



CREDITS

PRODUCED BY
Tim Huckelbery and Max Brooke

DEVELOPMENT AND WRITING
Tim Cox and Craig Gallant
with Tim Huckelbery and Jordan Goldfarb

EDITING AND PROOFREADING
Jim Jacobson and Mark Latham

MANAGING RPG PRODUCER
Chris Gerber

GRAPHIC DESIGN
Taylor Ingvarsson, Sam Shimota, Evan Simonet & Rory McCormack

GRAPHIC DESIGN MANAGER
Brian Schomburg

COVER ART
Mathias Kollros

INTERIOR ART
Alex Boca, Matt Bradbury, Jon Cave, Mauro Dal Bo,
Vincent Devault, Guillaume Ducos, Zach Graves,
Imaginary FS Pte Ltd, Nikolaus Ingeneri, Mathias Kollros,
Michal Mikowski, David Auden Nash, Niten, Shane
Pierce, Neil Roberts, Grzegorz Rutkowski, Silver
Saaremael, Christian Schwager, Darek Zabrocki, and
the Games Workshop Design Studio

MANAGING ART DIRECTOR
Andrew Navaro

ART DIRECTION
Andy Christensen

PRODUCTION MANAGEMENT
Eric Knight

EXECUTIVE GAME DESIGNER
Corey Konieczka

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Michael Hurley

PUBLISHER
Christian T. Petersen

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR PLAYTESTERS
“Occam’s Chainsword” Blake ‘HTMC’ Bennett with
Matt Armstrong, Corrin Grant, Rome Reginelli, and
Chris Weinberg; “No Guts No Glory!” Sean Connor with
Stephen Pitson, Andrea Pitson, Barry Spryng, and Val Scott;
“The Librarians” Pim Mauve with Keesjan Kleef,
Jan-Cees Voogd, Joris Voogd, Gerlof Woudstra;
“You Bid Babies?!” Jordan Millward with Keri Harthoorn,
Kyle Harthoorn-Burton, Kieren Smith, Julia Smith,
and Malcolm Douglas Spence; “Roll Perils”
Matthew ‘H.B.M.C.’ Eustace with Rob Lord,
Stuart Lord, Sean Kelly, and Michael Madani

As always, thanks to everyone at
GAMES WORKSHOP



Cubicle 7
Unit 6, Block 3, City North
Business Campus,
Gormanstown, Co. Meath
K32 DP60.

© Games Workshop Limited 2019. *Dark Heresy*, GW, Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo, Space Marine, 40K, Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 Role Play, Warhammer 40,000 device, ‘Aquila’ Double-Headed Eagle device, and all associated marks, logos, places, names, creatures, races and race insignia/devices/logos/symbols, vehicles, locations, weapons, units and unit insignia, characters, products and illustrations from the Warhammer 40,000 universe and the *Dark Heresy* game setting are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. Cubicle 7 Entertainment and the Cubicle 7 Entertainment logo are trademarks of Cubicle 7 Entertainment Limited. All rights reserved.

For more information about the **DARK HERESY** line, free downloads,
answers to rule queries, or just to pass on greetings, visit us online at
www.cubicle7games.com

CONTENTS

Introduction.....	5	A Dinner with the Lord-Captain.....	86
Chapter I: Standing in the Shadow		Amongst the Elite.....	90
Chapter Overview.....	6	Amongst the Dead.....	91
Crime Scene.....	9	Exploring the Corpse-Holds.....	91
Bodies and Questions.....	10	Ambush.....	93
Following the Trail.....	13	Darker Than Sable.....	94
Into the Wastes.....	22	Fiery Heavens.....	96
The Camp.....	30	The Battle for the <i>Oath Unspoken</i>	98
More than Smugglers.....	36	Conclusions and Rewards.....	102
Departure.....	38	Chapter II NPCs.....	103
Conclusion and Rewards.....	42	Chapter III: Nightmares Remembered	
Chapter I NPCs.....	42	Thaur.....	109
Chapter II: To the World of Bone		Chapter Overview.....	115
The <i>Oath Unspoken</i>	56	Guests of the Lord Governor.....	116
The Anzaforr Dynasty.....	57	In the House of Pyre.....	118
Important Locations on the <i>Oath Unspoken</i>	61	Into the Forest.....	123
Chapter Overview.....	66	Afterlife.....	124
Aboard the <i>Oath Unspoken</i>	67	The Great Ossuaria.....	125
Amongst the Pilgrims.....	70	To Stop the Ritual.....	127
The Pilgrims.....	71	Navigating the Catacombs.....	128
Market Day.....	76	The Remembered God.....	131
Whispers and Lies.....	79	Conclusion and Rewards.....	136
Heretics in the Crowd.....	81	Adventure Aftermath.....	137
		Chapter III NPCs.....	138

Valatine Lewin was good. Few knew of her, but those who did ensured she always had work. She had been Faceless many times before, smuggling Eldar trinkets, silver devices of unknown origin, and even fresh Ork teef from battles along the Stygies Cluster. The Faceless Trade never ended; the voracious appetite for the outré and forbidden meant that there would always be people like her to whet it.

Holthane had set up the job: a pickup and delivery. Lewin wasn't told the name of the final buyer, but that wasn't unusual. The pickup was at a forgotten asteroid at Port Aquila. If it had a name, it had been lost long ago, along with its entry in the Administratum records. Now it was just another rock drifting amongst the millions that surrounded Diomedea Stella. In its hollowed-out interior, exposed stone revealed massive carvings that cast looming shadows in the arc-candle lighting. It reminded Lewin somehow of entering an old, abandoned temple.

The meet went smooth. Lewin and her people had darkened their voidsuit visors. Likewise, the drop men wore bodysuits that left no skin exposed, their faces obscured by filter masks and wide goggles. With harsh motions, as if unused to the grav-plating below their feet, they opened a series of worn cases to display the collection. No one asked where the dozens of small, rune-encrusted items came from. Questions weren't part of the deal.

Lewin pushed her own case across the bare deckplating. One of the bodysuits swiftly spun it around, and then opened it with a glittering, crystalline device. She had no idea what was inside, but the contents illuminated the bodysuits' angular forms with a soft, emerald glow. They seemed satisfied, so she motioned for her people to continue the transaction.

Each artefact was removed from its container, then carefully wrapped in thin, supple leather and packed into the small padded chest Holthane had provided. Even through her heavy gloves, she could feel the texture of each item prickling her skin and remaining behind like a phantom weight. She'd had worse though, and knew better than to let others know that she could feel or see such things. Valatine Lewin had known oddsight all her life, but had kept it carefully hidden and herself always on the move to avoid interest. She had seen what happened to those who didn't.

Nobody said anything, which is exactly how she liked it. Each party took their cargo and left.

Lewin strode past her destination, a side glance confirming the correct habroom number. A few doors away, she paused to check for any tails. Kappex Orbital was huge, dwarfing some of the lesser Desoleum hives far below it, and filled with people. This far into its depths, though, the passageways became rusted and deserted. She pretended to study a battered slate while cornerwatching for anyone. Eyeteeth, there had been enough problems on the job between the deaths and the worsening oddsight, and she wanted this final handoff to smoothly end it.

The first visions had started when their vessel departed Aquila. Oddsight had surrounded her; she could see gigantic structures, bigger than the cathedrals from her childhood. Nonhuman shapes lived in the structures, worshipping deities so powerful that reality bled. And they were all...old. Ancient. Stars had ignited and died since then. She often had to push hard to get these to fade away.

Nothing could be seen now but shadows of something rat-like scuttling away at the end of the hall. Satisfied, she pulled up the rolled layers of featureless synthskin along her neck to form

her false face and held a small metallic disc to the door's scanner. There was a long delay, and just before Lewin began to seriously worry, the heavy door slid apart in a grinding moan.

It was a barren room with a single table. A lone figure stood inside, face and body thoroughly shrouded in dark crimson robes. Mechadendrites writhed behind him, twitching like impatient serpents. Her eyes couldn't stay on the odd sigils he wore, jerking her sight away as her hand would retreat from a venting plasma line. She could feel his name like a scent drifting into her brain, a smell of fresh burns mixed with rotted ploin fruit. Halbrel. A dangerous name, one she was sure was not hers to know.

"Ah," he said evenly, inhumanly. "Your presence is welcome." He paused, as if completing a calculation, then continued. "I was told to expect others as well, however."

Lewin had to bark out a harsh laugh at that, muffled by the layers of synthskin. "Just me. Nobody else made it." She didn't elaborate how they had died. Few of the deaths had been as easy as an Arbitrator shotgun blast, something they all knew to expect.

Jorgal was the first; he had been staring at the chest during the entire transit, then after they dropped at Desoleum simply pulled out his hand cannon and ate the barrel. Two more had survived a shootout only to fall under the unstoppable tracks of an industrial loader. Last was Danerish, her strong proper hand, the hardest man she knew. They had been navigating the orbital's bowels when he began crying softly, then dropped and vomited up a shower of bone fragments and blood. There hadn't been anything left of his face she could recognise. The rounded bone shards looked familiar, though, like a memory of something that hadn't happened yet. That had left her alone to finish the job.

"I see," Lewin had no response to that, and simply placed the chest on the hullmetal table. Halbrel flashed a wrist-electro over the clasp, which obediently opened. Lewin tried not to watch Halbrel examine his purchases. One of his hands was a metal claw, each needle-like finger perfectly mimicking natural motion. The other was human, but moved with the jerky, imprecise motions of a puppet. She wasn't sure which was the more disturbing.

Lewin turned away and tried to relax, but his name kept tearing at her mind. "It's all there," she said. One hand near her compact bolt pistol, she watched his blurred reflection in the metal wall. Finally he closed the chest, and she slowly exhaled.

Halbrel spoke, calm as before. "This concludes our business. You may depart." Lewin turned back to face him, then stood very still. A new oddsight overlaid him, something monstrous, pale and tall and bound in smoking chains, its face leering and twisted. She slowly backed out of the room, not daring to speak or look away.

Once the door closed behind her, she could finally breathe again. It helped to think of the payment: an assortment of digital weapons, several clips of bolt shells, an archaeotech auspex, and other riches. Very nice, especially since it was all hers now. Push off some debts, buy a few treats, take some rest. She certainly needed rest; eyeteeth, she deserved some after this. Maybe then get some work with Gholsken Hresk; she'd heard the Trade Sable might be hiring below. Scuttle was that he was involved with double-deals, selling Faceless items with his proper then using his sinister to steal them back and re-sell them elsewhere for staggering profit. That sounded good. She straightened a bit and walked with more purpose down the passageway. Things were looking up.

Behind her, the oddsight flowed in her path as invisible, shimmering waves in the air. It smiled, also eager for the future.

INTRODUCTION

“A terror once banished from memory stirs again on a world of bones.”

–Ta’l Krynn, Desoleum Soothsayer

FORGOTTEN GODS forms the third act of a thematic trilogy of adventures, following *Dark Pursuits* from the DARK HERESY Core Rulebook and then *Desolation of the Dead* from the DARK HERESY GAME MASTER’S KIT, although neither scenario is required to play. In this adventure, the Acolytes pursue heresies from the shadowy habways of Hive Desoleum to the solemn, bone-strewn shrine world of Thaur. There, they begin to uncover the dark secrets behind a series of corrupted xenos relics being trafficked throughout the Askellon Sector.

Each chapter includes Game Master guidance for experience points and other rewards for the PCs, based on their actions and successes in that part of the adventure. As it is very possible that not all Acolytes will survive each encounter, either falling to horrible wounds or even more horrible corruption, each chapter also includes suggestions for replacement characters should players wish to create new ones based on local settings and organisations. This allows for new Acolytes to join the warband in a more fluid manner, along with specialised abilities and knowledge that could be invaluable in prosecuting current investigations. FORGOTTEN GODS includes sidebars with new character creation options that players can use for fashioning such Acolytes along these lines.

Along with the main adventure, FORGOTTEN GODS also contains adventure seeds and other suggestions for future investigations. This allows the GM to run linked adventures that call upon the activities and clues uncovered during this adventure, and thus create a more expansive campaign of associated heresies ranging even wider across the Askellon Sector.

FORGOTTEN GODS is broken into three chapters:

CHAPTER I: STANDING IN THE SHADOW

On intelligence from a contact in Hive Desoleum, the Acolytes track a group of smugglers carrying dangerous xenos artefacts through the harsh wastes outside the hive to its main spaceport. When they discover that the smuggling ring extends well beyond the planet, and is in fact dedicated to smuggling these relics back to their point of origin, a shrine world called Thaur, they must board the voidship carrying the artefacts to that planet.

CHAPTER II: TO THE WORLD OF BONE

The Acolytes continue their investigation aboard the ship and must deal with its captain, a powerful Rogue Trader who can both help and hinder their efforts to find the smuggled relics. They soon discover a cult dedicated to the strange xenos artefacts, which plots to capture the vessel once it exits the Warp and use the lives of those aboard as a mass sacrifice to reawaken their sleeping alien god. The Acolytes must defend the ship and thwart this scheme as the vessel arrives on Thaur.

CHAPTER III: NIGHTMARES REMEMBERED

As they arrive on Thaur, the Acolytes are intercepted by Lord Pyre, the world’s planetary governor. After winning his support (or escaping his custody), they must make their way to the ceremony to resurrect the alien god, which is taking place beneath a massive prayer service for an Imperial saint. Once they infiltrate the cult and enter the catacombs of Thaur, the Acolytes discover that the supposed alien god is in fact a powerful Daemon with a strange link to the smuggled alien relics. They must ultimately disrupt the ritual to banish the Daemon before it can fully manifest, saving the world of Thaur from being plunged back into the darkness that swallowed its former inhabitants.





CHAPTER I: STANDING IN THE SHADOW

This opening chapter finds the Acolytes in Hive Desoleum, one of the major population centres of the Askellon Sector and a familiar location for those who have played the adventures *Dark Pursuits* from Chapter XIII of the *DARK HERESY CORE Rulebook* and *Desolation of the Dead* from the *DARK HERESY GAME MASTER'S KIT*. The adventure begins with a bizarre crime scene in a lower hive area that calls for the attention of the Acolytes. This offers a new lead on the traffic in tainted xenos artefacts plaguing the gigantic hive city, a concern that has vexed their Inquisitor for some time.

This first part of *FORGOTTEN GODS* is primarily investigative. However, there are numerous opportunities for violence if the Acolytes choose such routes. Acolytes with more subtle skills can successfully navigate the events with only minimal bloodshed. Ideally, the members of the warband use a mix of these approaches to achieve the best results.

Because of this chapter's investigative and open-ended nature, there are many possible avenues to success for the Acolytes as they pursue their quarry. Game Masters should remain open to whatever ideas and plans the players can come up with, and should be prepared to reorder the adventure's events if the Player Characters' actions make it necessary.

CHAPTER OVERVIEW

"Some will sell their very souls if they receive enough coin. But, to return to the topic at hand, how much were you offering for this delivery?"

—Gholsken Hresk, Sable Trader

The adventure begins in Hive Desoleum, with the Acolytes investigating the scene of a violent altercation at the request of Sanctionary Oath-Captain Kaytian Nils. The scene is marked by several strange factors that led her to reach out to the Acolytes. Confirming the Oath-Captain's fears that something unnatural and heretical is at work, the Acolytes follow the trail of a group of smugglers from the scene and discover that these smugglers are indeed involved with the corrupt xenos artefacts that have been poisoning the hive. These smugglers are in fact not importing them to the city, as others in the Faceless Trade in proscribed items have done, but transporting them off-world. In order to discover the truth, the Acolytes must follow the smugglers onto a ship bound for an unknown destination.

The crime scene that the Acolytes find themselves investigating is the aftermath of a deadly encounter between smugglers of the Trade Sable and cultists of the Callers of Sorrow. The latter is an expansive cult, with many dozens of sub-cults called "Strains" throughout the hive. Its true numbers are unknown, and at any