

WARHAMMER
40,000

KILLTEAM™



SECTOR MECHANICUS

KILLZONE ENVIRONMENT



INTRODUCTION

Within this book you will learn about the twisted industrial sprawl of the Sectors Mechanicus. These ancient and archaic infrastructures cover countless worlds within the Emperor's domain, pumping the volatile promethium and sacred unguents that fuel the impossibly vast Imperial war machine.

Sector Mechanicus is the name given to those landscapes that have become buried beneath labyrinthine strata of metal and machinery. The lowest and most dilapidated layers of this infrastructure were built millennia ago during the Dark Age of Technology, when Mankind first extended its reach to the stars. Every valve and conduit still plays a vital role in keeping some part of the Imperium's industry churning. But so much of its purpose has become lost over time, shrouded in myth and obscure ritual. Even the most sagacious Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus, whose logic-banks contain vast quantities of data on the functionality of this tangled network, know but a fraction of the intricately ordered processes by which a given section operates.

Battles fought within a Sector Mechanicus are truly hellish. Acrid smoke clouds spew constantly from myriad exhaust pipes, and the heat of fuels combusted inside hyper-pressurised reactors can incinerate those who stray too close to crisis vents. A blast wave from a nearby grenade can send a combatant tumbling from the gantries down to the darkness below, and a misplaced step or clumsy hand can trigger a catastrophic series of pyric cleansing protocols.

The scenery contained in this product allows you to play games of Warhammer 40,000 and Kill Team that are set within the industrial rust-scapes of the 41st Millennium. Whether conducting a siege on a smog-choked planet dedicated entirely to weapons production, launching hit-and-run attacks across orbital refinery platforms or fighting through the cramped darkness of an Imperial under-hive, Sector Mechanicus scenery provides an evocative and interactive dimension to your battlefield.

Inside this booklet is a stunning showcase of Citadel Miniatures engaged in tense battle amidst the twisted tangles of machinery, using the Sector Mechanicus Killzone to outflank and ambush their enemies. Even before reaching the tabletop, there is a lot of fun to be had in assembling and painting your scenery. You may want to hone your weathering skills, showing the wear and tear on each ancient coupling and picking out panelling with scorch marks sustained in previous battles. Or you may want to daub each pipe with a strange rune known only to the agents of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Whatever theme, colours or history you envisage, your Sector Mechanicus scenery will transform your tabletop into a machine-laden war zone.



SECTOR MECHANICUS

Without city-sized conglomerations of furnaces and relays connected by trillions of miles of pipes pumping a constant supply of fuel, the Imperial war machine would grind to a halt. Yet few of the Sector Mechanicus mechanisms are fully understood.

Though Sector Mechanicus machinery serves a vital function, its complexity makes it appear more like a haphazard labyrinth than a system that follows any identifiable logic. Vine-like tangles of pipes wind around trellises of gantries and support struts, connecting vast reservoirs of highly combustible fuels to arrays of ferratonic furnaces and promethium forges. Ladders joining various service levels plummet down through dark knots of metal, and clawed servo-skulls latch onto and reconfigure pipelines based on mysterious, millennia-old sub-routines. It is through this maze that the lifeblood of Imperial worlds flows – highly combustible promethium, which is used to power colossal factorums, as well as the hydro-recyclers and air-ventricles that keep the heaving populations of the planets alive.

Aside from the most pristine agri worlds and those planets upon which apocalyptic Exterminatus has been wrought, there are few places in the Imperium that do not bear the trace of Sector Mechanicus machinery. The most abundant clusters are on worlds given over entirely to industry, where great savannahs of gantries and pipework stretch over the horizons, and towering mesas of interconnected magnavents reach up through ever-present smog drifts. On these planets, the layers of industry are often piled so high that the rusted ducts and auto-relays of the lower levels have been compacted into dense, exotic metals, or melted by the crushing heat into aquifers of slag.

Similar industrial latitudes extend across isolated moons and remote, asteroid-based outposts. Research stations, bunker complexes and even the fortress monasteries of the Adeptus Astartes must be supplied with fuel and energy, and these are drawn from subterranean gas pockets by enormous derricks, or from refinery complexes built into chemical-rich glaciers. Even those rare sites of beauty within the Imperium rely on plasma inductors and promethium relays. The hidden infrastructure runs up through the spines of grandiose hive spires and beneath the gaudy arboretums of planetary governors' residences, supplying fuel, recycling waste and powering defence systems and communications relays. So old and ubiquitous are the foundations of the Sector Mechanicus sprawls that many palatial structures are founded upon the crude and cryptic channels of promethium pipes, rather than having purpose-built and self-contained reactors.

The overwhelming majority of Sector Mechanicus componentry predates Imperial records, and is founded upon Standard Template Construct patterns from the Dark Age of Technology. Only a handful of STCs survived the long millennia since that shrouded chapter of Humanity's history, and are kept in heavily defended and sanctified vaults on forge worlds across the galaxy. The Adeptus Mechanicus use these STCs to produce replacement parts, and in this way are able to stave off some of the degradations endured by the constantly active machinery. But this is a task of truly astronomical proportions. There may be trillions of copies of a particular promethium relay component, scattered across hundreds of thousands of worlds, but only a single existing STC capable of forging replacements. Only a small fraction of the highly damaged parts ever get replaced, and the inevitable failure of such components can result in catastrophic system malfunctions. Even more troublesome are the manifold pressure valves and thermo-modulators for which there are no means of replacement. It would be suicide for the Imperium to slow its production, and so there is no alternative other than to let these components grow more worn and warped every day under the strain of ceaseless industry.

What maintenance the Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus can perform is steeped in superstition and dogma. A simple realignment of a piston matrix requires a long series of prayers to be incanted to the Omnissiah, beseeching the God of Machines to guide the tool-craft of the chosen adepts. The componentry is then daubed with sacred oils refined on the most holy forge worlds before the intricate and abstruse procedure is started. The slightest deviation from the repair protocols is deemed an act of heresy punishable by death, for to tamper with Sector Mechanicus systems is to invite disaster. An incorrect coupling of a pipe section can lead to apocalyptic explosions of super-pressurised promethium, and a hierarchic modulator placed in the wrong receptacle can result in the irreversible shutdown of an entire hive city's power grid. The causes and long-term effects of these catastrophes are poorly understood, even by the highest-ranking magi amongst the Adeptus Mechanicus, and as such they must cleave to their rote-learned operations, painstakingly following the steps in each long and elaborate sequence, and precisely measuring the position of every single nut and bolt.

RUSTED WAR ZONES

Due to the ubiquity of Sectors Mechanicus on Imperial worlds, many of these industrial sprawls inevitably become battlefields. When launching attacks against densely populated hive cities or heavily fortified installations, invading Chaos and xenos armies often make planetfall outside the range of anti-air emplacements, choosing instead to approach their intended targets on land. These armies are then faced with a choice – advance along heavily defended highways, or traverse the tangled tracts of refineries and pipe-webs surrounding such macro-structures. It is almost impossible to send massed troops and armoured columns through the industrial terrain, so armies are broken down into smaller detachments to better navigate the impossibly twisted maze of gantries and ladders. Such advances are invariably slow, and the defending Imperial forces are given ample opportunity to launch guerilla raids on the approaching foe, but the metal landscape is only slightly more familiar to the defenders of the planet, and kill teams sent to harry the invaders often go missing amidst the labyrinth of machinery.

When opposing kill teams meet, brutal combat is sure to ensue. Warriors dart along platforms to take cover behind outcropping machinery, the whole while levelling salvos at their enemies. Blade-wielding fanatics launch themselves over walkway railings, falling

upon their foes to hack them limb from limb. The sites of these engagements are often filled with toxic fumes or shaken by the tremors of gigantic mechanisms working far down on the lowest levels, and, as the battle rages, the destruction wrought by lobbed grenades and stray shots eats away at the carefully tuned industrial systems. Sudden gouts of plasma burst from rents in stabilising units, immolating the incautious, and pressure-baffles explode into showers of shrapnel. Those brave enough to tamper with the machinery may even be able to turn the roaring energies coursing through the terrain upon their enemies, releasing jets of superheated exhaust from accessible vents, or igniting the sprays of fuel run-off to form torrents of fire.

Yet despite the dangers, Sector Mechanicus networks provide myriad strategic opportunities for canny commanders. By following the major pipe arteries, a squad may find an unseen route into a redoubtable bastion, emerging to assault comms stations or capture munitions stores. Alternatively, by laying waste to the central processors and refinery clusters in an industrial region, distant defence batteries can be silenced before a siege is launched, or the same fuel systems may be diverted to power the forward bases of the invading army. Even the very componentry of the machines can serve a vital military purpose, for amidst the rusted ducts and dilapidated gantries lies powerful archeotech that can be deadly when put to the right use.



IRON LABYRINTHS

Many war zones in Imperial space have fronts that rage across fields of Sector Mechanicus machinery. Though these industrial hellscape are rarely host to large-scale armies, who prefer to wage apocalyptic battle on more open terrain, the brutal skirmishes of elite kill teams can sway the fates of entire worlds.

VIGILUS

A vital world in the galactic north of the Imperium, Vigilus had been on an active war footing for millennia. The planet supplied manpower and materiel to various war zones, and the psycho-reactive Bastion-class force fields produced by the Adeptus Mechanicus on Vigilus were exported to worlds across the galaxy. When the Great Rift began to coalesce around Vigilus, the growing warp storms spat forth a huge fleet of Ork vessels, which descended upon the planet with rapacious fury. The psychic shock wave that was sent out as the Great Rift finally tore open caused the force fields protecting Vigilus' continental hivespawls to fall, to breach the perimeters and besiege the Imperial defenders.

Yet a more insidious threat had been lurking within the Adeptus Mechanicus-controlled hivespawl of Megaborealis. A splinter cult of the Pauper Princes had been festering amongst the miners and factorum workers, spreading the mutative Genestealer Curse across the continent. While the greenskins attacked at the borders, the Genestealer Cultists arose from the heart of Megaborealis, turning their tools of labour into brutal weapons and slaughtering their Adeptus Mechanicus overseers. Whole regions of the vast industrial sprawl fell silent as plasma flows were diverted away from auto-manufactorums, and towering alchomite stack complexes were obliterated with demolition charges secretly planted into the substructure. The cultists launched swift and brutal assaults against the Vigilite defenders and the invading Orks alike, pursuing their twisted belief that they were preparing the world for the coming of the Star Children. Though the anarchy created by these attacks was monumental, the cultists themselves were elusive, remaining hidden from view in the under-ducts and strip mines that covered the continent.

In an effort to quell this rampant threat, kill teams of Adeptus Mechanicus warriors inloaded with eradication protocols were sent into the dense industrial jungle. The cybernetic soldiers continue to engage the xenos-human hybrids in a series of skirmishes that ranges over thousands of square miles, as well as deep into the porous mine calderas that dot the continent. The battles of Megaborealis are characterised by the ambushes laid by the Genestealer Cultists, who lure their enemies into areas laced with booby traps before emerging from beneath grates to pounce on their foes.

THE MESSAHVAK PLATFORM

In the wake of the Great Rift opening, the nine-times-nine star systems of the Stygius Sector were enveloped by the twisted hordes of Tzeentch, the Chaos God of change and manipulation. Insanity-inducing energies washed over the Imperial worlds within the sector, and heretical cults devoted to the Architect of Fate arose across multiple planets. Into this entropic maelstrom came ravenous empyric entities, as well as the Thousand Sons led by the Daemon Primarch Magnus the Red. Though some worlds fell with horrendous swiftness, on others Astra Militarum regiments were able to hold out until Chapters of Adeptus Astartes and Skitarii Legions answered the desperate calls for reinforcement.

In the Dhobash System, the hive world of Tarkan was at the centre of a baleful hex carved into the fabric of reality by Sorcerers of the Thousand Sons. As the curse took effect, the structure of the planet and its surrounding satellites began to warp, twisting through unseen dimensions into impossible configurations. Tarkan was a vital production hub in the system, and so Imperial forces fought to undo this hex, desperately searching for each of the nine Sorcerers to whom the psychic malediction was bound. The location of one of these Sorcerers was traced to the Messahvak Platform that sat in orbit above Tarkan's southern pole. Formed from vast, mineral rich asteroids that had been tethered together millennia ago by a web of Sector Mechanicus ducts and service-ways, the Messahvak Platform produced the enormous quantities of fuel that fired the planet's industry. But the hex had twisted the platform into an infeasible knot of logic-defying bends and screaming warp passages. With a standard assault rendered impossible, Dark Angels, Tarkan Longrifles and Mordian Iron Guard kill teams were sent to find the Sorcerer hidden within the fractal refinery.

As the Imperial kill teams pushed inwards, the gantries and ferratonic compounds of the platform mutated into altered patterns behind them, while Rubric Marines and Tzaangors attacked them from newly emerging angles. Arterial pipes and regulator nodes bent beyond cohesion released explosive gouts of warfire, which melded the flesh of those it scorched to the surrounding metal infrastructure. Of the Imperial kill teams sent into the Messahvak Platform, few have emerged, while those who have found a way out of the sorcerous labyrinth are wracked with insanity.

ARMAGEDDON

The Third War for Armageddon saw a mighty Ork Waaagh! descend upon the industrialised Imperial world. Led by the prophetically cunning Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka, the greenskin hordes surged across the ash wastes and laid siege to the planet's towering hive cities. Given the strategic importance of Armageddon as a navigation and communications hub – not to mention the vast amounts of materiel produced in its colossal manufacturums – Imperial forces from nearby sectors flocked to the planet en masse to hold back the crushing tide of Orks. Yet a devastating blow was dealt to the defending armies when the deposed planetary governor, Herman von Strab, declared himself ruler of Armageddon's primary hive city of Acheron. Backed by a bodyguard of veteran Orks, von Strab leveraged his influence over Acheron's corrupt nobility, gaining control over its substantial production capabilities and turning them over to the invading greenskin Warlord.

Acheron soon became a focal point in war zone Armageddon, with loyalist and traitor forces fighting within the hive whilst Ork and Imperial armies launched waves of assaults from the wastelands. Herman von Strab was eventually assassinated, and the vacuum of power within the hive city caused the battle to devolve into a brutal and bloody stalemate, with neither side able to secure control of Acheron. Space Marine and Astra Militarum kill teams were deployed into the warren-like underhive, where they fought a shadow war amongst the tangled pipes and ancient pumping stations that ran through the interstices of the city. Known as

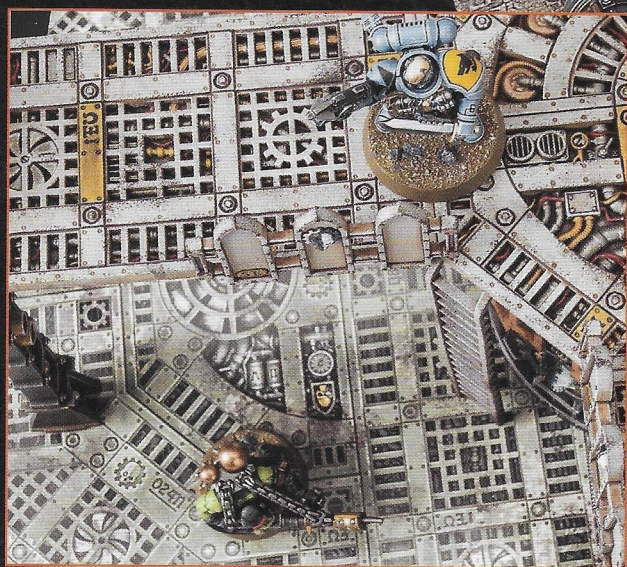
the Promethium Sprawl, this web of infrastructure connected every part of the hive, from the lowest levels to the upper spire, supplying the energy and fuel that allowed Acheron to function. By traversing the Promethium Sprawl, these kill teams were able to circumvent fortified enemy positions, launching surprise attacks, destroying supply caches and diverting power from key weapons systems. Kill teams of Orks and traitor Guardsmen launched counter-offensives, delving into the Promethium Sprawl to hunt down and eradicate the elusive Imperial saboteurs. Some of these kill teams entered the hive from the ash wastes, using disused service hatches and forgotten ducts that fed into the foundations of the city. Others were formed of warriors fighting within the walls of the hive itself, who descended into the crumbling lower levels.

Only the hardest and most skilled survived long in the battles of the Promethium Sprawl. The sections of the hive through which this metallic lattice ran had fallen into disrepair millennia ago, and were prone to cave ins and floods of toxic run-off from massive industrial drainage spouts. The gloom, noxious vapours and constant rumbling of machinery masked the movements of enemy patrols, making ambushes an ever-present danger. As these kill teams battled in the darkness, they were set upon by the mutated beasts that had evolved in the industrial waste that pooled in Acheron's lowest levels, and had to contend with bizarre tribes of worker zealots who protected the integrity of the pipeworks with religious fervour. Just as the Third War for Armageddon continues to rage, so too do the savage battles within Acheron's industrial framework.



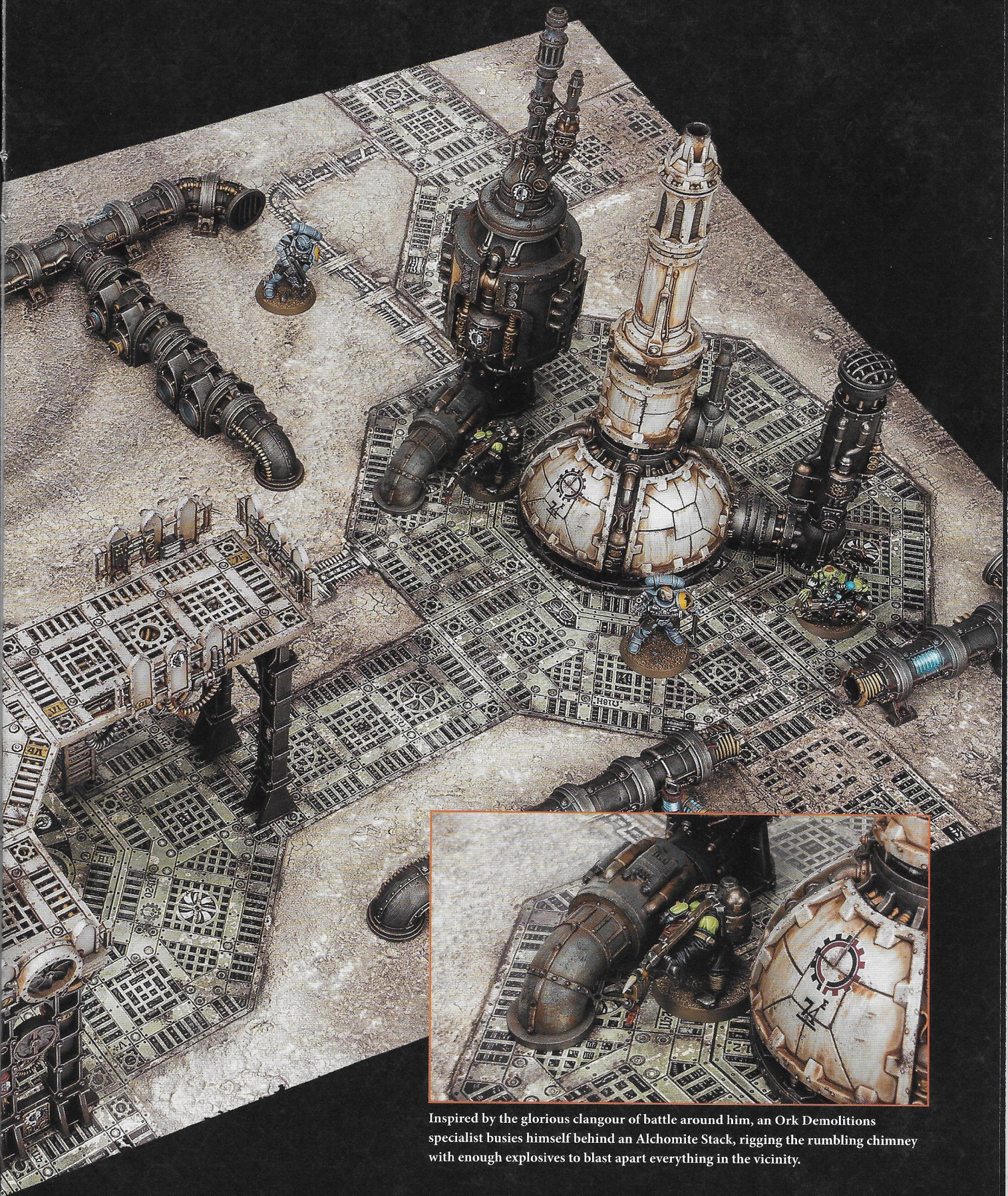


A Reiver takes cover behind a length of Thermic Plasma Conduit to avoid the Burna Boy's sprays of fire. But as the gouts of flame eat away at the conduit's casing, the Reiver risks being incinerated by a sudden burst of released plasma.



After ascending to the gantry of a Ferratonic Incinerator, this Reiver tethers himself to the barrier before drawing a bead on the rampaging Orks directly below.





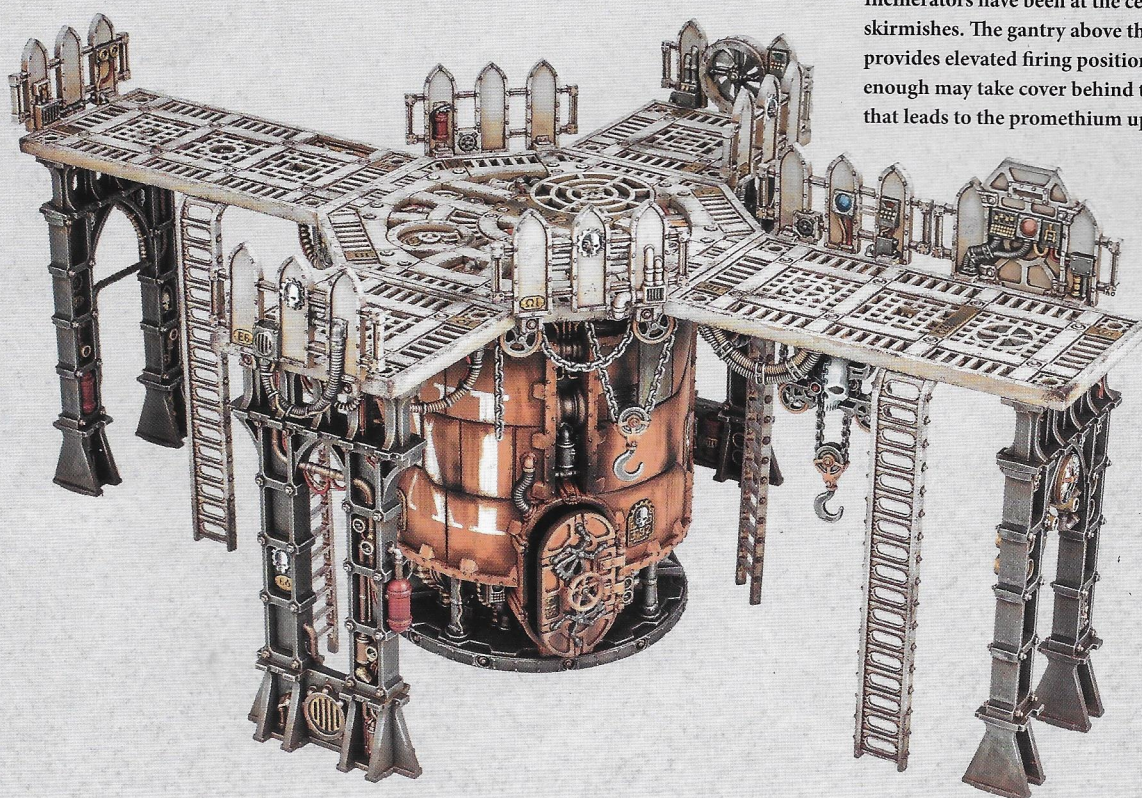
Inspired by the glorious clangour of battle around him, an Ork Demolitions specialist busies himself behind an Alchomite Stack, rigging the rumbling chimney with enough explosives to blast apart everything in the vicinity.



As battles rage around them, Alchomite Stacks continue to spew thick clouds of noxious exhaust. By manipulating the crisis vents, a canny warrior may be able to direct the lethal fumes towards their enemies.



By tapping into the alternator ports of a Thermic Plasma Conduit grid, a fighter can either dissipate or augment the raw and deadly energy of their most dangerous weaponry.



Rumbling with infernal heat, Ferratonic Incinerators have been at the centre of many skirmishes. The gantry above the firing chamber provides elevated firing positions, while those brave enough may take cover behind the reinforced door that leads to the promethium uptakes.

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Through these webs of grinding metal is the
lifblood of the Imperial war machine kept pumping.

Sprawling over countless Imperial worlds, the landscapes known as Sectors Mechanicus are tangled mazes of pipes, conduits and heaving machinery. Without these rumbling furnaces and smog-belching chimneys the ceaseless war industries of Humanity would stall, and the armies of the Imperium of Man – shorn of materiel reinforcement – would fall to the xenos and the heretic.

This booklet provides an in-depth history of Sector Mechanicus landscapes and their vital role on Imperium worlds and outposts. In addition, you will find detailed accounts of some of the most brutal and decisive conflicts to have been fought by kill teams amidst the tangled industrial sprawls.

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