

## DEATH KORPS OF KRIEG

The Death Korps of Krieg, a very powerful martial force, are well-known for their dour habits and sinister appearance. No regiment in the Imperial Guard has such an accord with death, and the sons of Krieg adorn their solemn, dark greatcoats with skulls, bones and other such icons of mortality.

The history of the Death Korps is peculiar. Indeed, when the Autarch of Krieg renounced the Imperium his populace rose up against him in a devout fervor, and the regiments

raised to combat the heretic responded with such horrific force that the planet of Krieg was changed forever. In fact, this uprising led to a five-hundred year long campaign of atomic purging that resulted in the previously populous Krieg degenerating into a toxic wasteland of ash and ruins.

Yet the sacrifice of their home world seems not to be enough to atone for the Autarch's heresy. The Death Korps of Krieg still believe they should be punished for the stain on their planet's honor, and have embarked upon a

quest for absolution that takes them into the most desperately dangerous warzones and hopeless battles in the Imperium. Their martyrdom in the name of the Imperial cause is well documented, for the Korps do not fear death. In fact, many seem to welcome it, and a platoon of Death Korps will quite willingly follow orders deemed to be suicidal by less dedicated troops. As a result of this, officers of the Krieg know that their orders will be carried out efficiently and to the letter. It is this surety that has led to many victories against seemingly impossible odds.



*Darren Latham's Death Korps are based on Steel Legion troopers.*

### DEATH KORPS OF KRIEG TROOPER

Troopers from the Death Korps wear dark greatcoats and their sinister appearance reflects the uncompromising nature of the regiment. Death Korps soldiers do not fear dying and are more than willing to sacrifice their own lives for the greater good of the Korps. This accord with death leads many soldiers to adorn their uniforms and weapons with skulls and other grim symbols of mortality. The Death Korps expect to be fighting in the deadliest warzones and their soldiers are equipped accordingly with respirators, cold-weather gear and survival packs that allow them to act in the most extreme operational environments.



The air was far worse than humid, and tiny droplets of viscous liquid hung suspended in the tepid atmosphere like static rain. Three weeks had passed since the rift had opened upon the agri-world of Hubris IV, and Chaos ran rife through what was once a sane and productive planet. Now the landscape itself actually breathed like some monstrous beast, the black column of Death Korps marching across acres of puckered skin and through forests of thick, slime-covered hair.

Veteran Sergeant Mahler knew full well why his superiors had requested to be transferred here. The minions of Chaos epitomized weakness, especially those that revered this particular god, and must be eradicated. No matter that they had lost most of their company to starvation and disease. They would bring the Emperor's grace back to this world.

At a curt command from the front of the column, the Death Korps fanned out into a battle line as doctrine dictated. The armored support, a resplendent symbol of the Emperor's might, took up its positions. Imperial pennants and skull-emblazoned banners fluttered in the breeze above rank upon rank of black greatcoats. For a second, all was still.

Without warning, there was a deafening scream, and all hell broke loose.

Countless fleshy mouths were peeling open in the ground ahead. Clambering out of the foul orifices were all manner of monstrosities, a catalogue of perversion and insanity. The lasguns of the Death Korps opened fire, searing into daemon flesh in as perfect a firing drill as displayed on the subterranean rifle ranges of their home planet. Coalescing in the air mere feet ahead, a horned, dripping head leered out from the ether, straining forward to catch the trooper next to Mahler in its distended jaws. Mahler and his squad took out the thing's eyes, firing pointblank as it came for him, the ghastly apparition dissipating at the last second as his bayonet punctured its bulging forehead.

The tide of atrocity spilling across the ground was closing fast, a gestalt entity of lascivious flesh and gibbering faces. To the right, a troupe of clawed daemon-hags danced and slithered forward, their sensuous bodies writhing obscenely. One of them headed toward Mahler, its grinning features twisting into a foul parody of a woman from his past. Its aura of evil beauty was overpowering. Claws raised, it reared back to strike. Mahler shot it in the mouth.

Shouting praise to the Emperor, the Death Korps blew apart daemon upon daemon, their grotesque forms liquefying and running like quicksilver across the dermal landscape. Many limbed flesh-scorpions clambered across the bodies of the fallen, their barbed tails stabbing spasmodically into anything that still drew breath. Battle tanks thundered shells into the gaping maw-portals that had vomited forth the Chaos filth, the landscape shuddering in pain with each titanic detonation. Lasguns sliced through unprotected flesh time and time again, the air sizzling with the stench of battle. And yet not one of the Death Korps hesitated in his duty. Mahler expected nothing less.

On the left flank, a flock of daemons wheeled towards them, their long-limbed bipedal steeds carrying the screeching riders at shocking speed toward a weakened spot in the Death Korps' line. Just as Mahler feared they would hit home, the Krieg Death Riders swept over a fleshy ridge, sonorous voices rising above the deafening howling of the daemons in a battlecry of devotion and rage. Hunting lances burst through the flanks of the daemoniac cavalry, massive discharges of energy tearing apart the lithe creatures and bowling their riders to the ground. The daemons had the advantage of numbers, and reacted quickly. Contemptuously, one Daemonette pivoted gracefully and snipped off the head of a Krieg steed with a vicious claw, another smashing a Death-Rider from his saddle before sinking its teeth into the face of his mount. But the Death-Riders had earned their

formidable reputation for a reason, their wounded steeds regaining their feet, sparks flying from the damaged machinery implanted in the resilient beasts. The Death Riders plunged back into the melee, fighting with renewed ferocity.

The orgy of carnage seemed only to encourage the remaining daemons. Mahler was shocked to see a gigantic, many armed nightmare burst from the ground in a spray of light and blood, its elongated face bellowing a deafening battlecry. The cry was answered by mass lasfire, a hundred guns spitting defiance at the beast. It strode toward their lines, paying as much heed to the Guardsmen as a grox would to a lashfly. Firing on full auto now. Mahler caught a glimpse of a Leman Russ with a damaged turret speeding forward toward the Greater Daemon on what was obviously a collision course, well away from the battleline. The Daemon was inhumanly fast, and smashed one of its claws down into the turret, peeling it open as if it were paper. Its other claw neatly snipped the barrels from the tank's guns. The thing was on the hull in the blink of an eye, its lithe limbs working fast as it peeled back the armor, intent on feasting on the souls of the guardsmen inside. It pushed its head into the hole torn in the hull, its gurgling laugh running through the psyche of every one of the Death Korps in a confusion of psychic pain. For a moment, time seemed to halt.

With perfect clarity, Mahler saw one of the tank crew turn calmly and discharge his laspistol into the stacked battle cannon shells by the loading breach.

The resultant explosion was cataclysmic, a vast mushroom of noise, light and dust. It annihilated not only the tank and the Greater Daemon, but slaughtered hundreds of its nearby minions. The remainder were in disarray, howling as the ground buckled and split, lesions appearing in a thousand places.

As one, the Death Korps of Krieg charged.



# USING A DEATH KORPS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

*You will need a copy of Codex Imperial Guard to use this army list.*

<b>HQ</b>	1 Command Platoon, 1-5 Commissars
<b>ELITES</b>	0-1 Hardened Veterans, Storm Troopers
<b>TROOPS</b>	Infantry Platoon, Armored Fist Squad
<b>FAST ATTACK</b>	Hellhound, Sentinel Squad, Krieg Death Riders
<b>HEAVY SUPPORT</b>	Leman Russ Battle Tank, 0-1 Leman Russ Vanquisher, Leman Russ Exterminator, Leman Russ Demolisher, Basilisk, Griffon

## SPECIAL RULES

All Death Korps Command Sections and Command HQ must be accompanied by a Commissar, up to a maximum of 5 Commissars in total.

**Hardened Fighters:** The Death Korps, although far from suicidal, have no fear of death. They gladly lay down their lives in the name of the Emperor and willingly seek out the most hostile and punishing battlegrounds on which to display their devotion. The unit may ignore negative modifiers for Morale checks and tests for regrouping. In effect, the unit will always use its standard Leadership for these tests.

**Death before dishonor:** The Death Korps are used to being outmatched in close combat but fight on nonetheless showing their courage and slaying those who oppose humanity. Death Korps troops are Fearless in close combat, automatically passing any morale tests they are required to make, and will carry on fighting until they have beaten their foes or until they are all dead.

They must Sweep Advance after an enemy that falls back, they cannot consolidate.

**Krieg Death Riders:** The Rough Riders of the Death Korps take to the field of battle on bionically enhanced steeds, the augmented constitutions of the beasts meaning that they are slightly faster and harder than the average mount.

The army list entry for the Rough Riders is replaced by Krieg Death Riders. They are identical in all respects other than:

1. All Krieg Death Riders are treated as having bionics (If a model with bionics is killed, instead of removing it, place it on its side. Roll a D6 at the start of the next turn, on a roll of a 6 the model is stood back up with 1 wound but on any other roll it is removed as a casualty). If any models come back into play as a result of their bionics, they must rejoin coherency with their parent unit at the first opportunity.

2. All Krieg Death Riders are adept at negotiating the rubble-strewn nightmare that is their home world and hence reroll any 1s they roll for difficult terrain tests. The second roll counts, even if it is also a 1.



*Darren Latham's Death Korps face the Chaos Marines assault with grim determination.*