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KILL TEAM™



GAMMA-ZHUL-881

SKITARII KILL TEAM

INTRODUCTION

Welcome, Magos, to this sacred primer. Within its pages you shall find a log of the deeds of Skitarii Kill Team Gamma-Zhul-881. Inload it well, cogitate its data-packets in the optimal fashion; these cyborg warriors have fought well for the Omnissiah, and now they are yours to command...

The kill teams of the Adeptus Mechanicus are comprised of those warriors whose battle-logic makes them ideally suited for guerilla warfare. They are despatched by their controlling Magi on all manner of dangerous missions, some of them self-contained conflicts veiled in secrecy, others distinct operations within the wider strategic manoeuvres of an entire battlefield. In either case, these valuable combat assets fight hard in the Omnissiah's name, completing their assigned tasks no matter the cost to themselves or any who stands in their way.

Within this booklet, you will find an account of the warriors that comprise one such team, that can be built and equipped using the Skitarii miniatures supplied in this box. A short piece of fiction shows these veteran cyborg warriors in battle, fighting through the ruins of an Imperial city against the hated insurgents of the Genestealer Cults. After this account, you will find details of each of the Skitarii in the kill team, based upon names and story notes generated by rolling on the tables found in the Kill Team Core Manual.

Deepening this background further, you will find a timeline covering the heroic exploits that saw the

warriors of Kill Team Gamma-Zhul-881 hand-picked for special duties, and the dangers and victories they have known since they first came together to fight as one.

Accompanying this wealth of detailed backstory, this booklet also contains a showcase demonstrating how the Skitarii models in this box can be built and painted to represent Gamma-Zhul-881 on the tabletop. Complete with the colour schemes and heraldry of Stygies VIII – the forge world this team hails from – and examples of the markings that make this kill team stand out on the battlefield, this is an excellent reference guide when assembling and painting your own kill team.

Should you choose to field your Skitarii miniatures as Kill Team Gamma-Zhul-881, this booklet provides you with all of the information you will need to take these particular warriors of the Adeptus Mechanicus into battle. Alternatively, you may wish to use this booklet as inspiration, randomly generating your own background for your models and perhaps even writing your own story and timeline entries in order to evoke the warriors that you want to command in your games of Kill Team.



OMNISSIAH'S WILL BE DONE

Deep within the ruins of the Unguent Sprawl, Ar-99 crawled on his belly up a tumbled slope of rubble. He held his radium carbine out in front of him, diligently raising it clear of the dirt and dust even as his own augmetics and robes scraped and snagged on rock and jutting rebar.

Above the Skitarii Vanguard, a dirty constellation of stars flickered and sparked. Some were true celestial bodies, visible through the vast holes that cratered the hab-zone's ferrocrete roof. Others were ancient lumen globes, strung in profusion above the skeletal remains of once-teeming habitation stacks and ore-processing manufacturums. According to Ar-99's cerebral datacache, this entire region had been shelled and then invaded by a sizeable warband of Orks two hundred and sixty-four days ago. The violence of that attack, and the subsequent Skitarii counter-push, had all but depopulated several of Hive Magnius Delta's outlying districts, this one included. It had lain empty ever since.

Not empty anymore, thought Ar-99 with a binharic crackle of disgust. A new foe had seeped up from the undermines like waste-oil rising through sacred coolant. Genestealer Cultists sought to claim this region as their own. They swarmed like insects through hollow ruins and abandoned plants. They shored up defensive positions with crude industrial barricades, booby-trapping valuable assets to hinder Skitarii reclamation efforts. According to the data-packets that Team Gamma-Zhul-881 had inloaded, there was a very real danger that – if left unchallenged – the cult would consolidate their foothold to the point where only full-scale military intervention would dislodge them.

That could not be allowed.

Ar-99 reached the top of the slope, shifting into a crouch behind a crumbling gothic parapet that had once crested a miners' hab-stack. The Skitarii ran his optic auspex over the structure below him, detecting numerous empty floors supported by ravaged stone and sagging plasteel girders. The half-collapsed building was far from stable, but he cogitated the risk at just nineteen per cent terminal.

'Vantage point within acceptable parameters,' he voxed over a heavily encoded squad channel. 'Commencing strategic collation, exload pending.'

'Deus Omniissi, Ar-99,' came the deep, binharic-laced voice of the team's leader, Dorox-0.4343. 'We await your guidance.'

Ar-99 sent back a simple 1 of assent, turning his ocular lenses to the rubble-strewn intersection far below. Down there, heat signatures and rapid heartbeats gave away the presence of living, breathing

beings. He caught aural snatches of running footsteps, bodies scuffing against brickwork, hissed questions and commands. Ar-99 magnified his field of vision and flicked swiftly through his perception filters, gathering data on the unsuspecting enemy.

'Cult presence confirmed,' he voxed. 'Detecting eight... amendment... ten enemy signatures operating within the following grid parameters.'

Ar-99 followed his message with a tightly parcelled stream of noospheric data, sent directly to the receptors of his comrade Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1. Unit 18.1 was the squad's data chorister, and even as Ar-99 watched, his comrade manipulated and expanded upon the data like a spider weaving a web from silk. A mission grid built quickly, overlaying Ar-99's ocular feed as it would be overlaying that of his comrades – he saw targeting data, cogitational strategic predictions and tactical analysis subroutines scrolling down his peripheral vision.

'There is a promethium pipe-exchange directly below street level at their location,' said Dorox-0.4343. 'Dispersal, energy signatures and fyloxine munitions traces would suggest they are intending to profane the pipes with explosive booby traps, in order to despoil it should our forces attempt to reclaim the sector.'

'Foul tech-heretics!' Exclaimed Sek-XXVII, the most zealous of the team's warriors. 'That they would pollute their flesh with unsanctioned xenos genarchetypes is sin enough, but to risk the very lifeblood of the holy machine is unthinkable. In the Omniissiah's name, they must die!'

'So they shall, for He is omnipotent and shall lend us His strength even as He judges these tainted menials guilty,' said Dorox-0.4343. 'Yet mission optimisation demands that one of the enemy be spared – addendum, primary mission parameter advancement, confirmation of target location paramount.'

Is of assent flashed through the noosphere from the squad's warriors. They were answered with a wordless battle plan exload from Dorox-0.4343. Ar-99 saw the binharic divinity in its simplicity and elegance. He felt a surge of approval.

With their parameters set and their plan in place, the Skitarii moved into action like the meshing cogs of a single machine. There was no need for the whispered vox-chatter or requests for confirmation common amongst fallible flesh-soldiers. Sure in their purpose, updated in real-time by blurts of data that flowed through the noosphere, they set their trap.

Ar-99 meticulously checked over his radium carbine, muttering binharic blessings to each

system and component as he readied himself for battle. Strategic subroutines within his cerebellum monitored the noospheric signifiers of his comrades as they split neatly into two groups and stalked patiently around the enemy's flanks. Dorox-0.4343 encircled the foe to the right, accompanied by Mu-575, Tov-66.75/Mk98 and Decima-110. Sek-XXVII led the other group, beaming out a silent binharic sermon as he led Actus-1111, Xixos-2918 and Gryphonne-Reductus-089 through the ruins on the enemy's left.

The foe were intent on their work, utterly unaware of the killers closing around them like a cybernetic fist. Sparks flared amidst the shadows as one of their number used an industrial cutter to saw away the last grating protecting the pipes. Figures scurried forward, dropping furtively to the ground beside the access hole and working to affix mining charges to the pipes. Their comrades paced nervously around them, autoguns held ready, body language spiky with agitation.

'They watch with naught but eyes of flesh,' muttered Ar-99. 'Such fallible senses will not save them.'

He received a blurt of agreement from close by, and glanced back to see Ranger unit Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1 crawling into position beside him. The keen-eyed sniper had his galvanic rifle already blessed and primed to fire.

'Awaiting mandate,' voxed 18.1 as he rested his weapon on the crumbling parapet next to Ar-99's. Seconds ticked by on Ar-99's internal chron. Below, the noospheric signifiers had stopped moving. The enemy were hastily affixing their explosives in place, and preparing to replace the coverings with a bulky welding torch.

'Mandate given,' came 0.4343's voice over the vox. 'Junction valves have been sealed and the fuel flow rerouted. The exchange is isolated. Machine spirits are placated. Let the tools of the heretic betray them, and the blazing blood of the machine deliver the Ommissiah's judgement.'

On the rooftop, Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1 squeezed his trigger. His galvanic rifle cracked, firing a single, perfectly placed shot. The round streaked between the clustered cultists and struck one of the bombs they had just affixed to the promethium exchange. Ar-99's optics washed out momentarily as the bomb detonated, closely followed by its twin, then the remaining promethium trapped in the isolated pipes. The resultant fireball billowed up and out, hurling the entire junction skywards in a fragmenting storm of metal and ferrocrete shrapnel. Cultists were hurled through the air, tumbling like leaves on a gale, burning and disintegrating. Their bodies slammed into the surrounding ruins, walls collapsing and ceilings crashing down in avalanches of rubble.

'Four biosignatures extinguished,' reported

Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1, voice devoid of emotion as he updated the squad's strategic display. At his side, Ar-99 swept his gunsights across the billowing smoke that choked the junction. Shapes moved down there, the enemy dashing to and fro as they sought cover from their unseen attackers. Voices cried out panicked questions. Autoguns barked volleys of blindfire into the ruins. Raw screams of agony floated up to him from those wounded but not slain by the blast. Ar-99 waited for the perfect shot, autopuritanical ballistic inhibitors keeping him from firing prematurely.

A cultist emerged from the smoke, ducking behind a tangle of girders, the ridged dome of his cranium exposed to Ar-99. The Vanguard unit took his shot and blood sprayed the street as his target was thrown sideways, skull unfolding like the petals of a bloody flower.

'Engaging,' voxed Dorox-0.4343. Galvanic rifles and radium carbines hammered as the Skitarii advanced, pouring fire from both sides into the shocked cultists. Even deafened, half blind and caught from both sides, the cultists still rallied and fought back with an eerie synchronicity. Ar-99 saw Mu-575's signifier turn crimson as autogun fire raked the Vanguard unit's torso and blew out his lung-bellows. A mining charge span through the air and blasted Sek-XXVII from his feet, though the flesh-damage barely stopped his data-sermon for a moment.

Still the Skitarii pressed forward. Victory was close. Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1 fired, and another cultist was spun off his feet, blood spattering from his throat. Giving binharic praise to the Ommissiah, Ar-99 sighted carefully, and fired again...



GAMMA-ZHUL-881

The forge world of Stygies VIII is infamous amongst the Adeptus Mechanicus for its secretive nature, and its dubious investigations into the workings and applications of xenotech. Kill Team Gamma-Zhul-881 has long served as a tool of acquisition and murder for the masters of this enigmatic forge world.

When the first stirrings of Genestealer Cult activity were detected beneath the bore-hives of Vigilus, the Tech-Priests who ruled over those drill-cities activated numerous military assets to combat them. Amongst the first units compelled to action was the Kill Team known as Gamma-Zhul-881. Comprising veteran Skitarii drawn from both the Rangers and the Vanguard, the warriors of this Kill Team typically fought amongst the ranks of other units. Yet at a single, heavily encoded imperative from their distant Magos masters, the members of Gamma-Zhul-881 turned away from their standard duties. Several abandoned patrol routes through the hive workings and mine tunnels, leaving their comrades to stalk on through the gloom as they made for a secret rendezvous point.

Others were engaged in battle with the speed-crazed Orks of the dust plains when the command came through. In each case, the warriors of Gamma-Zhul-881 ceased their combat duties, lesser Skitarii stepping smoothly in to take their place in the battle lines and cover their departure. Binharic warding psalms compelled those abandoned to carry on without question. Meanwhile, remotely triggered data-wards spread around the Kill Team's warriors like a shroud, auto-enigma subroutines wreathing them.

'Primary subroutine activated, eight-eight-one protocol is now in effect. Alpha advisory, compliance maximal. The Omnissiah's will moves through us. We are one with His divine essence. We are cogs within His holy engine, and you are merely organic matter that interrupts their sacred revolutions. Extermination imminent, purgation level absolute. Die, tech-heretic.'

- Dorox-0.4343 during the Purge of Ulgog II

One by one, the Skitarii of Gamma-Zhul-881 gathered at their designated rally point, upon a sub-level of bore-hive Magnus Delta. Their mission parameters came to them in data-packets that filtered through their cerebral cogitator units. Near to their position lay the crumbling fringes of Unguent Sprawl, a partially subterranean hab-district that had been mauled by a short-lived greenskin invasion some months earlier. Now, it seemed, something foul had taken root amidst the abandoned ruins; the Magi were detecting empyric signals that suggested an extremely potent psyker commanded Genestealer Cult insurgents throughout

Unguent Sprawl. By all logical calculations, such a being simply could not have escaped the notice of the Magi until this point. Thus, as logic dictated this dangerous enemy could not exist, Gamma-Zhul-881 were charged with locating the offending psyker and ensuring its destruction so that rationality could be restored.

THE OMNISSIAH'S CHOSEN

Kill Team Gamma-Zhul-881 was led by a Vanguard Alpha named Dorox-0.4343. This accomplished rad-trooper was known for his obsessive attention to detail, which allowed him to spot the slightest weakness in cogitated enemy attack patterns or defensive positions, and direct his warriors to best exploit them. Armed with an arc pistol and power sword, 0.4343 was a formidable warrior in his own right, and the lambent glow of rad energies that played around him lent him an eerie and ominous aspect.

If Dorox-0.4343 was the Kill Team's brain, then Sek-XXVII was its industrial furnace heart. So often had this Skitarii Vanguard been moved by the hand of the Omnissiah, his cerebral subroutines had been permanently shunted onto an auto-rapturous frequency. Sek-XXVII blared binharic psalms and data-hymns from his vox augmitter as he advanced, inspiring his comrades with every noospheric utterance.

Vanguard unit Ar-99 acted as the Kill Team's eyes and ears upon the field of battle. With specialised augmetics and sanctified stealth-combat subroutines, Ar-99 was an expert in avoiding enemy notice while advancing into position to scan and analyse the foe's disposition. Meanwhile, his autopuritanical ballistic inhibitors ensured that he could fire his radium carbine only when each shot was perfectly placed.

Working in concert with Ar-99, Ranger unit Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1 provided the team with long-range fire support. Not only was this Skitarii an accomplished assassin who rarely missed with his galvanic rifle, but he also transmitted a constant stream of targeting data to his comrades. By constructing and updating a living strategic architecture within the squad's noospheric interface, Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1 made sure that any foe unlucky enough to fall beneath his sights swiftly became the focus for a salvo of lethal firepower from the entire squad.





Dorox-0.4343, Vanguard
Alpha Kill Team Leader



Actus-1111, Skitarii
Vanguard with
radium carbine



Sek-XXVII,
Vanguard Gunner
Zealot Specialist



Tov-66.75/mk98,
Ranger Gunner
with arc rifle



Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1,
Skitarii Ranger
Comms Specialist



Advancing at a relentless pace through the hollow streets of the Unguent Sprawl, Gamma-Zhul-881 purge the Genestealer Cult Neophyte Hybrids that bar their path.



Xixos-2918,
Skitarii Ranger with
galvanic rifle



Decima-110,
Skitarii Ranger with
galvanic rifle



Gryphonne-Reductus-089
Skitarii Ranger with
galvanic rifle



Ar-99,
Scout Specialist with
radium carbine



Mu-575,
Skitarii Vanguard
with radium carbine



DATA LOG REF-881

Kill Team Gamma-Zhul-881 were not originally assembled and purposed as a single fighting unit by the Magi of Stygies VIII. It was their individual deeds of pious service to the Ommissiah, and their excellence in battle, that marked them out for special duties beyond the remit of their fellows.

M40-41 SIGNS OF FUTURE GREATNESS

Assuming Command

During the battle for Torequ's Landing, control signals falter between the commanding Magi and several maniples of Skitarii. Showing remarkable self-determination, Vanguard Unit Dorox-0.4343 assumes command of the Skitarii forces and holds the battle line together against a heretic assault until Doctrina Imperatives can be restored. In the battle's wake, he is rewarded with additional augmetics and an Alpha position. His data-file is marked with an 881 recommendation rune.

Optimised Duality

An Aquisitor force of Stygies VIII Skitarii strikes at the Ork-held world of Norog. During fierce fighting for control of a suspected STC fragment, Units Ar-99 and Kappic-Schoelendt-18.1 demonstrate notable combat optimisation while fighting in concert – Ar-99 identifies vital greenskin targets before his Ranger comrade guns them down one by one. Reviewing post-battle data feeds, the Magi mark both Skitarii's files with 881 runes.

Hand of the Ommissiah

While battling a daemonic incursion on the factory world of Y-9-5, Sek-XXVII undergoes a revelatory overload and is rendered auto-vehement. His binharic psalms strengthen the resolve of his outnumbered comrades, aiding them in holding out against the unnatural foe. Though all units that survive the battle are cerebrally wiped after facing empyric entities – as doctrine requires – Unit XXVII

somehow retains his extreme binharic piety. Considering this a minor miracle of the Ommissiah, the Magi mark his file with an 881 rune.

Agnassor Besieged

For three months, a combined force of Iron Warriors and the Dark Mechanicum besieges the data-temple on Agnassor. By the time Adeptus Mechanicus relief forces break the siege, just three Skitarii remain functional, still fighting to defend the sacred data stacks. Mu-575, Decima-110 and Xixos-2918 are rewarded with additional augmetics and marked with 881 runes.

M41 PROTOCOL 881

Conclave

On Stygies VIII, a conclave of Xenarite Magi gathers in secret and discusses the need for a covert acquisitions and elimination squad to further their enigmatic aims. All potential 881 assets are reviewed, and the Kill Team's specifications drawn up. Without their knowledge, the Skitarii assigned to Gamma-Zhul-881 are categorised and prepared for activation.

Alpha Test Asmorylia

The warriors of Gamma-Zhul-881 are sent in amongst the ranks of an Explorator force attacking the Aeldari maiden world of Asmorylia. While the main Skitarii force launches a diversionary attack upon the planet's world spirit, the Xenarite conclave sends the doctrina imperative that activates their kill team. Peeling off from the fighting, Gamma-Zhul-881 launch an exemplary ambush upon the lightly armoured transport of an Aeldari

Farseer, successfully slaughtering her guards and capturing her alive. Shut into a psy-baffled grav-casket for transport, the luckless alien is returned to Stygies VIII for vivisection, and the kill team's efficacy is proven.

At Any Cost

During fierce fighting on Ulgog II, Gamma-Zhul-881 are activated to plunder an Ork Mek's workshop. After demolishing the force field generator protecting the Ork encampment from Skitarii attack, the Kill Team successfully raid their target site. Skitarii of forge world Ryza, who fight alongside the Stygies VIII forces, challenge them. Compelled by doctrina imperatives to ensure the absolute secrecy of their mission from all, the kill team engage their erstwhile allies in a swift gun battle, eliminating and disposing of them before returning their plunder to their Magi masters.

Strategic Assets

The Xenarites move additional forces to the planet of Vigilus, seeking to consolidate their hold on the world and continue their hunt for the xenotech secrets they believe it harbours. Amongst these forces are the Skitarii of Gamma-Zhul-881, once more hidden in plain sight amongst ranks of lesser Skitarii.

During the subsequent turmoil of the Great Rift and the Ork attack on Vigilus, the individual warriors of the kill team fight and kill in the Ommissiah's name on a dozen battlefields. It is only when rumblings of the cult uprising surface, and sectors of bore-hive Magnius Delta begin to go dark, that Protocol 881 is activated again...



Inexorably driven by the Doctrina Imperatives of their shadowy masters, Team Gamma-Zhul-881 complete covert missions for the Omnissiah...

The Skitarii are the foot soldiers of the Omnissiah, cyborg servants of the Machine God of Mars. Relentless, merciless, all but inured to fear, pain and fatigue, these warriors march ever onwards in the name of their ironclad deity and crush all who oppose them underfoot. This booklet details the secret missions and acquisitive exploits of the Skitarii kill team codified as Gamma-Zhul-881, showing them in battle and examining each member of the team in detail. Fighting in the name of the enigmatic Xenarite priesthood of Stygies VIII, these augmetic killers possess a fearsome array of skills and weaponry, and are deadly tools of the Omnissiah's will.

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