

The Furred Hat of Garek Van Meer

This tale is one of wonder, as you see, the hat of Garek Van Meer is no ordinary furred Vostroyan cap, it has existed for over ten thousand years. Its origins began in the Horus Heresy, a trooper of the Vostroyan Guard, Garek's distant ancestor, Vladen Meer II received it along with the standard Vostroyan kit, He was sent to be trained on a lovely and very beautiful world, the world in the Ultramar sector. Now from what I saw Vladen did not like the blue worlds too much, and mentioned many a time how over pompous the guard under the Ultramarine's colors were, up until the Word Bearers landed upon his world. Vladen was tasked with his platoon to hold the inner city walls. There he had time to mingle with the civilians before the Word Bearers had been able to assault the city, he met a Pius man there. He became quite good friends with him, then the shells began to rain down. In a matter of moments the section of wall he was defending was destroyed and his platoon ravaged. The Pius man said 'Quickly, follow I know a way to the Starport, we should get out of here.' Vladen was not a man to refuse a good offer and followed him, the man was a good shot, an old veteran he presumed. Once the port was in sight a squad of insane men, twisted and menacing charged the two men, Vladen killed many but was wounded gravely by an autogun shot. The Pius man walked over to him, he spoke a prayer and gave a curt nod, but before he could leave Vladen spoke up 'Wait, I want you to have this, it has always brought me good luck, and if you meet my son or his son I want you to give him this.' The man gave a curt nod and took me with a smile. He was quite good to me, I was cleaned regularly and he took a liking to me and wore me often. A few years past and we faced our toughest and most evil foe, Horus the Warmaster, my holder Ollanius Pius was destroyed, but the Emperor of Mankind slayed the traitor, and I was picked up by a lone guardsman, his name was Kruchev, Kruchev Meer, I was passed down many times and had my fair share of tears and dirt cover my rugged furred canvas, but I was always patched up and brought to a new owner, Garek was one of my favorites, and when he died to a lowsome cultist bastard, I felt it was the end. Once the conflict had ended a man in a grey-green jumpsuit came and picked me up, dusted me off and said 'I haven't seen you in a long time old friend, time for me to return that promise.' and my cycle continues.

Note From Author-By Request of Bruva RougeStatus, hope you and the other Alfa Legionnaires enjoy.