

407TH CHASSEURS

Unofficial Fan Dossier · Anvil of War

„Ketterhold's children do not keep silent. We burn to ash. Every hit counts. The machines stay where they fall.“

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CORE DATA

Regiment type	Armoured (Leman Russ backbone, almost no organic infantry)
Munitorum designation	RegtMil-StrafV-407-Chas-GZ
Homeworld	Ketterhold (penal world, Segmentum Pacificus)
Tithe grade	Decuma Prima – the baseline grade described in the compendium as "the customary tenth"
Establishment strength	89 war machines, 1,200 crew members and infantry
Current strength	41 war machines, 340 crew members
Allegiance	Lost / Missing
Origin	Original regiment

The pillars

The Punishment Is the Gift

Only condemned men and women serve. Not out of duty, but out of mercy. The Imperium could have killed us; instead it sent us here, so that we might die for something greater. That is no misfortune—it is a second chance that we do not deserve, and therefore owe everything for.

The Machine Speaks the Truth

Our war machines are older than the dynasties that colonised Ketterhold. They have fought more than our generations have counted. The armour plate knows no lie, no mercy, no compassion. When we worship the tank, we do not pray to the metal—we pray to the past, which has outlived us and will live on.

Silence Is Strength

We do not speak of what we were. We do not speak of families, nor of friends, nor of names. The non-commissioned officer who dies beside you does not deserve your pity—he deserves your fire. Your tears are a distraction, and distraction kills squads. The best you can do for the dead is this: not to lie beside them.

The Commissar Is Right, Even When He Errs

When a commissar orders us to die, then we die. When a commissar orders us to advance, then we go. We do not trust him, yet we obey, because obedience preserves us. In obedience lies our only safety.

Further core facts

Fact	Value
Militarum Regimentum	Astra Militarum
Common Name	The Outcasts (among other regiments)
Origin of the Name	The regimental number 407; the epithet "Chasseurs" follows the tradition of the regiment
Regiment Type	Armoured; Leman Russ backbone with minimal infantry
Founding	M38.6
Tithe Grade	Decima Prima (regular tithe)
Battle Cry	"No mercy, no way back—only forward to the ash."

RAISING, HOMEWORLD & CULTURE

Raising & Tithe

The 407th was raised under emergency conditions. The Votann had broken through the trade worlds of the Segmentum Pacificus; the Departmento Munitorum needed armoured formations at once. Ketterhold was already a penal world with standing garrisons and armament capacity—the regular tithe (one tenth) would have sufficed. But the casualties of the preceding 406th raising had been so high that the world's governor had been threatened with execution. To save his own skin, he did not simply deliver the tithe of the ranks—he emptied the prisons.

Every soldier was drawn by lot. Not sorted by prison, but taken from labour columns, cell blocks and forced-labour camps. Some were gravely convicted, some lightly; many were victims of misfortune or misunderstanding. They received ten days of training. They received cast-off uniforms. They received the clear order: *Die usefully or die below.* The result was not discipline, but desperation—and desperation is sharper than any training.

The home world lost the entire population of its prisons: cooks, scribes, craftsmen, unlicensed physicians, priests without temples. Ketterhold was a place for people who were permitted to be nowhere else. When they departed, an entire network of ways of life was torn apart.

What the Homeworld Lost

The prison cemetery fell into neglect. Ketterhold—like all penal worlds—had a cemetery for prisoners whose names were no longer known. The dead were buried there without priest, without ceremony, without witness. Someone had to speak the rites—not out of faith, but out of respect for the form. That was the task of the Outcasts. A dozen men and women whose only duty was not to forget the names entirely. They now fight somewhere beneath alien skies. The cemetery is no longer visited.

The Homeworld

Ketterhold is a world of rock and chains. It lies at the edge of an ion storm and has no natural harbour. The climate alternates between brooding humidity and scorching drought. The continents are cut through by mountain massifs whose gradients turn many a march into a martyrdom. The Imperium did not establish a colony here but a prison—because no other place was so isolated, so merciless and so difficult to leave. People who had to be removed from society came here. Generations lived in underground cells and in labour camps on the surface. They learned to work with rock. They learned to press water from stone. They learned not to flee, because there is no place to which one could flee.

This shaped their character: tough, without hope, violent under pressure. The people of Ketterhold know that the world does not want them to live. They are on this world because they are being punished. That makes them loyal or wicked—both at once. They despise weakness, because here weakness is a death sentence. They accept authority, because authority is the only thing that preserves them from complete anarchy.

The Disadvantage They Carry

Soldiers of Ketterhold cannot understand that other people have hope. They hold that every person beyond their world has lied, or has lied to themselves. They do not regard cooperation as friendship, but as temporary ceasefires. This cost the regiment dearly when it was ordered to negotiate with local chieftains on the world of Korvas. The soldiers of the 407th insulted them because they *did not grasp* that peace was impossible. They put a local chieftain to death. The local uprising that followed cost 73 men—without a single hit on the enemy. The commissar serving under Colonel Kess could have executed two dozen soldiers for it. He did not. He merely wrote in the log: *Ketterhold does not unlearn; it only fights the world itself.*

Regimental Culture

The barracks—or what remains of them, for many troop quarters are now nothing but tent canvas and ration lists—smell of oil, sweat and gunsmoke, overlaid by Munitorum alcohol: cheap, poisonous fuel that one should not drink, but does, because it is the alternative to sobriety. The work is done in silence. Repair, cleaning, ammunition checks—all without song, without chatter. There is a marching song, but no work chorus. The reason is simple: the 407th learned to be silent on Ketterhold.

Superstition is stubborn. Every tank has a name—not that of the tank commander, but that of the soldier who first rode it. Some crews speak to their machines as if they were fellow prisoners. They say that the iron answers. The Colonel no longer forbids it. The priests of the Ecclesiarchy protest, but the soldiers of the 407th have no time for the soul—only for what keeps them alive.

The dead are burned when there is time. When there is no time, they are left on the battlefield. There is no ritual for it; there is only the mute understanding that the dead man will fight no more and therefore no longer exists. No one weeps. No one tells of him. No one speaks his name a second time.

The brandy ration is drunk alone, not shared. It is the only right a soldier retains.

The Commissariat

The commissars of the 407th are feared, but not hasty. They know that mutiny is possible among such people—they are convicts, after all. Yet they also know that the fear of the commissar is smaller than the fear of the home from which they came. The commissar is known. The commissar has reasons. That is better than the caprice of the prison. And so the 407th has a silent understanding with its commissars: the commissar executes no one without reason, and the soldier obeys, even when the reason is questionable. Twice a commissar tried to break this pact—both times the commissar vanished. A shot, at night, no body found. The next commissar understood the message.

RANKS & ORGANISATION

Ranks

Rank: The Supreme Commander

Munitorum rank: General · Form of address: Commander

Rank: Colonel

Munitorum rank: Colonel · Form of address: Colonel

Rank: Prison Magister

Munitorum rank: Major · Form of address: Magister

Rank: Cell Leader

Munitorum rank: Captain · Form of address: Captain

Rank: Warden

Munitorum rank: Lieutenant · Form of address: Lieutenant

Rank: Non-Commissioned Officer

Munitorum rank: Sergeant · Form of address: Sergeant

Structure

At its founding, the 407th was an armoured regiment of three tank companies: each a Leman Russ company of eleven tanks (a command tank, the commissar's tank and three squadrons of three), together with escort infantry, sappers and service personnel. The third company specialised in heavy tanks and fire support. In addition there was a smaller infantry company for border security, an exception the penal regiment owes to its origin: Ketterhold sent whoever it had. In total, 89 vehicles, 33 of them Leman Russ; the rest are Chimeras of the escort infantry, Trojan support vehicles and recovery vehicles; 1,200 personnel. The current state is: two surviving tank companies with five and eight operational tanks respectively; one mixed company of salvaged wrecks and field-built vehicles; 340 survivors, among them 23 infantrymen. The regiment exists only on paper and in the will of the commissars to keep it alive.

Constituent regiments

The First Company—"The Tinder-Bearers"
(Tank company, Leman Russ battle tanks). Commander: Captain Herovann Thesck—grey skull, left finger missing down to the knuckle, wears a bolt shell on a strap around his neck as a good-luck charm. Only known deed: rescued an infantry group under fire, although his tank was already damaged. Current status: eight tanks operational, destroyed and rebuilt four times over the course of these years.

The Second Company—"The Chain-Remnants"
(Tank company, mixed types). Commander: Captain Verlaine Cobb (third levy of the 407th, inherits the name from two dead predecessors)—a broad-shouldered officer with ritual scars on her face, because all officers of Ketterhold bear them. Her tank was hit on Korvas and has since been partially repaired with handmade components. Status: five tanks, two of them only conditionally roadworthy.

The Third Company—"The Shadow Soldiers"
(Infantry and field support). Commander: Sergeant Marcus-Null (no one remembers his name from before the levy; everyone calls him this). Small, grey eyes; carries a worn Munitorum rifle with carved markings. The company was last brought fully up to strength, but lost 18 of its 23 soldiers during the retreat from the Votann defence line. It is effectively disbanded, but still exists in the Munitorum register.

COMMAND STAFF

Command staff

Colonel Mathis Kessner
A slight man in his mid-sixties, sun-browned, with a scar over his right eye that has never truly healed. He wears an old armoured fist on his belt—not as a weapon, but as a symbol, because he took it from the first Warboss his regiment fought against. Kessner was a regular officer of the Imperial Guard until he contradicted a commander and was himself transferred as a soldier as punishment. Here on Ketterhold he found people who had been punished worse than he. That made him hard, not bitter. He sends them to their deaths, but he also remembers them. Once—only once—he refused to carry out a direct order from High Command, because he wanted to spare the 407th. The Commissar would have executed him. Instead, the Lord Commissar let the matter lie. *"The Outcasts are lost sheep. They need a shepherd, not a butcher. Kessner understands that. Let him be."*

Afterwards Kessner said only: *"When I die, I will die properly."*

Commissar (Senior) Velstin Hark
Bald, muscular, with steel-blue eyes and a tattooed litany on his right forearm that is an order of the Commissariat: *"No mercy for doubt."* The bolter at his hip is not merely a weapon—it is the symbol of his authority. Hark was himself a prisoner on Ketterhold until the Commissariat reinterpreted him: better a former criminal as commissar over criminals, it was thought. Hark takes this seriously. He executes

when discipline demands it, but he does not execute lightly. He knew some of the men he had to kill. It gnaws at him, but he never shows it. Once, during a storm, Kessner heard him weeping alone in the tent city. The next morning the Commissar was cold as ice again. *"Tears are a luxury. I allow myself none."*

Techmarine Serek Morne

Techmarine Serek Morne (Enginseer of the Adeptus Mechanicus)—An old man, half flesh, half metal, with servo-arms instead of hands and a skull drone that always hovers above his shoulder. Morne was assigned to the regiment fifteen years ago and was trapped here like all the others. He does not repair the tanks out of duty—he repairs them out of love. The war machines are his family; the soldiers are merely the beings who drive them. *"The machine spirit knows no mercy, but it knows longevity. So do we."*

Attached Personnel

| Classification | Number | |---|---| | Commissars (total) | 4 | | Ecclesiarchy (priests, preachers, acolytes) | 12 | | Medical personnel (field surgeons, medics) | 6 | | Adeptus Mechanicus (Enginseers, Skitarii) | 3 | | Sanctioned Psykers | 1 | | Ogryn auxiliary groups | 2 (8 individuals in total) |

The friction lies between the commissars and Kessner: the colonel wants to preserve the 407th, the commissars want to enforce discipline. The medics cannot find enough supplies. The Ecclesiarchy prays for the dead while the soldiers burn them. The one psyker is practically worthless—a very weak telepath who collapses under warp storms. The Ogryns are loyal to the point of idiocy; they cannot be given complex orders, but they will stand in the trenches until they are killed.

The Regimental Standard

The standard of the 407th is a tattered thing of silk and plasteel, on which the Aquila of the Imperium was once embroidered in gold. The gold is now brown with blood and soot. The silk is torn; an entire corner has been missing since the siege of Corvas. Beneath it, seven honour strips are sewn fast: each for a battle in which the regiment was not disbanded. The oldest is M38.7—that of Kassid Hill, where a sergeant lost her arm. The newest are M40.1 and M40.2. The standard is carried by a young Lieutenant—Vin Cort, twenty years old, exiled for striking his commanding officer. He is proud and cowardly at once: proud of the colours, cowardly before death. The standard was nearly lost when the Second Company was ambushed; Cort held it with his bare body while two soldiers shielded him. He survived with burns across his left side. *"Next time I'll let them take it,"* he said afterwards. The colonel did not answer.

THE FLAW

The flaw

In the year M40.3 the 407th was placed under the command of Commander Titus Vole, who had the reputation for carrying out a "disciplinary operation" across several regiments. Vole was a careerist without mercy and without brains. He had the 407th bombard a pointless fortress ready for assault, because a coordinate error by the Scriptor ordered them there. Two hundred soldiers died. The fortress was empty. Vole wrote in his report: *"The Outcasts carried out their task with zeal, but suffer from chronic indiscipline. They should never again be stationed alongside other regiments."*

The report arrived at the Administratum. The Scriptor who read it was satisfied—a problem defined away. Now, years later, the 407th is on every blacklist. Other regiments refuse to lie beside them in the trenches. The Outcasts are regarded as bringers of misfortune. They are damned with the name *the Outcasts*.

In daily life the stain shows itself thus: when the Outcasts arrive at an outpost, other regiments leave the site. The rations that are ordered do not arrive—*"delivery error"*, it is said. When another regiment lies within sight, no soldier of the 407th will under any circumstances go across; the officers of other regiments have ordered that they be shot on sight. In battle itself it is worse. The Outcasts are left without support. Artillery strikes that should have come land wide. Ammunition is not resupplied. The commanders of other regiments speak of *"Vole's Damnation"*—and mean that the Outcasts deserve what happens to them.

Kessner knows this. Vole is long dead (a nebulous report states: *"Combat loss in the securing of order"*), but Vole's words remain. The Outcasts fight while the whole Astra Militarum looked on and waits hopefully for them finally to be disbanded.

A Munitorum Failure

In the year M38.8—two years after the founding of the 407th—the Departmento Munitorum ordered ammunition for the tanks: high-explosive shells, standard, for Leman Russ battle tanks. A scribe—it was never discovered who—transposed a digit. The ammunition arrived: the correct quantity, but for a different tank type. The Pickle could not fire it. Instead of rejecting the shipment, the colonel of the time ordered the shells to be modified—field craft instead of factory standard. Nine tanks exploded over the following year through misfires. Eighty-nine men and women died, many of them lying on the ground, because the tanks did not trust their own ammunition. An inquiry report was submitted, and never answered. Now, in M41, the Munitorum still sends the wrong ammunition—sometimes deliberately, sometimes out of old habit. The Pickle has learned to check everything before it fires. That costs time it does not have.

KNOWN CAMPAIGNS

Campaigns

The Siege of Kassid (20 months)

Epoche: c. 783.M38

Location: World Korvas IV (agri-world, Segmentum Pacificus). Enemy: Genestealer cult (local brood warbands). Duration: 20 months.

The 407th was ordered into deployment to suppress a local rebellion classified as *Cult Infestation Status: Low*. The actual enemy was far greater. The genestealer cults on Korvas IV had already infiltrated two hive complexes. The 407th was raised alongside the 56th Karthveiner Schützen and elements of the 203rd Halle-Drachen. The combined forces were placed under the command of Colonel Kessner.

The fight was no fight—it was attrition. The cultists dug into the hive's subterranean work shafts and drew the armies into long, bleeding skirmishes. Every metre cost lives. The 407th, newly raised, lost 340 soldiers in the first two months. The Commissar under Kessner—at the time still a young man named Vellish—wrote: *"They fight without hope. That is good. That is soldier-like."*

The siege ended in a Pyrrhic victory. The cultists were not defeated—they withdrew deeper into the shafts. The surface settlements were declared *"secured"*. Everyone knows that the genestealer cults are still down there.

Afterwards the battlegroup was disbanded. The 56th Karthveiner were transferred to the Forge World with decorations. The 203rd Halle-Drachen were regrouped. The Outcasts remained—officially, to hold the *"newly secured"* territories; in truth, because they had suffered too few losses and were therefore not regarded as combat-capable. They have hated the Karthveiner ever since, although no one was aware of any concrete reason.

Combat losses: 340 / 1,200 = 28% personnel casualties. 7 tanks destroyed (combat + material failure).

The Storm of Cassandra-Punkt (9 months)

Epoche: c. 462.M39

Location: Space station *Kassandra-Punkt* (orbital installation, Segmentum Pacificus). Enemy: Chaos Space Marines (Chapter unknown). Duration: 9 months.

The 407th was raised as the armoured core of an expedition to retake an Imperial space station from Chaos Space Marines. That was a mistake. Tanks are weapons of open ground; in a space station they are obstacles. They were loaded aboard regardless. The station was a labyrinth of corridors and power shafts. The first day devoured five tanks—not in combat, but through pressure failures and navigation errors. The infantry advanced on foot while the tanks became useless.

The battle shifted back and forth. The Chaos Marines were few in number, but each one had to be hit eleven times to be killed. Under Lieutenant Colonel Jave Tanner (later Colonel, now dead), the 407th

lost more than 400 soldiers in one month. Then the Chaos Marines suddenly vanished into the warp—not defeated, not fled, but simply *gone*. The station was *"cleared."*

Here the view of the 407th changed. They had pinned the station while other regiments moved up. They had fought without hope. Other regiments began to take notice of them. The comradeship was brief. After the station the battlegroup was disbanded once more. The Outcasts were transferred to the next world. Nine months later came Colonel Vole's report—and with it the beginning of the ban.

Combat losses: 403 / 1,200 = 33% personnel casualties. 8 tanks lost. Comradeship with other regiments lasted 2 weeks after the end of combat.

The Votann Lines (Ongoing)

Epoche: c. 740.M40 – c. 120.M41

Location: Various worlds in the Pacificus (industrial, trade and agri-worlds). Enemy: Conglomerates of the Votann (section: *Leagues of Votann*). Duration: 5 months, then a permanent undertaking.

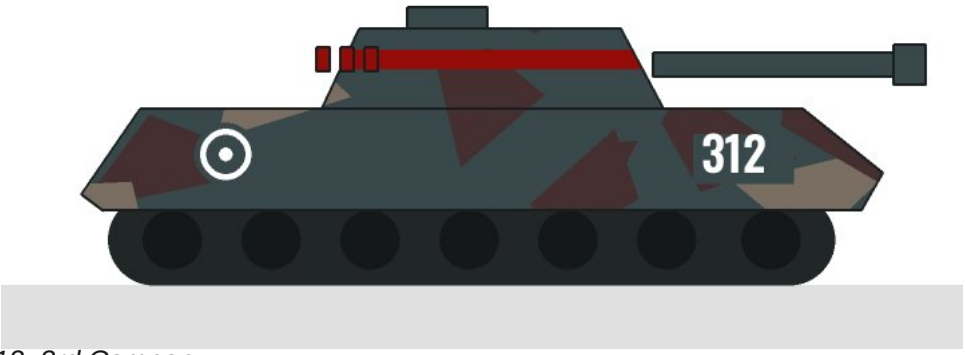
The 407th was deployed against the Votann—a campaign that was never to end. The Votann are machine warriors, armoured like daemon engines, and they fight like a form of intelligence that never falls silent. The 407th had no chance against them. In five months it lost 289 soldiers and 14 tanks. An entire tank platoon collapsed under neutron lance fire.

Then came the order for reinforcement. The regiment was reassembled with a new raising—not from volunteers, but from a second shipment of prisoners from Ketterhold. The regiment did not bond with the newcomers. The old hands considered the newcomers either lucky charms or traitors. The tension was constant.

Here, on the Votann Lines, the regiment still remains. It exists in form, but not in reality. The soldiers no longer know whether they are still fighting or merely *pretending to fight*. The orders come from somewhere. The ammunition arrives—sometimes wrong, sometimes too late. The Colonel—still Kessner, older, quieter—arranges campaigns that appear in no archive. The Commissars write, but no one reads. The regiment is lost.

Combat losses: 289 / 1,200 = 24% personnel casualties. 14 tanks lost. Three veteran tank commanders died under sniper fire. Reinforcement with 280 new soldiers from Ketterhold, M41.0 (merger with the remnants of the 406th raising—formally still a separate unit, in practice fully integrated).

VEHICLE LIVERY



Battle tank 312, 3rd Company

Part	Colour	Citadel	Source
Theatre	Rubble and ash · Splinter camouflage		
Base colour	#39484A	Mechanicus Standard Grey	Field Grey (uniform)
Camouflage 1	#7A6E62	Rakarth Flesh	theatre standard
Camouflage 2	#462F30	Rhinox Hide	Burnt Brown (battle damage)
Turret band	#960C09	Mephiston Red	Red (shoulder boards)
Markings	#FFFFFF	White Scar	White (vehicle markings)

Hull recipe: Mechanicus Standard Grey (Base) · Nuln Oil (Shade) · Dawnstone (Layer) · Slaanesh Grey (Edge)

Derived from the regimental colours; the silhouettes are our own sketches, not copies of any Games Workshop model.

TO THE CORE DATA

The number 407 denotes a regiment from a world with a long military history, yet Ketterhold is a prison, not a barracks. Several times the regiment has been utterly ground down and reassembled from survivors and fresh convicts: five times since M38.6, most recently twelve years ago on the battlefield itself, when the 89th raising collapsed beneath the envoys of Ligen Votann. The soldiers inherit honours from men they never knew, and bear names upon tattered colours that died in fires recorded in no Munitorum register. They do not know why they fight, only that they must fight, because the alternative was execution.