

Vlansar, part 1

By Mark W

Warlock Vlansar advanced cautiously through the ruins with his Guardians, ducking behind a pile of sand bags and scanning in front of him. A faint morning mist had descended and Vlansar was planning on using this to his advantage, he and his brethren had recently been pushed back by a small Imperial armoured company, and anger boiled throughout his conscience, threatening to break through, the desire to seek revenge and turn his small force back around and face the "Emperor's" lackeys once again. Vlansar forced the thoughts back within his conscience, now was not the time to contemplate the strands of revenge. What good would it do them if they were dead?

"My lord, does something trouble you?" Vlansar turned with a start and saw Xelvec standing in the deep blue armour of his craftworld. Xelvec used to be an Eldar craftsman, his secret lay in jewellery, some of it adorning Vlansar's breastplate, which was hidden beneath his elegant robes. Xelvec also fired the squad's heavy weapon, a grav Scatter Laser, perfected to unleash death upon their enemies, just like everything else his race made, it all stuck to a single purpose. "I am fine." Vlansar replied looking up into the targeting visor the Guardian wore, red lights rotating and zooming in and out, "I am just troubled by our recent defeat." Most would not have been able to understand the sadness in his voice, but Xelvec did, the Eldar race had a heightened sense of thought compared to the Mon Keigh. "Fear not Warlock", replied the Guardian, his visor allowing him to see through the fog as he gazed past their entrenched position, "Farseer Macheera himself sent us upon this task, and the future is laid before him like a map." Vlansar could almost imagine the Farseer now, trying to twist the strands of fate so he could guide the craftworld to a better future. The Warlock wondered if his path would ever bring him to the glory that Macheera had, gifted with foresight and the ability to hurl death at his opponents. Vlansar almost felt jealous that the Farseer was so superior to him, but he knew that one day his time would come. He shook out of his reverie and looked at out into the mist.

Exarch Corlaius looked out past the hill he and his squad were stationed on. The Dire Avengers were located to the west of the Guardians and were tasked with watching the flank, while the War Walker piloted by Shelardos would watch the opposite flank. The position made sense really, the Guardians were the least trained in the

remnants of their army, and Corlarius and the Wark Walker should be able to hold off a flank attack long enough to be reinforced. "Mighty exarch." Corlarius turned at the mention of his rank and saw Arturnis scanning through the fog with his Avenger Catapult held at ready, braced on his shoulder, his armour the colour of dried blood like the rest of the squad. "I can see ruins; they look Mon Keigh" the warrior said in mockery, pointing his arm at a dark shape in the fog. As Corlarius looked he saw that his warrior was right, the human two headed eagle was glinting from the slight light that penetrated the fog, and he could also see a large skull poking from the building, half mechanical, bordered by a cog. But that wasn't all that Corlarius noticed. He heard the throaty roar of crude engines, grunts and yelling, the sound of shooting. A muzzle flash suddenly lit up the fog, and Corlarius saw a creature that made his blood lust suddenly rise. It was an Ork. In one hand it held a clumsy pistol, while the other arm ended just past the elbow, and a great mechanical claw extended even further, black fumes venting from its exhausts, as it snapped open and shut. The creature looked up at him, dark red eyes glinting behind a horned helmet, and it bellowed firing its weapon, even though it must of known it was out of range. Corlarius replied, but not with a shot, but with a shout "Come face your death beast, my blade hungers for a soul to consume!" He drew his Diresword from a scabbard at his side and spoke into the small communicator concealed within his helmet, "My lord seer, it is Orks, we are ready at you command to engage." A voice crackled back.

"Then let battle be joined Corlarius, may fate look in our favour."