

MONOLOGUE SAMPLE: “WARHAMMER 40,000”

Character: Erasmus Vel'sar (Deathwatch Blackshield Librarian, Thousand Sons Legion)

Game: Warhammer 40,000 (by Games Workshop)

Premise: Brother-Librarian Erasmus Vel'sar is a Blackshield¹ in the Deathwatch, a Space Marine chapter dedicated to hunting vile Xenos² races throughout the galaxy. He is currently sequestered in the chapter's Librarium³, away from the rest of his brother marines, his mind weighing heavily on the past as a once-proud legionary of the Thousand Sons.

1: Blackshield = A Space Marine who has forsworn their parent Legion or Chapter, often due to shame, be it of the Legion/Chapter, or the Marine themselves.

2: Xenos = A catch-all term for Alien races.

3: Librarium = The knowledgebase of a Space Marine Chapter, often where their Librarians are found when not performing any martial or ballistic training.

Monologue:

Erasmus stalks the tome-laden stacks of the Deathwatch Librarium, his ceramite footsteps echoing loudly on the marble flagstones as his eyes scan over the dusty volumes he has come to know so intimately.

“By rights, I shouldn't even be here, in this... bastion of purity, sanctity, and knowledge. What did I ever do to deserve such forgiveness? I do not belong here. I am not worthy to stand in these vaulted halls.”

His brow furrows as he reflects on that thought, his fingers occasionally trailing down the spines of the familiar texts as he reflects upon his fate.

“No. Not forgiveness. Mercy, then? No. The Emperor's mercy is a bolter round through the skull. Penance? Atonement? I should have died on Prospero with my... brothers...”

As he passes a seemingly unremarkable black, leather-bound book, he stops in his tracks. He reaches out and lightly presses his fingertips against the spine, tumultuous memories of the past starting to creep their way into his conscious thoughts.

“Once-great, gleaming, Prospero. My ...home. How many centuries has it been since I laid eyes those glittering spires that pierced the clouds like mighty mountains? Far too many.”

He lets out a deep sigh, closing the open tome in his hand with a heavy thump, pushing it back onto the shelf along with its brethren, banishing the painful memories from his mind, at least for the time being.

“But, all gone, now. Because of “him”. “His” hubris. “His” belief that he “knew better” than The Emperor. What folly. Are all children destined to disappoint their sires?”

Erasmus glances away from the racked tomes, acknowledging the presence another figure with a slight nod. Dressed in the near-identical robes of a Librarian of the Deathwatch, the figure watches him with glowering, seemingly feral, golden eyes, the symbol of Leman Russ adorning his shoulder pauldron.

“We can never hope to escape the shadows of our fathers, can we, cousin? For they are ever-long, and full-dark indeed. Atonement for “his” arrogance it is, then. Now, and until my end.”