



Into the Maelstrom

WARHAMMER 40,000 STORIES
EDITED BY MARC GASCOIGNE
& ANDY JONES

IN THE NIGHTMARE future of the 41st Millennium, mankind teeters on the brink of extinction. Harried on all sides by mutants, alien scum and foul creatures from the depths of the Eye of Terror, there is only one solution: fight or die!

INTO THE MAELSTROM is a collection of a dozen action-packed SF stories set in these desperate times, many of them drawn from the pages of *Inferno!* magazine. Authors include William King, Barrington J. Bayley, Alex Hammond, Jonathan Curran, Gav Thorpe and Jonathan Green.

Into the Maelstrom can be purchased in all better bookstores, Games Workshop and other hobby stores, or direct from this website and GW mail order.

Price £5.99 (UK) / \$6.95 (US)

Bookshops: Distributed in the UK by Orca. Distributed in the US by Simon & Schuster/Pocket Books.

Games & hobby stores: Distributed in the UK and US by Games Workshop.

UK mail order: 0115-91 40 000

US mail order: 1-800-394-GAME

Online: Buy direct care of Games Workshop's web store by going to www.blacklibrary.co.uk/store or www.games-workshop.com

PUBLISHED BY THE BLACK LIBRARY

Games Workshop, Willow Road, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK

Copyright © 1999 Games Workshop Ltd. All rights reserved.

Reproduction prohibited, in any form, including on the internet.

UK ISBN: 1 84154 103 6

US ISBN: 0 671 78386 6



This is an excerpt from INTO THE MAELSTROM edited by Marc Gascoigne & Andy Jones, published by Games Workshop Publishing, 1999.

Copyright © Games Workshop Ltd 1999. All rights reserved.

Reproduction prohibited, in any form, including on the internet.

For more details email publishing@games-workshop.co.uk or go to the

Black Library website <http://www.blacklibrary.co.uk>



INTO THE MAELSTROM

by Chris Pramas

'WAKE UP, CORSAIR! We're almost there.'

Sartak snapped back to consciousness, only to find himself looking down the barrel of a bolter. Beyond it was the disapproving face of Arghun, a Space Marine of the White Scars. Although Arghun had not slept for days, his eyes were alert and his grip on the bolter firm.

'I am not a Corsair,' Sartak said with dignity, 'I am like you, a Space Marine, of the Astral Claws Chapter.'

Arghun reached down, grabbed Sartak's shoulder with his left hand and hauled him roughly to his feet. Forcing his bolter against the side of Sartak's head, the White Scar spat in disgust: 'You filth. The Astral Claws betrayed the Emperor! You lost the right to be called a Space Marine long ago. You're nothing but a reaver and a pirate.'

Sartak felt the cool metal of the bolter against his flesh, but somehow he remained calm. He knew the White Scar would not kill him now. There was too much at stake. 'I am here to restore the honour of the Astral Claws,' he said in a level voice. 'My reaving days are over.'

Arghun released Sartak from his grip but kept the bolter handy. 'Yes,' the White Scar growled, 'so you said in your moving speech before Subatai Khan. After years as a murdering cur, you woke up one morning and realised you still loved the Emperor.' Arghun's voice dripped with scorn. 'And now you're going to help us kill Huron Blackheart...' The White Scar's laughter filled the cramped quarters of the smuggler's ship. 'I've heard more convincing lies from ogryns.'

'If you don't believe me,' Sartak said, flatly exasperated after days of such exchanges, 'then why in the Emperor's name are you here?'

'If you were a true Space Marine,' Arghun thundered, 'you wouldn't even have to ask me that question! I am here because I was ordered to be. That's all I need to know.'

'Arghun, I'm weary of fighting with you,' Sartak replied with a sigh. 'What I've told you is the truth. Huron Blackheart is planning a massive attack on an undefended Imperial world. If I can find my friend Lothar on Blackheart's flagship, he should be able to tell us where the attack will fall.' Sartak had told his story a dozen times, but it was plain from the look on Arghun's face that the White Scar didn't believe a word of it. Still, Sartak felt compelled to speak the words, hoping in his heart that they were true. 'Then,' the Astral Claw finished, 'we can signal the rest of your chapter and bury Blackheart forever.'

He paused, before adding, 'If you ever take off this inhibitor, that is.' Almost unconsciously, Sartak ran his fingers over the heavy collar around his neck. As always, he could not find any kind of seam.

Watching him with amusement, the White Scar laughed. 'What's wrong? Don't you like being Arghun's dog, Corsair? It's the only way to teach you discipline and obedience.' The smile left Arghun's lips as quickly as it had come. 'Besides, I couldn't risk you alerting your friends in the Red Corsairs before our arrival.'

'Whatever, we are almost to the Maelstrom,' Arghun continued. 'You'll have your precious powers back soon enough.' The White Scar slung his bolter reluctantly, but kept his eyes on Sartak. 'Just try to remember what it really means to be a Space Marine and a codicier.'

Sartak locked eyes with Arghun. 'I swear before the Emperor to prove the truth of my words and restore the honour of the Astral Claws.'

'Then may the Emperor have mercy on your soul, Corsair.'

ARGHUN AND SARTAK stood in the vast, reeking metal belly of Huron Blackheart's great warship. Surrounded by the Red Corsairs, renegade Space Marines of a dozen chapters, they awaited Blackheart himself. Arghun stood proud and upright, staring defiantly at his fallen brethren, while Sartak shifted

uncomfortably, searching the crowd for a friendly face. A haze of torch and incense smoke hung over the bay, but could not obscure the leering gargoyles that adorned its walls. From here, amidst twisted iron sconces and blood-spattered altars, Huron Blackheart led the Red Corsairs in their depraved worship of the foul gods of Chaos. Sartak had heard the screams of countless victims in this dark temple, and the memories haunted him still.

Blackheart's men were just as Sartak remembered them. Once the Emperor's elite, full of honour and courage, these Marines had betrayed their oaths and followed Huron into heresy. Where they had once used their strength to protect the citizens of the Imperium, they now used that same savage power to offer up victims to their cruel gods. Blood, booty and terror were their masters now, and Sartak found it increasingly hard to believe that he had been one of them. Looking down at the fading Astral Claws markings on his power armour, now but a dim trace of their former glory, Sartak wondered if there was any honour left to salvage.

Unwilling to meet the eyes of any of his former comrades, Sartak scanned the great bay. His gaze came to rest on the prone forms of Huron's dreadnoughts. These massive machines of destruction stood chained amongst the broken pillars of the central temple, as if their lifeless husks could be reanimated at any moment. But it was naught but an illusion, for the sarcophagi which housed the pilots that gave life to the stomping beasts were well away from the dreadnoughts. Sartak knew them to be housed behind the Great Seal, safely locked away in Huron's temple of temples. Although the Red Corsairs consigned the deranged and insane to lives of living torment inside the metal sarcophagi, they still treated the dreadnought pilots with an awed respect, perhaps because their irrational power reminded the Corsairs of their own inhuman gods.

A hush fell over the assembled Chaos Marines, and Sartak could hear Huron Blackheart approach. As long as he lived, he would never forget the peculiar rhythm of Huron's thumping footsteps, a product of the meltagun blast which had destroyed half of the man's body. The Red Corsairs parted before their master as he strode into view. Blackheart was a towering figure, half man and half machine. His massive armour, a corrupted

mockery of that of the Space Marines, bristled with blades and saws. In place of his left arm, he had an enormous bionic claw that jerked open and closed spasmodically, so eager was it to rend the flesh of the living. Huron's wreck of a face radiated sheer menace, and his eyes burned with an unholy fire. Stopping his thundering advance only a few paces from the two Space Marines, the Blood Reaver sized up his new guests as a butcher might study cattle ready for slaughter.

'Sartak!' Huron boomed, 'I last saw you dead on the bridge of a White Scars' cruiser, yet here you stand. Tell me, how are you alive?'

'Great tyrant,' Sartak began, 'I was but knocked unconscious during that savage fight. The White Scars took me prisoner, but I would say nothing to them.' The Marine could feel his mouth getting drier as the well-prepared lies came to his lips. Hurriedly, he continued, trying to finish before his voice betrayed him. 'Arghun here helped me escape, and we hired a smuggler to bring us back to the Maelstrom. I told Arghun that you were always looking for men like him.'

Huron's twisted face betrayed nothing as his gaze swept to the White Scar. Sartak felt relieved to be out from his scrutiny. He only hoped the proud White Scar could feign the humility needed to win the tyrant's trust.

'And you, loyal White Scar,' Huron said, 'you betrayed your comrades to help Sartak escape. Why risk death to help this lowly sorcerer?'

'I care nothing for this wretch,' Arghun spat defiantly. 'I used him because I knew he could bring me to you.' The White Scar bowed his head ever so slightly, for the first time acknowledging the power of the Blood Reaver. 'And you, lord, are the only man that can offer me refuge from the wrath of my gutless brethren.'

Blackheart laughed. 'This one's got spirit.' He took two great strides over to Arghun and grabbed the White Scar's neck in his wicked claw. As blood trickled ever so slowly down the hungry pincer, the Blood Reaver continued, 'Tell me, White Scar, what did you do to earn the wrath of your chapter?'

Arghun stood rock still, lest a sudden movement cause the claw to snap shut. 'Great tyrant,' he choked out, 'I killed my sergeant in battle because he ordered a retreat. Cowards like him deserve only death.'

Blackheart stood silently for a long moment, the only sound in the room Arghun's increasingly laboured breathing as the claw squeezed tighter. Then the claw snapped open and the Blood Reaver stepped back. Arghun sighed in relief and drew in great gulps of air.

Sartak also relaxed. The worst was over. He knew how merciless Huron could be with potential new recruits, but it seemed that Arghun had passed the test.

Huron strode over to Sartak and put his good hand on the Astral Claw's shoulder. 'Brother, you have done well. You know how few sorcerers I command and we had mourned your loss.' Sartak, wary of trickery, could detect no falsehood in the tyrant's words. 'I want to welcome you back to the Red Corsairs.' Blackheart's voice deepened as he continued, 'But first, you must do something for me.'

'Anything, great tyrant!' Sartak exclaimed, nodding his head.

Blackheart removed his hand from Sartak's shoulder, unholstered his bolt pistol, and held it out to the Astral Claw. 'Kill the White Scar.'

'But, great tyrant,' Sartak stammered, 'he, well, he helped me to escape.'

'He helped you to escape so you would bring him here,' Huron said matter of factly. 'He's a White Scar infiltrator, no doubt sent to kill me. Now take this and execute him!'

The tone of the Blood Reaver brooked no contradiction, not if Sartak wanted to live. The Marine took the pistol and walked slowly over to Arghun. He had no love for the uncompromising White Scar, but nor did he want to be his executioner. He raised the pistol and aimed for Arghun's temple. At least death would be quick.

'What are you waiting for?' roared the Blood Reaver. 'Kill him!'

'Kill the traitor!' the Red Corsairs howled in unison.

Arghun looked at the Astral Claw and Sartak saw no fear in his face. 'Go ahead, Corsair,' Arghun said calmly. 'I always knew you would kill me in the end.'

Sartak squeezed the trigger twice. The White Scar died without sound or complaint and fell with a echoing thud on to the metal floor of the great bay. Not for the last time innocent blood stained the unholy ground of Blackheart's temple.

Huron Blackheart smiled and his insane joy was almost as terrible as his anger. 'Welcome home, Sartak. You've been away too long.'

SARTAK MOVED QUICKLY amidst the twisting corridors of Huron's warship. It had been two days since his return and at last it seemed safe for him to move about freely. The Blood Reaver's small fleet was even now cruising through the Maelstrom, heading for an unknown destination. Excitement ran high amongst the Red Corsairs, for Huron Blackheart had promised them booty and blood aplenty. Sartak tried to appear calm as he searched the ship for Lothar. By now his friend should have discovered where the attack was to fall, for he had won a place amongst Huron's inner circle. But the man had not been in his quarters, nor was he in the galley. Now, Sartak was forced to roam the great ship almost at random, hoping to find his friend before it was too late.

The Astral Claw found himself heading deeper into the bowels of the labyrinthine ship. The corridors stank of stale blood and he began to see skulls and bones littering the grilled walkway. This was the part of the ship claimed by the followers of Khorne, and Sartak usually went out of his way to avoid it. But he must find Lothar and this was one of the few places he had not searched.

Sartak had seen no one for almost an hour, and this only added to his agitation. Something was going on, he could sense it. Then he heard distant howls from up ahead and his heart sank. As he approached, Sartak could hear the roar of a crowd and cries of 'Blood for the Blood God!' At last Sartak emerged into a wide cargo bay and stopped in alarm. All of Huron's Khornate followers were assembled in a circle of crimson and gold, surrounding two combatants. Even above the shrieks for blood, Sartak could hear the distinct whirr of a chain-axe. He knew with cold certainty that this was no ordinary combat.

Pushing himself through the frenzied warriors, Sartak finally got a view of the combatants and his worst fears were confirmed. At the centre of the circle was Lothar, stripped to the waist and armed with a chain sword. His opponent was Crassus, a renegade Ultramarine who was Khorne's chosen champion amongst the Red Corsairs. Dark and wiry, Lothar was an experienced fighter, true enough, but Crassus was a bloody-handed

psychopath a full head taller than him, with few equals in hand-to-hand combat.

This is not a duel, Sartak thought grimly. This is slaughter.

'Khorne demands a sacrifice!' the berserkers chanted wildly. 'Blood! Blood for Khorne!'

'Lothar!' Sartak bellowed and tried to break through the ring of blood-hungry berserkers, but half a dozen arms held him back. Lothar caught sight of him but was fully engaged in trying to fend off Crassus. The chain-axe of the insane warrior hammered down upon Lothar's chainsword, driving the weary warrior back with every blow. Sartak could see that Lothar was bleeding from many wounds. Each time he parried, the Marine was just a little slower, while Crassus seemed to grow stronger with each blow. As the howls for blood reached a frenzied pitch, Crassus roared and smashed the chainsword from his opponent's hands, and in the same fluid movement buried the axe in Lothar's chest. The chewing blades of the chain-axe tore through Lothar's flesh and he screamed in pain as his hot lifeblood gushed all over the crazed Berserker.

'Blood for the Blood God!' the mob roared, And then, bearing Khorne's chosen one aloft, 'Crassus! Crassus!'

'No!' Sartak screamed and ran where to his dying friend lay, forgotten. Lothar lay on his back, his chest a bloody ruin. Still, he yet lived.

Sartak knelt next to him. 'Forgive me, Lothar,' he said. 'I couldn't find you.'

'I was... discovered,' Lothar gasped, blood frothing on his lips. 'But the attack... the attack will fall on Razzia. Emperor... redeem us.' His ravaged body convulsed one last time and lay still. Around Sartak, the berserkers of Khorne howled in savage celebration. Soon they were fighting furiously amongst themselves, driven mad by the sight and smell of freshly spilled blood. Taking advantage of the mayhem, Sartak slipped back into the welcome darkness.

Sartak sat alone in his chambers, still covered with the blood of his only friend. Now Lothar and Arghun were both dead, and Sartak knew it was up to him to finish Huron Blackheart alone. The Astral Claw shook with barely repressed fury as he thought about the lifeless body of Lothar, and of his own fall from the Emperor's grace.

Sartak's blood burned for vengeance on Blackheart, but a small inner voice crooned to him to wait. A relic of his reaving days, or a clear sign of impending madness, the voice tempted and chided his soul. It would be so easy, the voice told him, to stay with Blackheart and maintain your loyalty.

Yes, so easy, Sartak reflected, but he had followed the easy path for far too many years. Sartak remembered those dark days on Badab, when Huron had poisoned the Astral Claws against the Emperor. Sartak, loyal to his Chapter Master, as a Space Marine should be, followed him into heresy. But the years of reaving had taken their toll on the once idealistic warrior. Like a sleeping man jarred to consciousness, Sartak had opened his eyes to the depravity and corruption of the man once known as the Tyrant of Badab. With this shocking awakening Sartak had realised that there was only one way to make good his betrayal of the Emperor.

'If I must add my own blood to that of Arghun and Lothar,' he snarled aloud, 'then that let that be my penance.' Sartak drew in a deep breath and steadied his beating heart. Now, it was time to finish what he had started.

THE ASTRAL CLAW knelt on the floor and pulled a small cloth bag from between the folds of his bunk. Reaching inside, he pulled out the Imperial Tarot. The magical paraphernalia cluttered about his chamber was just for show, mere superstitious frippery. Huron was strangely proud of his 'sorcerers' and Sartak had been forced to act the part. Runic wands, talismanic skulls, and ancient icons lay strewn about haphazardly, the accoutrements of his obscene trade.

Now all Sartak needed was the purity of the Tarot to communicate with the White Scar ship which circled the Maelstrom in eager anticipation of his message. It was time for him to take on once again the mantle of Space Marine, librarian and Astral Claw.

Sartak knelt and shuffled the Tarot. Focusing his mind, he drew three cards from the top of the deck and placed them face down. Holding his breath, he flipped them over one by one. Horror! Revealed before him were the Emperor reversed, the Tower, and the Ecclesiarch reversed.

Sartak suppressed the shock of such an ill-omened hand, quickly reminding himself that he was not divining but

reforging long broken lines of communication. Trying to forget the grim portents thus revealed, Sartak concentrated on the Tower. Chanting quietly, he envisioned the Tower in the distance, across the great tide of the Warp. Casting his mind outward, Sartak fell into a deep trance.

Always he kept the Tower foremost in his mind, as he searched for the spirit of the White Scar librarian he knew to be waiting. The Warp embraced him as it always did, comforting him like a mother as it tried to suck him to its womb. Further and further he reached, beyond the gibbering hordes of demonic creatures which implored him for his soul. Then, at the last, the jolt of contact. Across the warp, their minds came together and in an instant it was done. 'Razzia,' he intoned, 'the attack falls on Razzia.'

Information delivered, Sartak broke the contract and fled back across the void to the safety of his own body. It was finished.

BEFORE SARTAK COULD so much as stand, there was a rending crash as the door to his chamber was smashed open. Standing in the doorway was Huron Blackheart, flanked by the tall, cadaverous figure of Garlon Souleater, the tyrant's most potent sorcerer.

Sartak jumped to his feet, scattering the Imperial Tarot across the floor. 'Great tyrant, I had not expected you,' he stammered hastily, knowing with certainty that the Tarot had shown him the future after all.

'No, I don't suppose you did,' Huron laughed. The Chaos leader shrugged towards his twisted sorcerer. 'Garlon tells me that you have been communicating with the White Scars... and I wanted to come and thank you personally.'

'Th- thank me, lord?' Sartak let his hand rest on the hilt of his force sword, yet maintained a pretence of servitude a while longer.

'Yes, Astral Claw, most certainly.' The tyrant grinned maliciously. 'I wanted to thank you for telling the White Scars that I would be attacking Razzia,' Huron continued, his words dripping irony, 'A touching show of misplaced loyalty'. The Corsair's voice rose to a thundering growl and he stabbed his power claw at Sartak. 'Especially when you consider that I've changed my mind!'

'Changed your mind?' Sartak gasped, taken aback 'Wha-'

Huron waved his hand dismissively. 'Well, no, I lie. I haven't changed my mind as such - we never were attacking Razzia'

Sartak began to see the trap which had been set for him, and his grip was firm upon his chainsword. 'You twisted, evil... what do you mean?'

The tyrant laughed widely at this show of bravado, and beside him Garlon clapped politely in mock applause.

'We are, in fact, headed for Santiago.' Blackheart paused to let the awful truth sink in. 'Thanks to you, however, the White Scars will be far away when the Red Corsairs sweep down on that helpless planet.' The tyrant grinned again, obviously delighted with the Astral Claws terrified expression.

Sartak staggered backwards, overwhelmed by the enormity of what he had done. 'Santiago? But why?' he whispered, horrified. 'There's nothing to steal there, it's an agricultural world of no military significance at all!'

Garlon rubbed his bony hands together eagerly, his wet tongue licking his thin lips in anticipation of some future pleasure.

'Ah, but you are mistaken. There's one thing Santiago does have,' Huron gloated, clapping Garlon on the back. 'Santiago has millions upon millions of defenceless citizens.'

Garlon whinnied in helpless pleasure. The sorcerer's eyes rolled in his head and he silently mouthed the words: 'Blood and skulls...'

Huron laughed mockingly. Sartak felt cold fury burning in his soul. The tyrant continued, 'And what do you think would happen in the Warp, my loyal little sorcerer, were I to offer up the blood of a billion victims on one night?'

'You butcher!' Sartak screamed. 'I followed you, I trusted you, and you led me straight to hell!' In his mind, he commended his soul to the Emperor. He knew what he must do. 'In the name of all that is holy, it stops here!' he yelled, dragging his force sword from its scabbard and charging the Blood Reaver, howling his fury.

Huron Blackheart met Sartak's charge with a cry of delight, parrying the force-sword with his great metal claw. The sword, pulsing with psychic energy, sparked and shrieked as it strove to tear the claw asunder. But the forbidden technology powering the tyrant's claw proved too strong, and after long moments of

straining sinew and muscle, Sartak was forced to pull his sword away.

Backing up as far as he could in the cramped confines of the chamber, Sartak quickly uttered a calming prayer, before focusing his mind and unleashing a psychic blast at Blackheart's diseased consciousness. The energy of righteousness roared within him, and the bolt flew clear and true.

But Garlon Souleater, soaked in the black energies of chaos, deflected the blow with a casual flick of a skeletally thin wrist, all the while cackling with perverse pleasure. 'There'll be none of that, Sartak.' His voice oozed mockingly into the Marine's mind. 'Goodbye, our lovely traitor.'

The Blood Reaver closed on Sartak, even as Garlon's twisted laughter echoed inside his skull. There was no more time for psychic trickery.

As the Tyrant attacked with all the power at his disposal, it was all the Astral Claw could do to parry the whirling power axe and merciless claws. Sartak held his force sword in both hands, trying to keep Huron at bay with great sweeps of the deadly blade.

Huron would not be denied blood. With a scream of rage and bitter satisfaction, the Tyrant slammed Sartak's blade into the wall and pinned it there with his axe. The sword was motionless for just a few seconds, as Sartak tried in vain to wrench the glittering weapon free, but that was enough time for Blackheart to close his great claw over Sartak's exposed wrists.

With a wicked grin, the Blood Reaver snapped the claw shut with a sickening crunch. Howling in pain, Sartak fell to his knees, staring in horror at the bleeding stumps.

Huron stood over Sartak, looking with disdain at the wretch at his feet. 'You'd like to die now, wouldn't you, last of the Astral Claws?'

Sartak would not answer. He watched his lifeblood slowly pump away, knowing that he had failed utterly.

Blackheart walked around Sartak's prone form, crushing the Tarot cards that still lay on the floor. 'But a hero's death is not for you,' he taunted, as he brought his leering face close to Sartak's bloody countenance. Sartak groaned aloud, but he could not bring himself to meet the tyrant's gaze. 'No, there will be no redemption for you, Sartak.' The tyrant howled in glee. 'Instead, I will give you the greatest gift an Astral Claw could hope for.'

Laughing with delight, Huron Blackheart turned to the capering sorcerer. 'Take him away, Garlon, and make this sad wretch a hero to be proud of.'

Garlon's mind reached out and smashed through Sartak's weakened defences. The Astral Claw fell into blackness.

SARTAK AWOKE IN total, unutterable darkness. Surprised to be alive, he tried to get up, to move, but found that he could not. Straining his limbs, he slowly realised that needles invaded his body, and unknown wires were entwined around his limbs. Some kind of mask was clamped to his face. Sartak tried to talk, but he choked on the array of tubes that had been rammed down his throat. In panic, he tried to cast his mind into the Warp, but found that his powers had been suppressed.

After what felt like long, desperate hours of thrashing blindly in the darkness, Sartak lay in the blackness and waited. Huron would come to taunt him soon enough. Sartak waited and waited, cut off from feeling and perhaps time itself. How long have I been so? he wondered. Hours? Days? Time had lost its meaning.

Still Huron did not come. What have you done to me? the panicked librarian screamed silently.

Have I been jettisoned into the emptiness of space, in an escape capsule? Will I fall forever through the void?

How would that make me a hero?

His mind cast about, trying to find an answer, but to no avail. Nothing made any sense at all.

In a flash of realisation it all became clear. Sartak remembered his one walk beyond the Great Seal. He remembered seeing the maddened members of the Red Corsairs encased forever in coffins of adamantium, sealed up in the Great Temple until battle called.

Sartak knew beyond doubt that the life support systems of a dreadnought could keep a man alive indefinitely. But what if the sarcophagus were never to be hooked into a dreadnought? What if a man was locked inside and left to rot for all eternity? What then?

Sartak tried desperately to think of another possible explanation for his plight, but the logic was cold and inescapable. The epiphany of horror crashed into his consciousness with unstoppable power. He could not even scream as sanity fled.

IN THE FRIGID darkness of the Maelstrom, the fleet of Huron Blackheart tore through space, destined for doomed Santiago. The Blood Reaver was on his way to offer up a billion souls to the dark gods of Chaos.

**Stand fast alongside humanity's
last hope as they venture
INTO THE MAELSTROM**



Explore the savage future of Warhammer 40,000 with these storming short story collections from the Black Library!

More Warhammer 40,000 from the Black Library

• GAUNT'S GHOSTS •

FIRST & ONLY by Dan Abnett

GHOSTMAKER by Dan Abnett

NECROPOLIS by Dan Abnett

HONOUR GUARD by Dan Abnett

• EISENHORN •

XENOS by Dan Abnett

MALLEUS by Dan Abnett

• SPACE WOLF •

SPACE WOLF by William King

RAGNAR'S CLAW by William King

GREY HUNTER by William King

• OTHER WARHAMMER 40,000 TITLES •

NIGHTBRINGER by Graham McNeill

EXECUTION HOUR by Gordon Rennie

PAWNS OF CHAOS by Brian Craig

EYE OF TERROR by Barrington J Bayley

13th LEGION by Gav Thorpe

KILL TEAM by Gav Thorpe

• www.blacklibrary.co.uk •