



Design an Inquisitor Character

Here we present the long-awaited results of our Inquisitor competition from October and November of 2006.

Way back in September to November of this year (2006) we ran a design an Inquisitor Character competition on the Specialist Games website. The key to the competition was that the character the participants designed could not be an actual Inquisitor. This challenged the willing participants to design a character that fitted in and was part of the Warhammer 40,000 universe but to not go down the obvious route. Considering that, to enter you had to convert and paint an Inquisitor figure and write a background I was surprised with the amount and quality of entries. Well done to all who entered, it was a very enjoyable and difficult task to choose the final three you see in this article. Below you will find two runners up and the winner. All three will be getting loads of GW goodies for prizes. If you'd like to take part in our free-to-enter competitions to win Citadel Miniatures then just keep an eye on the Specialist Games front page, we always have at least one running.

Okay, lets take a look at the finalists.

ITZIKIA by Matthew Reynolds

Itzikia was one of thousands of Chorans bred on the forge world Mars, after samples were first captured two thousand years ago. They are kept to be used for heavy manual labour on a slave like basis. With bionically enhanced muscle tissue, the species became capable of lifting massive weights, and that is mainly what Chorans are used for. They are not, however, the universes greatest thinkers. Chorans can do what they are told if they are given exact instructions, but are poor at problem solving. For a Chorans, thinking round the box generally involves destroying the box.

Many Chorans escaped their industrial masters to their only way off Mars, the Imperial Guard. Most, however, were simply returned to the factories, and given worse tasks than before as punishment. Itzikia was one of the few to be accepted into the Imperial Guard, where he was used as a glorified porter for heavy weapons, and other such simple tasks. It was three years into his enlisted service that he was noticed by Inquisitor Ciudad. Thoran's unit was called in to rescue the embattled inquisitor, who was at the time surrounded by a chaotic cult, with superior numbers and firepower. The squad was ambushed by more cultists, it was a massacre. Itzikia was one of few not to go down in the initial moments, despite taking several hits, the bionic flesh saving him several times over. It was here Itzikia



demonstrated a trait never even considered in a Chorans mind, Observance. 2 years of watching his team operating the mortar

he carried on his back, Itzikia had slowly learned how to use it without needing to be told exactly. He taken the mortar off his back, and unslung the ammunition satchel he was carrying also. Holding the mortar tube in one hand, and loading with the other he fired it from the hip. Fighting his way to the by now severely wounded inquisitor with the few surviving squad members in tow, he killed many cultists. Still firing the mortar, he carried Ciudad on his back out of the danger zone, before going back and carrying out the two surviving retinue members.

Itzikia's commanding officer refused to believe the testimony of the troopers, and even the inquisitor. He was never again promoted. Itzikia was never decorated for his action, though Ciudad recruited him into the retinue as soon as the discharge papers came through. Itzikia became one of the most steadfastly loyal members of Ciudad's team, though has never yet shown any signs of intelligence beyond that of a human infant.



| | WS | BS | S | T | I | Wp | Sg | Nv | Ld |
|----------------|----|----|-----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Itzikia | 45 | 47 | 150 | 95 | 40 | 38 | 30 | 70 | 75 |

Equipment: Fury Bolter*, Missile Launcher**, Advanced bionic Eyes & Average bionic Ears.

***Fury Bolter**

| Weapon | Type | Range | Mode | Acc | dam | Shots | Rld | Wt |
|-----------------------------------|-------|-------|---------------------|-----|--------|-------|-----|----|
| Fury Bolter with Missile Launcher | Heavy | B | Semi (4) / full (9) | -5 | 2D10+4 | 125 | 15* | 75 |

**Can only be reloaded at an ammunition dump or crate containing bolter rounds.*

****Missile Launcher**

| Weapon | Type | Range | Mode | Acc | dam | Shots | Rld | Wt | Area |
|------------------|------|-------|--------|-----|-----|-------|-----|----|------|
| Missile Launcher | - | - | Single | - | - | 1 | 3 | - | - |

Itzikia can carry 3 missiles. These missiles can carry any of the warheads on the missiles noted on pages 81 and 82 of the Inquisitor rulebook.

Unlike the missiles in the rulebook, these carry a guidance package, and can only hit a target that has been lit with the laser designator of another member of the team. The missile must be fired into the air so cannot be fired in conjunction with the bolter at another target.

When the missile is fired, it circles for up to 3 turns, until it either locks onto a target or runs out of fuel. When a target has been illuminated, on a roll of 80 or under, the missile locks and hits. The roll to lock is similar to a roll to hit, and as a result hits are randomised on body parts. If it is a placed shot, the missile hits the exact body part the laser hit. This means it is also necessary to randomise the part hit by the laser also.

Note, this means that with if the laser and lock rolls are placed, the target could potentially be hit in the face with the missile. Ouch! When the missile hits a target, it is assumed to approach at 45° from a randomly determined angle, cover saves apply at the GM's discretion.

Special Rules: Back Hair Itzikia's thick fur acts like armour of value 3 on the back of the chest and groin that can only be destroyed by flame or melta wounds.

If he takes wounds from behind by flame or melta weapons, the fur "armour" is instantly destroyed, and for D3 turns afterwards, Thoran takes D6 damage due to continued smouldering.

Speech Impediment: Itzikia has a severe speech impediment and is difficult to understand. The distances at which he can be understood when speaking are halved, but the distances at which he can be heard remain the same.

Special Abilities: Right Handed; Heroic; Nerves of Steel; Regenerate

Laser Designator

This must be carried by 1 or more other members of the squad to make use of Itzikia's missile launcher.

It is attached to any ranged weapon, to make use of its gun sight. The designator then gets whatever + or - accuracy modifiers of the weapon it is mounted on.

It takes a separate action to mark a target, but once a target is marked, the character may not make any additional actions except to walk until the missile has acquired and hit. If he is forced to make additional actions, for example to dodge, or is attacked, another target must be lased by any character before the missiles fuel expires lest it is wasted.

If the target that has been lased moves out of the designator's line of sight before Itzikia has a chance to fire, the target is lost & must be re-designated. Limited battery life. The designator runs off a small battery, which can hold a target for 4 turns.

| Weapon | Type | Range | Mode | Acc | dam | Shots | Rld | Wt |
|------------------|------|-------|--------|-----|-----|-------|-----|----|
| Laser Designator | - | G | Single | - | - | - | - | 5 |



ALLISON CAINE, LADY ARBITE by David Laithwaite

She clasped the grips of the pistols in both hands, readying herself for what might lie on the opposite side of this thick door. She had traced clues and contacts to the depths of the Underhive, seeking answers to the motivations behind a number of mysterious deaths that had been reported over the last few months. Some of her 'less exacting' colleagues might not have spotted the link between these seemingly random acts of violence, but the persistent feeling that there was more to these cases than gang violence had finally been validated. And so it was that she stood, pressed against the cold, damp stone of the tunnel wall, gathering her breath and fighting the excited nausea that threatened to overwhelm her. If her sources were correct, behind this door would lurk the hulking form of the man behind a devious smuggling ring, bringing illicit artefacts and infiltrating his staff into the ranks of the notable gangs in this sector. Allison took a deep breath, held it for a moment and lashed out hard with her boot against the door...

"Cease and desist citizen, by the order of the Arbitrators. You are under arrest for crimes against the Imperium." The words came automatically to her as did the motion of her pistols, but the person sat calmly ahead of her was no hulking criminal. The lithe frame of an aristocratic woman sat before her, clad in pale armour which glinted dully in the low glimmer of the rooms lighting. She spoke in a quiet voice, her tone of authority undisputable, "Greetings Judge Caine, I am glad you have finally decided to come in." As her eyes adjusted to the darkness of the room, Allison could now see the array of scanning equipment lining the wall behind the woman who continued to speak, "Your actions have been monitored by my agents since you took an interest in my affairs. I am not the criminal you believe, my actions are sanctioned by the highest authority. One you cannot possibly hope to dispute I'm afraid." The armoured woman tossed a small item onto the desk ahead of her, and beckoned Allison to examine it. It bore two words set at either end of a metallic I, Lyon and Hereticus.

As the realisation sank in that the woman ahead of her was an Inquisitor, blended with confusion surrounding what could have drawn the interest of a member of this organisation into the gangs of this planet, she realised that Inquisitrix Lyon was now watching her intently. Lyon seemed to be deep in thought as she asked "I have business to attend to Arbitrator, would you care to assist me?"

Allison Caine was born to a pious family of little influence upon the world of Maladominus IV, a blasted wasteland dotted with settlements built upon the ruins of a former civilisation. Her entry into the Schola Progenium was inauspicious, and her father hoped that she would bring honour back to the family name by joining the ranks of the Sisterhood. During her time at the Schola however, Allison showed a great interest in the workings of the Law, consuming details of notable arrests made by the alumni of her Schola. This enthusiasm was matched by her aptitude with pistols, and although she was not a highly academic student (being limited by a laborious determination to thoroughly investigate all the details of her assignments) she graduated from the Schola with little difficulty. Her recruitment to the ranks of the Adeptus Arbites was a formality despite the disapproval of her father, and she was dispatched to Mizuko, a hiveworld within the Hanzo system. She climbed the ranks of the Judges with a

| | WS | BS | S | T | I | Wp | Sg | Nv | Ld |
|---------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Allison Caine | 51 | 61 | 62 | 62 | 67 | 82 | 81 | 92 | 90 |

Allison Caine is right handed.

Equipment: Revolver; Stubber; Photon Flash grenade; Carapace armour on all locations; except head.

Special Abilities: Gunfighter; Hipshooting; The Book of Law.



slow but steady progress, her exacting thoroughness the only answer she possessed to the difficulties placed in front of her.

Throughout this time she foiled a number of gang activities within the hive, taking a special interest in the trafficking of illicit artefacts. However the sociopathic machinations of Aemilius Blonski, head of the sector wide trafficking operation known as the 'Three Harmonies Society' who has time and time again escaped capture, are a source of shame and anger to her. The murders of a number of her colleagues over the years have made her desire for revenge a slowly burning passion that threatens to consume her. Since joining the ranks of Inquisitrix Lyon her revenge has been disregarded as the group focus upon threats of more importance to the Imperium. It is the hope of Allison that she will be able to utilise some of the available staff and resources of her new superior to effect her vengeance.

Allison is a loyal and dependable member of Inquisitrix Lyon's staff. She brings dependable short range firepower and a steadfast loyalty to the Imperium to the group, tempering the unconventional approach of her mistress with her uninspiring thoroughness. She takes pride in her appearance, cleaning and polishing her weapons and armour to a fine finish despite the resources available for such endeavours. She takes a delight in the Law as well as Imperial Choral music, having had an early introduction from her father, and developing a passable mezzo-soprano whilst at the Schola.

THE WINNING ENTRY

I chose David Knowles's excellent Haemovore Cultist as the winner of this competition for a couple of reasons. Firstly, and most importantly, it is an excellent model, a great conversion and a good paint job. The background is imaginative and wholly fits within the dark themes of the 41st millennium. I also like the fact that Anton is no planet-thumping super-character. He is a monster no doubt, but one who wouldn't necessarily be too much of a problem for an Inquisitor to handle. It's a reminder that an Inquisitor and his agents may encounter such beings all the time and these still need to deal with just as much as Chaos-saturated arch-heretics. The two Runners-up, Itzikia by Matthew Reynolds and Allison Caine by David Laithwaite are excellent entries just piped at the post by the originality of David Knowles's Cultist.

ANTON DELIS SOYLENT –

HAEMOVORE CULTIST by David Knowles

Anton Delis Soylent runs a small restaurant in the upper-mid levels of Veluris Hive on Wadium Prime, a trading world on the northern fringe of the Imperium. Unknown to most of his customers he is also a Haemovore cultist, dedicated to becoming stronger by eating those who as perceives as strong and so moving himself to the top of the food chain.

Many Haemovore Cults are little more than another underhive gang who happen to feast on the bodies of their rivals rather than simply take trophies of their kills. The cult Anton Soylent belongs to, the so called Cult of the Emperor's Flesh see themselves as being above this rabble. They have few members, but are dedicated and ambitious - their ultimate goal is for one of their number to reach the exalted position of governor of Veluris Hive - the top of the Wadium Prime food chain. The cult rarely meet as a whole, when they do it is usually to feast on a particularly powerful victim or plan their campaign – the next feasts they need to make to advance their cause. They work in secret, and

have funded some smaller Haemovore cults, whose random killings are used to conceal their own activity.

Soylent worked as a butcher processing meat imported from off-world, before acquiring his restaurant when its previous owner disappeared in mysterious circumstances. The huge success of his restaurant has given him the opportunity to meet the politically, intellectually and financially strong inhabitants of the hive. But when his taste turns to the physically strong, he will often stalk



the lower levels of the hive looking for victims to devour. Often he preys on gang members whose mysterious deaths are put down to inter-gang rivalries. Occasionally he will haunt the alien hab levels seeking ever more exotic feasts.

Sometimes when he hunts he will become so overcome by his hunger for human flesh that he'll devour his victims as soon as he is able, dragging them into a quiet alleyway and feasting on them there and then. At other times he'll use a web pistol to capture his 'dinner' carry it back to his kitchen to prepare and eat his leisure. Occasionally he takes perverse pleasure in secretly serving flesh from his victims to the high class clientele in his restaurant.

Over the years he has had several black-market augmentations fitted to his digestive system. These give him the ability to digest almost anything without harm, while his stomach ports allow him to attach additional bionic stomachs to help him digest troublesome meals. An added benefit of his new digestive system is he can now spit digestive acid to blind and incapacitate his victims. He also has a bionic jaw - when he hunts he replaces his normal prosthesis with a set of razor-sharp teeth which allow him to bite clean through bone. These augmentations are explained away by his reputation as a connoisseur of exotic food, but it is only a matter of time before someone guesses the truth.

Despite his rather grotesque appearance he is thought of as being charming, and in his youth he had a reputation as a ladies man. He is known as a collector of rather gruesome art. He also imports fine wines from across the sector; the chance to sample wine from his cellar has lured a number of powerful people into his clutches.

| | WS | BS | S | T | I | Wp | Sg | Nv | Ld |
|---------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Anton Soylent | 38 | 33 | 52 | 57 | 42 | 50 | 61 | 47 | 42 |

Anton Delis Soylent is right-handed.

Equipment: Web Pistol with one reload; Web Solvent; Butchers Knife (as knife); Meat Cleaver (see below); Augmented Digestive System (see below).

Special Abilities: Cannibal Hunger (as Kroot special rules); Spit Acid; Metal Teeth & Jaws (as Razor-sharp fangs).

Special Equipment:

Augmented Digestive System – counts as a Detox gland for any ingested poisons. It also gives Soylent the ability to spit digestive acid.
Meat Cleaver – Reach: 2; Damage: D10; Parry penalty: -20%.