The flight of the Varuna

<< Sir General Daikun. Those bastards who tried to get us out of Fungus, it seems that today they have it really did. If the space port will not be regained, we must disperse the remaining forces that we have failed to take on board, and travel on Istanor with a handful of soldiers.>>

<< Commander Damat, you strived with honor, but the tactical disproportion was unbridgeable. They aren't men, but devils! I've already lost the valiant commander Frank Lionel Mandrake, on Fungus, I was afraid of losing you too. If the Astartes fail, disband the regiment not boarded, they will throw away their uniforms and abandon their vehicles, so maybe they will have a chance to survive the roundups of the incoming traitorous forces, in the days to come. You will embark on the Ophelia with me, and we will march on Istanor with what we have. We have no other choice? >>

<< My General, with your permission, we have another choice, if you have guts to listen to it. >>

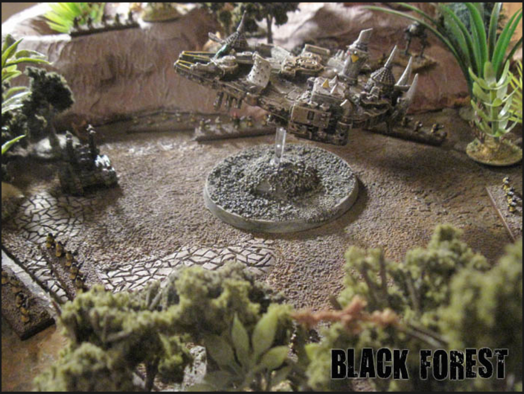
<< Speak! >>

<< Do you remember the lost standard on Fungus? The blood axes clan, mercenary warriors who defeated me? If you give me your permission, I would try to fly on Fungus . There is still a chance that Kundra, the desert fox, is still there, or are about to leave. A fleet, then not so small, and a hundred thousand of orks "well-trained" for war, might help. This will not overturn the situation, whether to lay siege to the Istanor planet there will be millions of cultists and traitor imperial guard, but in a more restricted and vital arena of war , they may change the situation. I Will offer to them... I will offer them... >>

<< Give them what you want, but not the crown of Istanor VII°. It is not the first time that King Minos III° used a mercenary bands, but one thing is certain. You have to leave in the utmost secrecy. I doubt the Astartes and the Eldar would let you go, if they'll know you will come back with a horde of orcs. In the darkest hour in which we find ourselves, we aren't given the opportunity to choose our allies. You have full powers for this mission, let start the preliminary operation. A small vessel equipped for warp jump. "Adorn it" in the ork's manner, if the bulk of the orks waaagh is invading us, maybe you will pass unnoticed. What will happen once you will be on Fungus, I don't know. One thing is clear, it will be a miracle at this point, if one day I see you again alive. Farewell Damat! >>

ABELDAR SPACE
war in heaven

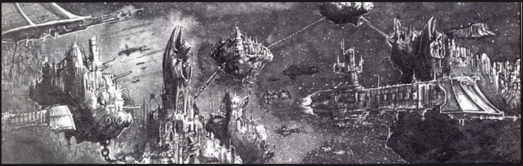
An Imperial vessel class millennium. A class of small spacecraft, in this case obsolete, but still used in the imperial fleet as support ship for medium-short range mission. On its hull, near the two-faced eagle, spired its name, engraved in letters of thick steel: Varuna. Varuna in Vedic Sanskrit, the name of an ancient earth deities of times long lost, Asura of heaven, rain and celestial phenomena, but also of the law and the underworld. Now the ship is a gargantuan and pantagruelic jumble. Steel plates, obtuse and grotesque symbols, thousands of unlikely bolts applied at random, screws and various metal scraps, in the manner of the orcs, the Varuna is almost completely disfigured. The gray military is now smeared with red spots, yellowish streaks, scribbles and absurd phrases in a language that mimics the human one. Shortly, a job so well done that hardly an ork could recognize that under that heap of junk, here, there is an Imperial vessel, still working!



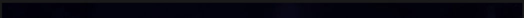
While the space port of Baras bubbling again of fire and death, immersed in the titanic clash of the space wolves and black legion, the Varuna, with on board commander Damat Rustem Pasha takes off, among some rare laugh in the general astonishment. Within seconds, the shapes of their comrades, what remains of the eighteenth regiment, vanishes as viewers in their rear. A sudden vertical take-off, as prepared by the pilot-Captain of the ship: Levian Threehands, who reluctantly had to attend, and ironically, to drive the bizarre changes to his vessel in order to ensure its functionality.

The Hope runs fast. The hope runs wild. Again.

"If the Adeptus Astartes are the Emperor's wrath, and the Imperial Guard His hammer, then His Holy Navy is His mighty shield."
Cardinal Kregory Hestor

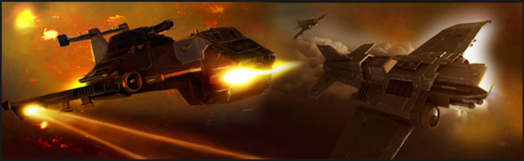


The Varuna whizzes fast over the skies of Abeldar, through thick and black radioactive clouds, throw over by the destruction of the capital Brindor, an incoming fall out.

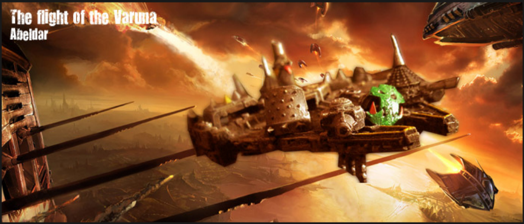


Abeldar capitulation

Quickly and following a route well designed to avoid contact with the numerous enemy thunderbolts squadron in patrol air control, the Varuna is in few minutes on a collision way with a storm of six enemy fighters thunderbolts. The enemy interceptors, certainly in disbelief at seeing rise to the sky an ork vessel, with a classic interception maneuver carries in its wake, but before they can open fire on it, a space wolves thunderhawk intercepts them first, knocking down two traitor fighters and dragging others behind itself.

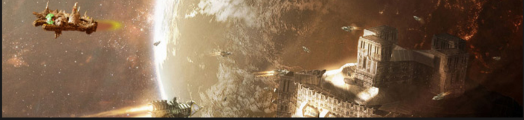


On Varuna comes a brief message: << *For Russ and the Allfather! May you succeed in your mission! Good Luck!* >>; Levian not even attempt to declassify the message. Codex Astartes. Outside each navy registry, or imperial guard list, and so the unknown savior fades from their sight.

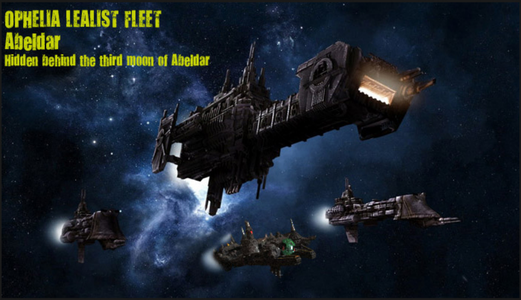

The flight of the Varuna
Abeldar

Now the Varuna has just entered into outer space, leaving behind the war in the Abeldar's ground and skies, just to break into the apocalyptic orbital clash. The entire fleet of space marines and eldar is fighting a desperate war against the overwhelming imperial traitor fleet, and although "the strongest of the universe" are doing great slaughter of the enemy, the disproportion is unbridgeable.

The flight of the Varuna
Escape from Abeldar



t will be only a matter of hours before both allied fleets will be annihilated. Hours, and only the God Emperor knows how many. The Varuna breaks into he chaotic space conflict, but keeping very close to the third moon of Abeldar, where the small fleet of Admiral Nalin Sampath is anchored by days, well idden and ready if the space wolves will be victorious, to take on board the remaining imperial guard forces of Gen. Daikun still on the planet..

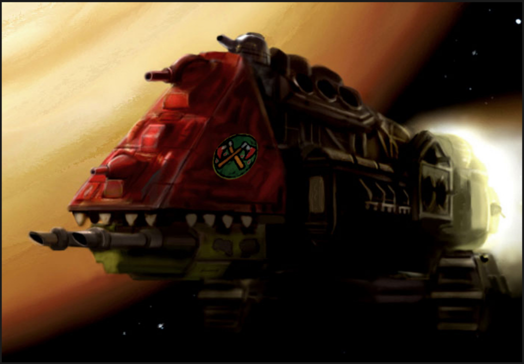

OPHELIA LEALIST FLEET
Abeldar
Hidden behind the third moon of Abeldar

<< I hope... I mean, I hope... that you have a plan, when we get there on Fungus! Commander Damat! >>
<< Hem... Don't worry, commander Levian. I know who to look for! The problem is how to find him. But let's say more or less... well... improvisation is my art! >>

<< For goodness sake! Unless HE haven't planned to strike us by lightning, after have seen what we did to this poor imperial vessel. Ok. Say "Hello" to human civilization... Imperial Commander, and tie the belt. Here we go! Could the space and time open their gate! Destination Fungus! Curtain up! >>

The flight of the Varuna - (about)

A flash. A flash in the dark. The reality is angrily ripped. A wound in Materium that lasts a few interminable and fleeting moments. The Varuna emerges from the warp jump with a tremendous jolt. The millennium class ship, decorated like an ork battlewagon, hurtling rapidly in the cosmic void. In front of it: Fungus. The ork factory planet, and a fleet of a dozen ships, including a powerful kill Kroozer.



<< Enemy fleet in sight! Commander! >> thundered on the vessel bridge the voice of the radar superintendent.

<< Admiral Levian, there's a damn orc fleet in front of us! Veer, Rotate, Change course... Damn'! I'm not a sailor, I am an imperial guard commander! Do something in the name of the Emperor! >>

<< Shit! For goodness sake shut up! It's you who have brought us here! >>

<< Admiral Levian, we can't change route. We have been engaged by some form of tractor beam. >> shout the radar superintendent.

<< Are you satisfied? Commander Damat? >>

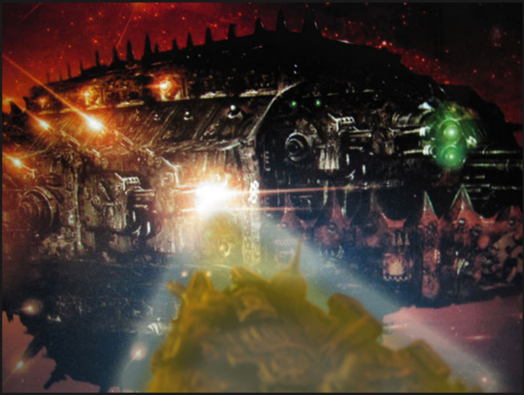
<< Look at that symbols on the hull, Levian "Threehands". Holy Emp... two crossed axes. >>

<< Amazing, this is a miracle! A bold stroke of luck! Imperial commander. >>

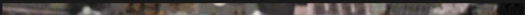
<< I hope... I must trust that it's the Emperor will. >>

The Hope runs fast. The hope runs wild. Again.

Rattling. A rattling wagon that in fits and starts being dragged towards the big kill Kroozer, the blood axes flagship, by a traktor beam. The imperial millennium ship vanishes swallowed up in the belly of the ork space galleon. The blood axes orc fleet was ready to sail, but only the God Emperor, or most probably Gork and Mork, knows what was its destination, and what will or never will be.

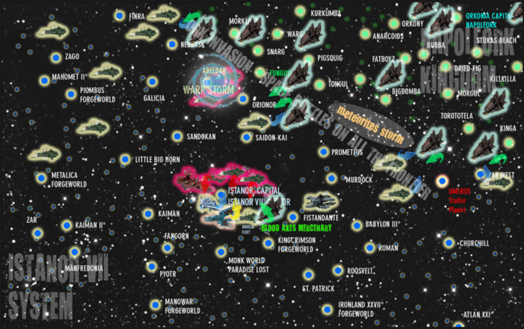


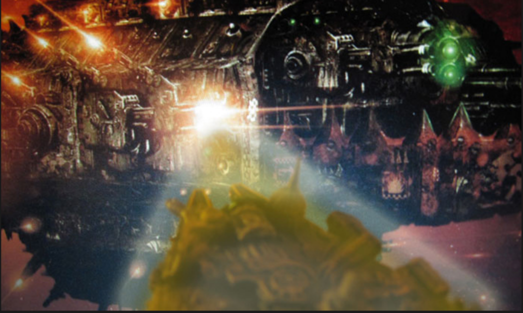
<< To all the anti-aircraft formations still operating, don't shoot! Don't shoot! That... that, for the Emperor glory, that is the Varuna! >>



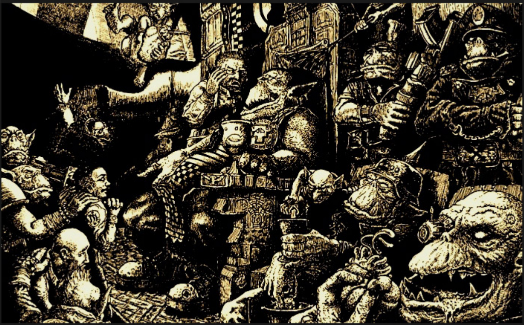
(c)the ChooK -12
A

The **millennium falkork**, as it has been dubbed by the imperial soldiers, rattling like a flying shack, fly over the heads of the defenders, and from the battlements rises a chorus of cries! Disconnected and contradictory messages coming from orbit, it's all a continuum of messages and false flags. For a few minutes the confusion, when suddenly from the Ophelia starcruiser comes the confirmation, from the clear voice of Admiral Sampath: an ork fleet is jumped out of the warp, and has assaulted the conspiracy hordes.





The Varuna was swallowed. In silence, anxiously waiting, Commander Damat Rustem Pasha, Admiral Levian and the whole crew gathers in the storing chamber. Clang! Clang! Clang! A buzzing rattle, dozens of hammers, broke out all over the millennium Falkork, dozens of Gretchins armed with hammers and axes, storming the Varuna to open a hole, when the deafening noise of a crane that is hooked to the main door shake the ship as if it were a twig. The massive front door was torn off, and immediately rushed dozens of heavy footsteps in every hallway: invading, plundering, tossing. The horde of orks breaks inside, and even before that Damat could say a word, the men are all taken prisoner, with kicks and punches, and dragged out.



When Damat regains consciousness, he is in chains, kneeling, at the foot of a grotesque iron throne, on top of which two huge metal axes dominate the enormous room. The rest of his crew, beaten, chained in the dark, not so far. The warlord room is full of orks and green scum; and trophies of pompous imperial flavour, tacky and bordering on the ridiculous, but for those men in chains, there is nothing to laugh about.

<< You, wretched hummie, how, how dare you dash with your flying hut on my magnifizient, huge, intergalactic galleon! >>

<< Squig Hail! Great Warlord Kundra Von Grinda "Da Desert FOrX", we come as defeated, at your magnificent throne, our last hope, to have your precious and powerful aid. >>

<< I could destroy yà, Damat, you and your ridiculous vessel. >>

<< You could do it, but you haven't done it, great Warlord. >>

<< Napoleork haz moved all hiz armiez, at this very moment, tenz of Kroozer are fighting over the green rivà, against the battered Imperial fleet, and the heart of the system, Istanor, if I'm not mistaken, iz about to capitulate under the blows of the conspirator. And you? Where do you stand? >>

<< I'm on your side, big warlord. If the conspirators prevail, you will no longer have who can engage you in future, if King Minos III° will fall. And even if Napoleork extend his dominions in this star system, he, and you, will definitely be betrayed by the powers of chaos, that you can be certain, will not do it in half with anyone. I, great warlord, I offer you an opportunity, and I beg you to accept. Join us in the battle of Istanor! >>

<< Mmmmmm... there iz zomething good, and there iz some truth in what you are saying, hummie commandà, I was going to move my fleet to the kingdom of the Arch-Dictator of Gathrog. Do you think I'm so stupid as not to have done the same your considerations? But if we stay, if we fight with you, what do you offer me? >>

<< Every single scrap, from the sky to the ground is yours. You will have gold, much of this gold to become king yourself. And at the end of this bloody war, you will have the true imperial stars on your chest, if you want it. And a planet where prosper, Omeros will be annihilated, for the imperium, it's lost. On its ashes will rise your kingdom, and you will be General, among peers of the Twelfth Army. The first ork general of the imperium of men, and I'll call you Sir, and men, soldiers will bow down at your presence; and your armies will be feared. You will have all the autonomy you want, if you want to fight for other galactic star systems, you can do it. >>

<< Mmmmm .... Ghèneral Kundra Von Grinda. Sounds good, you know? A planet. Millions of imperial pounds. Do you know, Damat? You have made inroads in my heart. Boyz! Let Repair their vessel, I want the whole fleet ready to go, we have no time to loze! We have a planet to devastate, hem ... to save! We will kick in the ass humans and beasts of chaos. Theze crazy chaos follower, I can't tolerate them, they don't know the business sense, for them it's all about... faith. I call it: WAAAAGHH!! >>