



ORDER of OUR LADY of JUSTICE Sisters of Battle – Adepta Sororitas

The twin moons of Agrippa were of stark contrast to each other. Where Atalan was a giant pock-marked misshapen mass almost a quarter the size of the ag-world itself, Amar was little more than the size of an imperial orbital station. Its almost pearl-like surface was most likely spared millennia of impacts as it trailed Atalan like a piece of debris caught in its wake.

Sister Sotar almost missed the lesser moon as her transport, freshly emblazoned in the regalia of the Order of Our Lady of Justice, detached from the Imperial Cruiser on loan to the Ecclesiarchy, renamed *Judicio Mortis* since being handed over. Her first time leaving the convent since being surrendered to the Ecclesiarchy as a baby, the sister initiate took in all she could from the port window across the transport from where she was strapped in. While struggling to appear stoic as a properly trained warrior for the God-Emperor should, she felt an excited energy inside her that she was sure could be sensed by battle-hardened members of the sisterhood sitting around her. As the large transport lumbered into the atmosphere, the blue green algae fields of Agrippa now filled her view.

"It's a standard mission, initiate." The flat but reassuring words came from a face that was anything but.

Battle-sister Elena, sitting across the transport, had craned her head partially in front of the porthole to catch the initiate's attention. The blue-green glow from the planet below filtered through her white hair and cast eerie shadows over cavernous scars stretching from her temple to where her habit connected to a chipped and worn red ceramite breast plate. Whole swaths of flesh had been replaced with scars and divots, and Sotar was reminded of Atalan both in appearance and size, making Sotar herself seem more like Amar.



From what little Sister Sotar knew, this mission did not seem standard. She had been trained in delivering the God Emperor's justice and had seen countless battle-forces return, smaller in number than when they departed. Combat was the standard. This mission was essentially a military parade. The Ecclesiarchy was naming a new saint on Agrippa, and the Order of Our Lady of Justice was there to show the majestic military might of the Adepta Sororitas in celebration.

Worried her excitement had been mistaken for anxiety, Sotar responded, "Do we often get called to preside over a determination of sainthood?"

Sister Elena nodded, raising an armored hand in front of her breast and pointing indiscriminately at her face, "This is from a similar celebration." Her voice was just as flat as before. No sense of irony or comedy in the words, just fact.

Before Sister Sotar could fully unpack what the battle-scarred figure had said, the retro engines flared and the transport came to an abrupt stop. The harnesses automatically detached and retracted into the transport's bulkhead.

An equally disfigured sister superior at the head of the transport stood up and started barking orders. "To your feet! Ten rows at attention!"

Sister Sotar was up and out of the transport in seconds. Unlike the view of the blue green algae fields she had seen flying in, she found herself in the middle of a large lightly colored stone and marble quad. Despite only having a paltry total



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population of just under 5 billion, the city and this area seemed surprisingly well apportioned, spanning at least a half mile in both directions and large enough for a dozen or more transports from the Judicio Mortis to comfortably land. Streams of battle-sisters emanated from them as well. The sisters, numbering in the hundreds, and flanked by armored columns of the Adepta Sororitas, all faced a large marble cathedral, draped in thousands of white banners and flowers from every precipice and peak. In their red and worn armor over a black habit, the rows of Battle Sisters stood in stark contrast to the adorned lacy white marble of the cathedral and other buildings surrounding the quad. Throngs of onlookers ringed the formation, held back in their excitement by the planetary defense forces. Beside Sister Sotar stood Sister Elena, the vastness of the quad making Sister Sotar realize that they were really about the same size physically, as all sisters are.

In the middle of the formation, a retinue of the Ecclesiarchy stood, Canoness Bader and a dozen other sisters accompanied them.

The doors of the cathedral swung open and seemingly on cue, hundreds or maybe even thousands of white birds took flight from hidden eaves of the cathedral. The retinue entered.

