

BLACK CRUSADE™

THE TOME OF FATE™



ROLEPLAYING IN THE GRIM DARKNESS
OF THE 41ST MILLENIUM

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INTRODUCTION

"Your naïveté amuses me, child. There is no Fate. There is only the Will of Tzeentch."

—Verial Jenneque, Sorceress of Q'Sal

What is Fate? For many Heretics, Fate is what they have fought against their entire lives. It was cruel Fate that lead xenos raiders to burn their family to broken cinders, capricious Fate that caused their lesser sibling to gain the family title instead of themselves, uncaring Fate that lead the Inquisition to mistakenly torture them as a traitor and thus make them one. Fate has made them into Heretics, and Fate is thus hated as much as they hate the Imperium itself.

Others with a greater knowledge and appreciation of the True Mysteries know that Fate is never random or meaningless, no blind series of happenstance or coincidence. There is a Grand Scheme to all things, and thus a Grand Schemer. That Schemer is the Chaos Power known as Tzeentch. Those following this god strive to know his ways, and thus the hidden threads that bind all things to his will in the vast tapestry that is Fate itself. Such an effort is surely futile, for no mortal mind can possibly comprehend such infinite complexity, but even small glimmers of the Will of Tzeentch allow for more power than could be imagined. To gain such power, many Heretics are willing to risk all, including madness or mutation, for they know that either they must control their Fate, or Fate will control them.

WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK?

THE TOME OF FATE is the first of four books delving into the darkest secrets of the four Chaos powers and their role in the **BLACK CRUSADE** roleplaying game. Here players learn more about Tzeentch, the powerful God of Fate and Change. Tzeentch is also the God of Sorcery and the patron of psykers, even if they do not worship him directly. Players will also learn of his dark servants, both daemonic and mortal, and how his influence is felt across the Screaming Vortex. With new weapons and psychic powers to aid them, Heretics can go forth across that unholy stretch of stars and beyond into the depths of the fallen Imperium, ready to challenge Fate and make it their own.

CHAPTER I: TZEENTCH

This chapter is devoted to the Changer of Ways, the Chaos God known to mortals as Tzeentch. It includes revelations concerning his unfathomable nature, his Impossible Realms of fluctuating madness and change, and the myriad byzantine plots and schemes he uses to manipulate mortals across the galaxy. It also covers his minions, ranging from the powerful greater daemons and daemon princes to the lesser daemons of Tzeentch, and mortals from the ancient Legions of Traitor Marines to the humblest underhive dregs. All dance to the tune of the Master Puppeteer, and few can even begin to see the strings controlling their actions.

CHAPTER II: SERVANTS OF FATE

The second chapter introduces four new powerful Player Archetypes: Thousand Sons Sorcerer, Alpha Legion Chaos Space Marine, Q'Sal Magister Immaterial, and Idolitrex Magos of Forge Polix, all agents either knowingly or unknowingly of the Master of Lies. It also contains new armoury items and psychic powers, as well as new and expanded Rituals for Heretics to use in beseeching the Chaos Gods for favour.

CHAPTER III: ARCHITECTS OF DESTINY

Chapter III includes expanded rules for Heretics to conduct Investigations, the better to know the Will of Tzeentch. It also reviews planets of the Screaming Vortex that fall under his sway or concern, such as the Sorcerer World of Q'Sal and Dread Korvaska. Here also are the antagonistic Necrons, legions of undying metal warriors whose hatred of all living things drives them to conquer the galaxy again after awakening from their slumber of millions of years.

CHAPTER IV: TOPPLED SPIRES

The final chapter contains the adventure **Toppled Spires**, in which the Heretics venture to the world of Q'Sal. Here they must learn the ways of the bizarre city of Surgub, where warp-infused devices dominate the land. They must also contend with the hidden machinations of three rival sorcerer-technocrats, each out to use the Heretics to purge themselves of their hated foes. To get out of the city before these or other powerful beings decide the Heretics' souls should instead power Surgub's fabled warp charms, will take both intricate cunning and martial force.

PC WEAPON TRAINING AND WEAPON DAMAGE

In the cases of all NPC profiles, the GM should assume that they are proficient in any weapon they are equipped with and, in general, any weapon an adversary possesses is one he's prepared to use. In addition, all NPC weapon profiles have any damage bonuses from Talents, Strength Bonus, cybernetics, or other augmentations included.

INFAMY FOR NPCs

Certain dangerous and powerful NPCs possess Infamy, representing their particularly potent abilities and dread reputations. An NPC with Infamy has Infamy Points equal to his Infamy Bonus, and may be used as if they were Infamy Points at Level 2.



TZEENTCH



THE CHANGER
OF WAYS

A THOUSAND
AND ONE PLOTS

SEARCHING A
SHIFTING MAZE

MINIONS OF
FORTUNE

TZEENTCH AND
THE LONG WAR



CHAPTER I: TZEENTCH

"If Chaos is change itself, then Tzeentch, more than any other Dark Power, embodies Chaos in its purest, most primal form. Therefore, no other God of Chaos warrants more of our fearful respect, our tireless resistance, and our unflinching loyalty to the Emperor."

—Inquisitor Gallianus Dirk at the Jellico Conclave
(records declared Heretica Extremis)

The entity or sentient warp force known as Tzeentch is perhaps the most enigmatic of the so-called Chaos Gods or Dark Powers. Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways, is the god of sorcery, scheming, mutation, and change. He embodies mortals' desires for evolution, improvement, innovation, and progress as well as their dreams of wealth, prosperity, and a better tomorrow. While many perceive these motivations as healthy, wholesome, and perhaps even necessary to mortal existence, Tzeentch, the Great Conspirator, works to corrupt the aspirations and ambitions of humankind and xenos alike, and to leverage these hopes and dreams for his own nefarious ends.

The other Dark Powers tend to act upon mortal society more directly: Khorne with bloodshed and slaughter, Nurgle with disease and decay, and Slaanesh with the allure of ecstasy and decadence. However, Tzeentch and his servants—human, xenos, and daemon—scheme and conspire quietly and stealthily to guide and influence the machinations of mortal society. The Changer of Ways favours subtle weapons: flattering words, enticing temptations, healthy ambitions stoked to traitorous or immoral ends, and above all, schemes within endless schemes. Many a politician, scholar, military officer, or other mortal leader has begun a promising career, altruistic project, or worthwhile intellectual investigation only to find himself—perhaps prompted by a seemingly well-intentioned colleague who secretly served the Great Conspirator—making compromises, moving up the hierarchy at the expense of others, or taking ethically questionable shortcuts. Even with the best of intentions, or perhaps because of them, these people are vulnerable to the machinations of Tzeentch, who conspires to turn such individuals into cogs in his infernal machine, fuelled by endless schemes, lies, plots, and deceptions.

Many are the followers of Tzeentch. Some willingly and knowingly follow the Architect of Fate. Others, deceived by the Father of Lies and his servants, believe themselves to be advancing their own agendas, while, in actuality, they blindly serve the Changer of Ways. Many of the rogues, renegades, heretics, and Chaos Space Marines also serve Tzeentch. The reach of the Architect of Fate is long, stretching across the galaxy with special attention to regions such as the Eye of Terror and the Screaming Vortex where the warp and reality become one. He is the Master of the Thousand and One Plots, each more intricate and devious than the next, and none save for Tzeentch himself can possibly imagine, let alone fathom, them all. Such is the Changer of Ways, and such is his control over the foolish efforts of all mortals.

THE CHANGER OF WAYS

"He cannot be known. He cannot be described. He cannot be understood, for he is change, constant change, constantly changing, never ending."

—Herodotus Black of Taloma Nova,
later declared Hereticus Extremis

Tzeentch is one of the four major Chaos Gods, and his areas of influence include sorcery, scheming, change, and knowledge. He is known by many names: the Changer of Ways, the Great Schemer, the Father of Lies and Deception, the Great Mutator, the Master of Fortune, the Great Conspirator, the Architect of Fate, the Great Eagle, the Shifting Breeze, the Master of Fate, Tchar, Shunch, Chen, and countless other titles and names from the millions of dialects spoken throughout the galaxy. For every name by which the Master of Deceit is known, he has a thousand guises and plots. Everything related to the master of change shifts, mutates, evolves, and transmogrifies. One can go mad—and many have—trying to study even the smallest threads of the Great Schemer and to perform the impossible: to describe him and to fix him to one shape, one form, one motive, one truth. Perhaps the closest manner to characterise Tzeentch is not to describe him at all, as over time, he differs from himself more than he does any other being. Tzeentch, like his endless schemes, constantly shifts, morphs, and transforms.

While the other Dark Gods adopt fixed forms much of the time, Tzeentch manifests in a multitude of guises. Nonetheless, over the aeons, certain traits have emerged in his appearance, his associated iconography, the material presence of his daemonic followers, and the nightmares his visage implants in the minds of those who witness him. Such descriptions often

EXCERPTS FROM THE OFFICIAL DIARY OF MIINIUS NOVACOR, PLANETARY GOVERNOR OF RASHAD PRIME

DATE: 242812.M41

Long-range patrols of the 134th Company of my Planetary Defence Force have reported suspicious activity in Sector 35-Alpha, the northern coast of the eastern continent. Though the region is of little tactical, economic, or industrial importance, as the planetary surveillance grid also detected a possible xenos landing in the sector, I have ordered Colonel Max Acario to dispatch scouts to identify and assess the threat, if any.

Derridian Septima, my newly appointed personal assistant, is handling arrangements for my annual Awards Ceremony with diligence and some efficiency. While she currently demands more nurturing and supervision than the off-world blooms I struggle to grow in the Palace Gardens, I remain hopeful that she will become a valued member of my staff.



reveal Tzeentch as a thin, lanky sorcerer, either male or female, in robes that continually change colour. Tzeentch's head hangs low, beneath his shoulders, and his arms are long and spindly. Some descriptions posit that Tzeentch's skin is covered in faces and mouths that whisper secrets dark and terrible or comment upon and subvert the words uttered by the entity's primary or natural mouth. The faces and mouths that cover the daemonic form shift, slide, emerge, and are subsumed back into the unnatural flesh. Some of the Ordo Malleus daemonhunters, however, realise that these perceived consistencies, like so many things associated with the Great Deceiver, may constitute a ruse of one kind or another. After all, consistency is often part and parcel of the most convincing lies and confidence schemes.

Although many have described Tzeentch in this way, others have portrayed the Dark God as coloured smoke, crackling energy of an unknown type that burns or mutates the objects it touches, faces in mist, a writhing mass of fleshy protoplasm, and burning runes that hang in space and sear the very air—sometimes all within the same observation. Others show malformed birds, fish, or perverse hybridised versions of the two that swim through the air and fly through the sea. Indeed, birds and fish figure heavily in descriptions of Tzeentch, in his iconography, and in the shapes taken by many of his daemonic and mutated mortal followers. For instance, Tzeentch's most powerful followers, his greater daemons the Lords of Change, resemble giant humanoid birds; his Screammers and the Discs that carry his champions to battle often appear as flying aquatic manta rays, tirelessly hunting through both the Great Ocean and the air of real space like the legendary carcharodons of primordial Terra.

Other commentators have suggested that Tzeentch, the Great Mutator, has no fixed shape at all. Tzeentch's tangible form, when he chooses to manifest physically, is a mass of constantly shifting flesh. Thus, the constantly fluctuating material body of the Changer of Ways resembles many of his creations, such as his daemons and his realm itself, which similarly have no stable form. Still others have posited that Tzeentch's physical forms are simply images that mortal minds create to try to perceive and understand something far more abstract, an agent of pure change, mutation, and flux. Such a form is more akin to metaphor than reality, and perhaps suits this Ruinous Power to a greater degree than eyes of flesh or metal could possibly capture. If some truth lies in this line of reasoning, then perhaps mortal minds have come to associate Tzeentch with birds and fish, creatures of air and water, respectively, because both of these animals inhabit fluid environments. Wind, tide, waves, temperature, turbidity, and bodies in motion constantly reshape the air and water in which these organisms live, making them fitting symbols for the Changer of Ways. As with much concerning the Great Changer, however, in the end all is conjecture and supposition, for attempting to know the true form of the Master of Mutation is to embrace madness.

Like Tzeentch himself, the daemonic creatures of the Changer of Ways take many forms. In addition to the aforementioned Screammers, Discs, and greater daemons known as the Lords of Change, which take the form of giant anthropomorphic birds, Tzeentch commands many other daemonic servants as well. His Daemonic Princes once served the Changer of Ways as mortal champions. After they gained sufficient favour from their dark master, or perhaps simply became the focus of his unknowable whim, Tzeentch elevated these once-mortal servants to daemonic



status and bestowed upon them immortality and powers that rival those of the Lords of Change. The forces of Tzeentch also include multi-limbed lesser daemons called Horrors whose large mouths and constantly shifting forms make them the stuff of nightmares. The headless, conical daemons known as Flamers bear the true fire of change and, with it, shower the enemies of the Master of Fortune in mutating warpfire. The most powerful of these lesser daemons may become daemonic heralds, the field officers and daemonic sorcerers of the Great Conspirator. These are but a fraction of the daemons known as creations of Tzeentch, and even these mutate and change so frequently that their forms may completely change from one manifestation to the next.

Tzeentch commands many mortal followers as well, perhaps most conspicuously the Traitor Legion known as the Thousand Sons. These former servants of the Corpse Emperor of the Imperium of Man bring the power of sorcery and of the might of the Chaos Space Marines to bear against the enemies of the Changer of Ways. Other Traitor Space Marines, such as the Scourged and the Oracles of Change, though less well-known than the Thousand Sons, fight for Tzeentch with equal fervour. While these fallen Adeptus Astartes wield tremendous martial power for the Architect of Fate, Tzeentch also makes use of more subtle weapons, for he is the master of schemes, plots, and deceit. As such, the forces of Tzeentch include secret heretics, corrupt politicians, derelict military officers, unprincipled scholars, unscrupulous philosophers, and other leaders vulnerable to his nefarious temptations. Many of these individuals are psykers or practitioners of the sorcerous arts. Tzeentch's mortal followers, knowingly or otherwise, serve the Father of Lies and Deception in

a thousand inconspicuous ways. In lieu of open battle, Tzeentch's mortal minions wage quiet wars with secrets, lies, opportunism, temptation, misdirection, and intrigue. Tzeentch's followers firmly believe that more empires have fallen to corruption and internal strife than to swords and bolter shells.

One hesitates to characterise the ethos or philosophy of an entity as inscrutable, cryptic, fickle, and ultimately unknowable as Tzeentch. Nonetheless, from the behaviour of Tzeentch's followers and the ends they seem to pursue, careful observers can ascertain certain goals, values, or tenets of what one might call his ideology. For one, Tzeentch and his followers seem to value information, particularly knowledge that is forbidden, mysterious, or difficult to discover. The numbers of scholars, scientists, practitioners of forbidden arts, and mad visionaries that swell Tzeentch's ranks lend credence to this claim. Many an inquisitive mind, stymied by the complexities of a philosophical, scientific, or engineering problem, has yielded to the temptation of an alluring but forbidden text, a classified collection of data, or an unethical experimental method. Such individuals tacitly invite the Great Conspirator to take heed and leverage their vulnerability to his advantage. In short, Tzeentch and his minions understand the power of information. They hoard esoteric details and poorly remembered lore and often delve into mysteries and the unknown. Whether Tzeentch and those who serve him value this information for its inherent intellectual value, as a weapon to use against their enemies, or both, remains uncertain.

In addition, Tzeentch and his followers seem to value evolution and progress, particularly when plots, schemes, and conspiracy serve to catalyse these changes. The needs and short temporal existences of mortal beings may encourage both xenos and humankind to assume that Tzeentch's manipulations and desires for constant evolution function towards some end game. Man and alien alike tend to assume that, if a plot exists, so must a goal. Indeed, some purpose—such as the conquest of the galaxy, warp space, or the other Chaos Gods—may in fact exist inside the mind of the Architect of Fate. However, other, more flexible mortal minds that are capable of thinking laterally and considering alternative paradigms, ideologies, epistemologies, and ontological schema consider other possibilities when evaluating Tzeentch's ultimate objective (of course, such minds are of the type that also most often fall victim to Tzeentch's temptations, or madness, or both). Such individuals sometimes posit that Tzeentch's conspiracies and actions to initiate change have no intention, no goal. Tzeentch's only purpose may be nothing more than change itself—constant development, progress, alteration, mutation, metamorphosis, diversification, transformation, and revolution. Still others suggest that ascribing something as mortal, temporal, and worldly as a simple goal to an enigmatic Dark Power like Tzeentch results from limited reasoning that erroneously attempts to anthropomorphise a Chaos God and incorrectly characterise him as having mortal, temporal, and worldly desires. It may be more accurate to state that Tzeentch is an entity that, by his very nature, is an agent for change. As such, Tzeentch no more desires change than a catalyst desires a chemical reaction. Still other thinkers find fault in those who describe Tzeentch as an unthinking, unreasoning entity and deconstruct the arguments and metaphors of those who fail to

FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF ABEARDUS CRISIUS, PREFECTUS OF KAIOR III

I now fear any attempt to describe Tzeentch will fail. Can one sketch a splash of water in mid air? Can one catch smoke in one's bare hands? Can one give voice to the pleasures of a joyful dream half remembered? If one could know the Shifting Breeze with accuracy, if even for a moment, that understanding would become obsolete in an instant. Such is the vacillating nature of the Changer of Ways. Indeed, even the keenest mind's perception of the Great Mutator is, at best, fleeting, imprecise, fragmentary, partial, and distorted. As the even the finest archeotech relics can detect only the shadowy components of our reality, so too, we can only hope to perceive Tzeentch as a reflection. And, of course, any enlightenment that may brighten our dull, myopic eyes will have passed through the refracting lenses of the Great Conspirator's deceptions, lies, and corruptions. Still I must puzzle it out; I have struggled too far along this path to turn away, no matter what fate may come to me or my world.

identify the obvious deliberateness of Tzeentch's manipulations. Just because the end is difficult or impossible to identify does not mean that it does not exist. Of course, Tzeentch and his more scholarly servants may intentionally foster these circular and circuitous arguments in order to obscure and obfuscate his movements and objectives, if any, even further.

Yet another way to describe Tzeentch is in contrast to Nurgle in the pantheon of the Gods of Chaos. Typically, the Changer of Ways stands in opposition to the Lord of Pestilence, just as Khorne, the god of blood and skulls, opposes Slaanesh, the prince of decadence and depravity. Where Nurgle represents Chaos as entropy, Tzeentch represents Chaos as energy. Where Nurgle promotes decay and atrophy, Tzeentch promotes potential and progress. Where Nurgle fosters deterioration and ruin, Tzeentch fosters germination and development. To many students of the Dark Powers, the (however speculative) ideological descriptions of the Changer of Ways make better sense when juxtaposed against those of Nurgle, Tzeentch's seeming antithesis amongst the Ruinous Powers.

Tzeentch's inherent spirit, if he can be said to possess one, manifests tellingly in the sorcery he and his followers practice on the battlefield and in more private settings. Characteristic of the Changer of Ways, Tzeentch's magic takes shape in unholy flame, raw warp energy, spontaneous mutation, hideous transformation, and deceptive illusion. Tzeentch and his sorcerers can immolate their enemies with warfire that burns flesh or ceramite with equal ease. Expert practitioners of Tzeentch's dark arts can manipulate the raw stuff of the warp itself, the very touch of which can transform even the most devout into those monstrous gibbering mounds of oozing protoplasm known as Spawns of Chaos. Followers of the Great Deceiver are also masters of illusion who can bend the perceptions of others. By so doing, Tzeentch's sorcerers can trick a soldier into perceiving his brothers in

arms as enemies or convince a planetary governor to suddenly quash the decrees which he had previously promoted with enthusiasm. The sorcery of the Father of Lies and Deception is so insidious that many of its practitioners fail to realise that they are indeed serving Tzeentch's schemes each time they use their powers. Many an ambitious psyker, believing he was working in the service of the Emperor or for the greater good of some xenos race, has unwittingly aided the Changer of Ways and his convoluted manipulations of the mortal world.

The forces of Tzeentch do not engage in open warfare as often as those of Khorne and the other Dark Powers. Tzeentch prefers to advance his agenda inconspicuously through espionage, intrigue, politics, and subtle sorcery rather than through bloodshed and firepower. When Tzeentch does cry havoc and resort to direct assault, he first creates weaknesses in his enemies by spying on them to learn of their vulnerabilities or by engaging in psychological warfare that sows dissent and foments discord through propaganda, fear-mongering, and innuendo. The Great Conspirator corrupts key military and civilian personnel who will, at crucial moments in battle, fail to convey important orders, misdirect needed materiel, or conduct acts of misinformation, sabotage, and assassination. To Tzeentch, war is the ultimate game, and even a seeming defeat may, in actuality, constitute a necessary sacrifice or an insidious form of motivation for one of his champions or a potential follower. Thus, to Tzeentch, the loss of a single soldier, a greater daemon, an army, a world, or even an entire system matters little more than the loss of a pawn to a regicide master.

As any description of Tzeentch will be inaccurate and prone to the manipulations of the Great Deceiver, it follows that the most accurate descriptions of the Changer of Ways will acknowledge their inherent imprecision. Any attempt to fix this Dark Power in words, images, or ideas—no matter for what purpose, scholarly, tactical, self-serving, or unholy—will fail. Even if mortal minds could possibly perceive, comprehend, and communicate the true nature of Tzeentch at one moment, that nature would change the next, rendering the previous understanding obsolete. As such, whether one's goal is to remain loyal to the Emperor of Man, to serve the purpose of a xenos race, or to explore the ways of Chaos for purposes scholarly or dark, one may best be served by considering the Architect of Fate only at the periphery of one's mind's eye, for even those who knowingly sail upon the Shifting Breeze of Tzeentch can never see the true face of the Chaos God who wears a Thousand Masks.

