

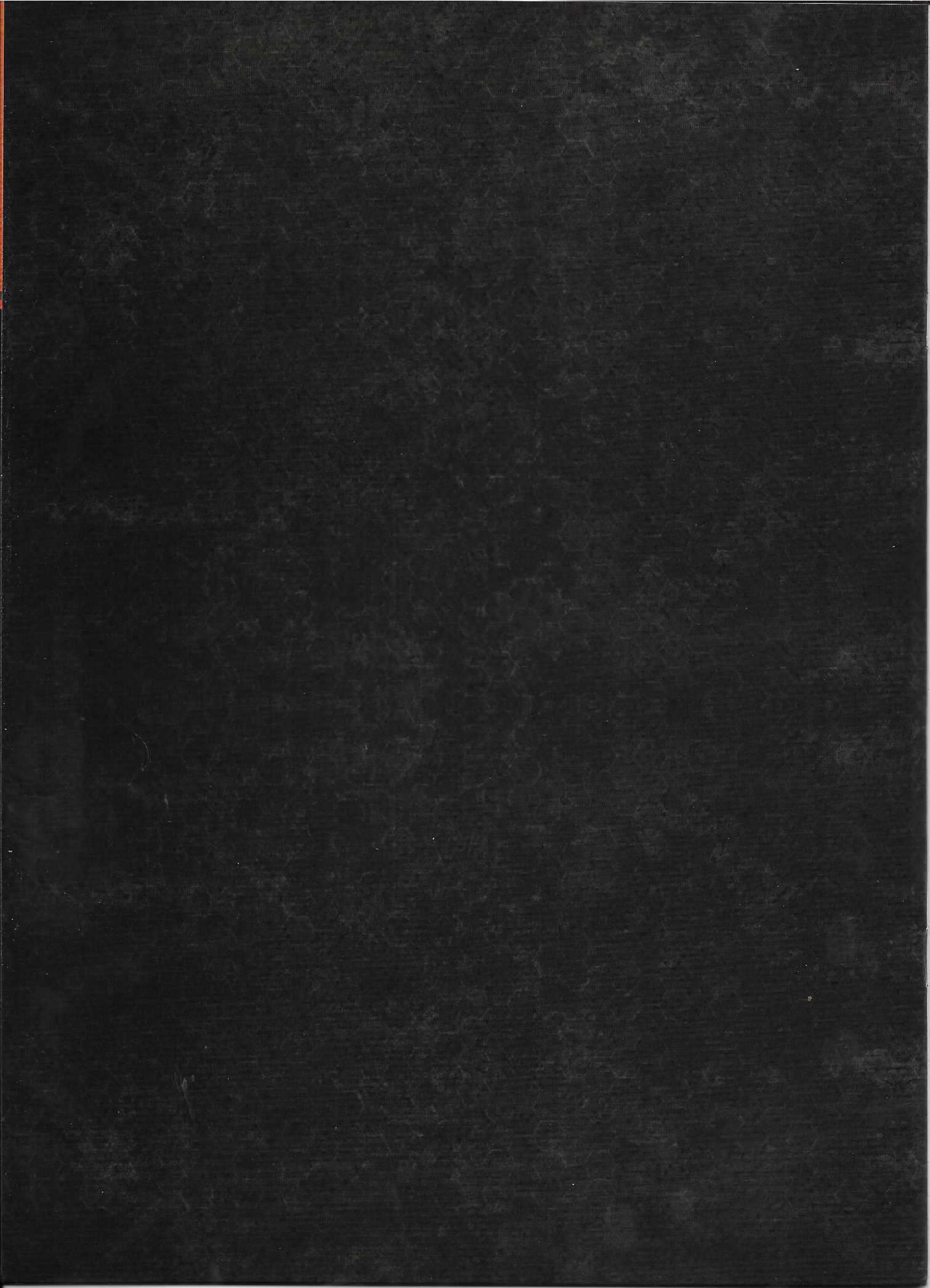
WARHAMMER
40,000

KILL TEAM™



SECTOR FRONTERIS

KILLZONE ENVIRONMENT



INTRODUCTION

Within the Imperium and beyond its borders lie lands outside the reach of law, territories ravaged by hostile life forms, xenos raiders and devastating climatic conditions. Here, in the wilds of the Sectors Fronteris, brave or desperate souls wage a constant battle of survival against overwhelming odds.

Sectors Fronteris are forsaken regions where the direct influence of the Imperium is little felt, if at all. These frontier zones have either remained untamed or been wilfully abandoned by civilisation, for they are often littered with all manner of deadly hazards: searing radiation storms, flesh-tearing predators and marauding outlaws, to name just a few. Yet many of these savage reaches possess a bounty of precious resources beneath their surfaces, oils and rare metals required to power the churning engine of the Imperium.

Prospectors, explorers and fugitives, seeking fortune or freedom from the Imperium's authoritarian dominance, make the journey to Sectors Fronteris. So too do agents of the Holy Ordos, the God-Emperor's feared Inquisition, seeking locations of isolation and secrecy from which to conduct their shadow war against the enemies of Mankind. Scattered across many Sectors Fronteris are wayward outposts of Humanity: sprawling mining settlements, far-flung research bases and hidden black sites. All are constructed from sturdy auto-fabricated habitations, bunkers designed to protect their occupants from the manifold threats of their environs. These structures provide a fortified defence against

roving xenos pirates and heretical reavers, their thick walls fending off volleys of bullets or energy fire, their filtration systems and rad-shields offering a measure of protection against sudden storms that ravage anyone unfortunate enough to be caught in the open.

The scenery in this box allows you to simulate these extreme environments in your own games of Kill Team. With a series of shattered ruins and Ryza-pattern structures, as well as Inquisitorial supply crates filled with contraband, you can replicate a gunfight amidst a choking sandstorm, or the last-ditch defence of a homestead against a sudden xenos assault.

One of the most enjoyable parts of the Warhammer 40,000 hobby is assembling and painting your miniatures. Perhaps you will decide to add a patina of rust and scarring to your Ryza-pattern habitations to signify the searing caress of relentless acid rainstorms. Maybe you wish to paint the walls and ruins jet black, the foreboding colours of a covert Inquisitorial facility. Whatever you decide, the scenery provided within this set will make an exciting and evocative addition to your tabletop gaming experience.



SECTOR FRONTERIS

Sectors Fronteris are sparsely populated, if not completely deserted, regions filled with hazards beyond imagination. Brave or foolhardy souls stray into these isolated expanses in search of their fortune, assembling hardy border outposts and research stations from auto-fabricated habitations.

In the 41st Millennium, to stray into the wilderness is to risk not only one's life, but one's very soul. Both within and beyond known space lie numberless dangers. Vicious alien raiders prowl trade routes in search of plunder and easy prey. Predatory life forms stalk poorly mapped backwaters. Extreme atmospheric events claim the lives of unprepared souls, acid typhoons and flesh-tearing sandstorms advancing swiftly and without warning from beyond the horizon. Beneath the facades of seemingly abandoned locales slumber greater horrors still, ancient and terrible creatures that will one day awaken and drown the stars in blood. Even on worlds apparently dominated by civilisation, there are places where lawlessness and anarchy rule, badlands plagued by savages and criminal gangs. These are the Sectors Fronteris, and life here is brutal beyond imagining.

The Imperium of Mankind constantly despatches new expeditions to uncharted planets. The war machine of Humanity requires an endless supply of raw resources, and this relentless consumption swiftly drains worlds dry. New veins of rare minerals and metals must be secured, and so mining guilds and Adeptus Mechanicus survey teams venture forth into the unknown in search of the Imperium's lifeblood. Though they typically have little choice in the matter, the indentured workers assigned to such high-risk ventures are destined to experience the most perilous and thankless conditions imaginable. They toil ceaselessly in environments utterly inimical to humans, and must exist in a state of constant alert lest they fall prey to local wildlife or lethal phenomena.

Seldom do the Imperial authorities bother to provide dedicated security forces for frontier outposts, and so the workers must look to their own defence, utilising whatever makeshift weaponry or limited small arms they can scavenge. Without planetary governance or detachments of the Adeptus Arbites to keep the peace, many frontier worlds devolve into lawless, semi-barbaric societies.

Without the adaptable and sturdy habitations produced en masse by forge worlds across the galaxy, these frontier expeditions would be little more than suicide missions. Based upon ancient Standard Template Construct schematics, these shelters consist of a series of metal sheets, rockcrete stanchions and corrugated roofs that can be arranged in whichever pattern is required.

Assembled swiftly by servitors and work gangs, Ryza-pattern habitations offer protection from the harsh elements and aggressive fauna, as well as limited oxygen reprocessing facilities and internal heating via a series of promethium-powered generators. The same basic plans can be adjusted to create all manner of essential structures: water filtration plants, cogitator stations, internment cells and more.

Designed to withstand the very worst climates, the thick walls of these habitations allow them to function as makeshift military bunkers in case of enemy attacks. Thick metal plating fends off small arms fire, while their sturdy, utilitarian construction proves surprisingly effective against explosive munitions. In the event of a lockdown, a habitation's plasteel shutters will slam closed and security doors will automatically mag-lock shut, bisecting any living thing unfortunate enough to be in the way at the time. Many would-be raiders have given up in frustration, unable to breach the dense walls of a Ryza-pattern habitation to get at the loot or living cargo inside.

Across the galaxy, many frontier settlements and sprawling facilities have sprung up from the core foundations of a Ryza-pattern complex. Though the architecture of these habitations often shares a similar aesthetic due to ubiquitous use of the same STC schematics, the materials used differ from planet to planet. Unsanctioned alteration of the Omnissiah's holy gifts is condemned by both the Imperial Cult and the servants of the Machine God, but beyond the immediate reach of these institutions, hardy frontier folk often construct their own additions to the Ryza-pattern habitation – adding automated sentry guns to provide a further level of defence, for example, or drilling holes in the walls to provide ventilation in sweltering environments. They might also create perimeters from Ryza-pattern wall sections, chest-high fortifications that provide an effective perimeter.

Not all excursions into Sectors Fronteris are driven by avarice or industrial consumption. The Holy Inquisition favours distant, forgotten places as locations for its safehouses and black sites. Here, sanctified interrogations and experiments can be carried out far from prying eyes. The Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus similarly value secrecy; their research bases and archeotech dig sites are scattered across the stars,

hotspots for their relentless pursuit of knowledge. The Astra Militarum occasionally garrisons border planets with communications outposts or forward bases, the first line of defence against an invading enemy force. So redoubtable are the buildings of Sectors Fronteris that they often outlive the settlers who first occupied them. The hinterlands of many worlds are littered with centuries-old skeletal ruins, the remnants of long-lost colonies whose disappearance went entirely unrecorded by the wider Imperium. Guardsmen find themselves bivouacking amidst these solemn ghost towns, some of which still house more than mere echoes of the past in their darkest corners...

Many Imperial frontier habitations have been overtaken by heretical or xenos forces, who convert the structures for their own purposes. Orks bedeck the dwellings with totems and trophies, and use the rugged frameworks of Ryza-pattern constructions as skeletons for their anarchic Mek Workshops. The indoctrinated foot soldiers of the Genestealer Cults spread their delusional creed amidst far-flung colonies. The Dark Mechanicum seek out the holdings of loyalist Tech-Priests, corrupting their archeotech excavations and experimental laboratories for their own ends. Due to their position on the fringes of Imperial space, frontier worlds are constantly under threat from enemy raids. Tyranid hive fleets devour outlying planets greedily, gathering vast quantities of biomass before they advance upon a

sector's more heavily defended worlds. Drukhari raiders delight in the opportunity to prey on isolated worlds, and roving bands of Orks simply live to smash anything unfortunate enough to lie in their path. Even the ground beneath one's feet might house some deadly menace – the tomb worlds of the Necrons are scattered across the Imperium and beyond, and these ageless tyrants might awaken at any moment to obliterate the intruders infesting their ancient domains.

It is relatively rare for all-out war to visit Sectors Fronteris due to their far-flung nature and limited infrastructure. Instead, the majority of skirmishes are fought between small bands of killers: advance scouting patrols and precision strike teams sent to recover valuable assets. Here, amidst the lawless regions of the galaxy, the fighting is brutal and furious. Raiders launch guerrilla strikes from industry-ravaged wastelands, guns roaring as they seek to cut down their foes and make off with vital supplies. Defenders stand their ground, blazing away with lasguns and autorifles from behind the steel walls of their outposts, frantically hoping that they can drive back the onrushing enemy before their ammunition runs dry. As storms and solar flares batter the untamed land, these desperate warriors fight for every scrap of territory, giving no quarter and expecting no mercy. Out in the wilds of the galaxy there is no hope of resupply or reinforcement, only a vicious and bloody battle for survival.



DEADLY WILDS

Across the stars there exist remote areas where the rule of the Imperium means nothing at all, badlands where there is no civilisation or order, only unceasing bloodshed and anarchy. These are the Sectors Fronteris, some of the deadliest environments of the known galaxy.

BLACK SITE ALPHA-VIRIDIUS

The ocean world of Thanakra lies on the edge of the Segmentum Solar. Lacking in valuable resources and almost devoid of life due to a thin and highly toxic atmosphere, Thanakra has been left largely untouched by the Imperium of Mankind. Its far-flung position and inhospitable climate make it the perfect place for the Holy Ordos to conduct the rendition and interrogation of valuable assets.

Black Site Alpha-Viridius is a secret Inquisitorial containment facility built upon an artificial archipelago at Thanakra's polar hemisphere. Ryza-pattern habitations have been converted into mass-internment blocks, each packed with captured xenos agents and heretics and guarded by black-clad Inquisitorial storm troopers. It is the most remote and hellish place imaginable. The air is so thick with toxic gases that anyone straying into the open must wear hazard suits and rebreathers, or drown in their own dissolving lungs. Ice-shard blizzards whip in across the sea, shredding in moments anyone foolish enough to not seek cover. Escape was long thought impossible, for the ocean is lethal acid and there is no land, not even the smallest island haven upon which to go to ground.

This unforgiving environment did not dissuade Harlequins from the Masque of the Veiled Path from breaching the maximum-security perimeter of Black Site Alpha-Viridius. Slaughtering their way through the patrol teams and riot guards, the mysterious Aeldari breached the security nexus and opened every single one of the facility's confinement cubes. The reason for this assault would never be fully explained, but in the resulting mayhem the facility was entirely overrun by rampaging prisoners. The Ork Kommando Nob Trozga Eyebite soon dominated the northern seasteads with his brutal gangs, while the southern quadrant became a lightless, corpse-strewn nightmare controlled by the insane Drukhari Reaver Khravakas. The Harlequins departed soon after their ploy succeeded, leaving the few remaining loyalist guards to the tender mercies of those they had once imprisoned and tortured.

The Inquisition has since rushed fresh reinforcements to Thanakra to restore a semblance of order, including a regiment of Savlar Chem-Dogs and elite warriors of the Militarum Tempestus. The bloody, corridor-to-corridor fighting shows no sign of abating.

SCARTIA DORATH

For more than three centuries, Inquisitor Cartensus of the Ordo Malleus had studied the nature and workings of daemonkind, gaining insights that made him one of the foremost experts in the ranks of the Holy Ordos on the banishment of malicious warp entities. In his personal safe house upon the windswept planet of Scartia Dorath, the Inquisitor kept many items heretical in nature. The most dreadful artefacts in his possession were the nine tomes of the Aevum Crucia. These books of Chaos lore contained the collected names of the Greater Daemon of Tzeentch known as the Prince of Silver Tears.

Scartia Dorath lay within a cluster of crystalline asteroid fields all but impossible for conventional vessels to traverse. Its surface was ravaged by solar storms and radiation cascades. So it was with shock and grim foreboding that the Grey Knights Justicar Ulleceus Barron received a vermilion-level security transmission from Inquisitor Cartensus, warning that Heretic Astartes of the Thousand Sons had breached his defences, and were at that moment advancing upon his safe house – no doubt they sought the Inquisitor's trove of esoteric lore. Barron and his Strike Squad, veterans all of the 7th Brotherhood 'Exactors', had long fought alongside Cartensus, and immediately departed for Scartia Dorath.

Making their way through the labyrinthine asteroid fields using coordinates that only the Inquisitor and his closest companions were privy to, Justicar Barron and his fellow Grey Knights made planetfall next to the battered and smoking habitations that constituted the Inquisitor's private cloister. Inside they found Inquisitor Cartensus sprawled at the foot of a pile of bloodied corpses – his Acolytes and servitors, flayed and mutilated with the symbols of Chaos.

With his last words, Cartensus warned the Grey Knights that he had secreted the nine tomes of the Aevum Crucia in several safe houses scattered across the surface of Scartia Dorath, but the Sorcerers of the Thousand Sons had torn the locations of seven from his unwilling mind. What followed was a desperate race against time across the radioactive wastelands of Scartia Dorath, as Barron's Grey Knights and the Sorcerers of the Thousand Sons both sought the volumes of the forbidden text.

HADRAK'S FOLLY

The notorious frontier colony of Hadrak's Folly lies on the edge of the Chalnath Expanse, a vast and largely uncharted region of space on the Imperium's eastern flank. It is a lawless place, covered with dense forest filled with all manner of predatory flora and fauna. The trees and lasher vines seem to have a mind their own, and only perimeter moats of burning promethium keep them from swallowing the clustered spaceports of Hadrak's Folly whole.

Though it is a harsh and unforgiving place, there is a reason that prospectors and would-be fortune seekers once flocked to Hadrak's Folly. The original colony was founded in late M41 by the Rogue Trader Goyle Hadrak, upon discovery of veins of glittering symanthite in caves deep below the planet's surface. This diamond-hard substance is used in the construction of high-end wargear and the armour plating of war machines, and is all but impervious to conventional energy weapons. Hadrak himself wore power armour reinforced with pure symanthite, and his believed invulnerability led him to rule Hadrakia – as it was then known – as an unopposed tyrant, until his crew staged a mutiny and slew him with a symanthite-edged dagger.

In recent years the colony has come under threat from T'au forces of the Fifth Sphere Expansion, who found themselves adrift in a strange new sector after travelling through the wormhole known as the Startide Nexus. Desiring the symanthite for their own purposes, the T'au attempted to negotiate the annexation of Hadrak's Folly peacefully – a tactic swiftly abandoned when their

diplomatic envoy was burned alive by the ruling Rogue Trader lords known as the Council of the Crystal Blade. Ever since, the T'au – unable to despatch a full invasion force due to their commitment to other war zones in the region – have waged a campaign of sabotage and guerrilla warfare against the colonists of Hadrak's Folly. Kroot hunting packs haunt the forests, preying upon prospectors and anyone foolish enough to stray into the wilds, and hard-bitten T'au Pathfinders launch raids against vital facilities, hoping to wear the settlers down to the point at which they will offer a peaceful surrender.

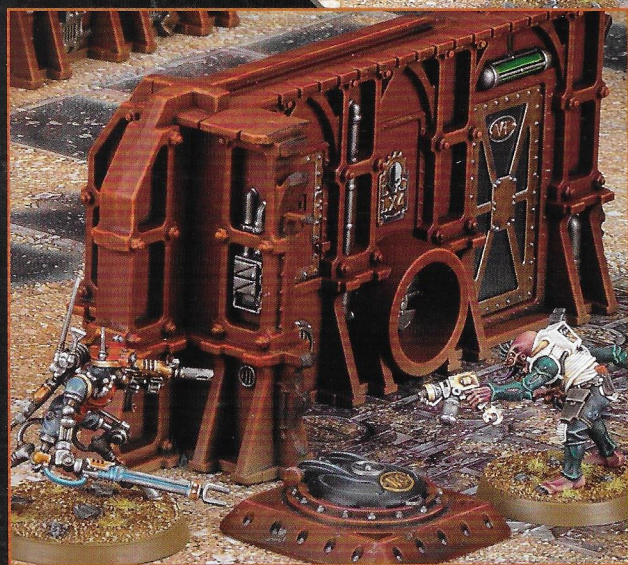
Realising the gravity of the T'au threat, the Council of the Crystal Blade sent numerous distress calls into the void. Most were swallowed by the surging tides of the Cicatrix Maledictum, but one was received by a ragtag fleet of Astra Militarum ships, the remnants of a battlefleet ravaged by warp storms and heretic raids. Diverting course towards Hadrak's Folly, the battlefleet delivered a complement of Catachan Jungle Fighters to the surface of the frontier world. Led by General Morl 'Razor' Rachnor, this tattered force has engaged the reconnaissance teams of the T'au in a series of bloody skirmishes, delighting in testing their combat blades against a worthy enemy after years spent adrift amongst the horrors of the Imperium Nihilus.

Amidst the lashvine copses and spore-choked glades of Hadrak's Folly, the advanced weaponry and tactics of the T'au are tested against the brawn and resilience of Catachan warriors fighting in environments to which they are well accustomed, and the soil is watered with the blood of both forces.





An Acolyte Hybrid dashes to cover behind the ruins of a rockcrete wall, though even the sturdy material might not be enough to fend off the surging voltaic power of a Tech-Priest Manipulus' magnarail lance.



A firefight between a Sicarian Infiltrator and his Hybrid Metamorph foe is interrupted as a stray flechette round breaches an exhaust vent, masking both combatants in a cloud of steam.



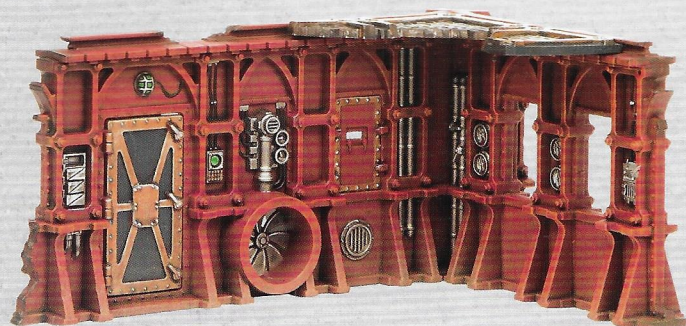
Valuable resources from this destroyed outpost lie amongst the ruins. The seal of the Inquisition leads many opposing factions to lay claim to them, and to pay for their avarice in blood.



The Kelermorph opens fire upon a fleet-footed Sicarian Infiltrator with his liberator autostubs, while automated hazard alarms blare with an insistent, deafening screech.



The majority of frontier habitations feature in-built oxygen recyc facilities and promethium generators, allowing the inhabitants to survive through extended solar storms and protracted sieges.



Ryza-pattern habitations can be constructed from many different materials, depending upon the hazards of the local environment. Thick walls of ferrocrete provide a rugged defence against both lethal weather and sustained gunfire.



So sturdy are Ryza-pattern habitations that even the cut-down ruins of those structures destroyed by war or looting provide resilient cover in a firefight. A squad dug in amongst such terrain can prove hard to shift.

The Inquisition maintains many isolated black sites, safehouses and armouries on frontier worlds. Some of these facilities contain contraband materials and deadly xenotech, stored in near-impenetrable lock-boxes.

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Beyond the fringes of civilisation lie dangers and horrors untold...

Sectors Fronteris are lawless frontier zones outside the reach of Imperial law. Ravaged by deadly rad-storms, plagued by voracious flora and fauna, they are amongst the most hazardous territories in the galaxy. Yet many also possess bountiful raw materials, resources which are fiercely contested by rival kill teams. This booklet describes in detail the dangers of Sector Fronteris environments, and examines the conditions kill teams must fight through in such places and the reasons they would do so at all. It describes some of the most infamous and hostile frontiers, while providing a wealth of inspiration for setting your own Kill Team games in these forsaken regions.

WARHAMMER 40,000 KILL TEAM