

WARHAMMER  
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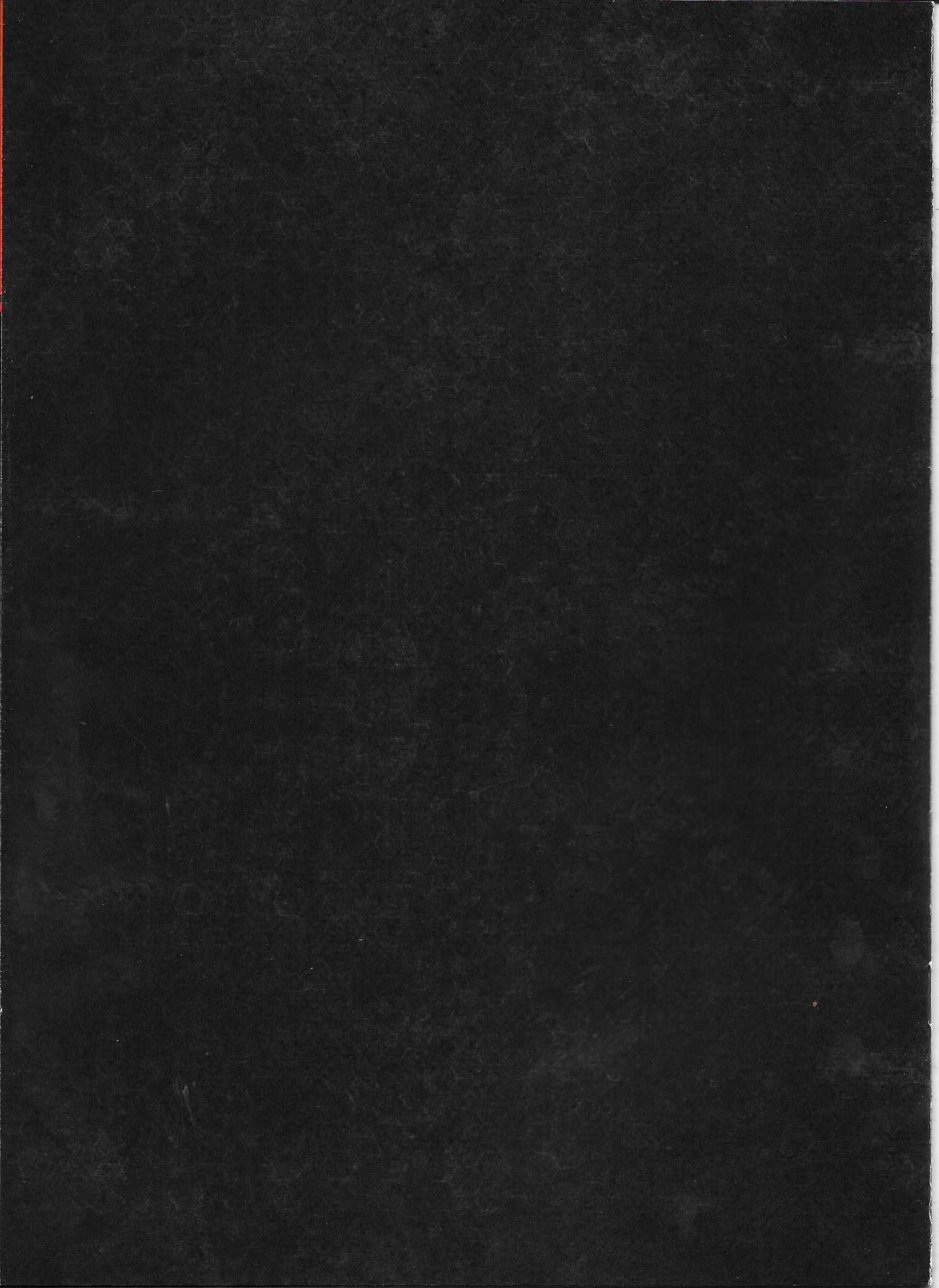
# KILL TEAM



## WALL OF MARTYRS

KILLZONE ENVIRONMENT







# INTRODUCTION

You hold the ultimate primer on the fortified killzones of the 41st Millennium. Laced through with thousands of miles of trench lines, towering fortifications and ragged barricades, these grimy, artillery-blasted wastelands play host to countless battles between kill team operatives.

Kill teams can often achieve victory where larger forces would flounder and fail. So it is amidst the blood and horror of war worlds. Slinking along Wall of Martyrs trench lines and creeping between stacks of corroded ammo crates and barrels, a kill team can evade the eyes of the enemy long enough to strike deep behind their lines. Command bunkers, listening posts and supply dumps fall in quick succession. High-ranking officers are snatched or assassinated, prisoners rescued, top-secret plans stolen and vital weapons recovered by these elite forces, all amidst the never-ending rumble of an entire planet constantly at war.

Within this booklet, you will find information on the nature of the war worlds of the Imperium and beyond, the Wall of Martyrs defence lines that thread them like clotted veins, and the hollow prizes that can be won on such forbidding battlefields. From the thundering guns of the bastions that stud the defence lines, to the corpsthenk walls of the trenches themselves and the manifold hazards of the no man's land through which they wind, you will discover much about the terrifying conditions faced by kill teams fighting over such terrain. Accounts of several prominent war worlds and the infamous

conflicts that have occurred on them are supported by a set of evocative and exciting missions that further deepen the gaming experience, helping you to stage desperate raids, ambushes and last stands with your kill teams amidst the smoke, mud and driving rain of countless war-torn worlds.

Accompanying this information, you will find a detailed showcase of Citadel Miniatures, displaying the stalwart defensive structures that together form the Wall of Martyrs and providing ideas and inspiration for how to paint this scenery and incorporate it into your games of Kill Team.

As well as providing suggestions for how you may want to paint and utilise your Wall of Martyrs scenery, this booklet will serve as a source of inspiration for the stories and settings of your Kill Team games set on war worlds across the galaxy. From the atomic wastelands of Krieg to the darkness-shrouded siege lines of Mordian and the icy hellscape of Shadrath Prime, this booklet will furnish you with all the exciting ideas you require to ensure your Kill Team conflicts feel suitably savage and desperate.





# WALL OF MARTYRS

The galaxy of the 41st Millennium is a truly nightmarish place, thick with horrors and filled with blighted planets. Yet few places are as inimical to life, as terrifying to battle across, nor as iconic of Mankind's endless struggle for survival as are the war worlds.

Where war rages fiercest, cityscapes are blasted into ruins, then rubble. Sprawling forests burn, before their blackened trunks are ploughed into the mud by passing tanks or blown to splinters by artillery fire. Rivers boil away, deserts vanish beneath corpse-meat and detritus, and even towering mountains are worn down before the rapacious ferocity of the war machine. The weather itself rebels against the constant stream of orbital drop-craft, catastrophic explosions and released chemical and biological agents; rain falls hissing and caustic, while ash blankets entire regions like snow. Eventually, all that remains is a purgatorial no man's land of dirt, blood and horror that stretches for thousands of miles.

As though they were some macabre crop sown in this gore-soaked soil, lines upon lines of fortifications rise from the desolation. They sprawl ever further as competing armies attempt to outflank one another or claim territory long ago rendered meaningless. In the most extreme cases, entire planets can become naught but war worlds. Boundaries of their nations are defined by the extent of their outer trench lines, while oceans and wilds are replaced by contested zones of no man's land rendered inimical to all natural life.

Though it might seem that such worlds have lost all value to those that fight for them, victory must still be achieved, for reasons of honour, faith, grand galactic strategy or bloody-minded hate. War worlds tend to settle into grinding deadlocks that can last for decades, and amidst whose fires regiment upon regiment is consumed daily. The Walls of Martyrs proliferate in such places, their armaplas and ferrocrete bulwarks providing desperately needed shelter for soldiers who may have spent months huddled in the same defensive positions. In such conditions, every approach into enemy territory is monitored by listening posts and hovering servo-skulls. Every massing of forces, every headlong charge and flanking attack is detected in sufficient time for the foe to gather forces of their own and hurl the attackers back at great cost in lives. Subtlety and misdirection are incredibly hard to achieve when fighting between the siege lines, with all but the swiftest and most agile armies forced into costly attritional campaigns that they can ill afford.

In war such as this, kill teams might seem a meaningless drop in an ocean of blood. In truth, they can be the key to victory. Where a huge wave of infantry or a spearhead

of tanks would be quickly spotted and subjected to thunderous artillery fire, a kill team can slip like ghosts through the tangled wreckage and rubble, before sliding like a dagger into the enemy's ribs. Where a screaming horde of cultists or a stampede of Orks might crash like a wave against the Wall of Martyrs, a cunning kill team can follow hidden routes through drainage culverts or precarious ruins in order to slip without warning into the enemy trenches. A Firestorm Redoubt may be able to hold a mountain pass indefinitely, its guns raking the open approaches and piling enemy bodies high where they are concentrated into an untenable choke point. Yet a single kill team, properly equipped and trained, can scale the heights and attack from above, raining fire onto the defenders from unguarded angles before finishing the job with bladework and well-placed explosives.

Many supposedly impenetrable defensive positions have been broken open by the efforts of a kill team cleverly deployed and directed. Warriors that have held their section of the Wall of Martyrs for weeks suddenly find themselves being assaulted not from the fore – where their weapons are sighted and their ranges measured – but from the flanks. Using every angle and corner of the trenches, deploying lethal weaponry and specialist skills to their greatest effect, the kill team storms their panicked foes and slaughters them in moments. So do the guns fall silent along a stretch of the defences, and so, for the defenders, does the end begin...

Kill teams may slip into the enemy's territory by aerial deployment, teleportation or the use of clever camouflage techniques. Once in position, their demolitions specialists bring down command bunkers, sabotage weapons batteries, and transform carefully stockpiled supplies of fuel and ammunition into roiling fireballs. Their snipers pick off officers, or pluck frantic messengers from their feet before word of the attack can get out, while gunners and heavies fill reserve trenches with fire and death. Expertly assembled networks of defensive positions slowly crumble from within as the cold-eyed killers go about their business, wreaking more havoc in a matter of hours than all the artillery fire and hopeless offensives of recent months put together. Perhaps homing beacons or spore-cysts will be placed, or grim summoning rituals performed, to call in further attackers from unseen quarters and begin the true offensive from the heart of the foe's stronghold. Perhaps



coordinates will be transmitted to bring orbital strikes raining down upon the shield generators and command posts that have held the enemy's defences together. Or perhaps the enemy lines will simply be weakened to the point where, when the next hammer-blow offensive falls, it strikes not walls of adamantium but a fortress of brittle glass that shatters before it with shocking ease.

Much depends upon the factions involved in the war itself, for the different races of the galaxy take to the field for very different reasons. The Wall of Martyrs is an Imperial invention, a solid and prefabricated trench network that can be easily deployed across countless battlefields, and that is said to be mortared in place by the flesh and blood of those who defend it. For the Astra Militarum, such defensive operations may be an end unto themselves. 'Hold until relieved' are orders dreaded – and frequently issued – throughout the Emperor's Imperial Guard. Equally, Space Marine Chapters such as the Imperial Fists excel in war world conditions, for what they do not know of siegecraft is not worth knowing.

Yet the Imperium is not the only galactic faction to make use of these trench lines or the defensive turrets that stud them. Chaos Warlords can call upon spike-festooned Walls of Martyrs, either raised by traitor Guardsmen or the twisted engineers of the Dark Mechanicum. The Iron Warriors long ago seized

examples of this proprietary Imperial defence and made their own grim improvements before deploying it with cruel amusement against those it was designed to serve. Some of the more militarily minded Genestealer Cults have access to regiments of compromised siege engineers, and will gladly raise such bulwarks to hold off those who would deny their ascension. In extremis, even Blood Axe Orks have been known to approximate their own ramshackle Walls of Martyrs, or else pay a fortune in teef to the Death Skulls to uproot entire trench networks and deliver them for later use.

For many other races, the Wall of Martyrs is merely a reminder of the Imperial forces that held a world before their own war began. Some networks have existed for centuries upon worlds long depopulated, the weary machine spirits of their automated defences awaiting targets that never came. Should xenos forces engage in combat operations across such a world, they may well find the long-abandoned human positions awakening again to spit unexpected fire and fury at their skimming vehicles. More often, in the sprawling wars that have consumed planet after planet since the emergence of the Great Rift, several factions fight over an Imperial world like jackals at a carcass. Necrons, Chaos heretics, Tyranids and more continue to fight through the Imperial trench lines long after the last of the human defenders have given their lives to prove the veracity of the Wall of Martyrs' name...





# WAR WORLDS

The fires of war burning across the galaxy rage higher than ever before. Every Imperial world knows the touch of bloodshed and battle, yet there are certain planets infamous for the vast conflicts that consume them, and the endless Walls of Martyrs that stretch across their surfaces.

## KRIEG

No war world in the Imperium is more infamous nor more hauntingly bleak than Krieg. Long ago, the world was brought to ruin by a civil war that saw desperately outnumbered loyalists rain atomic fire down across the entire globe. The planet was left in ruins by the cataclysmic fury of that conflict, and now the cities of Krieg exist deep below the surface, churning out regiment after regiment of grim warriors for whom war is their only purpose. The fortifications that proliferated across Krieg's surface during the civil war have only been added to in the centuries since victory was declared. Looming bastions and Walls of Martyrs watch over the wind-swept nothingness, the gas-masked faces of countless Krieg soldiery standing endless sentry over the dead world they fought so hard to reclaim.

This tireless vigilance stood Krieg in good stead when the Great Rift opened. Initial waves of heretical invaders were despatched with contemptuous ease. Yet now a more deadly threat has descended in the form of Waaagh! Ironskull, an immense Ork invasion spearheaded by over six billion Blood Axes. Artillery fire falls night and day across the killing fields of Krieg as massed Ork infantry and tanks storm the trenches. Meanwhile, bands of wily Blood Axe Kommandos slip deep behind the Krieg battle lines to sow mayhem amongst the subterranean settlements. They are met by steely-eyed hunt-teams of Krieg veterans, who willingly call down shelling upon their own positions as soon as the Orks break through. Desperate firefights ensue as explosives rain down and the world turns to fire, the opposing kill teams striving to gun each other down amidst the indiscriminate devastation.

## MORDIAN

Mordian is another Imperial world consumed by war. Tidally locked, one side of Mordian is constantly exposed to the killing fires of its star. The other dwells in perpetual night, amidst which the planet's hive cities rise crowded and dirty into the skies. Famously, Mordian has already seen one Chaos uprising during its history, but that insurrection was crushed by the planet's vaunted Iron Guard regiments. Now, though, the threat of Chaos has come again in an altogether stranger and more terrible fashion. When the Great Rift opened, Mordian found itself subjected to multiple reality breaches that burst open upon the solar wastelands

of the planet's dayside. Untroubled by the incredible temperatures, daemonic hordes flowed to the nightside, attacking across the planet's fixed terminator even as cults and Heretic Astartes kill teams erupted from hiding within the hives.

The war that followed was a desperate one, and had almost brought Mordian to its knees before the forces of the Indomitus Crusade arrived to lend their aid. Supported by fresh Imperial forces, the Mordians were able to drive the traitors back across the terminator and into the killing fires of the planet's star. Yet the Chaos forces proved resourceful, establishing solar-shielded fortress complexes that relied on daemonic sorcery to endure the savage environment. Subjected to an ongoing series of invasions, the Mordians were quick to raise fresh defence lines, establishing Walls of Martyrs all along the planet's twilight terminator.

The Imperial forces fight hard to defend these holdings, but more than once the enemy have broken through and inflicted terrible damage on the Mordian hives. The worst of these instances by far was the attack on Bunkerplex Taurus 9-9, during which a kill team of Night Lords infiltrated and annihilated the generatorum bunker powering a fifty-mile stretch of the terminator line. As the guns fell silent, Daemons poured over the Mordian lines, and many days of horror and slaughter followed before the invaders could be driven back...

## SHADRATH PRIME

Not all Walls of Martyrs rise upon planets denuded and dead. The world of Shadrath Prime, for example, is almost entirely oceanic. Hundreds of islands float upon the ocean currents, the only haven from the hyper-aggressive predators that rule the briny deeps. The Imperium has long maintained holdings on Shadrath Prime's isles – which vary from icy stone bergs to vast atolls thick with jungle – for the seas contain rare minerals that can be refined into superior las-cells.

The beginning of the end came for the people of Shadrath when the Genestealer Cult of the Bladed Wyrms spread through their fortress settlements. Within three brood cycles, all but the largest islands seethed with cultists. Worse, the cult took control of the Shadrath Expeditionary Engineering Corps, whose responsibility it was to raise and maintain the



fortifications keeping each island safe. The cult-claimed isles became impenetrable floating fortresses, and the subsequent war of ascension was swift.

That was not the end for Shadrath Prime, however; even as the first vanguard broods of Hive Fleet Kraken crept onto the planet's surface, hidden webway gates blazed to life above the southern pole. From them emerged airborne hosts sent by Craftworld Ulthwé to put an end to the insurrection. Isla Heskos, Isla Bezzun and Isla Gouch fell to lightning strikes by Aeldari forces before the cultists began to properly fight back. At that point, the war settled into a more subtle, but no less swift pattern, elite Aeldari kill teams stealthily moving in to clear paths through the cult defences to facilitate invasion. Why the Aeldari have taken such an interest in the world is unclear, but after the vicious cauldron of kill team engagements that was Isla Jacynthos, none can doubt that the fey xenos will stop at nothing.

## OMIS-PRION

Sometimes, a war world may be created suddenly and savagely, its defences raised amidst the very heartlands of human civilisation. Such was the case on Omis-Prion, where the awakening of a Necron dolmen gate beneath the planet's surface saw yawning chasms torn through Hives Ya'Jaesic, Naul'Yt'Yter and Ch'Akh'Ul. With their cities subsiding and xenos invaders rising, Omis-Prion's PDF ploughed desperate firebreaks through entire districts with industrial dozer-units, and raised Walls of Martyrs and other defences directly into the path of the oncoming attackers. Trench lines stretched through

shattered ferrocrete and broken bedrock, mere feet from the looming walls of still-functioning manufacturums and frantically bustling munitions yards.

The Imperial forces might have held on, had not terrible misfortune struck, for Omis-Prion now found itself the subject of scrutiny by a T'au colonisation fleet. Driven to desperation by their circumstances, the majority of the planet's civilian population defected to the T'au Empire at the earliest opportunity, but a stubborn resistance dug themselves in amongst the world's vast mountain redoubts and winding trench lines. Reasoning that such a weakened foe could be swiftly eliminated before they turned their attention to the Necrons, the T'au launched a full-scale invasion. The remaining Imperial presence on Omis-Prion was annihilated just weeks later.

Now, however, two powerful xenos empires must fight over the rich ruins of the fallen human civilisation. Elite bands of Necrons stalk corpse-strewn trenches, glowing eyes alive for any sign of the Fire caste kill teams that hunt them. T'au Pathfinders push deep into contested territory, striving to locate and mark the Necron emergence points before racing for their own lines to deliver their findings to Fire caste high command. The T'au are massing their forces once more, probing for where to strike, yet they must be swift, for with every passing day more Necrons awaken and trudge into place below the planet's surface, ready to launch their counter-attack. But for now, the war on Omis-Prion has become the province of rival kill teams that strive to gather information and strategic advantage before the storm breaks anew...



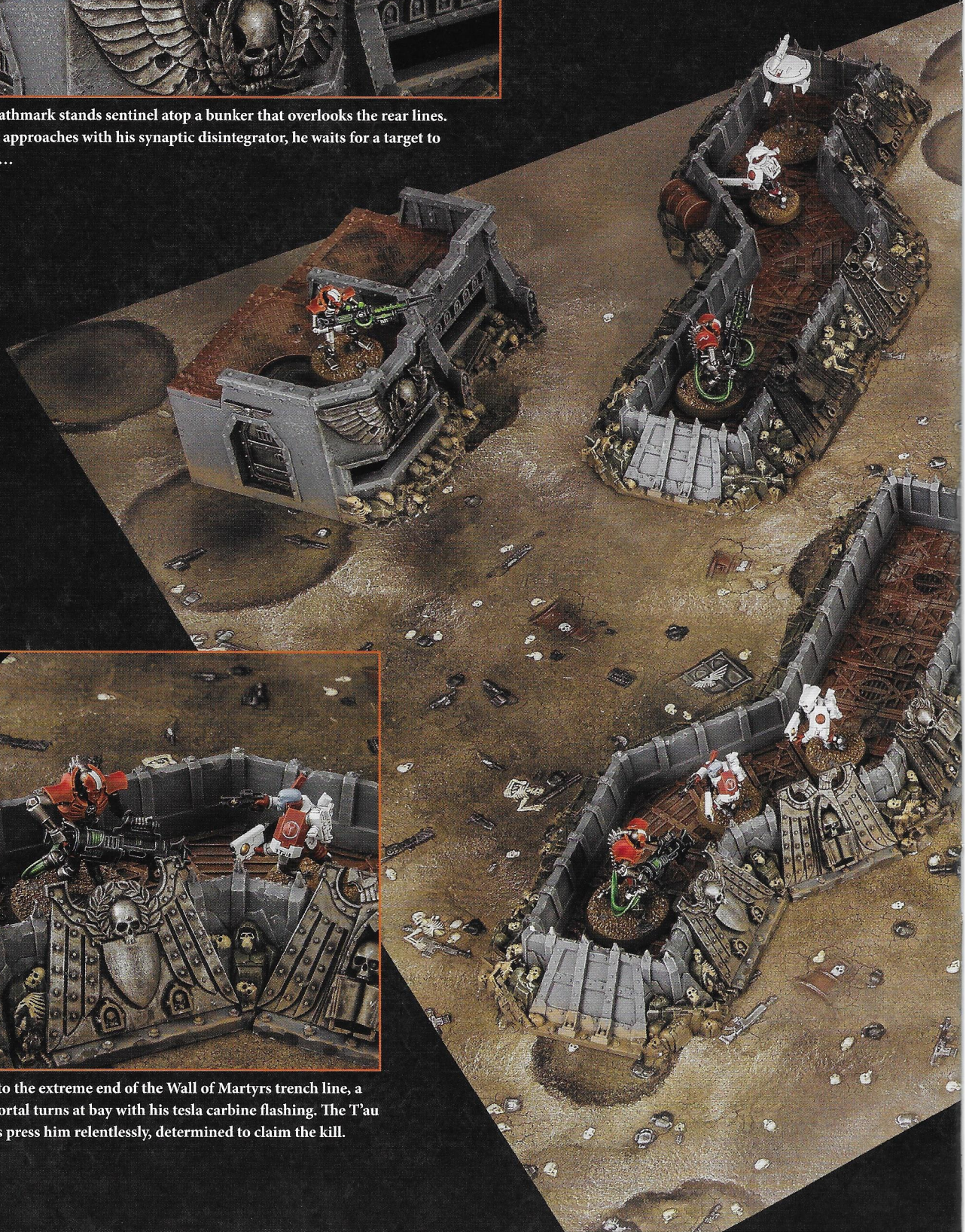




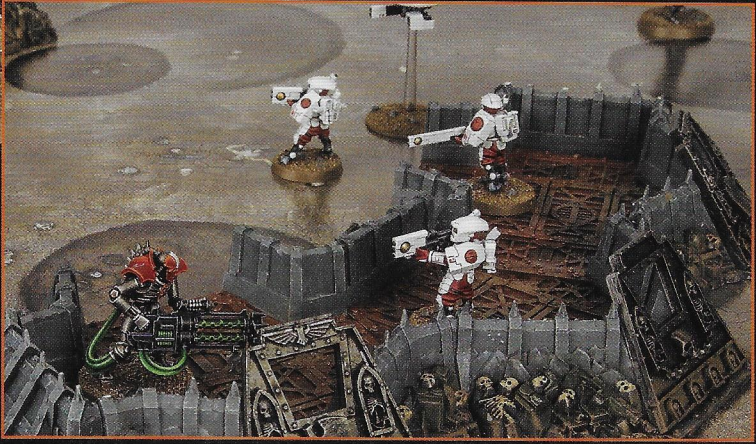
A Necron Deathmark stands sentinel atop a bunker that overlooks the rear lines. Sweeping the approaches with his synaptic disintegrator, he waits for a target to present itself...



Driven back to the extreme end of the Wall of Martyrs trench line, a Necron Immortal turns at bay with his tesla carbine flashing. The T'au Fire Warriors press him relentlessly, determined to claim the kill.



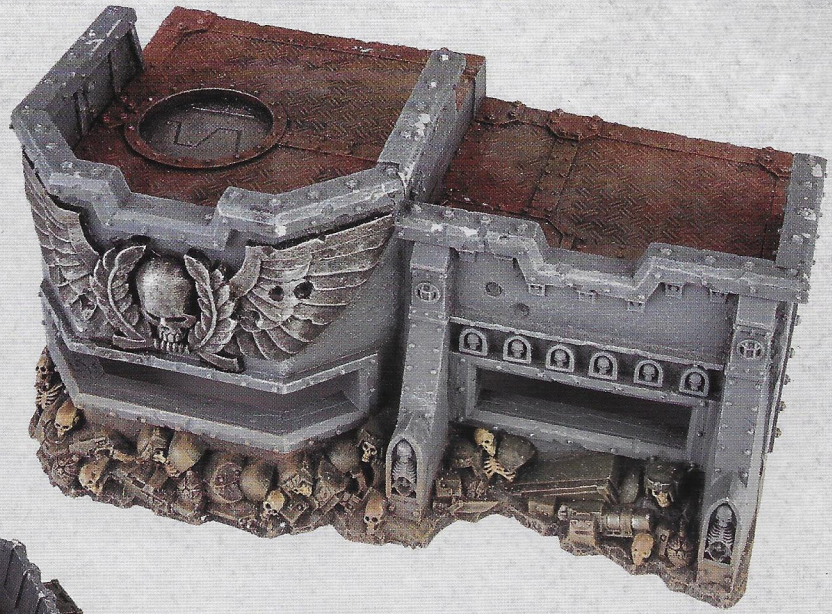




As the T'au Empire forces storm a forward observation trench, a Necron Immortal holds his ground with gauss blaster blazing. Such forward positions can be crucial, and are not to be abandoned lightly.



The Wall of Martyrs is studded with command bunkers and forward observation posts. Each such strongpoint represents a vital link in the wall's chain of defences.



The majority of the Wall of Martyrs is formed from endless stretches of trenchworks, buttressed with Imperial iconography and shored up with corpses and debris.



Junctions, artillery trenches and firepoints are spaced along the Wall of Martyrs, providing ideal defensive positions for hard-pressed kill teams seeking a site to rally and stage a counter-attack.





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The Wall of Martyrs rises wherever the fires of battle rage highest...

On apocalyptic war worlds and amidst savagely contested galactic strongholds, miles-long trench lines stretch to the horizon, studded with bunkers, weapons batteries and redoubts. The missions launched by kill teams deployed to such worlds are especially hazardous, as they storm bunkers, break open defences, and sabotage the foe from behind the lines.

This booklet describes the dangers of such war worlds, and examines how kill teams can overcome or exploit the Wall of Martyrs and its many defensive structures. It describes some of the most infamous war-world conflicts in the galaxy, and provides a wealth of inspiration for setting your own Kill Team battles in such punishing terrain.

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