

Entry Name: Sir Gordon



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Imperial Knight Errant of House Hazamel

by Florian Stratil



Gordon was a young adult when the members of House Hazamel recruited him on Forgeworld Ryza. Who could resist when someone asks you if you want to command on of these mighty machines that could kill a tank with a single shot of their weapon? And it was his chance not to end up as a worker in one of the factories of the Adeptus Mechanicus. At this point of his life he hadn't much valuables. And as they told him, he didn't have to bring much for living and training with the members of the knightly order so his goodbye with family and friends was pretty short. His new home for a long time would be a place they called „The Castle“ on Kandor IV, their homeworld after House Hazamel decided to leave Ryza.

When he first saw „The Castle“ it was exactly what the name promised: From the outside you could only see the round high wall. The only way in or out was from the air or through the big gate. All the Buildings were attached to this wall on the inside being the frame for a big round courtyard with a statue in the center portraying the founder of the order. Most of the buildings were hangars or workshops where the Knights were repaired and maintained by busy crews. One day one of these would be his machine. But until he was going to take his place in one of the cockpits high above the ground years or even decades would pass. Maybe he never would if he failed all the test ahead of him. At the moment there was only one thing ahead of him: The big dwelling house right in front of him which looked more like a church or cathedral than a building to live, learn, eat and sleep.

His room on the second floor was reduced to a minimum. Just a bed, a desk with a chair and wardrobe but no window. Even without a window this was luxury for him. A room all for himself he didn't have to share with his two brothers or other animals.

When entering House Hazamel the most important thing was to learn. Of course how to command a Knight but more important to learn what House Hazamel was all about. They believed in knowing the history was the way to know what you were fighting for in the future. The records said, that this order was founded in the medieval times of Terra tenths of thousands of years ago by a mighty magician called Hazamel. He rallied some noble men around him to protect the people whenever they needed help. They tried to keep their order in secret but when you start fighting it is hard to stay in the shadows. All in all this worked very well for thousands of years. And so they were one of the first to take the journey to the stars to protect the settlers from any danger or attack. That's how they landed on Forgeworld Ryza.

The master engineers on Ryza build these huge machines for them and in return House Hazamel swear to aid the Adeptus Mechanicus whenever they needed them. But after a few battles for Ryza they decided to leave the world and the small world Kandor IV became their home. Close enough to help at any time but also far away to be not a full part of the Mechanicus.

This was where Gordon was today. It took him month to read and learn all this stuff without seeing a single Knight or just sitting in the simulator. But he felt that this was important to every one around. As he became aware of this, subjects changed. First he learned how to use his knight, which tactics and what weapons to use. In the morning in the classroom and then in the simulator. The first time he was plugged in the simulator, he was just overwhelmed by all the information he got at once. Engine Data, Surroundings, Weapons... Even getting a feet of the ground was more complicated than he ever thought. He felt like a toddler who learns to walk. Luckily he had the simulator otherwise he would have produced a lot of pretty big scrap metal. But over the month he was getting better. He moved smoother and he slowly understood what it meant to pilot a knight.

The next step was combat training. Moving these huge fighting machines is one thing. Moving, aiming and firing a complete other story. He trained in the simulator with several other new pilots when their group of four knights was destroyed within a few seconds from another knight. Nobody had seen him coming or any idea what happened when they heard the voice of the teacher Sir Godwin over the intercom. „And that's how you die very quickly.

No one of you watched his back and so I could sneak up behind you and kill every single one of you with one shot“. This never happened again.

Three years of training later he stood the first time in front of „his“ knight. The first real training with a real one. He didn't want to mess this up or destroy this precious machine on his first day. It was just a little tour to the training ground. Nothing spectacular. And it was just like sitting in the simulator. He couldn't wait for his first real combat training.

But this combat training didn't come. They were called for a meeting at the same night. Lord Margon, current Princeps of House Hazamel summoned all his pilots including Gordon and told them, that they'll go on a mission the next morning. The Briefing would be aboard the „Star of the South“ which picks them up the next day. While he was speaking, their knights were already being prepared to be loaded.

The next morning a huge ship landed not far away from The Castle. The „Star of the South“ was just a bigger shuttle to transport big units. Nothing more than a loading bay with a cockpit and engines. They didn't have to travel very far. One of the moons of Gratox was their destination. Rumors were going around, that the Tyranids had infested the moon and that Gratox would be next. This would be nothing more than a scout mission. Space Marine Scouts of the Blood Angels were already there and hadn't found any trace of Xenos so far. So this would be boring walking around a sandy moon. Good enough for training but nothing that can be called a real combat mission. The flight just took two days. So it was literally really around the corner. But as they entered the orbit, they knew something was pretty wrong down there. No one answered down there. Even for the sometimes pretty strange behaviour of the Blood Angel Scouts this was odd.

Before the landed the pilot flew a little tour around the block. The Camp looked abandoned but no signs of a fight. Maybe they were out on a mission. They landed nearby on alert. This meant for Gordon that his first disembarkation was not just a usual one instead it was a combat ready one: Running out of a still flying vessel with loaded weapons and safety off into a cloud of dust. Could it get any harder than that. Gordon was the second in line and as soon as Sir Macron had left the ramp the ship already started with full throttle to avoid any danger.

Back to back they checked the surroundings while the dust was still in the thin air of the moon. After they were sure no enemy was around Lord Francis ordered to move ahead towards the Camp. Maybe it was the dust from their landing or the surface of the moon, but they noticed the footsteps in the sand pretty late. Almost too late. The crater at the edge of

the camp wasn't made from an impact. It was drilled from below. „What the...“ said Sir Francis before ground rumbled and a fountain of dust shot upwards right in front of them together with something that looked like millipede on steroids. Gordon had never seen something like that before.

„Hard contact! We're ambushed by a Trygon!“ Sir Macron yelled into his Vox while the gatling of his warden already started to whirl and unleashed a rain of shells into the cloud of dust. Something screamed while the hole became alive from the masses of gaunts that poured out of it. Gordon heard the metallic sounds their shots made on his armor plates but for now they were no real danger to him. Not as long as Lord Francis could easily kill them with his flame cannon. They just disappeared in the large fireball and all that was left was a molten sandy dust on the surface.

With Lord Francis and Sir Margon distracted by the Trygon and his deadly tunnel nobody had cared about the surroundings. And so it was in the last moment when Gordon saw a big cloud of dust running towards him. It was his job to save the back and so the three Carnifexes were his problem. He had never faced a real enemy before. And now three heavily armored creatures were about to attack him with weapons much more deadly than those of the Gaunts. He took aim at the middle one with his thermal cannon and fired. The muzzle of this gun lit up and a ball of hot plasma raced toward the three enemies. To Gordon all this happened in slow motion. The ball of super-hot plasma hit the Carnifex in the middle and it flew right through him leaving nothing like burned carapace and a pond of molten dust where the ball finally hit the surface of the moon. The left Carnifex was whiplashed aside by the heatwave while the right one was still running towards him. He wasn't even hesitating for a splitsecond. He was already too close and too fast to get a second shot.

He leaped forward to crash into Gordon's body all of his four pointy talons ready to pierce the armor. This would have been Gordon's sure death but he managed to get his Chainsaw up to parry the attack to his left side but not fast enough to get the chain to its deadly full speed. The Carnifex landed on his side in the dust and needed a moment to get up on his feet again. That was Gordon's chance. He stepped with all his weight on the side of the Carnifex and so prevented that he got up again. Simultaneously the status of his chainsaw lit up green in his view. Ready and running at full speed. He swung his arm around and pushed the blade into the sandy colored carapace with the red stripes. The chitinous exoskeleton of

the Tyranid resisted not for long before a spray of green blood showed the end of the existence of the bug.

Pumped up by adrenaline he had totally forgotten about the third one. The one that just had left the ground to jump on him from behind. Gordon knew that he was in trouble now when deadly red fingers transformed the bug into green cloud of xeno-blood. „Watch your back, son...“ he heard Sir Margon who killed it with his gattling after he finished the Trygon the same way.

No enemy was left. Either they hid very well or this was all they had to face here. But no matter what, at the moment the battlefield was silent. „Good job with the Fexes!“ Lord Francis praised him over the vox. „And now kneel down so I can name you a Knight of House Hazamel, Sir Gordon“. And that’s how he became a Knight of House Hazamel. Kneeling in Tyranidblood and dust on a nameless moon. Even though it was over twenty years ago he remembered this moment like yesterday. Even now, standing on the dunes of Ryza, stomping Orks into the ground.

He was Sir Gordon, a Knight of House Hazamel.