

Techno-Ling-nya

“This firewall is pure heresy!”

It would be easy for some to merely vent their frustrations in such a way, yet Inquisitor Hornedramius did not say such things lightly. In the grim age of the 40th Millenium, mankind knew only war and it was on many fronts. Orks and their bruttish ways, Tyranids and their prolifeference, two who were but a fraction of the numerous obstacles and enemies of the Imperium. Yet there, in this vault stood his team as they tried to gain entrance to a meeting ground of presumed heretics...presumed being a generous denominator for assuredly.

“Inquisitor, we have tried our very best to penetrate the program, yet the Machine Spirit is reticent. We fear it has been corrupted!” one of the acolytes, Mindtaskius, went on to explain. The old keyboards, full of dust and rust due to metal being used to make them durable, also usable by Space Marine standards with their immense fingers, were tapped and yet naught a result could be shown. “We fear it has been contaminated by the most vile of all programming languages...**PHP**.”

“Those heretics couldn't use the Emperor-approved Python or Javascript of yore? For shame...” Hornedramius said, branding his Inferno pistol as perhaps he might need to brute force his way through...yet he knew better than that. His finger itched, however, needing to press the trigger to blow some steam and some corrupt, evil, malevolent brains...be they Xeno or not. “Any luck on your end, acolyte Traitorius Betrayus?”

“Uh...no. Nothing. It's a real mystery. Keeps locking me out. In fact, I think if we typed one more word it might explode and make us perish along with with everything else. The defenses there are...something, Inquisitor,” the newly-appointed expert on heretek stated as he moved away from his own keyboard. Alarms went on to rise as to make his case as everyone else did the same for fear of sudden yet now-expected death.

“Curses!” Hornedramius went on to say, as though an explosion would indeed make it so they'd be rid of the pests inside the vault...they would too perish and that would mean more heretics would go scott-free for a few moments. In his sector, at least. “I'd call an exterminatus right aboard from my ship if we didn't need information from these mutant miscreants. Scorched earth leaves little room for analysis,

save that we killed many deserving...and perhaps a few undeserving. All for the Emperor, of course.”

A chorus of *For the Emperor* echoed as they were at an impasse. Traitorius Betrayus moved everyone around in order to go for a tactical retreat, the alarms still blaring and yet from the level above came an unexpected visit, someone that Hornedramius had only heard of before yet never seen in the flesh...what little remained, that is.

“I heard the cry of the Machine Spirit. It calls to me,” the visitor said, mechanical cat ears and tail beneath the tech-shawl he wore. Blue of hair, lithe of frame yet filled with confidence as his ocular enhancements spun of the colors of gold and blue, his natural colors and those of the Emperor, or Ommissiah as the tech-priests called him. It was a whole theology discourse which Hornedramius had no time for, seeing Magos Neferitus appear on the scene as per the providence of the Emperor himself. “It is in pain and need respite, understanding. Let me soothe and then make it reveal its secrets, Inquisitor.”

His arms and legs were of metal, carefully-crafted for dexterous movements as his Ommissian Axe served as a reminder of his status. A mastercrafted element, his own robes were more like split pantaloons as the only flesh visible were his stomach and his face, though Hornedramius was certain that beneath could be found sub-epidermal armor. Armor upon his torso served as more vestments, his long blue hair swishing as he got close to the cogitators and the networks linking everything together, from the alarms and the sealed door.

“Such a sudden arrival...it must have been part of his plan. He must be linked to the...to Chaos, Inquisitor!” accused Traitorius Betrayus, pointing at the Magos with fierce determination. “How else would he know that we needed him just now?”

“At ease, Traitorius,” Hornedramius went on to say, proclaiming with one gesture for everyone else to do the same. The guardsmen, assassins and his personal retinue lowered their weapons, from the chainswords to the Bolt Pistols as the feline-themed Magos came close to the consoles and cogitators. “What do you feel is wrong, Magos Neferitus?”

“I can sense...a reinstallation of a most cursed of Operating Device...a piece of derelict software known in the past as Windows Vista...it eats away at their proper purpose and seems incompatible with a great,

great many things...” Magos Neferitus went on to say as he moved his fingers near the keyboards, then handed his Ommissionian Axe to an acolyte nearby. “I need space for communion, to establish links and to soothe, to compel the pained Machine Spirit.”

They all agreed, though Traitorius Betrayus stood on guard, his hand near his laspistol. Hornedramius could not fault him that, paranoia being a dirty word used by heretics to try and trick them. A wary mind was a healthy mind as far as he was concerned, yet he he had heard enough of Neferitus to be curious about those famous methods from the techno-dancer himself, he who mesmerized machines.

A button pressed upon the apparatus on his belt gave way to poorly-recorded music from an ancient civilization of Holy Terra, prior to the Emperor. Baladi it was called, as the answer to why his stomach was uncovered was revealed to all. The skull-effigy within his navel began to come alive, light in its eye sockets flashing as if starting a program in itself. Then pumps within went on to make his hips sway up and down, the mechanism going all-in soon enough as shimmies were in full implement now. His stomach rolled, technology and muscles working together to create incredible undulations as his arms lifted, his metal wrists twirling gently and slowly.

“This is heresy...chaos magic at play. Inquisitor, I must-” Traitorius Betrayus began to say, looking at the others as if something needed to be done and fast, yet one sharp glare from the leader of this expedition was enough to stop everyone, leaving the heretek specialist frustrated.

Using the wireless technology and connections innate to his modified body, Neferitus then felt his own thinking processes amplified, swirls circling fast within his eyes as the many lights and screens began to flicker, to enter communion. Lines of codes, binary language flashing by as the speed of information was employed. Each undulations seemed to activate and refresh different programs, sub-routines and rerouted code on the fly as Neferitus whispered console commands beneath his enhanced breath from his artificial lungs.

“It is as they say...the Machine Spirit seems to collaborate, to be soothed, to follow instructions and commands...some form of mind or rather data control...” Hornedramius went on to say as the many lines of codes scrolled by lightning-fast. Still did Neferitus dance, each inflection of those hips bumping aside the unnecessary as the logo of that accursed Windows Vista was tossed aside, replaced with a more Emperor-approved operating device. “Reinstallation on the fly...incredible...”

“Yet intrusive. Think of all the data he must be purging, Inquisitor. He is wiping away evidence and-”

“Not so fast, Traitorius Betrayus...I have communicated and healed the Machine Spirit...it was you who activated the alarm to make this sanctified missions leave and to warn your brethrens...” Neferitus said, having finished his performance as the door began to slowly unseal itself, going through all permissions by itself as a favor to the Magos. “Through links in the network I have also found much information as to your true nature, Traitorius...your allegiance to the *Horus Number One Fan Club*, your subscription to the *Chaos is really cool* newsletter and that secret account on *Faithbook* in which you write *The Emperor/Omnissiah sux* every single day...”

“Yeah, we really should be doing something about those...” Mindtaskius said, a bit embarrassed about the existence of such groups to begin with.

“He lies! It was...it was just a phase. The Emperor Protects, sir. The Emperor-”

Wooooosh!

A shot of melta from the Inferno pistol cut short this diatribe as Hornedramius had heard enough. Traitorius Betrayus' face being melted, liquefied and then dripping down the floor made it very easy to do a thorough search. Chaos tattoos, t-shirts and even a recording of him saying “The Emperor Totally Sucks” on a loop gave them enough proof as Hornedramius could only sigh. “Who did the veto process for this guy?”

“It was me, sir. Sorry!” said Clumsius Stupidus until a certain sound was heard anew.

Wooooosh!

“That really hits the spot. Okay team, the Emperor Protects and shall recognize his own. Leave one alive for torture and possibly interrogation, let them rest burn or bleed, whichever you fancy,” the inquisitor said before turning to the Magos. “You did good, Magos Neferitus. We could use someone like you in our hunt for heresy.”

“The Omnissiah provides me with much insight, inquisitor. Mayhap we should travel together for a time...”

The sound of heretics in pain, dying was the sweetest sounds as Neferitus pressed a button, activating the inner defense system and then turning it against those within that weren't from their ranks. Screams, the gurgling of blood...a sublime symphony as this team-up would bear excellent results.

Inquisitor Hornedramius could already tell.