

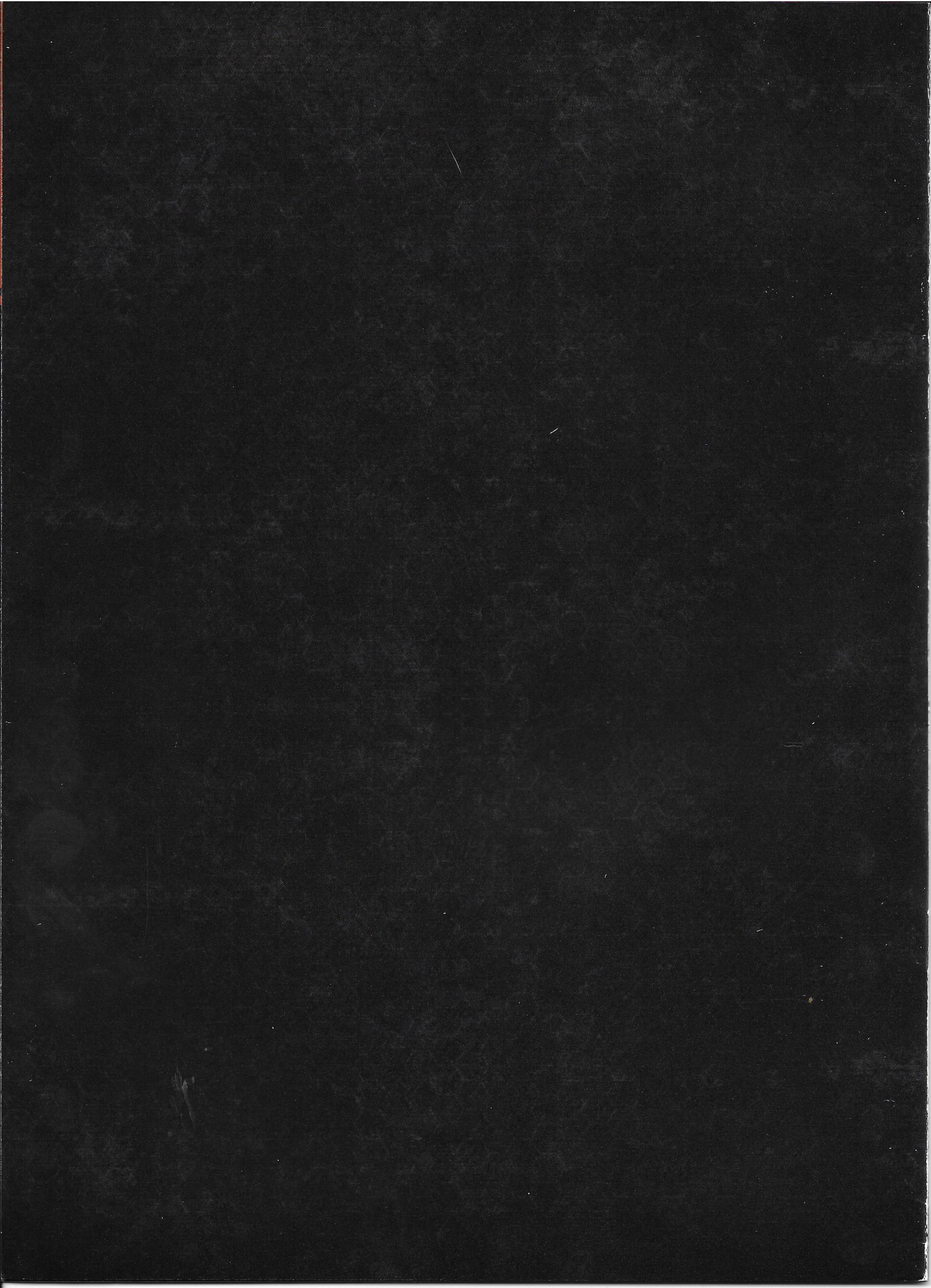
WARHAMMER
40,000

KILL TEAM™



SECTOR MUNITORUM

KILLZONE ENVIRONMENT



INTRODUCTION

Within this booklet you will be introduced to the cavernous warehouse districts known as the Sectors Munitorum. These immense supply zones contain an untold number of crates, barrels and armoured containers, each filled to the brim with the vital resources that feed the Imperium's vast war machine.

Powered by the back-breaking labour of trillions of workers and mind-scoured servitors, the factorums and forge worlds of the galaxy-spanning Imperium of Mankind ceaselessly pump out an unthinkable quantity of munitions and materiel. These vital supplies are transferred to the enormous, automated warehouses of a Sector Munitorum, where they are stored before being transferred to the front lines of Humanity's endless wars. The smallest of these supply depots are the size of a hive city district, while the largest industrial sprawls can cover an entire planet.

The vast amount of resources contained within a Sector Munitorum are a tempting invitation for enemy raids and sabotage missions. These close-quarter battles are brutal and hazardous in the extreme. Combatants are channelled between towering canyons of containers, each of which could teeter and fall at any moment to crush the unfortunate souls beneath. Rusted promethium barrels erupt under sustained gunfire, spilling trails of burning oil or detonating in a coruscating fireball that consumes flesh and armour alike. Servitor-engines roam through the gloom,

performing the same functions they have for a hundred years, thoughtlessly crushing intruders as they shift tank-sized containers to and fro.

The scenery included inside this box allows you to simulate these tense and lethal conflicts in your games of Kill Team. With the addition of armoured containers, galvanic servohaulers and stacks of rusted fuel barrels, you will be able to replicate a vicious gunfight taking place in the industrial clutter of a Munitorum cargo-hub, or a skirmish amidst the smog-choked stacks of a promethium depot.

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 covering of rust to your galvanic servohaulers to signify decades spent in dank underground storage chambers, and maybe you wish to paint your armoured containers with the military camo patterns of an Astra Militarum regiment. Whatever you decide, the scenery provided within this set will make an exciting and evocative addition to your tabletop gaming experience.



SECTOR MUNITORUM

Sector Munitorum districts are a common sight throughout the Imperium. Production and supply are the sinews of Humanity's galaxy-spanning empire, and to house the vast amount of resources churned out daily by forge worlds and munitions factorums requires appropriately immense storage facilities.

The Departmento Munitorum is branch of the Administratum charged with keeping the scattered military forces of the Imperium equipped and fuelled. The sheer scale of this task is almost impossible to truly comprehend. There are hundreds of thousands of worlds in the Imperium of Mankind, and many times that number of Astra Militarum regiments, all of whom require a near-constant supply of munitions, promethium and equipment.

Munitorum officials are present upon almost every world of the Imperium, operating a logistical web truly astonishing in its length and breadth. In cogitation arrays the size of battleships are crammed thousands upon thousands of Administratum scribes. Day after day these men and women hunch over their data-looms, endlessly inputting coordinates and adjusting binharic sequencing routines. This work is stultifying beyond belief, but must be carried out with exacting care – a single misplaced number and a fleet of bulk freighters with cargo-holds full of desperately needed ammunition could be diverted hundreds of light years off course.

Due to the frequency of similar incidents, soldiers of the Astra Militarum have a notoriously low opinion of the Departmento Munitorum. Almost every regiment has its own tale of bureaucratic incompetence; receiving entire transport ships full of incompatible lasgun magazines, for example, or being outfitted with desert camouflage ponchos and dust goggles while engaged in a battle across an arctic wasteland. In many cases, such administrative errors can be fatal for the unfortunate recipients. However, in truth it is a miracle that the Departmento Munitorum manages to perform its task at all, given the challenges facing any logistical operation across such vast distances of space.

Due to the unimaginable quantities of raw material being transported on a never-ending basis, the Departmento Munitorum requires an enormous storage capacity. Sector Munitorum districts can be found on many Imperial worlds, containing towering canyons of armoured containers, rust-coloured mesas of stacked promethium barrels, and sprawling loading zones populated entirely by automated cargo-haulers and monotask loader-servitors. Hundreds of galvanic servohaulers crawl back and forth on iron treads, their grasping claws packing container after container into

warehouses and distribution hubs. Trillions of Imperial citizens spend their entire lives in such environments, until the back-breaking labour or the cumulative effect of inhaling industrial chem-vapour renders them incapable of service.

Sometimes, entire planets are devoted solely to the stockpiling of resources – so-called repository worlds. Much of the labour upon these worlds is carried out by automated cargo-haulers and mind-scoured servitors, and without constant maintenance this can lead to the loss of millions of tonnes of valuable resources – unable to prioritise correctly, loader-servitors will blankly continue to pile containers upon containers, creating mountains of unmarked cargo. The deepest levels of repository worlds – secured behind obsolete code-locks and rusted mag-vault doors – often contain forgotten shipments dating back thousands of years, containers packed with all manner of ephemera that will likely never see the light of day. Worse still, should corruption or decay infect the logic routines of a servitor workforce, entire Sectors Munitorum can be transformed into industrial deathtraps, filled with toxic gases and deranged, malfunctioning automatons.

Due to the fact that they present tempting targets to heretical forces, rapacious xenos and rebellious dissidents alike, many Munitorum containers are equipped with storm bolters slaved to a simple target-recognition auspex. Anyone approaching sensitive cargo without the correct authorisation codes will find themselves bracketed by volleys of mass-reactive rounds. More than one would-be thief has met a swift and bloody end after sneaking into a Munitorum complex in search of easy loot. Unfortunately, many unfortunate dockhands and recovery teams have also lost their lives due to the malfunctioning auto-targeting routines of decades-old containers.

This is not the only danger to be found within the most densely packed Munitorum facilities. Gigantic fuel depots are stuffed with barrels of promethium, ready for transport. This combustible substance is the lifeblood of the Imperium, but it is incredibly volatile – a single spark can unleash a billowing fireball, which in turn can start a chain reaction across an entire Sector Munitorum. Upon the repository world of Sagen's Hold, a single dropped barrel of promethium caused a roiling inferno that spread to devour an area the size of a city

– and the unimaginable quantity of supplies contained therein – within a matter of days.

Considering the sheer quantity of vital resources that can be found within a Sector Munitorum, it is not surprising that they are frequent targets for enemy raids and sabotage operations. Not only do such facilities offer tempting bounties of raw materiel, but should the defenders be pushed out they will find vital supply routes for dozens, perhaps hundreds of neighbouring worlds cut off. Due to this strategic importance, the Munitorum's facilities are often formidably well defended, laced with interlocking sentry-gun fire zones, sealable mag-vaults and rockcrete defence bunkers lined with murder holes.

Even those districts that lack such militarised fortifications offer a nightmarish battleground for would-be intruders. Due to the labyrinthine and heavily cluttered nature of these industrial zones, they present the perfect tactical space for defending forces. Cramped avenues of haphazardly placed cargo containers and stacks of rust-dripping barrels narrow sight lines and obscure sentries, masking potential ambushes. With the bare minimum of imagination, the very tools of industry can be turned upon intruders to brutal effect. Galvanic servohaulers swing multi-tonne containers into advancing formations, crumpling armour like paper and crushing soldiers to bloody paste. The targeting sensors

of Munitorum armoured containers are set to maximum prejudice, causing them to open fire upon any hint of movement.

To navigate this lethal maze, canny commanders organise their forces into smaller, more mobile kill teams, clearing each cargo-hub with steady precision. Inevitably, first contact with the enemy results in a vicious, close-range firefight amidst a tangle of weathered gantries and creaking cargo-stacks. Many Munitorum warehouses are lit only by a few weakly flickering stab-lights, casting the combatants into near-impenetrable gloom. Las-fire and hard shot zip down cramped corridors with deafening shrieks, only adding to the panic and confusion. A single stray round can easily ignite a servohauler's volatile power cell, or spill open a container of toxic waste, dousing any unfortunate souls nearby in a shower of flesh-melting liquid.

Though the hazards are innumerable, there are potential advantages to be found amidst the sprawl of a distribution hub or supply depot. Munitorum containers are stamped with the symbol of the departamento, and military supplies are typically stencilled with the Imperial aquila – a good sign that valuable materiel is stored within. In the midst of a drawn-out gun battle, opportunistic warriors can take advantage of this surrounding bounty, ensuring a steady flow of ammunition and medicae supplies.



INDUSTRIAL DEATH

There are innumerable accounts of fierce, close-quarters battles that took place within the dank gloom of a Sector Munitorium – two forces fighting tooth and nail over vital supplies that would change the fate of entire war zones. Here are three infamous examples of such bloody conflicts.

MAGVAULTS OF BELIS CORONA

Located to the galactic east of fallen Cadia, the orbital dockyards of Belis Corona were swiftly engulfed by the same fires that had consumed the legendary fortress world. Abaddon's Black Legion fell upon the naval stronghold in vast numbers, seeking to cripple the Imperium's battlefleets and cut off a major supply centre in one fell swoop. Belis Corona was a dead world, with no atmosphere or ecosystem. Beneath its cratered surface were several enormous magvaults maintained by the Departamento Munitorium, filled to the brim with starship torpedoes and macro-cannon shells – a priceless stockpile of ammunition.

Uvrik Khravos, one of Abaddon's trusted commanders, was appointed by the Warmaster as commander of the Chaos invasion, and was joined by several agents of the Dark Mechanicum and their flesh-moulded battle servitors. Though Khravos' Heretic Astartes had pushed far into the magvault catacombs in their initial assault, slaughtering hundreds of loyalist defenders with punishing volleys of bolter fire, their losses were far higher than Khravos expected. Belis Corona's Cadian defenders had formed into ad hoc kill teams, and harried the invaders at every step, using all aspects of the labyrinthine battleground to their advantage. Dreading the Despoiler's response if he should fail in his mission, Khravos called upon the vile talents of his traitorous Tech-Priests. They unleashed a scrap code virus into the datacurrents of Belis Corona's magvaults. This corruption spread like wildfire amongst the machine spirits of the Sector Munitorium's defence turrets and the logic routines of the facility's servitor population, infusing them with a deranged bloodlust.

The loyalist defenders found themselves assailed by mindlessly screaming automatons and targeted by haywire sentry turrets. Belis Corona's vast underground warehouses were transformed into a horrendous, blood-splattered deathtrap, as frenzied servitors turned the tools of heavy industry upon their masters, crushing Guardsmen to death under avalanches of armoured containers or grinding them beneath the tracks of entire fleets of galvanic servohaulers. The Battle for Belis Corona has continued to rage for years, in the most horrendous conditions imaginable. Neither side will abandon their gains, and the charnel-house depths of the magvaults echo to ceaseless volleys of gunfire and the screams of the dying.

BATTLE OF HELSREACH

Taking place during the Third War for Armageddon, the Battle for Helsreach has entered Imperial mythology as an example not just of the ruthless savagery of the xenos, but of the selfless bravery that the Emperor demands. The hive world Armageddon – a vital industrial port – had come under assault from an enormous Ork Waaagh! led by the infamous Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka. Millions died within days as the bloody fighting escalated, with the armoured fist of the Imperium and the famed Armageddon Steel Legion barely holding the ferocious greenskin advance at bay.

The hive city of Helsreach was one of the most fiercely contested battlegrounds. A major industrial capital that specialised in the processing of raw materials and the refinement of promethium from Armageddon's oceanic drilling platforms, the loss of Helsreach would have been catastrophic for the Imperium's embattled armies. Huge swathes of the hive city were already under assault when news came of an even graver threat approaching its coastal border. The Orks had assembled a fleet of junk-metal submersibles, each filled with thousands of battle-hungry greenskin warriors. This ramshackle yet deadly force was fast approaching the Helsreach docks. Clustered with munitions and supplies, and crowded with menial workers and servohaulers, the dockyards were so congested that it was impossible to transport fresh troops to this new front in sufficient numbers.

In an act of extraordinary bravery, the dockhands and workers of Helsreach took up arms in the defence of their home. Alongside a scattering of Steel Legion veterans and a few teams of Tempestus Scions, this makeshift force organised a frantic improvised defence. Manning servohauler cranes and dozer-claws, a band of brave and untrained civilians held the submersible onslaught at bay, snatching the Ork vessels up in the crushing claws of galvanic servohaulers and tearing them to pieces. Even as their comrades turned the tools of labour into deadly weapons, the remaining dockhands and their Steel Legion allies formed into mobile kill teams. They used the maze of docking gantries and abandoned supply containers to channel the Ork advance, harassing the enemy at every step. Casualties amongst the vastly outnumbered defenders were hideously high, but the Ork invasion fleet was repelled, buying Helsreach precious time.

VIGILUS

The important stronghold and production centre of Vigilus has long had a significant Munitorum presence. Its manufacturums and forge-clades pumped out vast quantities of munitions and equipment for nearby war zones, as well as producing the Bastion-class force fields for which the planet was famed. This constant cycle of production and export meant that Vigilus boasted several sprawling Sector Munitorum depots. The largest was known as the Rheikan Freighthold, and was located on the southern edge of Oteck Hivesprawl. Much of the materiel forged upon Vigilus passed through this sprawling distribution hub before being loaded upon transport hulks and cargo runners bound off-world. Like many of Vigilus' most valuable strategic locations, the Freighthold was heavily defended, and protected by a crackling force field charged with psychic energy that encircled the city-sized compound.

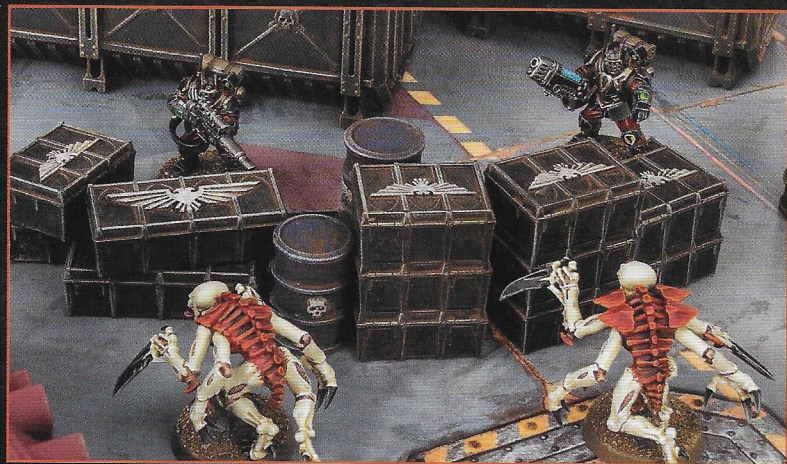
When the galaxy-wide warp storms preceeding the opening of the Great Rift first began to bruise the skies above Vigilus, a vast scrap-fleet of Ork warships emerged from ruptured space and rained down upon the planet's surface. Landing in the barren wastelands that separated Vigilus' hivespraws, millions of howling greenskins swept towards the world's populated centres in search of battle and bloodshed. For a time, the force field arrays kept the xenos out. That lasted until the Great Rift tore open in its horrifying entirety, spilling the corrupting tides of Chaos into reality. The psychic shock wave from this catastrophe caused Vigilus' psychically active defences to flicker and fail. Unhindered, the greenskin tide flooded into the breaches with a

thundering chorus of triumphant bellows. The Rheikan Freighthold was swiftly overrun by scavenger bands of Orks intent upon looting and slaughter. Sparking power claws peeled open containers stuffed with munitions and explosives, and chittering Grots clambered across columns of tarpaulin-covered vehicles and freshly forged tanks, as the greenskins helped themselves to Rheikan's bounty of stored equipment. The unfortunate Imperial defenders were hacked down and torn apart by the unrelenting assault, doggedly giving their lives to thin the enemy's numbers.

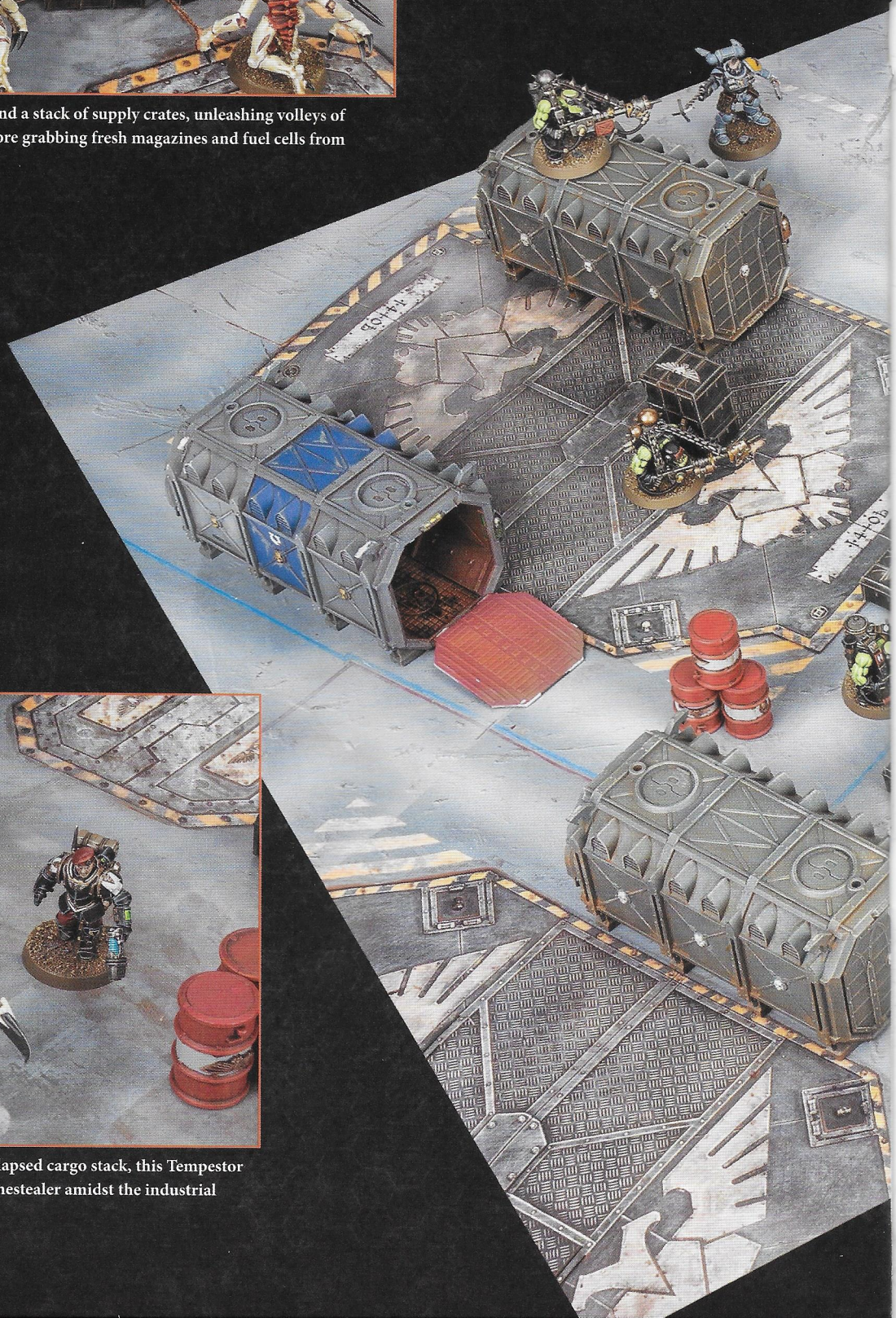
Only the sudden appearance of a more insidious menace prevented the greenskin hordes from claiming the entire Freighthold as their own. Rising up from subterranean access-tunnels and cargo warehouses came the xenos-worshippers of the Pauper Princes, a Genestealer Cult that had long propagated upon Vigilus, hidden in the dark corners of its bustling hive cities and industrial sprawls. Many of these cultists had laboured alongside the indentured workers and stevedores of Rheikan for decades, never once revealing the truth of their allegiance. Now they sought to claim the Freighthold's supplies in order to power their planet-wide revolution.

A three-way running war commenced amidst the industrial sprawl, as Orks, Guardsmen and cultists hunted and slew amidst the shadows of towering cargo-stacks. The escalating violence also drew the attention of advance kill teams from the Space Wolves Chapter, who had been investigating rumours of xenos activity in the area. The skirmishes within Rheikan rage to this day, with no side able to establish control.





Tempestus Scions take cover behind a stack of supply crates, unleashing volleys of fire at incoming Genestealers before grabbing fresh magazines and fuel cells from their makeshift cache.

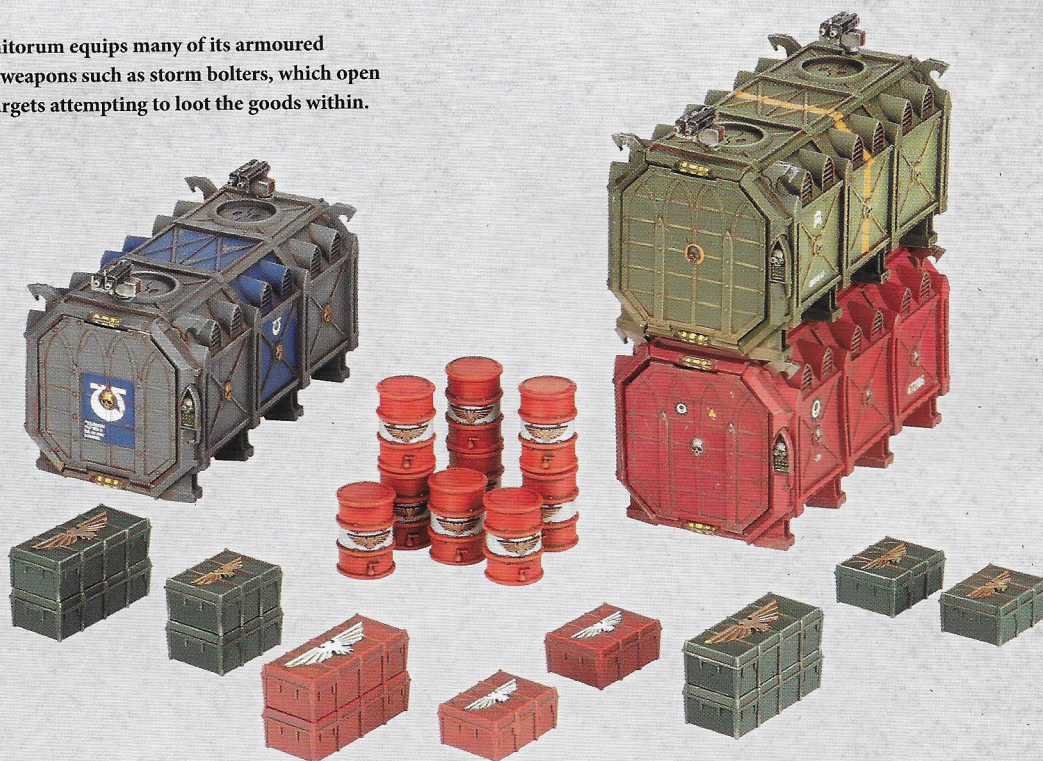


Separated from his squad by a collapsed cargo stack, this Tempestor finds himself hunted by a lone Genestealer amidst the industrial clutter of a Sector Munitorium.

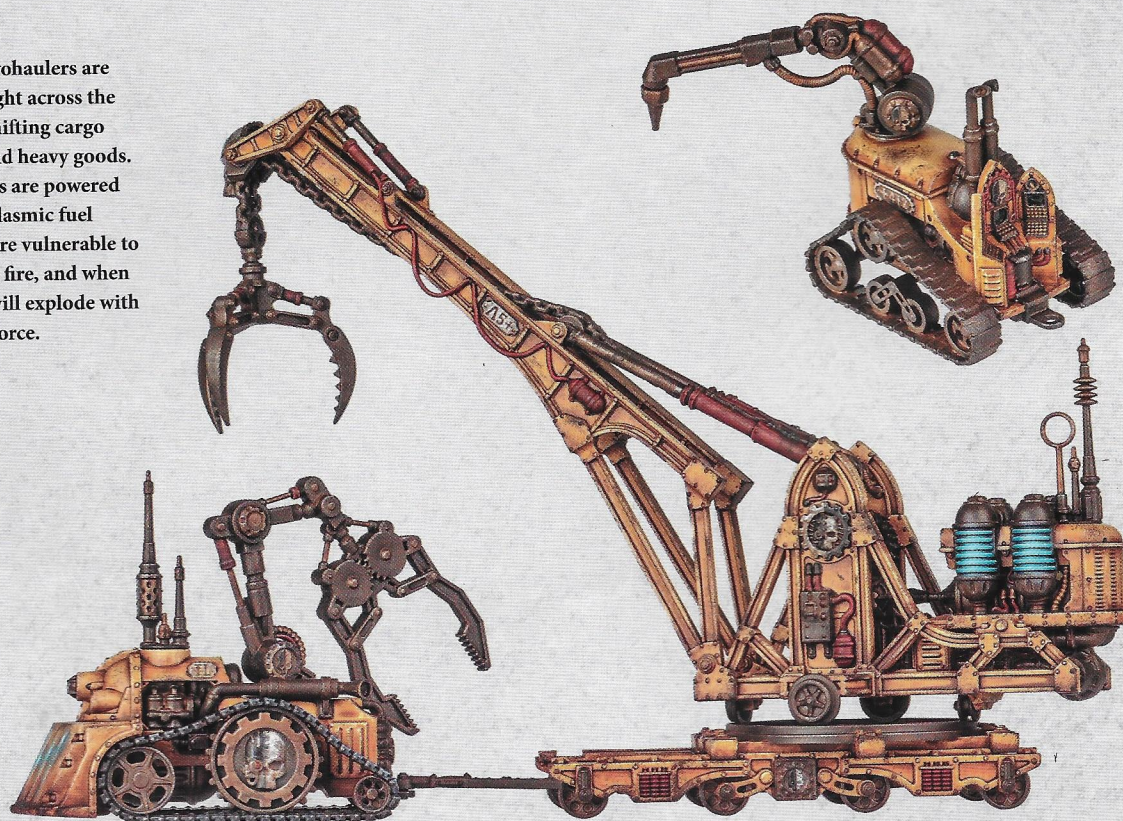


A Genestealer advances upon an isolated Tempestus Scion. Though the xenos horror moves with frightening speed, it has strayed too close to a cluster of promethium barrels, and risks being doused in burning fuel alongside its intended prey.

The Departmento Munitorum equips many of its armoured containers with sentry weapons such as storm bolters, which open fire on unauthorised targets attempting to loot the goods within.



Galvanic servohaulers are a common sight across the Imperium, shifting cargo containers and heavy goods. These vehicles are powered by exposed plasmic fuel cells, which are vulnerable to concentrated fire, and when overloaded will explode with devastating force.



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By the material gathered in these vast arenas are
entire wars won or lost.

The immense supply districts known as Sectors Munitorum can be found across the Imperium of Mankind. They house the resources needed to power Humanity's vast armies; millions of tonnes of munitions, equipment, weapons and fuel. Such priceless stockpiles draw the eye of avaricious raiders, leading to brutal, close-quarter battles amidst looming canyons of rusted containers. This booklet provides a detailed overview of Sector Munitorum districts, explaining their essential importance to the Imperial war machine. You will also find detailed accounts of several bloody conflicts fought by kill teams for control of vital munitions depots, providing you with plenty of inspiration for staging your own thrilling battles within these sprawling industrial zones.

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