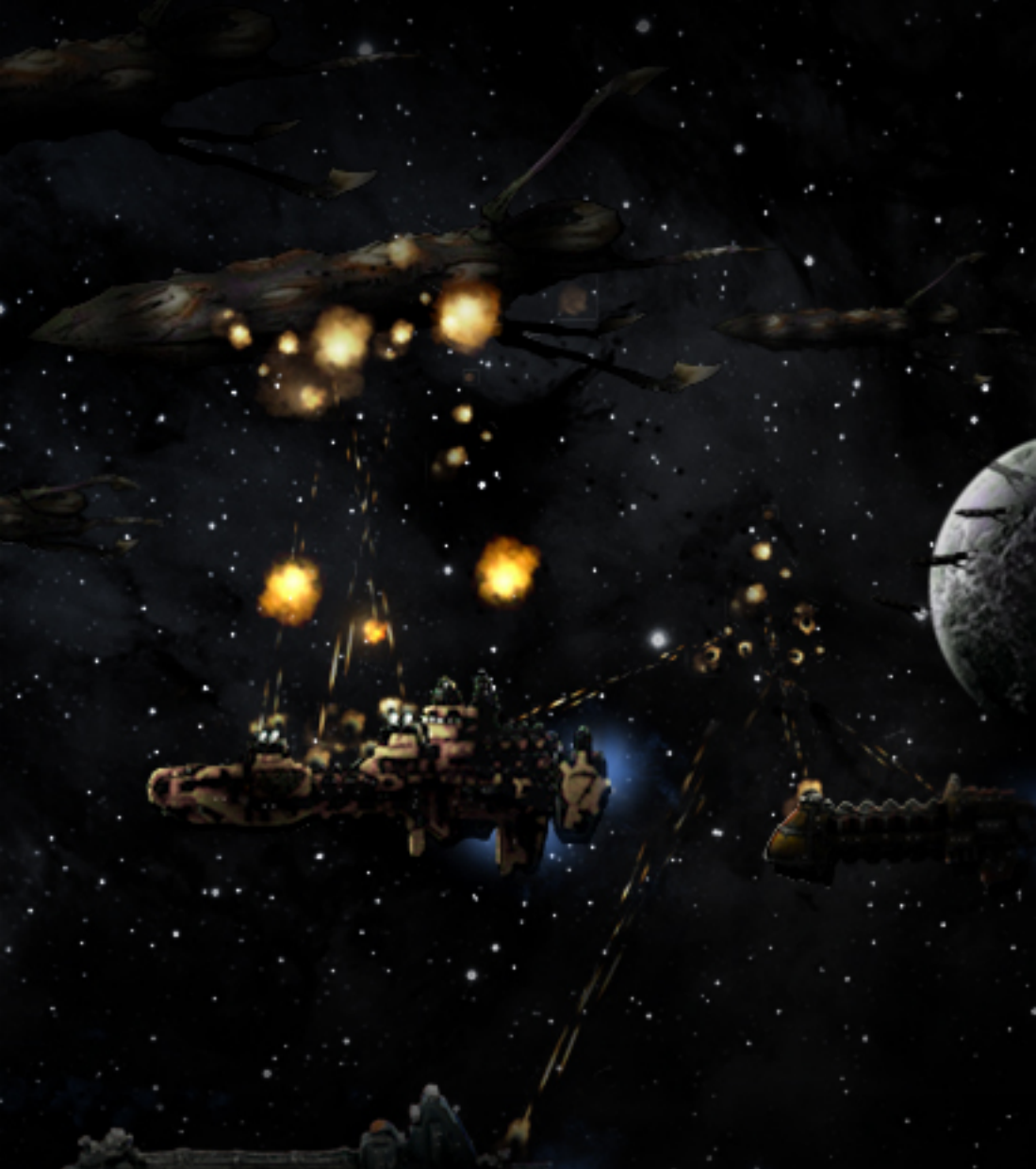




FLIGHT OF THE TENAX



CAMPAIGN SUPPLEMENT NOVEL
BY SEBASTIAN STUART

Flight of the Tenax

A Warhammer 40,000 Novel

by Sebastian Stuart

Chapter 1 - *'Flight of the Tenax'*

Dust wafted down from shattered ceiling murals, columns shifted and marble floors buckled. Repeated impacts resounded throughout millennia old vaulted halls, causing cracks to span metres of masonry across priceless wall friezes. This degradation of eons old history accompanied by the clatter of falling decor with each rumbling assault. Invasion pods, as big as imperial tanks, continued to crashed down on ferrocrete domes and buttresses. Battering metres thick walls with chitin and gore. The Tyranid had come for Sotha, and their number assailed the mightiest of man's bastions erected on this world. A multitude of these pods were ruined smears slowly sliding down nigh impenetrable battlements, which inexorably began to show signs of failing.

Moving quickly within these halls, six space marines pounded through areas never designed for their bulk, an urgency of action upon them as their world succumbed to an implacable foe. The Chapter monastery, one of a handful of strongpoints holding out still, had finally come under direct attack. The inevitability of it had been a source of dread for all protected within it's walls for several days. However the Space Marines present, the Scythes of the Emperor, it was an affront to everything they held sacred on this, their homeworld. What few marines remained on Sotha after boarding actions that were either overwhelmed or ineffectual, had met the assault with a stoic resilience. Unrecorded last stands fought to stall the onslaught, marines and their serfs charging into the maw to ensure others would have time to escape it.

Nothing further was known of the orbital defences or the out system boarding parties that had gone silent assaulting the first arrived Hiveships. One need only look outside to make a reasonable assessment why. So completely enveloped was Sotha, it was more hope than guess work that anything other than a sea of Hiveships ruled the stars above this Tyranid filled sky.

When Veteran-Brother Xaver and his escort reached the last corridor intersection, they vaulted double steps to the terrace above, battle plate greaves pulverising lesser stonework not designed for power armoured marines. Reaching the terrace, the small guard spread out behind Xaver, accepting supplies from serfs managing a nearby cache while scanning the surrounding vista beyond.

It was one of overrun walls, an apocalypse ruin of chitin and talon, met by streams of bolter fire, lances of laser light and blooms of high explosive. The darkened sky boiled with leathery wing, pock marked by anti-aircraft fire; bringing a rain of entrails and ruined flesh upon all below in the malevolently shadowed capital of Odessa. The fortress was utilising every offensive and defensive ability at it's disposal and the effect was through one lens, a regal show of power, the other harrowing and galling that it merely stalled the assault and did not repel it.

Ensuring his most recent orders on a separate vox channel were understood, Chapter Master Thorcyra turned as the veteran marine spoke,

"Master Thorcyra. An honour." Xaver said, removing his helm smartly.

"Brother Veteran Xaver, I thank you for attending me." said Thorcyra.

Cursed with seeing the downfall of everything he had known, achieved and been proud to exemplify across several dozen worlds in times of war, Thorcyra was emboldened by black and sunset yellow tactical dreadnaught armour, though grievously marred and battle worn. Standing tall despite the near physical dread in the air, he held the *Scythe of Pharos* in one hand like a scryers stave as he reviewed the Astartes before him,

"You are so few Xaver?" he said.

"Our journey from the port fields was not without loss my lord, the monastery has been breached" Xaver replied.

Thorcyra nodded with understated solemnity,

"All the more reason we must look beyond our homeworld."

Stepping away from the mobile auguries, hurried serfs and honour guard, Thorcyra stomped across the terrace toward Xaver; pausing only when they could each smell the alien fluids spilt on their respective armour after days of constant battle. Speaking quietly, conspiratorially, Thorcyra leaned close,

"I need you to take what supplies you can, what neophytes you have aboard presently, and lead out a portion of our civilian transports. You would be

among several attempts departing across Sotha. Details of a rendezvous will also be included in my official orders."

"We can hold, we do hold, the Ultra-," Xaver spoke against defeat.

"They are not coming, no one is my brother. Our plight is unknown," Thorceyra stressed his intentions, "but we can hold long enough for our people to survive, I have kept this initiative secret lest our defenders lose hope. Perhaps the next world will be ready. I want Sothan blood in that fight."

Xaver squared himself, having to acknowledge a truth he long kept at bay. Yet, as he looked upon his Chapter Master, he nodded carefully,

"The *Tenax* is ready," Xaver said, but looked up with arched brow, "however the way is barred, we could not lift to join the boarding actions before, how can we now?"

A feint smile spread Thorceyra's lips,

"We have a lance battery I have kept unrevealed, to spear the first careless bioship that would stray close enough. Now, we will punch a corridor, a small window for your flight to escape. The others have similar opportunities or lesser foes to deal with, though none have an Astartes Gladius at the fore."

A rash plan in most cases, however quick wits survived firefights as strategy survived wars. This idea combined both immediacy and a patiently hidden reserve to create opportunity.

"I will see the transports away, we will get word out," Xaver stalled, then spoke into the silence between them more quietly, "And you?"

"I will fight on, there are options for withdrawal yet, but our need to secure the genestock and armouries for departure is too great. It.. takes time," Thorecyra said, slowly rotating to look out over the butcher work cast across every parapet and turret, "either we hold till then, or our brothers and I remain here for eternity. Regardless, you will go now, you have your orders. For Sotha, Emperor Protect."

Xaver drew himself up, performed a crisp parade salute, right fist to original heart, with perfect form and tempo.

"For Sotha, The Emperor Protects."

A human heart ached on hearing the words of this most venerated of brothers, a scion of the Emperor's will. Bowed and seeking methods of retreat in the face of a foe their very being was created to defend against, seek out and defeat. Turning away, Xaver knew well enough he would never see their master in these collapsing halls again.

Then good it was that his other heart, the one gifted to him by the Emperor's grace, pumped mightily, goading his body onto feats beyond mortal men. It rallied in his chest for the fight ahead, welcoming the challenge. The duality of an Astartes, possessed of a natural heart, though much enhanced, would always remind him how much more a marine could do, could face. How much more he could bear and overcome to defend mankind. He would, nay.. the Chapter will survive this. Xaver took magazines and grenades proffered by scared yet loyal serfs. He reviewed the downward flight of stairs,

"Brothers, ready yourselves, we return to the fields, let nothing bar our path, we do not stop."

Finished with clamping supplies about his armour, Xaver prepared his boltgun, taking a moment to meet the gaze of each brother; Julio, Heracles, Gideon, Melecar and Davro.

"On me." he said.

The five marines gathered about Xaver, progressing down from the terrace, they kept watch while Xaver organised preparations ahead with those defending the *Tenax*. No sooner had the group rounded the first intersection, when they startled two creatures stalking the halls. Davro was the first to fire, being on point, the others in pairs at the flanks. The meeting was violent and quick, a half dozen marines barging through like polar ice breakers, rucking over top the xenos and crushing them under armoured boots. The Astartes pressed on unchecked, leaving behind alien blood to mingle with torn tapestries, broken artwork and the human remains of loyal serfs. All slowly given to the darkness as receding flashes of bolt fire faded into the depths of the monastery.

In the fraught, violent journey back, three of the six would forever stay behind on Sotha. Davro, with leg severed in ambush, used his momentum to tackle the snarling genestealer into a separate corridor; a multiple detonation of frag grenades heralding the end of both. Through the pall of dust and rags created by the blast, the armoured shadows of his brothers kept moving. Moments after,

Heracles paused, sealed the cargo tunnel between himself and escape, turning to face a skulking, sickle limbed horror alone. Later, in sight of the landing field, Julio realised several creatures blocked the parapet bridge. Expending a full magazine, he barged what survived over the edge with his bulk; bludgeoning and stabbing with empty boltgun and combat blade mid air, until the swarm far below enveloped him. Such were the final hours, the decimation of Sotha, the sacrifice of brothers.

Armoured boots hammering across metres wide pavings, the remaining trio of Astartes moved past small knots of security serfs and guardsmen fighting across the vast landing field of Odessa. The loyal defenders were scared witless, firing in every direction from hastily made defences. Dying where they stood, protecting screaming refugees who fled toward awaiting transports. Even still, most never made the gauntlet across deaths ground. Either insidious living munitions and acid sprays claimed them or winged creature bore them away. Worse still, a lone survivor of an alien charge would get among a cargo hold with talon and claw. Many ships were already aflame, or gored by gigantic bio-weapons, left ghostly silent. All about, chittering swarms scuttled over or through ruined cargo vaults, ornamental towers and the much venerated arrival archway of Odessa, pouring down into the exposed spaceport landing field or flitting overhead, plucking at their prey.

"How does one fight such legion?" uttered Gideon, close on Xaver's left.

"We will learn," Xaver said, changing his magazine on the run, "but today, our duty is to survive it brother!"

The Astartes continued their careful bursts of fire, checking any incursion across their path to the *Tenax*. Unaware that they ran before a final tide of talons only metres behind which swamped all it it's passing.

Dominating the landing field ahead was a temporary fortress cast in obsidian and russet yellow hues. The Astartes Gladius frigate, *Tenax*, atop landing struts as big as fortress columns, stood defiant. Armoured flanks, turrets, batteries and a myriad details of gothic construction, was lit by point defence weapon fire from over a hundred positions about the hull. Tyranid creatures were swept away by weapons designed to fight starships and interceptors. Vents and thrusters burned continuously to discourage sabotage. Despite the cindered ruin about each, further attempts were being made regardless of losses.

Xaver could see Castus and Eunox, each guiding their heavy bolters to cut down every xenos that slipped past *Tenax's* considerable defences. The pair defended the wide ventral loader platform upon the ground, as it filled with a stream of servitors bringing extra supplies in an orderly fashion; farcical in the face of wanton violence about them. High above, ringing the cargo hold edge, three dozen serf-guard of the *Tenax* fired their breacher guns from above, picking off anything that got by the Astartes, or attempted to fly into the hold.

"Eunos, to your right, beware!" Xaver alerted the marines ahead.

"I see you brother, you are all the moves like men out here!"

Sparing an examination, Xaver saw the truth. Only the sealed transports, their point defences chattering, proved any Sothans were alive upon the field. Everyone, ..everyone, they had passed were dead. The snarling, hissing, constantly grinning horde swept toward them; a mere stitch in a sheet of gleaming carapace being drawn over the Chapter fortress like a death shroud.

"Raise! Raise away!" Xaver barked.

The serf operator high above responded quickly as Castus fired a burst past the heads of Xaver, Gideon and Melecar. The arrivals putting their first bootfall onto the lift as it began to rise.

"Iago? Phystas?" Xaver said.

Eunos shook his head, there was no more word from the supply vault. The marine levelled his heavy bolter, firing upon another knot of tyranids bounding toward the lift.

Xaver grabbed a grinning maw snapping at his faceplate, smashing the owner into a cargo crate, then booting the stunned remains into several others. The scrabbling biomorphs disappeared over the edge. It was never easy ordering brothers unto dangerous tasks he could not attend himself, worse still knowing they had gone to their deaths to complete it. A small savage part of him took satisfaction in ruining the creatures assailing him with more brutality than

required. Alongside Gideon he finished a magazine, sweeping the lift clear of any remaining boarders.

The last carcass was kicked off the edge to the landing field forty feet below by Eunos. The marine detached a frag grenade and let the orb follow into the boiling mass below, eyeing the descent quietly as it disappeared amidst a swarm tearing apart unthinking cargo servitors and abandoned supplies.

"That was a waste Astartes!" Xaver snapped.

Eunos eyed his commander steadily as the blast heat washed upward,

"Not to my soul veteran-brother, forgive me." Eunos said.

"We strike with the wrath of the Emperor, not indulge in petty vindictive acts without purpose." Xaver admonished sharply.

Lowering his gaze Eunos backed down, yet Xaver stepped closer, laying a gauntlet on Eunos' pouldron,

"I would have dropped a meltabomb myself, but I would want such a weapon to count for more than snarling unthinking minions." Xaver added. Searching the eyes meeting his, Xaver waited until he saw the anger ebb and focus return,

"Noted veteran-brother." Eunos said.

Leaving Eunos and the others to make toward respective ready stations, Xaver proceeded toward the command lift. He felt the *Tenax* shift, her core unleashing power normally the propriety of stars through launch engines and thrusters.

Shipmaster Augustus spoke through Xaver's helm vox,

"My lord, ..our course?" he said.

"Make for the point provided by command, surely you have it?"

"I have it, though.."

Xaver heard that pause again as he entered the lift,

"We must have faith shipmaster, my brothers will clear a path. Tell all ships, launch - launch with us now!" Xaver stressed.

Confined within the lift, he felt temporarily helpless, perhaps he had spoken more firmly than he meant too.

"At once m'Lord." Augustus said, without a hint of offence.

The *Tenax* lifted quickly and heavily, weighing down even the marines returning from the cargo hall. The sounds of decorations breaking and stores being thrown, echoed throughout the vessel. Augustus was not leaving anything to chance, the veteran shipmaster engaged fusion thrusters only metres from the fields, incinerating anything scabbling up the retracting landing gear. Aware all was lost immediately below, Augustus exacted a starships measure of vengeance on those swarming the fields of Odessa.

Two of the eight transports remaining did not follow suit, fear leaving only ingrained, polite routine to pilot them. The innumerable horde swarmed those hulls quickly as simple attitude thrusters provided a permissible, but slow ascent. Through a myriad of injuries; intakes suffocated, armour rent and

unexpected weight of thousands, the man made star whales were dragged down by a wave of predators; each embroiled mass slurring a path across the field and slamming into a perimeter of ferrocrete vaults and towers; torn apart as they rolled on into ruin.

"Status?" said Xaver.

Appearing suddenly upon bridge from the nearby lift, the veteran Astartes filled what area was left on the command terrace with armoured mass. His voice was clear and confident over top the wailing *Ready Launch* klaxon. If Augustus noticed a tale of close quarter fighting and sudden death, writ large by rents and scoring across Xaver's armour, he made no cue to betray his astonishment. All the more stark and obvious by the immaculate black and gold navy uniform Augustus maintained alongside his Sothan crew.

"The *Tenax* is away m'Lord," Augustus replied then continued, "Pytheas and his replacements are sedated within their psi-shield, so our warp capability is somewhat ready. The *Verdant*, *Beacon's Faith*, *Song of Fields*, *Providence*, *Pilgrim's Way* and the *Strident* have reported in and confirmed navigators sedated and protected as ordered." Augustus turned back to observe his crew ready for sub orbital boost as he finished.

"That is ..six?" Xaver noted the abbreviated count.

A resigned glance the only acknowledgement of four thousand dead and eleven transports gone.

"Emperor receive in his grace." Xaver said.

A feeling of disrespect accompanied his need to retain a unfettered mask of an officer at the news. Gathering himself, Xaver examined the surviving vessels via an augury screen while Odessa and the surrounding countryside receded from view. He cared not to look upon the horizon of broken buildings and malign haze, a common sight for many days, lest it erase memory of a remarkable and much lauded Imperial city that had stood for millennia.

A city of white stone colonnades, arches, towers, vaulted halls and market squares. Triumphant statues, galleries, music auditoriums, parade ways and vast farming fields of golden harvest beyond. A city filled by farmers who toiled in simple garb, or those in robed wear that administrated and fulfilled tasks within Odessa and many other stately cities about Sotha. Xaver considered all that was no longer there, then realised, he was indeed bewitched by the brown sky, poisoned soil and ruin. Angry at himself, Xaver looked to augury anew, now was not a time for reverie.

"The *Strident*, that is a remarkably well armed transport." Xaver said.

"A good eye m'lord," Augustus agreed, saying nothing of the pause his senior had shown, "I suspect it is a Rogue Trader who did not join our primary battle line last week. You can change your appearance and datascroll, but a fusion core signature never lies. I suspect she is the *Omrata*, a Beremin listed ship in port a fortnight ago"

The shipmaster turned an eye upon his lord,

"We need his firepower to be true and revealed, I will find a way to remind him of his duty." Augustus said.

An anger glimmered behind the shipmaster's own careful mask of command. Many decades of star lanes and warp storms had bonded the unlikely pair; the mere nod of agreement Xaver provided was more than simply a rare Astartes compliment to a serf-shipmaster, it was one of friends agreeing to mischief.

Returning to the task at hand, Augustus began maneuvers for orbit,

"Ahead two thirds, engage forward void arc at twenty percent; send my compliments to our shipmasters; request all align in pairs of launch order, separation two hundred abeam, eight hundred astern. Course one-two-six, ascension mark Seven-Zero. All prepare Flank speed."

The *Tenax* stopped vibrating as the hundred deaths her accelerating whale maw prow tolled on flying monsters each moment slackened. The ship's structure strung like a charnel hall with impaled corpses and smattered ruin across every surface. Ahead bright sparks flared across the void field as it absorbed a majority of airborne creatures filling the skies ahead, matched in brightness by point defence batteries and laser beams defending them and the following convoy without pause.

"My faith remains, but my nerves are tested Lord Xaver" said Augustus.

"We are several hundred metres out yet, Master Thorcyra will-"

A beam of light stabbed into the swirling brown red skies ahead, silencing Xaver's reply. Searing through atmospheric layers of flesh and chitin. Eldritch

lightning crackled outwardly, energies leaping from one hapless creature to another as the lance beam conferred tremendous collateral discharge in its passing. Beyond the bored corridor, revealed in the far skies above, a slowly disintegrating bioship began to fall from high altitude. Thorcyra had kept his word and scored a small capital ship.

"Good kill my brothers." Xaver spoke sotto voce.

Very quickly the gap began to fill with the swarm, before Xaver could order they engage for orbit, another lance stabbed through,

"Now Augustus, now." he urged instead.

The shipmaster spoke quickly,

"All ships, ascension now eight-zero, flank speed. Defence abeam and bow quarters. Make for orbit!"

Augustus gripped the bronze command terrace railing, feeling the imperceptible tilt of the deck as the *Tenax* increased her angle faster than gravatics could attenuate. Each ship made for orbit on a multi-engine, incandescent blue fusion fire, following their guardian into the opening as the xenos filled sky created a whirlwind of tyranid creatures about them.

"Fight the ship Augustus, we will prepare for boarders." said Xaver.

The marine left quickly, assessing his remaining munitions. Augustus nodded without looking, observing the upper edges of their escape route, far ahead of the armoured viewports, slowly close while the *Tenax* strove to escape the monster's mouth.

"Maintain that kill zone with forward batteries, point defence abeam and stern quarters, cover those transports! Stim the gun servitors, we can replace the husks after." Augustus said.

The flying swarm wound about the convoy then tightened their orbit quickly, the *Tenax* met them like a rail freighter plowing snow.

Pilgrim's Way, was torn apart mid air by this maelstrom of creatures, paying a terrible toll for being the least defensible ship, a point the swarm exploited mercilessly. The others departed the hellish skies, after long minutes of acceleration, into orbital space haunted by pleas for help long after transmissions from their compatriot ceased.

Surrounding their beloved Sotha, Hiveships in legion orbited the planet. Invasion pods wafting down to the world below like pollen in a breeze from pores about every ship. Tentacles of incomprehensible size, flexed from within long dormant husks; segmented shapes so vast, the bulk could consume the *Tenax*, the transports and many more vessels before sated. As it was many arms gripped Astartes warships, and system defenders. Crushing and tearing at the dead hulks like the gods of carrion crabs. Sensing the escaping convoy, many of these began to swing out for the fleeing vessels.

Breaking through the blockade required the flight to traverse nets of these cephalopod-like arms, many times the size each ship. Helmsmen were forced to

spy open void among moving, flexing '*asteroid fields*', their auguries unsure how to represent the gigantic, miles dense, appendages of tyrannic ships. Defending the others as best a lone escort could, the *Tenax* fired upon bloated acid mines, middling interceptors and darting boarding craft, spat their direction in waves. Inevitably tragedy struck. The *Beacon's Faith*, her hull clipped by a gargantuan arm, tumbled end over end into the embrace of several more. In moments the bulk freighter was crushed, contents and ruin drawn into the maw of the victorious hiveship. No one truly saw this fate, only an icon that bleated damage, cries of anguish cut short on the vox. Then abruptly the icon faded out from every sensor. Several hundred refugees and crew along with it.

When the orbiting swarm of hiveships had been cleared, interceptor biomorphs pursued in hunting packs, fiercely met by the convoy's point defence weapons and the batteries of the *Tenax*. Without the need to jinx between hiveships and attending fauna, the human ships bristled impressively. Skirting the convoy, these pursuers sniffed for an opportunistic kill, eventually darting back to a world of easier prey.

Intent upon Sotha, the hivemind had allowed, perhaps largely ignored, this trickle of survivors to slide down its maw. A ruddy rivulet of wine from a hastily drunk glass. So it was that the convoy reached system space without immediate pursuit, but far from unmolested.

Breaches had occurred aboard each during their rocketing ascent, and rolling escape through the hiveship feeding zone. Defenders dealt with boarders as fast as they could. Close combats desperately fought within enclosed spaces as the hulls about the defenders rattled with defensive fire and the earthquake of flank speed. Understandably incursions were short affairs within the *Tenax*, yet protracted and terrible aboard the transports and repurposed freighters. In many cases shipmasters locked off whole sections for the Astartes to clear at a later time, dooming all within. A common story befalling most except the *Strident-Omrata*, which Xaver and Augustus noted with a cool anger, had methodically reported each boarding neutralised.

Augustus had kept an eye on the Rogue Trader, targeting various silent defence platforms about the *Strident-Omrata* during the ascent. Cited weapons had sheepishly opened fire a moment after this goading, fully displaying the supposed transport's abilities. If the *Strident-Omrata* proved to have taken no refugees aboard, for Xaver fully intended to visit later, the punishment for its owner would be exceptional.

After several taught hours, it was clear they had escaped the greater Tyranid vanguard. Of the Hiveships still inbound, and so many there were, each was committed to Sotha's gravity well, with no opportunity to intercept. While it appeared that chance, the will of the Emperor, perhaps skill and firepower had prevailed; none of these settled in Xaver's thoughts as the reason for their

success. The hivemind could not have cared less for them. In truth, they simply were not worth chasing down, crumbs allowed to fall from the table. An Astartes military mind noted this paradigm with great interest.

While a servitor reloaded clips methodically before him, a steady ratchet of casings being fed into place, the sound formed a mental metronome as Xaver remained deep in thought about the past hours. Keeping at bay the sense of loss one should rightly feel, choosing to occupy his mind with immediate issues of command and the convoy instead. He presently led twelve marines, one scout sergeant, four initiates and eight newly inducted neophytes. Of the Tenax compliment, there were a hundred and fifty chapter serfs, whom made the ship's guard among the two thousand crew, and six Falx Class Battle servitors. All told this force was nothing to take lightly with support, yet nothing of consequence given what they were up against. Finally Xaver understood the heavy bowed look upon Thorecyra, for the hivefleet required more than even an entire chapter could bear. Perhaps even the sector combined.

"Brother Xaver, the shuttle from the *Providence* has returned," spoke Gideon close at hand.

Flinching at the disembodied announcement, Xaver refitted his vox ear bead and several other accessories from the armoury alcove, securing each about his armour. Another reminder of their losses had tolled anew. Thunderhawks, all lost in turn over the week, forcing them to requisition this worn out shuttle to send marines throughout the convoy. In fact their entire transport pool was

gone, leaving only their hurriedly gathered supplies. Everything else had been committed and given unto the defence of Sotha.

Placing the refilled magazines into pouches, Xaver strode toward the armoury bulkhead with his scarred helm underarm, pausing at the small embedded shrine. Xaver made the appropriate ministrations, then continue on with a purpose,

"Ready the neophytes." he said by vox.

"Awaiting your review, they're blooded well enough." replied Gideon.

Pushing back the whispering despair; Xaver listened to the spirit and sense of righteousness in the voice of his second. So be it, Xaver decided; we will defeat them one ship at a time, then the convoy. Meet their brothers at Miral as ordered, begin the hunt upon scouts and seedling swarms to blind these fleets. Chase down and make tombs of any hiveship that straggles. The Tyranid will meet Sothan blood again and again. If they can claim it, then let the hivemind choke on it. Emperor judge our work.

Alone and cowed by the scale of the prow hangar, a well used cargo shuttle sat idling to depart as Xaver approached. Striding up the ramp, he dipped under the entryway and met Gideon's *'It will do'* gaze as they shared similar thoughts on the low height clearance.

Awaiting Xaver were Stavus and Melecar also. They filled most of the central hold with Gideon, flanked by the neophytes pressed against the hull. Everyone loaded for task. Xaver then eyed each youthful neophyte within, clearly blooded from clearing the starboard gun batteries. Their fire was up, eyes focussed and unwavering. These Scythes were a humbled few, but no less willing to strike. Xaver need not speak fine words or utter a war cry as the shuttle lifted. The raw gaze of every Scythe responded with a single phrase, *for Sotha.*