

**THE STATIC CACOPHONY**  
Necrons

Am Hatekh watched as the green points of light left the chamber wall through the cabling and entered the console in front of him. Millions of points traveled across hundreds of cables carrying data from all over the planet to a series of consoles in front of him. The lights he focused on marched down a single cable loosely laid across the floor only a few steps away from his throne, illuminating the sterile metallic floor as they passed. This cable carried data from off world, passing through relay after relay, the aeons had deposited countless generations of soil and debris over the planet's receivers and corrupted many of its conduits, leaving only small chunks of the communications to decipher.





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The data coming from off world had been only a trickle since Am Hatekh and his advisors had awoken centuries ago. Because of this, they had decided to halt the full re-awakening of the tomb world until they could gather more data of the world above them, as well as the events of the Great Sleep, or until they received work from The Silent King about the purpose of their awakening. They had shaken off their slumber only to find their planet, and presumably the galaxy, had once again been infested with organic life scurrying about on the surface above and, to their disdain, meddling with the powers of the Immaterium. Yet, despite these seemingly grave and demeaning circumstances, there was little information of any importance they could glean from the outside data flows.

The Overlord Am Hatekh's counsel had spread themselves throughout the chamber, each manning different consoles gathering and cataloguing the data, mostly from planetary sensors, as it came in before sending it on to the throne consoles. One of the advisors close to him, lurched from his seated position and lumbered towards the throne. His necrodermis form was shorter and spindlier than that of the overlord, and he was cloaked in a mantle of nanoscarab hexagonal plates suspended in crackling energy.

“An event appears to be happening in the capital, my Lord,” the technomancer creaked, “Ships for off-world are in orbit, as well. I have many nano-scarabs viewing.” The figure let out, motioning to a flashing dot on the Overlord's nanoscreen.

Am Hatekh nodded and motioned towards the point. The nanoscreen transformed into a holographic video display. On it, he could see a large quad, throngs of humans lined the exterior while hundreds of soldiers and vehicles of war poured out of transports that had landed in the center. He manipulated the reconstructed screen, rotating it and zooming such that he could focus on a small group at the center. These appeared to be those in charge of the military formation.

“Females of the human species, they claim their Emperor God and fight on his behalf . . . Adeptas Sororitas, in their ancient dialect. This one in the center is a ‘Canoness,’ high military leader of the forces here,” offered the technomancer.

Am Hatekh scoffed, “I doubt they can even truly grasp what ‘ancient’ means, Tekhmak. Let alone a god.”

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As they looked on disdainfully, the doors to a large white cathedral opened, and from their digitally reconstructed vantagepoint, servants could be seen releasing smaller white flighted creatures from the crevices of the roof.

“Allow me, my Lord,” Tekhmak subserviently offered, reaching up to adjust the screen, phasing through the very walls of the cathedral into an inner chamber where the party halted.

Seated before them, a girl. To the normal eye, there was nothing strange about this being, nor anything noteworthy at all really: blonde hair, frail stature, fair features, and plain white robes. Yet, to the nano-scarab network, strange energy caused scintillations in the image around her, lost or shifting pixels on the nanoscreen. Sometimes a much larger hulking shadow surrounded the girl momentarily before being lost to other new or shifting pixels.

“This may be the first interesting thing you’ve shown me.” Am Hatekh leaned forward in his throne chair momentarily causing Tekhmak to sidle away ever so slightly before steadying himself. Tekhmak craned at the screen. He could tell Am Hatekh was trying to interpret this encounter. The girl raised a hand and a small chalice floated over to the closest member of the off-planet retinue on screen.





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“She is being asked to perform miracles, my Lord,” Tekhmak broke in, “Although, my analysis of her shows no advanced knowledge of the sciences or technology. The nanoscarabs can translate if you wish.”

“Why have you not already made it so then!?” Am Hatekh lashed out, the metallic nature of his voice evident as it bounced off of the chamber walls.

Tekhmak scrambled to the other side of the console. “Apologies, my Lord, I just need to . . . .” He pecked out a series of lights on the console with his abnormally long and spindled index finger. The translation caught mid-sentence.

“. . . set of . . . .” as the figure in the center of the retinue paused and stepped forward, “talents. What other blessings has the God-Emperor bestowed upon you?”

While the other figures of the retinue were garbed in the black cloth and red armor of the Adeptas Sororitas, this central figure was distinctly different. Head to toe, the speaker donned vestments of red with gold trim. Data scrubs of the archives on the planet identified this individual as a member of the Imperial Inquisition.

The girl beamed at the question, although the shadow surrounding her seemed to intensify. “Through His light, I have healed the sick and injured, I have fed the hungry, I have stopped countless evil acts as if I can sense them before they happen. I have even saved myself from explosion and fire. With the God-Emperor by my side, I’m not sure what is impossible, if anything.”

As Am Hatekh and Tekhmak stared at the screen, the red-clad figure made a small almost imperceivable gesture to the Canoness; however, Am Hatekh and the shadow around the girl both appeared to have noticed.

“Show me,” the Inquisitorial agent demanded.

At that precise moment, the Canoness leveled her bolt pistol and braced in a firing stance. The shadow form materialized on screen, blue and gold stripes adorned an ornate headpiece set upon hulking azure and gold armor with flowing purple robes. Neither Am Hatekh nor Tekhmak could be sure what the Inquisitor or Battle Sisters were seeing in person, but the scene unfolding before them meant the Inquisitor had seen something.

“You have been judged and found wanting. The God Emperor’s light does not shine on you, only the darkness of the ruinous powers!” With that, the Canoness let loose bolt after bolt, each round



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deflected with a flick of a hand in a jet of aqua and purple light. The large figure was now subsuming the girl on the screen and seeming to control her.

“The warp,” whispered Am Hatekh, the emanating from the sockets of his face plate growing in intensity, “we can wait no longer.”

Dust fell from the ancient Overlord as he rose from his throne. “Awaken this world. Send forth the legions. Drown out all connection to the warp in a cacophony of static!”