

+ An INQ28 campaign +



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VORTAPT IV PART I

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+++CREDITS+++

- Alexander Winberg for writing all of that marvelous fluff
- Erik Blomqvist for helping with the proofreading and general sparring of ideas and rules
- Last but not least. Helge, Mikkel and Rebecca for making such awesome terrain and for trusting me with developing a campaign setting for this.
- It went beyond well from my standpoint. Thank you all! ☺

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 - Gamemaster

+++VORTAPT IV+++



Vortapt system, eight worlds circling Vortapt-Ra, a red giant.

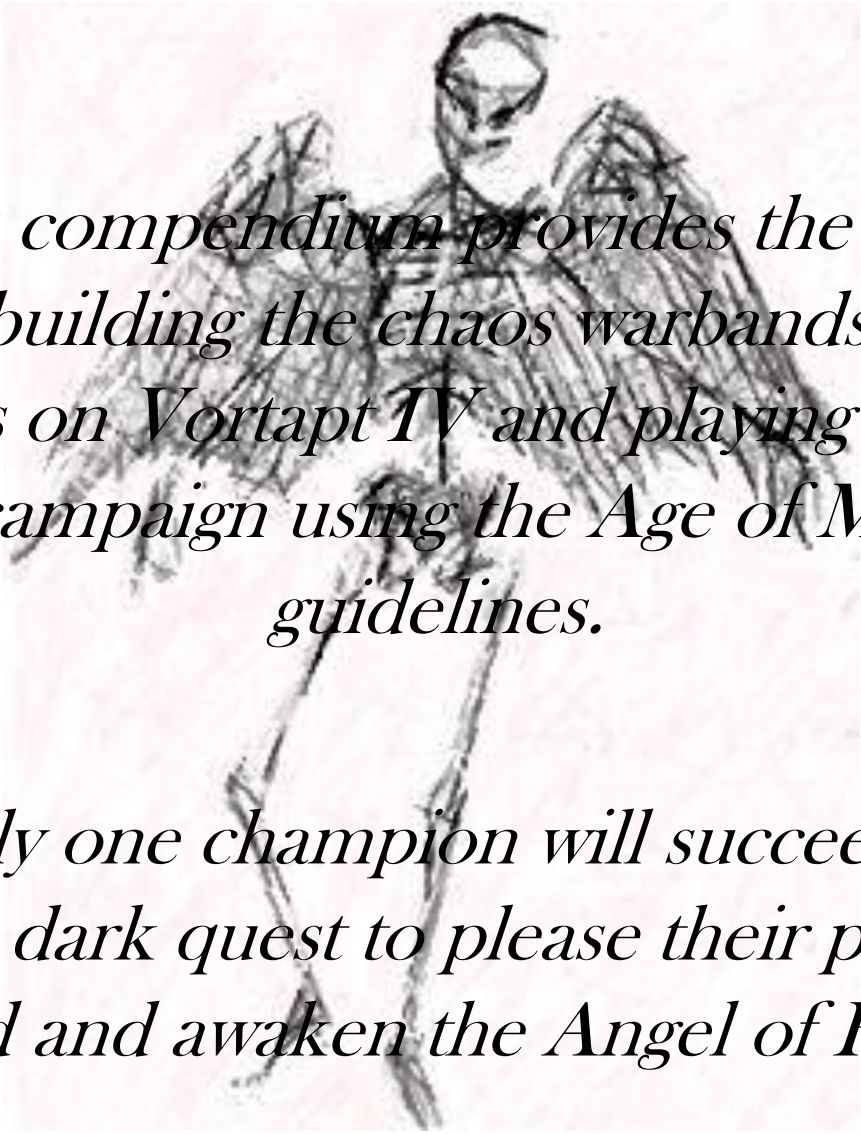
Vortapt, fourth child, the green planet. Algae coloured fibre vegetation covers the pious planet, the arcane technology only kept at bay by the tarnished hive clusters.

A world of priests and slaves. Emperor God, the ethereal, blood thirster, shield of humanity. His priests stand at the top of the monument that breaks humanity forever. Vortapt IV knows order, peace, stability due to the sacrifices of His chosen servants. The Religious Houses rules in supreme splendour. The children of the gods, the fountainheads, the pilgrims, dressed in black and gold they spur their serfs to work until they break in the immense manufacturing basilicas. A more perfect union, the red of Mars coloured black in devotion to the Emperor. One planet beneath the Golden Chair, one choir, one faith.

A world of slaves and priests. The whip, the shackle, the slaver. At the bottom of the hives the wild and the mad roam. There is law beneath the earth, enforced by the strong, and the peace of the grave. Down here scavvy tribes prey upon settlements and the things in the dark stalk their targets. Claustrophobic tunnels become vast chambers. The Valley of Defilement, the Hollow Halls, the Great Field of Teeth. And now the hive stir in its everlasting slumber and a call can be heard. A slow and empty murmur, a beckoning carried on the tides across the Ocean of Time.

Come and see, the angel of fire whisper, come to the daemon core.

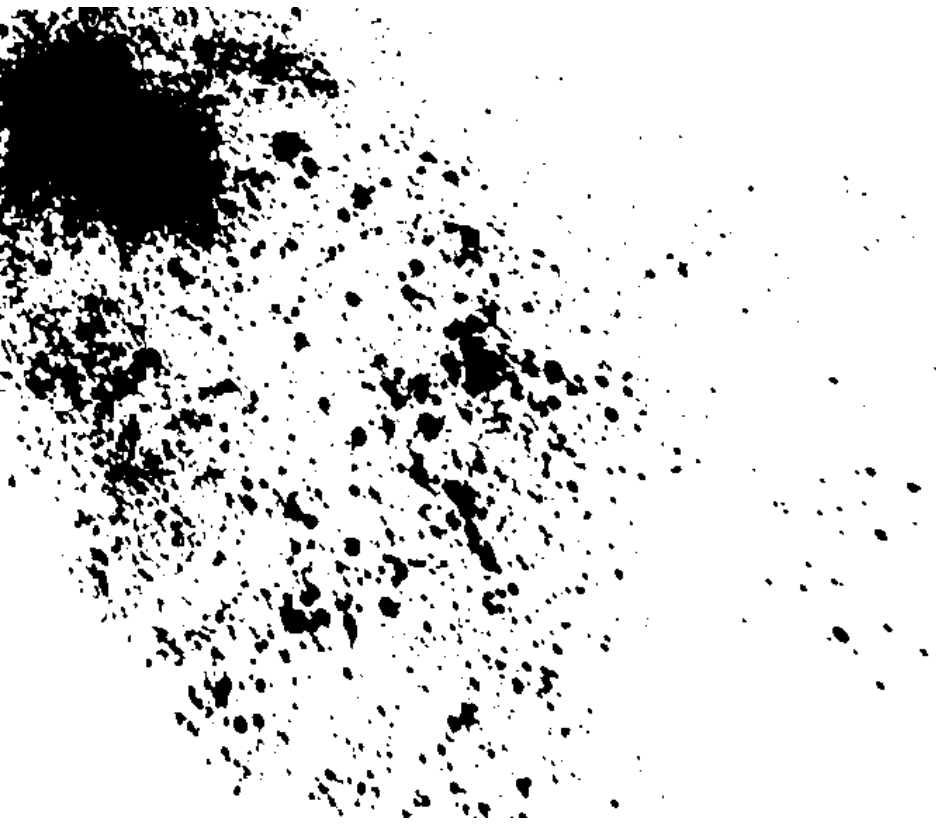
+INTRODUCTION+



This compendium provides the rules for building the chaos warbands that rivals on Vortapt IV and playing them in a campaign using the Age of Munda guidelines.

Only one champion will succeed in their dark quest to please their patron god and awaken the Angel of Fire.

Failure leads to an eternity of suffering and despair..



+++WARBANDS+++



+CREATING YOUR WARBAND+

1. Choose your patron god.
 - Or choose Undivided, weakling.
2. Choose your Champion.
 - Your champion should have a skill that gains favour points, something that fits the fluff and the character but it should also be hard to obtain.
3. Gather your starting gang.
 - 4-6 gangers.
 - 0-1 additional champion instead of a ganger.
 - 0-1 monster / vehicle / equivalent instead of a ganger.
 - In addition, your gang must comply to the following armament limitations.
 - 0-6 normal hand weapons (pistols, rifles, shotguns)
 - 0-1 high energy weapons (melta, plasma, equivalent)
 - 0-1 heavy weapon (heavy stubber, heavy bolter, etc)
 - Beyond that it's up to you
4. You cannot have more than 24 wounds in total for your starting warband.
5. Record everything on your warband roster and create your character scrolls using the template.



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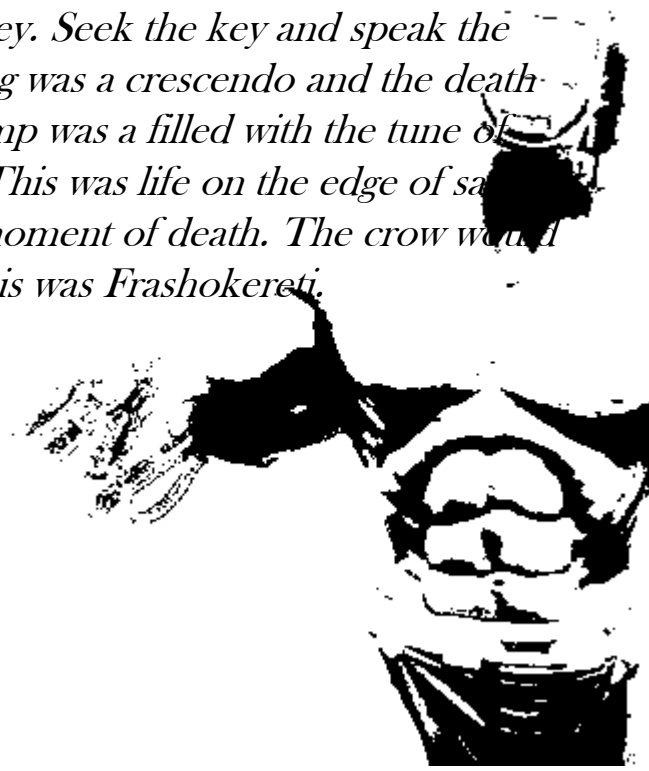


The Oratio

The nights of despair, as the bloodied cult tore apart the hive cities, was a blessing for some. The streets turned into abattoirs and the dead were piled high. But for the iron hulk of the deep void this was time currency of their trade. A cult, a clan, a trade conglomerate. The silver fish of the chasm. Hated, loathed and despised. Low in honour among the ships of the stars, yet they came first. From the long dark they emerged and they brought with them the foundations of rebuilding. Strange heralds, skulls of steel and bodies remade to their own design. Those who have nothing can offer no protest, in flesh and metal the price to be paid. As the blood dried the heralds spoke with the priests.

And in the shadows, unseen, the offspring of Tchar moved. The deceivers, the crow children, the Oratio. Downwards and inwards, to the abyss and the endless night. To find that long lost foundation of the hive. The Daemon Core, the Heart of Iron, the First Zygote. The engine that in antiquity had first germinated the planet. This was their price. For what could this be but the lure to drag them further into the Shaper's schemes. They already danced the spiral, soon they would be the Changing God's dreamers.

The song echoed in their minds and in the mind of the first. Prophecies of gold and lies. They foretold of the opening of the Arc. How the world would be rebuilt in the image of the Key. Seek the key and speak the code. Open it, open it, open it! The song was a crescendo and the death-lust rose in them. Already the hive sump was a filled with the tune of battle. Now the Oratio entered the fray. This was life on the edge of sacrifice, the truth of reality distilled into a single moment of death. The crow would fly true or be devoured. This was Frashokereti.



Black Pox

The children were brought to life to serve, slaved to the machines they could barely understand. This is your duty, this is your life, this is your redemption. The manic priest overseers shrieked and danced among the throngs of slave-workers. Duty, Life, Redemption. Burnt into their flesh and into their minds. The children of the old gods, the sons of Kokopelli and of Pan. In endless womb factories, the children were made, millions upon millions. Soulless workers chained and left to die in the basilicas.

Then the binding of the Machinarium occurred and the mechanism made the fleshlings obsolete. Into the earth they were cast, a cascade of mutated flesh, a river that did not run dry for an age.

From this liquidation of assets, this betrayal, this atrocity, the bewildered staggered forth. A god had turned his divinity away from his most humble flock. Even the mountains cried and hearth of iron shattered. In the darkness beneath the churches they learned a new way of life. A life where they were at the bottom of the monstrous food chain. Apex hunters and feral humans stalked them for sport and for spoil.

In the end the dreadful saint came amongst them. In the dark at the end of the world she found the few that remained of the herd. Destroyed as they were by bullet and claw, by spite and by disease. She took them and she healed them. On broken wings, they rouse from the abyss. They had been slaves, now they would be warriors. The price was impossible and their new slavery so much more profound.

But this time they would cause the suffering.





She Who Thirsts

In the damp, warm darkness of the mechanical womb the new men swam. Dreaming of the past and the future, of lies lived, lies yet to be lived and of lies that would never be. The lie of humanity. In the darkness of the amalgamation of flesh and iron there was peace, a fleeting moment of tranquillity. Outside, in the light, there was chaos, pain, suffering. The born fought among themselves for the approval of their uncaring god. Mother, the name for the divine in the hearts of children. Mother, a terrified whisper on the lips of children. Mother the Maker, mistress of the Machinery of Life.

Through the vast realm of shadows and pain She moved. Arrogance incarnate. Progenitrix. Demiurge. In her wake followed the full grown. The children She had deigned to grant the privilege of maturing. Obsessed zealots, blinded by adoring faith, they would follow her into the deepest reaches of the abyss.

Through miles of iron walls, She could feel the pull of Her doom. It was a call that could be not be denied much longer, it pulled at her very being, like a hook driven into her flesh. In a hurricane of blinding light there had been a revelation, a voice had beckoned Her. Come and see, come to the daemon core. And the Angel of Fire had spread her wings across the hive and unleashed the purity of death.

The daemon core sang to Her. Of judgement and godhood. It sang of transcendence and damnation. She would surely fall and the fall would never end. Or She would raise Herself far beyond the concept of flesh and leave her idle games behind Her. But to reach that atavistic state of immanence She needed her crude children. Into the great maw of the hive void, to wage war upon the followers of the Blinded Lord and the debased gods of old. She would spend their lives freely, knowing that one day She would once more stand on Terra. She would be the one to smash the Golden Chair. Then history would end and the new, more savage, aeon would begin.

Now is the time for war. Now is the time of the six horned goddess! Let the horns sound and the singers take up the tune. Let us storm the heavens and tear down their idolatry. Onwards to the daemon core and the heart of darkness. Vortapt will burn with black flames and She will have her prize.

Pact of Blood

The corridors of steel are filled with the howling barking sound of gore hungry mad men. In the claustrophobic insanity of the lost underworld the lights are growing dim as the hunt nears it's crescendo. The storm is growing, it grows, it grows! There is no sky to seek shelter from and no crevice to hide in. For tonight the men of blood rules the hive bottom.

A hell made by humanity itself, the red room is opened and the beast of the outer void is let of its leash. The howling is like a snarl from the Bargtjest itself. As the madness of Ocean of Time throws itself at the piety of Vortapt IV the settlers of the lower realm run. Feral monsters turn and fight the crimson tide but they are soon swept away by the blood pact.

As the Houses roused the Faith Militant, the gore filled warriors took to the stars. To spread the red corruption. To burn the rune of war into the constellations of the heavens.

Left behind are those who have walked to far into the eight folded truth. And those left to feed the terror. The maniac, the false, the hungry. The Butcher's axe is held high as a mark of a general, a man whose ambitions will be shackled either by man nor god.

In his right hand, the bloodied spike. In his left hand, the blind prophet. On his head the iron mask of damnation. And in his hearth the cold burning hatred of the betrayed.

This is the man who left the sun to wither. This is the beast who led the cull. This is the coming of the end. Weep for the fading stars, weep for the blinded god, weep for the children of Terra. For they shall surely perish in the storm of war.



A large, dense black ink splatter or blotch in the top right corner of the page, with many smaller droplets trailing off to the left.

+++CAMPAIGN+++



+PLAYING GAMES+

Having created your warband you can now fight with it using the gangers and character scrolls you have prepared. Some Psychics may be able to summon creatures but these return to the Aether Realms once the battle is over.

Any casualties suffered by a warband are assumed to have been replaced in time for its next battle. If your Champion is slain in battle, it is assumed he was merely injured or knocked out, and is back to his full fighting strength for your next game, looking for vengeance!

As you play your success will determine the notoriety of your gang. All gangs seek to be the most notorious gang as this will grant them the Blessings from the Gods and will attract more gangers to join.

Gangs receive Favour Points after a battle is complete.

- Tie or lose – gain 1 favour point.
- Causing the most wounds – gain 1 favour point.
- Win – gain D3 favour points.

You can then use the points in one of two ways.

- Roll on the «Patron rewards» table.
 - Cost for one roll is 2 favour points.
- Add gangers.
 - Normal gangers cost 1 Favour point.
 - Additional champions cost 2 favour points.
 - Monsters/vehicles/equivalent cost 2 favour points.

To win the campaign you need to have the most favour points, as this marks you as having the Blessings of the Gods and this will bring forth the Angel of Fire.

Remember to register the results and additions to your warband roster as the initial part of the Vortapt IV campaign is about supremacy and gaining the favour of the Patron Gods...

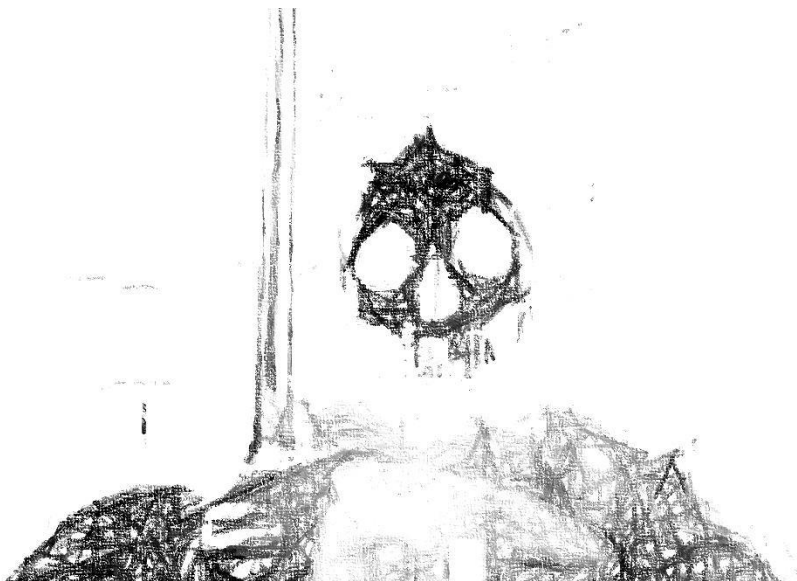
+PATRON REWARDS+

D6	RESULT
1	SWORN DICIPLES <i>Once per game, in the Pre-Turn phase you can declare that one of your gangers will prove their devotion to you.</i> You can re-roll failed To Wound rolls for the unit for the rest of the turn.
2	ACOLYTES OF DARKNESS <i>Once per game, in the Pre-Turn phase you can call upon the support of your Patron God to protect you as you advance to reap your enemies souls.</i> One of your gangers counts as being in cover until the start of your next turn.
3	AVATARS OF FURY <i>Once per game, in the Pre-Turn phase you gain an additional Combat phase that plays out immediately. Note that this doesn't stop your normal combat phase this turn.</i> One of your gangers can make an immediate round of combat.
4	ADEPTS OF THE HIDDEN PATH <i>Once per game, in the Pre-Turn phase a ganger can walk through a tear in reality. Remove it from the battlefield and set it up again anywhere more than 6» from any enemy models. This counts as its move for the following movement phase.</i>
5	DEVOTEES OF THE DARK RITE Once per game, in the Pre-Turn phase you can roll for one of your dead gangers. On a 5+ the model returns to life with 1 wound.
6	TWICE-BLESSED FOLLOWERS Roll twice on this table. Re-roll further rolls of 6.

+SCENARIOS+



The following 6 scenarios are to be played chronologically.



+THE HIT+

The rivalries between the patron gangs frequently explode into violence and ambitious gang leaders are often targets of assassination attempts.

BATTLEFIELD

No special requirements of the terrain but do set it up in agreement between the players or let a fifth person set it up.

GANGS

Each champion rolls a dice.
From the highest to the lowest choose your corner to deploy in.
Must be minimum 16» between the gangs.

The Champion that rolled the highest result is the Target and as such is counted as the defender.
The other warbands are the Attackers.

ATTACKERS OBJECTIVE

The attackers throw everything they have at the target to stop his ascension before he can overcome them.

DEFENDERS OBJECTIVE

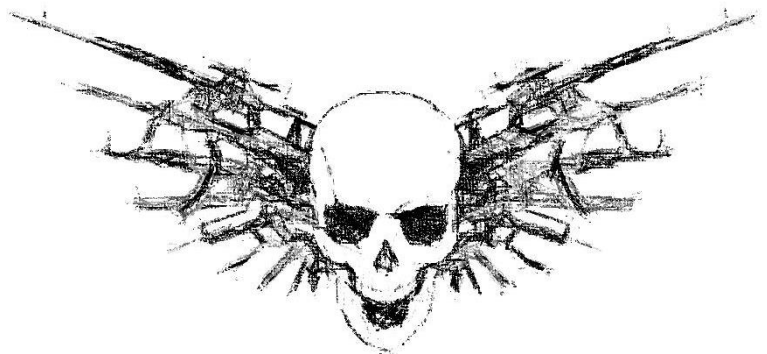
The target finds himself under a massive attack and must use every ounce of skill and cunning to survive.

STARTING THE GAME

The attackers start the game.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends immediately if the attackers succeed. Each attacking warband gains D3 Favour points.
The Target wins if he can survive 6 turns.



+PILLAGE+

Patron gangs will often attack a piece of lightly guarded territory in the hopes of driving off the guards and ransacking it before reinforcements arrive. An attack like this can destroy a homestead or small settlement as the gangers descend on it.

BATTLEFIELD

Try to set up the terrain so that you get a small settlement/homestead in the center of the table.

GANGS

Each champion rolls a dice.
From the highest to the lowest choose your corner to deploy in.
Must be minimum 16» between the gangs.

The Champion that rolled the lowest result is the gang holing up in the homestead and as such is counted as the defender. The other warbands are the Attackers.

ATTACKERS OBJECTIVE

The attackers wants the homestead for themselves and do not want to share.

DEFENDERS OBJECTIVE

The defender needs to keep the attackers at bay and out of the homestead.

STARTING THE GAME

The attackers start the game.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends in turn 6. If there are both defenders and attackers in the homestead it`s a TIE. If the defenders are driven off the attackers WIN. If the attackers are outside the homestead borders the defenders WIN.



+HUNTERS+

When a gang enjoys some success they can expect to be hunted down by old enemies... and as they revell in their own success blessing their luck to their Patron God...reckoning has come...

BATTLEFIELD

No special requirements of the terrain but do set it up in agreement between the players or let a fifth person set it up.

GANGS

Each champion rolls a dice.
From the highest to the lowest choose your corner to deploy in.
Must be minimum 16» between the gangs.

The Champion that has won the most so far is counted as the hunted. The other warbands are the hunters.

HUNTERS OBJECTIVE

The attackers seek to take down the hunted and weaken them before they can escape.

THE HUNTED OBJECTIVE

Escape the other end of the board to survive and pay them back in kind.

STARTING THE GAME

The hunted starts the game.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends immediately if the hunted manage to escape the board with at least one ganger or champion.

The hunters win if they can hold off the hunted until turn 6 ends or if they kill them all.



+CARAVAN+

Guilder caravans make tempting targets as the gangers are desperate for resources...

BATTLEFIELD

No special requirements of the terrain but set up an objective to represent the loot from a caravan in the center of the table.

GANGS

Each champion rolls a dice.
From the highest to the lowest choose your corner to deploy in.
Must be minimum 16» between the gangs.

OBJECTIVE

Take the caravan no matter the cost.

STARTING THE GAME

Roll a dice again. From highest to lowest is the order.

This is done each turn and as such it will be random from turn to turn who starts and who ends.

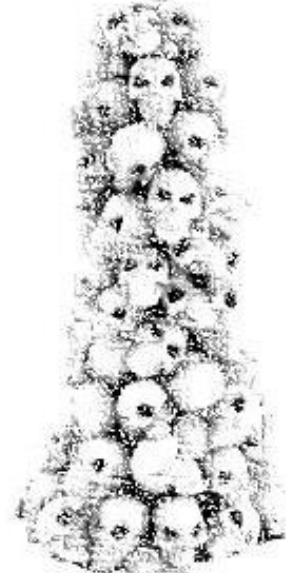
ENDING THE GAME

The game lasts 8 turns.

The gang that holds the objective
WINS.

If it is contested by two gangs it is a **TIE** between these two.

If no gangs holds it or if 3 or more gangs contest it it is a **LOSS** for all.



+PURGE+

The Patron Gods has spoken... there can be only one who rules Vortapt.

BATTLEFIELD

No special requirements of the terrain but do set it up in agreement between the players or let a fifth person set it up.

GANGS

Each champion rolls a dice.
From the highest to the lowest choose your corner to deploy in.
Must be minimum 16» between the gangs.

OBJECTIVE

Only one can remain.

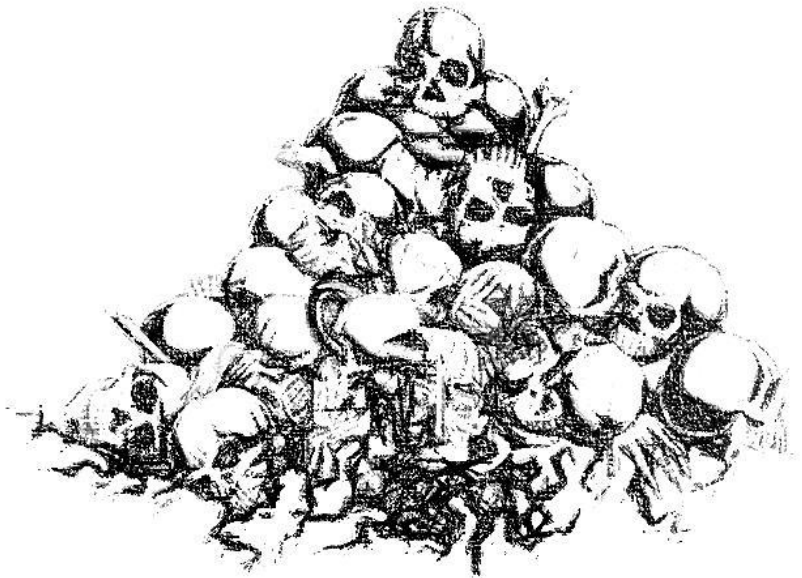
STARTING THE GAME

Roll a dice again. From highest to lowest is the order.

This is done each turn and a such it will be random from turn to turn who starts and who ends.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends when there is only one warband left standing.



+SPOILS OF WAR+

In the aftermath of the Purge the winner grow lax and overconfident. Certain that victory and power was absolute.

It never is...

BATTLEFIELD

The last one standing from the Purge scenario has taken the key position in the centre in celebration.

GANGS

Each champion except the Purge victor rolls a dice. From the highest to the lowest choose your corner to deploy in. Must be minimum 16» between the gangs.

ATTACKERS OBJECTIVE

The gods did not see the old champions fit. Though, as always there are new men and women willing to take their place.

DEFENDERS OBJECTIVE

Startled that someone dares face the mightiest champion on Vortapt you are determined to show these upstarts who truly rules..

STARTING THE GAME

The defender sets up 4 sentries with their backs to each corner of the board. Hubris blinds them.

The attackers start but at the beginning of each turn roll a dice to see if the sentries notice the usurpers. Also for each defender that is **killed prior to discovering the usurpers add -1** to the discovery roll.

TURN	D6
1	5+
2	4+
3	3+
4-	2+

The defenders does nothing until they have spotted the usurpers. When (or if) they do, it is immediately their turn as they desperately try to escape the trap.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends in turn 6. If the usurpers have surrounded the defenderse or killed them they all WIN.

The defenders WIN if they can break through the cordon that is closing in around them.

+AFTERMATH+

