

WARHAMMER  
40,000

# KILL TEAM™



## STARN'S DISCIPLES

GENESTEALER CULTS KILL TEAM



## PRODUCED BY GAMES WORKSHOP IN NOTTINGHAM

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# INTRODUCTION

The following pages tell the tale of Ghyrson Starn, hero of the revolution and punisher of the star children's enemies. Many are the legends told of this deadly gunslinger and his band of loyal followers, the Disciples of Starn. Read on, and learn the truth of their deeds for yourself...

Ghyrson Starn is a hero of the xenos-tainted cultists that infest the war-torn world of Vigilus, a symbol of resistance against the tyrannical Imperium. To his enemies he is an anarchist and a cold-blooded killer, an assassin who steps from the shadows to slaughter his foes with blasts from his custom autostub pistols. He leads the kill team known as Starn's Disciples, each of whom would gladly sacrifice their life for the gunslinging hero they idolise. This band of killers has murdered planetary governors, sabotaged Imperial monuments and stolen munitions and weapons from Astra Militarum outposts, building their infamous legend with every fresh outrage.

Within this booklet you will be introduced to the Kelermorph Ghyrson Starn, a xenos horror in the guise of a rebellious hero, bio-crafted to be the face of the uprising. You will also find an account of the warriors comprising Starn's Disciples, each of whom can be constructed using the miniatures provided in the accompanying box. Their names and personalities were generated using the narrative tables provided in the Kill Team Core Manual. Also included is a short piece of fiction that shows these xenos-worshipping outlaws

in action against the cybernetic soldiers of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Further detailing the sinister history of Starn's Disciples is a timeline of their most infamous acts of sedition, from mag-train heists to deadly gun battles on the streets of Vigilus' hivespawls.

This booklet also contains a showcase demonstrating how the models in this box can be built and painted to represent Starn's Disciples on the tabletop, complete with the colour schemes and heraldry of the Pauper Princes – the Genestealer Cult to which they belong. Also included are four exclusive mission cards and several unique and devious Tactics specifically designed for use with your Genestealer Cults kill team.

Finally, this booklet provides you with all of the rules you will need to field the pistol-wielding killer known as the Kelermorph as your Kill Team Commander. Whether you choose to assemble and paint your model as the outlaw Ghyrson Starn, or decide to create your own exciting backstory and character using the narrative tables provided in the Kill Team Core Manual, this sharp-shooting xenos assassin will make a deadly addition to your collection.





# DUEL AMIDST THE DUNES

'A small force,' said Mordecai Kreel. 'Scouts, perhaps?'

Ghyrson Starn watched the metal-bodied servants of the cog-priests approach, running low across rolling dunes of red sand. Behind them drifted the form of a Tech-Priest, a bloated fusion of flesh and machine.

The survey outpost was a cluster of rugged blockhouses arranged ahead of the excavation sites. Each of the thick-walled habitation structures was designed to keep the burning heat of the desert at bay. Starn's gang had taken up ambush positions behind cover, awaiting the foe. So far it appeared they were unnoticed.

'If the Mechanicus was here in force we would know,' he said, his voice a harsh growl. 'They're here for the cache, same as us.'

He turned. Kreel gazed at him through unblinking yellow eyes.

'Send in the tunnel-boys,' Starn said.

The Acolyte leader nodded, and reached for the vox-link built into his rubberised hazard suit.

'Bring them down, my brothers. Alive, if possible. All deserve the chance to feel the embrace of enlightenment.'

Gunfire split the air as the ambush was sprung. The chatter of autogun fire and the dull thump of riot shotguns. It was answered by a series of harsh barks that Starn recognised as the distinctive sound of a flechette blaster, a favoured weapon of the Mechanicus' cybernetic soldiers.

The Tech-Priest's weapon-limb flashed and discharged a beam of blazing lightning. From his vantage point Starn did not see the blast strike home, but he heard the thunderous crash of impact.

'They don't get near the dig site,' he said. The dome of the distant building was engulfed by a drift of red sand. They had almost finished loading the Inquistorial caches when the Skitarii had been sighted, but there was more work yet to be done. Starn knew that whatever the prospector teams had uncovered here, it was valuable enough to draw the interest of the Holy Ordos, and dangerous enough to warrant the death of everyone involved in its discovery.

The Imperium's watch-hounds did not step from the shadows unless the need was great.

Starn signalled for his warriors to form up. These five were his trusted disciples, the most zealous and capable fighters produced by the cult's cycle of birth. Hunched and muscular, their flesh rippled with alien power. Like Starn, each had three powerful arms, allowing them to wield their heavy mining gear with ease. Groust Gorl's ugly face twitched in displeasure, purplish veins pulsing beneath his bulbous skull.

'Rust-worshippers,' he snarled. 'Servants of the tyrant cog-priests. The star gods smile upon us for every one we slay.'

Starn leapt from the roof of the low building, his cloak fluttering in the heavy winds as he dropped to the ground. His disciples followed. Skir Desh, the bearer of the cult's sacred icon, began to chant in his soft voice, shaking with fervour.

'Grandsire Wurm is watching over us, blood-brothers,' he said, brandishing the biomorph whip that grew from his hand. 'Let us spill the blood of these unbelievers.'

Starn led his followers through a channel between two of the habitations. The corpses of the guards set to watch over Mining Post Galdur were already almost covered by the sand. Here and there the dome of a carapace helm or a stricken arm poked through the dust. The walls of the structures on each side were scored and pitted, riddled with bullet marks and las burns.

Not all of the damage had been caused when Starn and his cultists overwhelmed the Inquistorial retinue guarding the hidden cache. These lands were wild, even more so since the greenskins had begun to sweep across the wastes in their ragged warbands, seeking battle.

Screams echoed from the square beyond, accompanied by the teeth-aching hum of voltaic weaponry. Starn's Neophyte troops were outmatched against the might of a Tech-Priest and his bodyguard, but Starn knew that the brood brothers would not flee. He chose only the most ardent gene-kin to follow him into battle.

'Take the Skitarii,' he said to his disciples. 'Leave the cog-priest to me.'

A figure stumbled into the alley. One of the perimeter scouts, his hazard suit riddled with smoking holes, purplish blood leaving a trail in his wake.

Starn reached the man as he collapsed against the left-side wall.

'Honoured one,' the man rasped as he twisted his head to peer into Starn's yellow eyes. 'We held them as long as we could.'

The gunslinger gave an almost imperceptible nod.

'Rest eternal, brother. Your task is done.'

The dying man's expression turned to one of tearful joy, as if a final wish had been granted. Then his eyes clouded over as death claimed him.

Bodies littered the clearing, burned and blackened by fearsome electrical currents. The Tech-Priest and his minions were finishing off the wounded, pressing



taser goads to the prone figures and burning the life from them. Starn stepped out into the open, and as one the cyborgs turned to meet him, dropping into a combat stance. Starn swept his cloak across, letting it billow out behind him as his upper arms reached for the custom autostub pistols holstered on each thigh.

A surge of bio-electricity coursed through the Kelermorph's body, a cocktail of hyper-sensory stimulants that limned the world in fire. Time slowed. He saw the cybernetic armsmen begin to advance, their movements sluggish and clumsy, and watched tendrils of lightning ripple along the barrel of the Tech-Priest's weapon. He could pick out individual grains of sand drifting through the air, and taste the bitter unguents that lubricated the cog-worshippers' metal frames.

The draw took only a fraction of a second, but to Starn it was as if he had all the time in the world to clear his holsters and fire. His guns rocked in his hands, and the closest Mechanicus warrior was blasted from its feet, its composite chest-piece sparking and drooling oily fluid.

The Tech-Priest's magnarail lance fired, and Starn threw himself sidelong, still blasting away. He turned as he landed, tucking into a roll, and came up behind a twisted spine of corrugated metal protruding from the sand.

His disciples charged across open ground, screaming war cries and oaths to the star gods.

Lhaska led the way, howling at the top of his lungs, his rock drill sparking and roaring. The Acolyte was one of the most fearless creatures Starn had ever fought alongside – Lhaska insisted to all who would listen that the Magus Velleron, the mouth of Grandsire Wurm himself, had told him his destiny, and believed that until that fated day no weapon could lay him low.

The Skitarii had other ideas. They blurted a stream of white noise as they advanced, a constant hiss of static that made the head throb and the skin crawl.

Lhaska lunged at the fallen Sicarian that Starn had shot, aiming to drive the drill into its sparking chest. The cyborg rolled out of the way, and a gout of sand burst into the air as the rig's whirring grinder-heads sank into the earth.

Then the two forces clashed, and the screech of heavy mining tools striking the electrostatic fields of shock goads was almost deafening.

Another blast of the Tech-Priest's cannon shrieked across the clearing, striking Kol Valka in the chest and hurling his twitching body against the wall of the habitation, his skull wreathed in electric fire.

Starn stood, stepping clear from cover and unloading his weapons at the bloated form of the cog-worshipper. The bullets struck an invisible field of force, sparking and whining as they skipped off across the sand. When his guns clicked dry, the sharpshooter

ducked back behind cover, spinning the cylinders of both pistols while his third arm fed fresh rounds into the chambers.

'Mutant filth,' bellowed the Tech-Priest, firing another blast of lightning that crashed into the barricade and melted metal into bubbling slurry.

'Slave of a dead god,' Starn shouted back, thumbing the hammers of his guns, his third arm reaching down to draw another autostub. This last weapon was loaded with armour-piercing rounds of depleted tantarium – gifts from the exploited underclass to whom the Kelermorph was a symbol of freedom and rebellion.

'This bullet has your name upon it, cog-priest.'

He stood, spinning as he emerged from cover. As the barrel of the Tech-Priest's cannon glowed with a coruscating charge of lethal energy, Starn raised his gun and fired.





# STARN'S DISCIPLES

**To the cultists of the Pauper Princes, Ghyrson Starn is a living legend, a pistol-wielding vigilante standing defiant against the monolithic power of the Imperium. To his enemies he is death itself, and the thunderous report of his autostub pistols is the last sound they will ever hear.**

It was shortly after the Cult of the Pauper Princes rose up in open rebellion against the governing forces of Vigilus that an image began to spread throughout the planet's clustered hivesprawns. Across high-rise spires and dank underpasses was daubed the likeness of a cloaked, three-armed gunslinger, each hand clutching a long-barrelled autostub. Whispers began to spread of this lone figure, the hero that the oppressed underclasses knew as Ghyrson Starn. It was he who gunned down Prime Acclamator Yaphetius on the very steps of the Aquilarian Palace before fading into the shadows. The feared lawkeeper Arbitrator Drau fell at his hand, alongside his entire command, and it was his actions that saw the statues of the Eight Martyrs blown to pieces – another malicious fiction of the Ecclesiarchy torn down in a single, glorious act of revolution.

The tales of Ghyrson Starn's heroics are numerous and thrilling, but none hint at the true horror of his origin. Starn is a Kelermorph, a deadly bioform gestated by the Genestealer Cults for their own sinister ends. Blessed with hyper-stimulated reflexes, synaptic enhancements and impossible dexterity, Starn is bio-designed not only to be a lethal combatant, but also to instil a sense of heroic fervour and anti-government resentment in the hive classes that make up the majority of the cult's indoctrinated ranks. Appalled by the xenos worship spreading throughout the planet's populated centres, the Vigilus Senate has already assigned a number of bounty hunters to track Starn down and end his malign influence. Thus far, none have returned alive, and the bloodied corpses of the Kelermorph's enemies have been strung up in public for all to see. Rumour has it that the temples of the Officio Assassinorum have been contacted, and are even now despatching their own agents to strike the vigilante down.

Acolytes continuously flock to Starn's side, desperate to fight and die alongside the legendary symbol of resistance that they idolise with every fibre of their being. Those chosen for such an honour would give their lives for the Kelermorph without a second thought, such is the psychological and biological power of his legacy. These hand-picked warriors accompany the gunslinger on his many missions of sabotage and destruction, spreading panic and fear throughout the infrastructure of Vigilus by detonating purloined explosives amidst generatorum facilities and forge-plants.

## FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS

Ghyrson Starn's most favoured retainer is the venerable Acolyte Leader Mordecai Krel. One of the cult's eldest and most honoured warriors, Krel was spawned during the Vigilus infestation's first cycle of propagation. His alien gene-stuff has allowed him to exist long beyond an average human lifespan, and in that time he has fought at the forefront of countless guerrilla engagements and search-and-kill missions. A true believer in Starn and in the creed of the star-gods, Krel prefers to capture his enemies alive if possible, that his alien masters might bless them with the Caress of Enlightenment.

Almost as old as Krel and certainly as cunning is Groust Gori. An expert in the use of improvised mining weaponry and ambush tactics, Gori is responsible for training generations of Acolyte Hybrids in the cult's way of war. The tunnel-master himself favours the eviscerating edge of a heavy rock saw, and its whirring blade has carved many enemies of the cult apart. A decades-old injury to the jaw caused by a Guardsman's lasrifflé bayonet causes Gori to constantly drool a trail of acidic spittle, scoring his armour and flesh – it is this, perhaps, that is the source of his famously foul temper.

One of Gori's deadliest tunnel-fighters is Vyrion Lhaska. Utterly convinced of his invulnerability, Lhaska hurls himself into the deadliest firefights without a hint of fear, charging through smoke and flying bullets with his rock drill roaring, grinding the cult's enemies into bloody paste. The Acolyte claims that Magus Velleron himself laid his hand upon Lhaska's flesh, and in doing so granted him a vision of his ultimate destiny: to join with the blessed star-gods on the day of ascension. Until that day, Lhaska believes no grenade, flamer or lasgun can lay him low.

Skir Desh has the honour of bearing Ghyrson Starn's cult icon into battle, and he defends the sacred artefact with single-minded fury. Any foes who threaten to lay their hands upon it are lashed to pieces by the hybrid's barbed sinew-whip, even as the zealous Desh bellows deranged pronouncements of the star gods' glory. He is accompanied by his broodkin Kol Valka, another mutated offspring of the first generations who has proven his might in several subterranean engagements. An expert in close-quarters combat, Valka delights in immolating his foes with a hand flamer, or tearing them to bloody shreds with his wicked talons.









Skir Desh,  
Hybrid Metamorph,  
Zealot Specialist with cult icon



Mordecai Kreel,  
Acolyte Leader with lash whip  
and bonesword



Ghyrson Starn,  
Kelermorph,  
Kill Team Commander



The infamous Ghyrson Starn leads his devoted followers to battle against the hated minions of the Machine God.





Vhyrion Lhaska,  
Acolyte Fighter Combat Specialist  
with heavy rock drill



Kol Valka,  
Hybrid Metamorph with hand flamer,  
metamorph talon and rending claw



Groust Gorl,  
Acolyte Fighter Veteran Specialist  
with heavy rock saw





# LEGENDS OF INFAMY

Below you will find several accounts of Ghyrson Starn's most infamous acts, carried out alongside his band of loyal killers. Such tales are whispered in hive-city dives and upper-spire lounges, and the legend of the enigmatic cowed figure grows in the telling.

## M41 A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

### *First Shots Fired*

The notoriously brutal and sadistic Arbitrator Drau, instigator of the Sumpouse Massacres and the decades-long purges of the Dontorian Underwarrens, is gunned down on the streets of his district by a cloaked vigilante. Under intense interrogation, several witnesses claim that the mysterious figure mowed down Drau and his bodyguards before any of them could draw, and carved a spiral-like sigil into the dead Arbitrator's flesh before disappearing into the night.

### *Shadow and Smoke*

The Adeptus Arbites launch a hive-wide crackdown after Drau's murder. Thousands are hooded, bound and taken away in riotbreaker trucks, never to be seen again. Others are gunned down in running street battles, or beaten to death with power mauls and shock-whips. No sign of Drau's killer is found, and the brutality of the Arbites' response fosters a simmering resentment amongst the hive underclass. The Cult of the Pauper Princes' numbers swell, and the graffitied image of a three-armed gunslinger is seen across Dontoria Hivespawl and beyond.

### *Fall of Martyrs*

The statues of the Eight Martyrs – ancient overlords of Vigilus venerated as saints by the Ministorum – have loomed over the toilhouses of Drenhavn for centuries, dominating symbols of the Ecclesiarchy's iron-fisted rule. In a single night of anarchic violence Ghyrson Starn and his burgeoning

gang of followers demolish them all, bringing them down in a series of timed explosions.

### *Chosen for Infamy*

Starn selects his disciples from amongst the Vigilus infestation's deadliest fighters – veterans of the first cycle of propagation. The gunslinger lays the red-hot barrel of his autostub against the palm of each of those chosen, marking them forever as his loyal companions. Indentured workers seek out the Hero of Dontoria, gifting him with depleted-tantarium bullets crafted from ionised residue gathered from munitions factories and extractor pits. Most succumb to the lethal levels of radiation unleashed in the creation of these slugs, but they die with a blissful smile upon their ravaged faces, having offered a final benefaction to their living idol.

## M41 THE TRUE STRUGGLE BEGINS

### *The Rising*

An Ork Speedwaaagh! crashes to the surface of Vigilus, and greenskin hordes descend upon the planet's cities, threatening everything that the Cult of the Pauper Princes has planned for centuries. Under the synaptic command of Grandsire Wurm, Starn and his acolytes prowl the badlands beyond the urban sprawls, hunting the Orks' leaders. Several are blasted apart by the Kelermorph's autostubs, but the green tide shows no sign of abating.

### *Force-9 from Oteck*

The armoured mag-train *Force-9* departs from Oteck Hivespawl, containing stocks of munitions and small arms bound for the

Mortwald front. As the speeding locomotive rushes along the Oteck-Mortwald Fortwall, Ghyrson Starn and his team board its coaxial compartments from duneskimmer grav-copters. Groust Gork breaches the mag-train's shielded roof using macrothermite mining charges, and the cultists overwhelm and slaughter the unprepared guards. Before an alert can be raised, Starn's gang make off with several crates of high explosives and a shipment of newly forged missile launchers.

### *Saviour of Khranton*

The frontier prospector's town of Khranton Casp comes under assault from waves of Ork scrap-buggies. The greenskins seek to claim the promethium bore-drills at the heart of the settlement, and though the few ancient servo-turrets that guard Khranton's perimeter keep them at bay for several hours, ammunition soon begins to run low. Just as the beleaguered miners think all is lost, a band of figures emerges from the swirling dust-storms. The desperate townsfolk greet Ghyrson Starn and his disciples as heroes. While Mordecai Krel leads the defence of the outer wall, Starn orders the miners to overcharge the drills. As the immense rigs punch through the rock strata, sending up titanic geysers of raw fuel, the Orks finally breach the wall – only to be met by a scuttling wave of slick black bioforms that surge up from beneath the surface of Vigilus. The resulting bloodbath claims the lives of hundreds of Orks, and when the killing is done the Genestealers turn upon the horrified populace. Starn departs, leaving behind a prosperous settlement entirely devoted to the will of Grandsire Wurm.



# KELERMORPH

| NAME  | M  | WS       | BS | S    | T  | W | A  | Ld | Sv | Max |
|---|--|----------|----|------|----|---|--|----|----|-----|
| Kelermorph  | 6"   | 3+       | 2+ | 3    | 3  | 4 | 3  | 8  | 5+ | 1   |
| This model is armed with three liberator autostubs and a cultist knife. |  |          |    |      |    |   |  |    |    |     |
| WEAPON  | RANGE  | TYPE     |    | S    | AP | D | ABILITIES  |    |    |     |
| Liberator autostub  | 12"  | Pistol 1 |    | 4    | -1 | 2 | -  |    |    |     |
| Cultist knife   | Melee  | Melee    |    | User | 0  | 1 | Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. |    |    |     |
| ABILITIES   | Cult Ambush: After deployment but before the first battle round, roll a D6 for this model. On a 5+ this model can immediately move up to 6".   |          |    |      |    |   |  |    |    |     |
|   | Inspirational Deeds: If an enemy model is taken out of action by an attack made with this model's liberator autostubs, then until the end of the phase, re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models from your kill team whilst they are within 6" of this model. |          |    |      |    |   |  |    |    |     |
|   | Lightning Reflexes: This model has a 5+ invulnerable save.   |          |    |      |    |   |  |    |    |     |
| SPECIALISTS   | Fortitude, Leadership, Stealth, Shooting   |          |    |      |    |   |  |    |    |     |
| FACTION KEYWORD   | GENESTEALER CULTS  |          |    |      |    |   |  |    |    |     |
| KEYWORDS  | TYRANIDS, INFANTRY, COMMANDER, KELERMORPH  |          |    |      |    |   |  |    |    |     |

## BLAZE OF GLORY

### Genestealer Cults Tactic Kelermorph Tactic

Use this Tactic when you pick a **KELERMORPH** from your kill team to shoot in the Shooting phase. Instead of shooting normally, you can make a single attack with one of this model's ranged weapons against each enemy model within 8" that is an eligible target.

1 COMMAND POINT

## GENESTEALER CULTS

| MODEL                | POINTS PER MODEL |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Kelermorph (Level 1) | 25               |
| Kelermorph (Level 2) | 30               |
| Kelermorph (Level 3) | 45               |
| Kelermorph (Level 4) | 65               |
| WARGEAR              | POINTS PER ITEM  |
| Liberator autostub   | 0                |





**Ghyrson Starn: hero of the Genestealer Cults, enemy of the Imperium. The infamous acts of this enigmatic gunslinger serve the will of star-born gods.**

Starn's Disciples are a band of rebels who seek to bring down the tyrannical rulership of the Imperium of Mankind. In reality, their leader – the legendary sharpshooter Ghyrson Starn – is a Kelermorph, a bioform spawned by the Genestealer Cults to sow the seeds of resistance in the indoctrinated masses, the better to serve their own dark ends. In this booklet you will find details of Starn's Disciples, the fanatical companions of the Kelermorph. You will witness them sow fear and confusion amongst the domineering overlords of the Imperium, and bring a false and terrible hope to their xenos-tainted kin.

# WARHAMMER 40,000 KILL TEAM



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