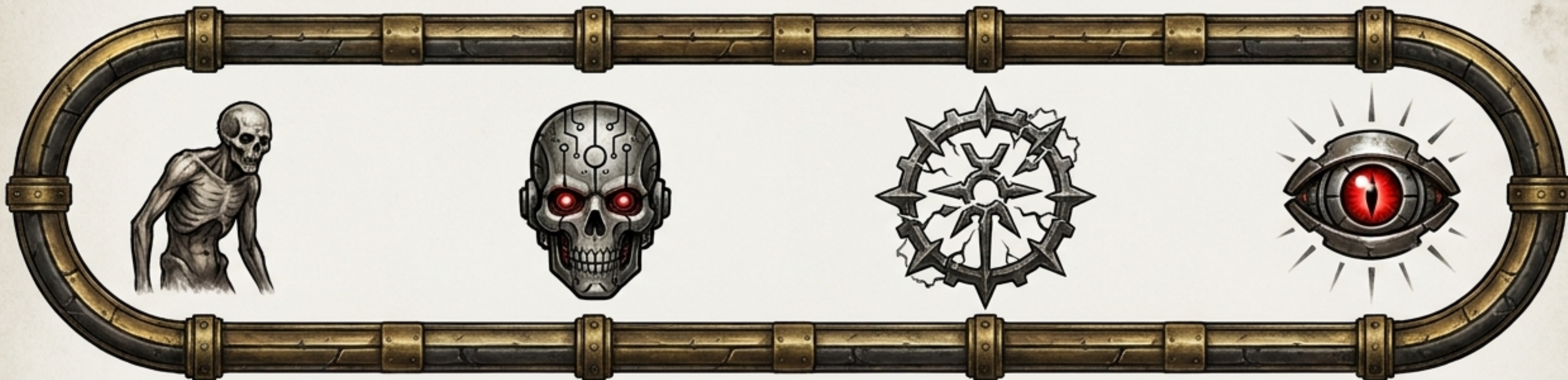
A genuine collective psychic field
generated by millions of Orks moving
in tidal-wave war-migrations.

Output

Reality obliges. The guns fire
because Orks believe they will fire.
A red vehicle goes faster because
Orks know red ones go faster.

Conclusion: They are gleeful agents of chaos. A fungus-based
species engineered eons ago for one purpose: fighting.

The robots who killed their own gods



The Curse

60 million years ago, the Necrontyr were a mortal race cursed with short, sickly lives.

Biotransference

Desperate for immortality, they made a pact with godlike energy beings (The C'tan). They poured their minds into undying metal bodies, losing their souls and capacity to feel.

The Betrayal

Their leader, the Silent King, realized the trick. He shattered the C'tan into enslaved fragments and put his soulless android empire to sleep.

The Awakening

Now, dynasty by dynasty, they are waking up to take their galaxy back.

Faith rewarded with digestion

Step 1: Infection

Genestealer advance scouts infect a human population.

Step 2: Subversion

Breeding hybrid generations that look human-ish, building a secret cult that worships the swarm as saviors.

Step 4: Consumption

The Hive Fleet arrives, consuming all biomass to the bacteria level—eating the cultists along with everyone else.

Step 3: The Beacon

The cult overthrows the planetary defense from within, beaconing the extragalactic Hive Mind.



The dangerous delusions of the newcomers



The T'au Empire

Young, optimistic, slick tech. They prize cooperation over conquest under an ideology called the Greater Good.

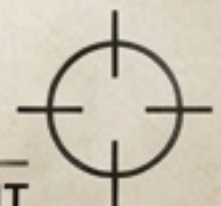
The Catch: A rigid caste system run by the Ethereals. Their near-total control raises the question: is the Greater Good genuine enlightenment, or extremely good propaganda?



The Leagues of Votann

Space dwarves (The Kin). Stocky, human-descended folk who fled to the galactic core.

The Catch: Every clan is utterly reliant on the guidance of ancient, decaying ancestor-AIs.



Every faction is the hero of its own bleak epic

Imperium Win Condition

Total subjugation and burning of all heresy.
(Result: Humanity starves itself of innovation and decays).

Chaos Win Condition

Total consumption of the soul.
(Result: Reality dissolves into the Warp).

Xenos Win Conditions

Eradication, digestion, or enslavement of all other life.

The Final Synthesis

Structurally, the war can never end. Every faction's win condition is mutually exclusive and universally horrific. Everyone is losing, and all of them are the dark itself.

