

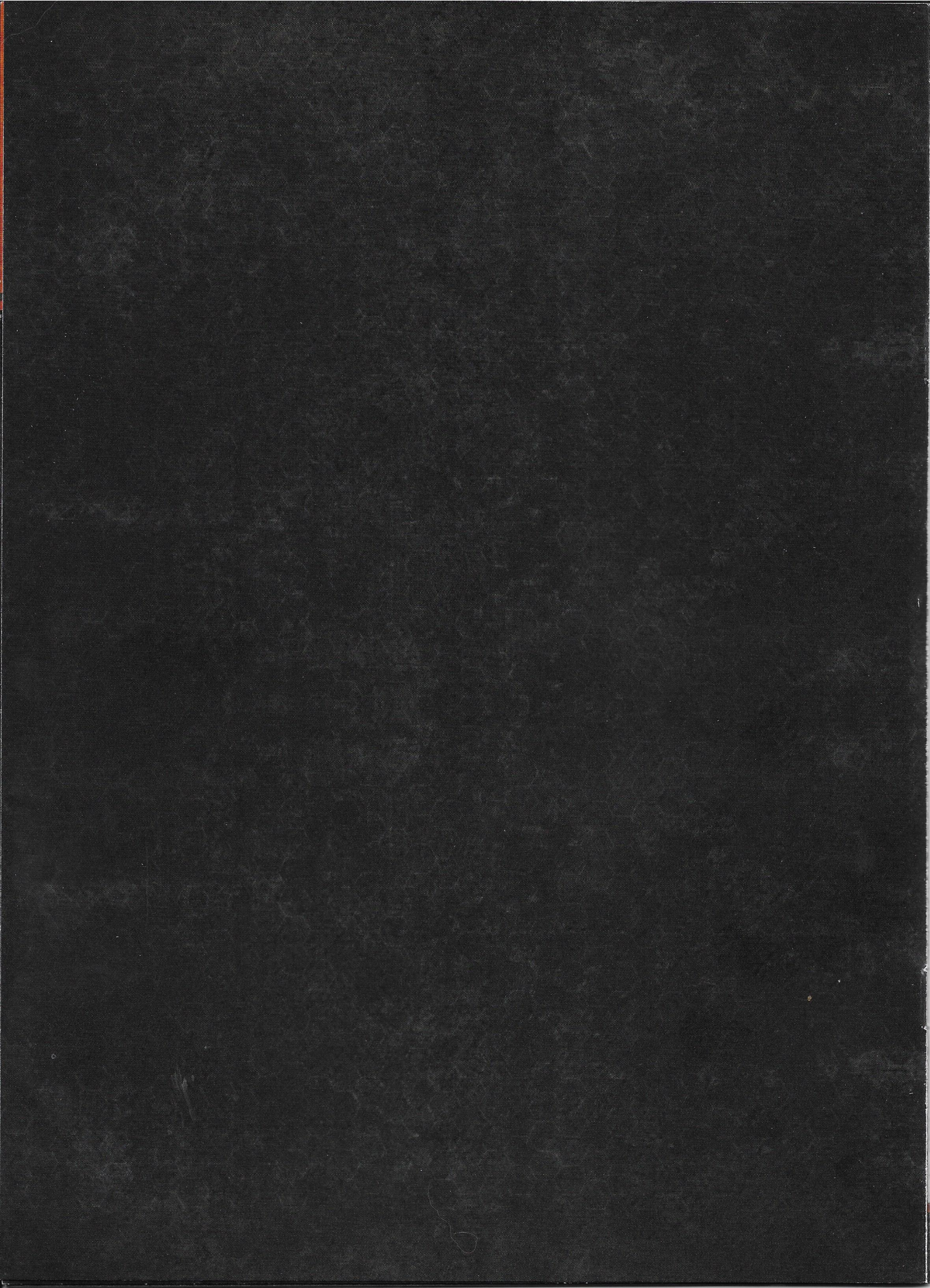
WARHAMMER
40,000

KILL TEAM™



KROGSKULL'S BOYZ

BURNA BOYZ KILL TEAM



INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the fight. In these pages you will learn about Krogskull's Boyz, a savage kill team of hulking Orks who have smashed and burnt their way across the hivespawls of Vigilus. These lads love nothing more than a good scrap, and now they look to you to show them where the next battle is...

Brutal, cunning and incredibly tough, Orks are one of the most menacing threats to the Imperium of Man. They wreak havoc wherever they appear, cobbling together weapons and vehicles from looted scrap before charging into battle with the nearest enemies they can find. An Ork kill team is comprised of hulking combatants who have been riled up, cajoled or pressed into service by the biggest and meanest members of their race. The warriors of such a mob tend not to care who it is they are fighting, so long as there is plenty of violence to keep them entertained, though many kill teams have a preferred method of causing mayhem, be it smashing sacred artefacts down for scrap or trying to knock off the toughest enemy fighters.

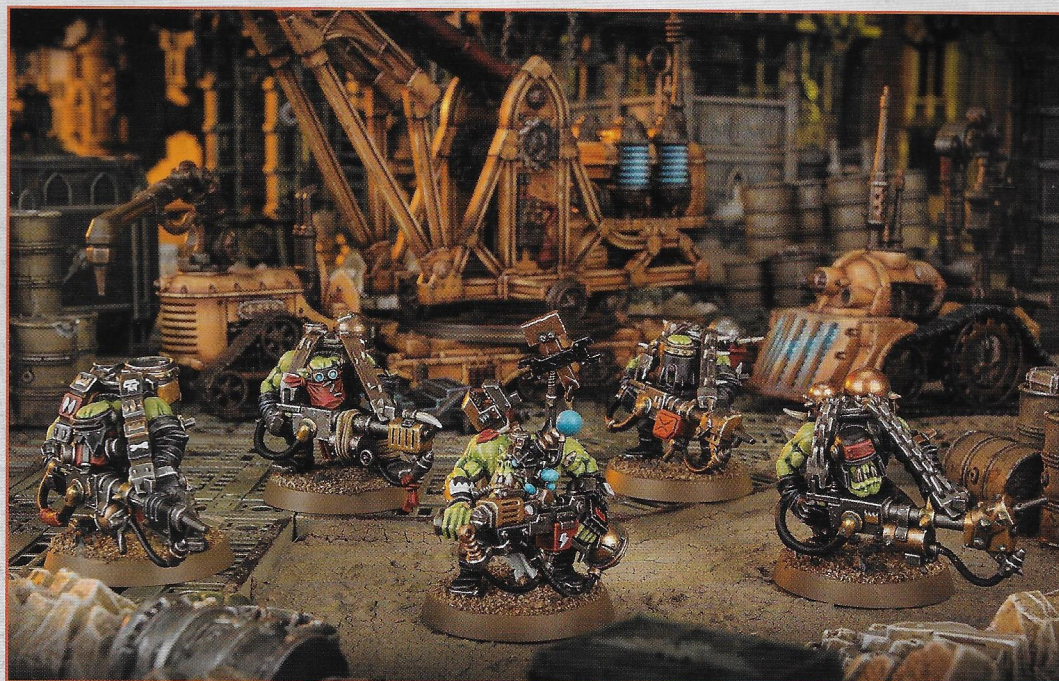
Within this booklet you will find an account of one such kill team – the psychopathic pyromaniacs known as Krogskull's Boyz. Drawn from the Goff clan of Orks, these warriors can be built using the miniatures contained within this starter set, and a piece of short fiction shows them in all their violent glory as they burn a trail of devastation through the hivespawl of Megaborealis on Vigilus. Following this account you will find detailed information on each of the Boyz in this

kill team, including names and personalities that were generated using the tables found in the Kill Team Core Manual. You will also find a brief timeline highlighting individual acts of barbarity committed by some of the kill team's nastiest members, as well as accounts of how they wound up fighting together and the battles they have shared since.

Accompanying this in-depth background, this booklet contains a showcase demonstrating how the models contained in this starter set can be built and painted to represent Krogskull's Boyz on the tabletop. These pages show the colour scheme of the Goff clan, as well as the characterful names and roles of the kill team's members.

Should you wish to field the models in this box as Krogskull's Boyz, this booklet provides you with all of the storyline and visual information you need.

Alternatively, you may wish to use this booklet to inspire your own unique kill team of Ork Burna Boyz or Lootas. By generating the backgrounds and personalities of your fighters, and perhaps even writing your own timeline or short stories, you can help give character to the bellicose mob of warriors you will field on the tabletop.



CUNNING SURPRISE

Krogskull crouched behind a tangle of pipes, peering through the steam that hung around the vast metal stacks. It was a good hiding spot for the Ork Spanner – perfect for launching a sneaky attack on the approaching Adeptus Astartes patrol. He could feel the reverberations of a hundred rumbling furnaces dotted throughout the industrial sprawl, their dolorous clangour mixing with the high-pitched whirl of promethium allocators and salvation fans. Krogskull enjoyed loud noises as much as the next Ork, but he preferred sounds of the violent variety – those produced by guns, bombs and breaking bones. He knew the enemy would come soon, but he hated waiting.

Through a plume of tarry smoke Krogskull could just make out one of his Burna Boyz, hunched next to a nearby alchomite stack. It was Fragbad Squigbiter, a particularly stupid Ork, but one with a savant-like knack for explosive carnage. Fragbad had a stikkbomb in his hand, and he was absent-mindedly bashing it against a leaking promethium valve.

‘Oi!’ yelled Krogskull. The slack-jawed Fragbad looked up at him, but continued banging his stikkbomb into the valve. Krogskull’s blood began to boil and a green mist clouded his already-psychotic mind. It had taken all his cunning to plan this ambush, and he was not going to let one of his Boyz ruin the surprise by blowing himself up. He levelled his kustom mega-blasta at Fragbad’s lolling face and yelled at him again.

‘Stop that you zoggin’ idiot!’

Fragbad looked blankly at the bigger Ork, a thick strand of saliva dangling from one of his fangs. His mouth twisted into a snarl, but he tucked the stikkbomb away in his belt.

‘Wotz going on?’ yelled an Ork voice from high above. Krogskull craned his neck to see which of his Boyz was making the ruckus.

‘Who’s yellin’?’ cried another greenskin from below, then other Orks started shouting at each other from their various hiding places.

The green mist in Krogskull’s mind coalesced into a seething ball of rage. The Spanner raised his scrap-built gun and fired a dozen blasts into the surrounding infrastructure before bellowing in fury.

‘Shut up the lot of ya!’

Krogskull’s Boyz were silent, or at least they were quiet enough that he couldn’t hear them over the racket of Imperial machinery.

Just then Krogskull saw something at the corner of his vision. He whipped his head round and caught a fleeting glimpse of a figure darting up through the billowing smog along some sort of wire. Then he felt a shudder run through the gantry upon which he was

standing, as though a massive weight had just landed on the rusted metal grating. Krogskull turned and saw what had caused the impact – a Space Marines Reiver, heavy bolt pistol in one hand, combat knife in the other, with a cruel skull mask covering his face. The Reiver let out a howling battle cry, amplified to mind-splitting intensity by his vox grill, and fired at Krogskull. His shot struck a pipe above the Ork’s shoulder, sending a shower of metallic shrapnel flying as the mass-reactive core of the bolt detonated. The Reiver was quick to retrain his pistol on his target, but the Ork Spanner was even quicker. A white-hot pulse from Krogskull’s kustom mega-blasta lanced through the Reiver’s chest-plate, sending the Space Marine careening back over the edge of the gantry before the echoes of his war cry had even fallen silent. Krogskull’s mouth frothed as battle-lust took hold in his body, and the ball of rage in his mind erupted like an angry star. Without thought, he opened his jaws and bellowed his own deafening call to war.

‘Waaagh!’

Krogskull barrelled out of his hiding place and along the metal walkway, his wild eyes darting back and forth in search of someone to kill. He didn’t have to look far. A pair of Reivers crouching behind the arm of a fallen crane snapped off shots at the homicidal Ork. One bolt struck Krogskull in the thigh, ripping off a hunk of green flesh, but it was not enough to slow him and he hurled himself at his enemies with reckless abandon.

Meanwhile, Krogskull’s Boyz had heard their Spanner’s war cry, and were themselves bursting out from within knots of pipework and derelict hatches to butcher the newly arrived combatants. On the lower levels it was the Burna Boy Zogger Stompkrumpa that charged the fastest and bellowed the loudest, and as he ran he saw a Reiver descending through the air from a macro-distiller, wing-like grav-chutes slowing the Space Marine’s descent.

‘Mork and Gork!’ cried Zogger with apoplectic zeal, then he let his burna rip. Gouts of flame sprayed upwards, burning towards the airborne Reiver. The Reiver closed his grav-chutes to drop beneath the incoming flame, falling the final score of feet to the floor below. Zogger dashed straight towards his enemy, yelling more fanatical prayers to the greenskins’ gods.

The Ork let out another burst of fire, but the Reiver tumbled sideways to safety and readied his weapons.

Suddenly, another of Krogskull’s Boyz came charging out from behind the macro-distiller. This Ork was closer to the Reiver, and for a moment Zogger feared that he had lost his chance for the kill –

but the Reiver extended his arm behind him and fired a bolt straight into the outflanking Ork's head.

With chunks of skull-matter raining down and the Reiver distracted, Zogger hefted his burna and swung the red-hot nozzle at his foe. The Reiver managed to parry the blow with his knife, but Zogger swung again, this time catching the Space Marine on the back, cracking the housing of his power-pack and sending him sprawling. The Reiver rolled over, heavy bolt pistol in hand, but was struck by another powerful blow as Zogger leapt bodily on top of his enemy. The pair grappled frantically, Zogger trying to hold his target down and crush his face with the end of his burna, while the Reiver blocked with his vambraces and slashed back with his combat knife. As Zogger reared back to deliver another blow, the Reiver slammed the butt of his pistol into the Ork's jaw, knocking him to the ground. The Reiver stood up and raised his gun, and was about to deliver the coup de grâce when a stikkbomb exploded inches behind him.

The stikkbomb had been dropped down from the upper gantries by Fragbad Squigbiter. The dim-witted greenskin had remained behind his alchomite stack since the battle first erupted, and when Krogskull had dashed off to fight the Adeptus Astartes, Fragbad had resumed hammering away at the leaking promethium valve. He had heard the other Boyz in his kill team firing at the Reivers, and although it sounded like they were having fun, Fragbad had been far too engrossed in his task to pay them any mind. When the sounds of fighting below had become too distracting, he had accidentally dropped the stikkbomb he was using as a mallet, so he grabbed his burna by the nozzle and used it to club the dripping valve with a series of powerful swings.

While Fragbad was hammering, a Reiver crept through the steam towards him, drawn to the percussive sound and with his bolt carbine at the ready. The Reiver stepped past a broad column of intertwined pipes and locked his target in his sights just as Fragbad completed his obsession-driven task. The Ork swung the butt of his burna down into the valve, wrenching the rusted component from the alchomite stack it was attached to. A geyser of promethium gushed out horizontally from the rent, buffeting the Reiver. Filled with a sense of profound accomplishment, Fragbad turned around in search of something else to destroy, and there saw the Reiver being driven back along the gantry by the promethium torrent. Fragbad spun his burna around in his hands, pointed the nozzle at the Reiver and squeezed the trigger. He watched in silent joy as the promethium caught fire, and the Space Marine was engulfed in a raging inferno. Fragbad stepped aside as the flames raced up the promethium stream into the alchomite stack. Through the labyrinth of pipework the inferno raged, out of Fragbad's sight, until a few

moments later it reached a promethium reservoir. The reservoir exploded in a pillar of flame, bathing the industrial landscape in fiery orange light.

Skarzot Ironboot was close to the refinery when it exploded – so close that the wave of intense heat caused his skin to bubble and blister. But the Ork was already covered in so many burns from previous fights that he barely noticed. A second later, the blast from the explosion hit. The surge of air caused Skarzot to stumble, almost stepping off the bridge on which he was standing, while at the other end of the bridge, a Reiver dived out onto the grating to avoid a hunk of flaming wreckage that had been flung from the silo. Skarzot quickly recovered his footing and, seeing the downed opponent, charged forwards in the hopes of caving in the Reiver's head. But the Reiver had sighted the incoming Ork, and he pulled out his grapnel launcher, shot a line to the top of the nearest stack and triggered the servo-winch.

The Reiver began to zip into the air, pulled along the grapnel line by the powerful winch, but Skarzot was too close to let his enemy get away. The Ork leapt off the bridge and grabbed onto the Reiver's back. The additional weight of a hulking Ork body caused the grapnel launcher to grind to a halt, and the pair swung heavily into the metal siding of the stack. With his free hand, the Reiver attempted a backhand stab into the greenskin's flank, but Skarzot caught the Reiver's wrist, and with a single mighty tug ripped the Space Marine's arm out of its socket. At this the Reiver let go of the grapnel launcher, and they both fell to the plate flooring below.

Skarzot lay on the ground in a pool of his enemy's blood, listening to the sounds of battle and trying to remember when he'd last had this much fun.



KROGSKULL'S BOYZ

As the warp storms that formed the Great Rift first began to rage around Vigilus, hordes of Orks poured out from the cosmic maelstroms. Amongst the manifold mobs that descended upon the Imperial world were those whose violent sprees set them apart. Krogskull's Boyz are one such mob.

The arrival of Orks on Vigilus was anarchic. The greenskins' ramshackle ships descended across the planet to land in the vast wastelands between the continental hivespawls, and from these scattered craft the first assault waves were launched against the Imperial cities. There was little unity in the Orks' actions, and though their hordes were large and raring for a fight, they were halted by the psychically charged force fields surrounding the hivespawls. Before long many of the Orks grew bored with the static battles that raged along the nigh-impenetrable city perimeters, and took to building enormous convoys of vehicles with which to race across the barren flats.

While their force fields held, the denizens of Vigilus remained relatively safe. Travel between the hivespawls was extremely hazardous – the Orks speeding across the wastelands shot down passing aircraft and swarmed land-based transports – but only small mobs of Orks made it through the defensive lines and into the cities. This stalemate was not to last.

The warp storms that had spat forth the Orks continued to grow across the galaxy, merging together into a hideous scar that bathed Vigilus day and night in a sickly glow. Eventually, the coalescence of these storms led to an eruption of Chaos energy that cleaved through the stars, and the psychic shock wave extinguished the guiding light of the Astronomican – the beacon by which all Imperial worlds were joined. Vigilus was cut off from the main body of the Imperium, isolated in the dark half of the galaxy that came to be known as the Imperium Nihilus. But worse still, the psychically charged force fields that had so far kept the Orks at bay flickered and fell.

As soon as the defences dropped the Orks launched themselves against the hivespawls once more. Their thundering fleets of Trukks and Warbuggies ploughed through the lines of Vigilite defenders and into the densely packed cities while waves of Boyz barrelled out of Battlewagons, their guns blazing as they charged headlong into their enemies. Whole macro-districts were lost to flames or overrun completely by the seemingly endless tide of greenskin warriors.

As the beleaguered forces of Vigilus fought to hold back the rampaging Orks, refugees began flooding to the planet – survivors from worlds that had been

completely consumed by the Chaos entities that had been unleashed in the Imperium Nihilus, as well as fragmented forces from other war zones desperately seeking a place where they could stand and fight. Amongst those that arrived on Vigilus were Space Marines strike forces that had been cast adrift from the war-torn Stygius Sector. They immediately joined the battles against the Ork invaders, and the greenskins were more than happy to give these new arrivals a violent welcome.

Long before the force fields on Vigilus fell, Krogskull Drakka and his mob of Burna Boyz had been tearing their way through the Adeptus Mechanicus continent of Megaborealis, inside the perimeter. There were only two things Krogskull loved – cobbling together weapons and ripping enemies apart, and Megaborealis, with its mile-high mounds of scrap and heavily entrenched defenders, offered ample opportunity for the Ork Spanner to engage both of his passions. Yet when he had first arrived on Vigilus, the metal-encrusted continent had lain tantalisingly sealed behind the psycho-electric force field. The chance had come for Krogskull when the Ork hordes led by Big Mek Ragzakka started shelling Bore-Hive Ultris, which lay just inside the perimeter of Megaborealis. A massive spindle had broken free from the hive and toppled through the force field, creating a bridge through which Krogskull could pass into the continent. He had surged through the fallen structure along with hundreds of other greenskins, but their numbers had been swiftly depleted by the energy of the force field and the Adeptus Mechanicus' bombardment – targeted at their own structure to ensure the inbound Orks did not set foot on Megaborealis.

Aside from Krogskull, only a handful of Burna Boyz had made it through the makeshift tunnel before it imploded, and being the biggest and most psychotic, Krogskull has led them ever since. Only slightly less violent than Krogskull is Skarzot Ironboot, an Ork constantly covered with burns that he receives from administering gouts of flame to his enemies at extreme close quarters. The overly zealous Zogger Stompkrumpa is often first into the fray, screaming obscene prayers to Gork and Mork as he rushes the enemy, while the completely fearless and profoundly stupid Fragbad Squigbiter lobs stikkbombs all over the battlefield, just to see what happens to the surrounding terrain when the crude grenades detonate.





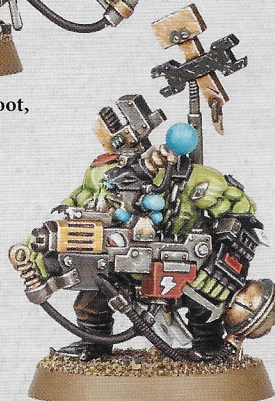
Burna Boy Skarzot Ironboot,
Combat Specialist



Burna Boy Zogger Stompkrumpa,
Zealot Specialist



Burna Boy Fragbad Squigbiter,
Demolitions Specialist



Burna Spanner Krogskull
Drakka, Kill Team Leader with
kustom mega-blasta



Burna Boy Gruk Flame Spitta



Under the glow of Thermic Plasma Regulators, the Orks unleash burning wrath upon the Space Wolves Reivers who tracked them down.



Violence erupts as Krogskull's Boyz cross paths with another squad of saboteurs, in the form of Genestealer Cultists.



THE INFERNO GROWS

Though they have no orders or long-term battle plan, the Orks of Krogskull's Boyz are united by a shared desire to burn and butcher. Each has caused untold destruction upon Vigilus, and when fighting together through the war-torn continent of Megaborealis they are truly ruinous.

M41 DESCENT ON VIGILUS

The Harder They Fall

After the first waves of Orks land on Vigilus, they are attacked in the wastelands by massed Imperial forces. Krogskull Drakka quickly gains a reputation amongst the greenskins as being particularly violent – even by their standards – so much so that only the most reckless Orks follow him into battle. On one occasion, the horde in which he is fighting is outflanked by a Knight Paladin. While the majority of Boyz scatter to avoid being crushed under the titanic walker's stomping feet, Krogskull runs directly towards it, his kustom mega-blasta blazing. Through sustained kannon fire the Knight is brought to its knees, but it is a shot from Krogskull that lances through the Throne Mechanicum and kills the monstrous machine.

Fire and Fury

In an attempt to obliterate an Ork horde besieging Megaborealis, the Adeptus Mechanicus set fire to the promethium-soaked Seeping Delta. Sicarian Ruststalkers fitted with thermo-ablative plating are sent beyond the force field to hunt down any greenskins that survived the conflagration. Having weathered the raging firestorm, Skarzot Ironboot is thrilled to see his enemies stride onto the battlefield, and in a series of frenzied melees personally reduces four of the android stalkers to scrap.

The Hour is Nigh

Fragbad Squigbiter is among the hordes of greenskins who flock to the Mourning Gorge, the miles-deep canyon through which the largest convoy of Speed Freeks

is about to race. In the gorge, the spectator Orks find an Astra Militarum blockade, with massed artillery positioned high on the cliffs ready to rain shells on the fast-approaching racers. While most of the greenskins hurl themselves at the tank lines, Fragbad scrabbles up the gorge, drawn by the thunderous booming of Imperial guns. There he finds a Deathstrike preparing to fire its cataclysmic missile at the approaching convoy. With reckless abandon, Fragbad hurls stikkbombs at the launcher, fracturing the ledge on which it is perched. The cliff crumbles away, sending the launcher plummeting down to the canyon floor. Fragbad watches in stupefied awe as the Deathstrike missile explodes miles below him, annihilating Imperial and Ork forces alike, and clearing the gorge just in time for the racing Speed Freeks.

Into the Promised Land

As the Ork hordes battle the Imperial forces along the perimeter of Megaborealis, the Burna Boy Zogger Stompkrumpa develops a reputation as a fanatical devotee of Gork and Mork, crying out to them as he bathes his enemies in fire. He is amongst the first to charge into the toppled spire of Bore-Hive Ultris, seeing the makeshift tunnel as a gift from the greenskins' gods – payment for the mayhem that he has so fervently wrought. His burna is rarely silent as he charges through the crumbling structure, and he incinerates other Orks that are in his way just as readily as he smashes through the embattled Skitarii defenders. When he finally sets foot upon Megaborealis, Zogger bellows a prayer of thanks to his deities for showing him the most violent path into this unspoilt continent.

M41 BRUTAL INITIATIVE

United by Might

In Megaborealis, Krogskull finds ample enemies that he can obliterate, but the sheer volume of Imperial warriors is more than even he can kill alone. As he battles his way across the continent he comes across other Orks who share his bent for survival and rampant violence. Those who prove to be upstarts find their skulls blasted apart by Krogskull's kustom mega-blasta, and their teef added to his already impressive collection. But those who recognise the Ork Spanner's undeniable strength and meanness become Krogskull's Boyz.

Industrious Sabotage

Krogskull's Boyz quickly develop countless ways of ambushing Imperial patrols in the twisted industrial sprawls of Megaborealis. A series of such sneak attacks are executed after the kill team sneaks their way into a macro-artillery munitions store and sets fire to the stockpile of shells housed within. The enormous detonation brings half a dozen patrols to the area, allowing Krogskull's Boyz to pounce on them one by one.

A Good Omen

The Great Rift tears open, lighting the sky with ethereal fire and nullifying the force fields around the continents of Vigilus. Zogger Stompkrumpa raves at length that this is another blessing from Gork or Mork, but Krogskull pays little attention to the zealous Burna Boy. As more Ork and Imperial forces start pouring into Megaborealis, Krogskull makes sure his Boyz are ready for the escalation in violence.



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Like a violent and unstoppable force of nature, the Orks tear across the stars, laying waste to any worlds unfortunate enough to lie in their path.

The Orks are one of the most dangerous xenos races in the galaxy. Big, mean and incredibly durable, the greenskins love nothing more than a good fight, and prefer to obliterate their enemies in the loudest way possible. Yet their brutal nature belies a deadly cunning, for Orks can be just as sneaky as they are aggressive.

In this booklet you will find the story of Krogs skull's Boyz, a ragtag kill team of pyromaniacal killers bent on destruction and mayhem. Included is a history of how these Orks came to fight together, with an in-depth look at their most bellicose members.

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