

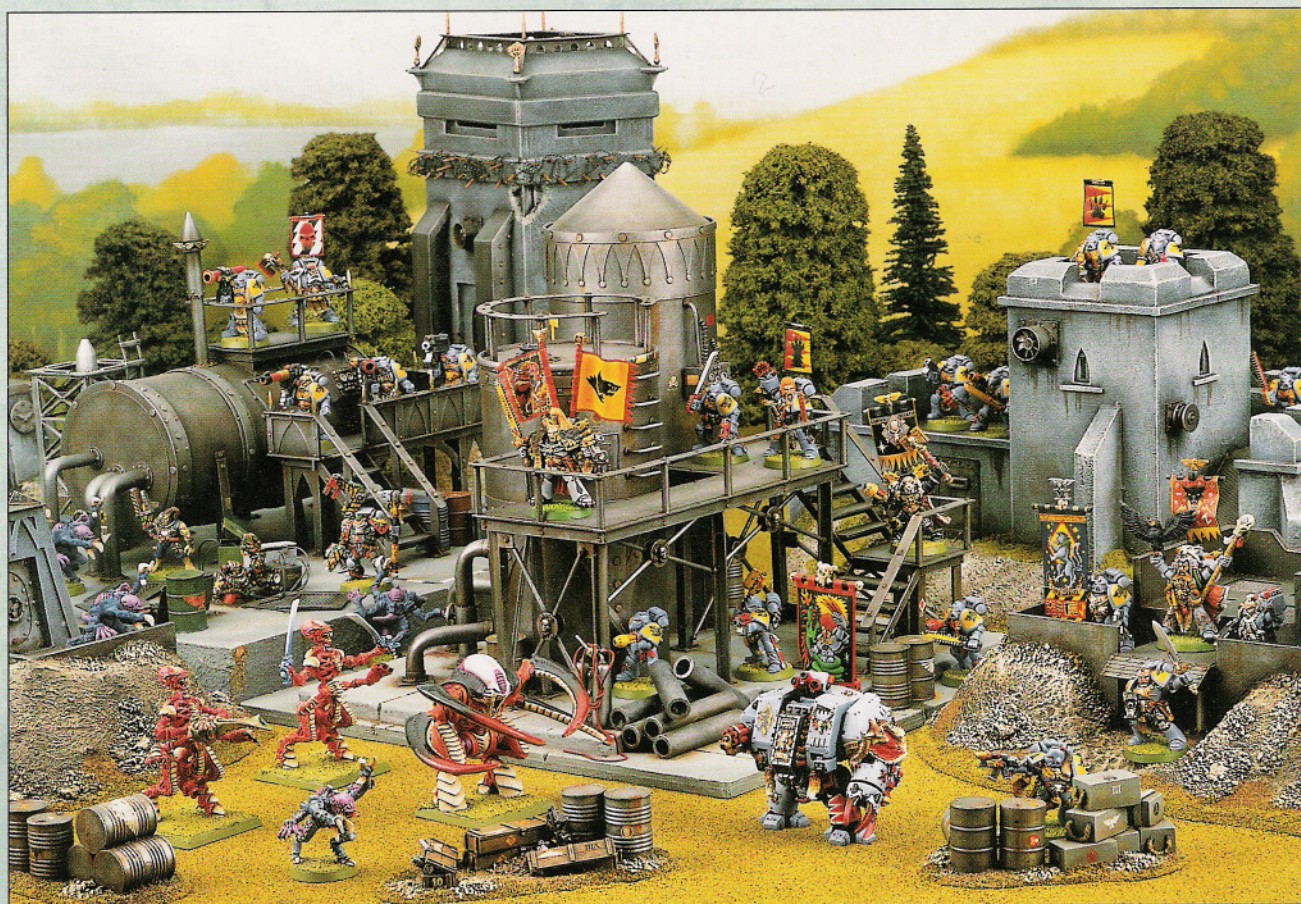
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SPACE WOLVES™



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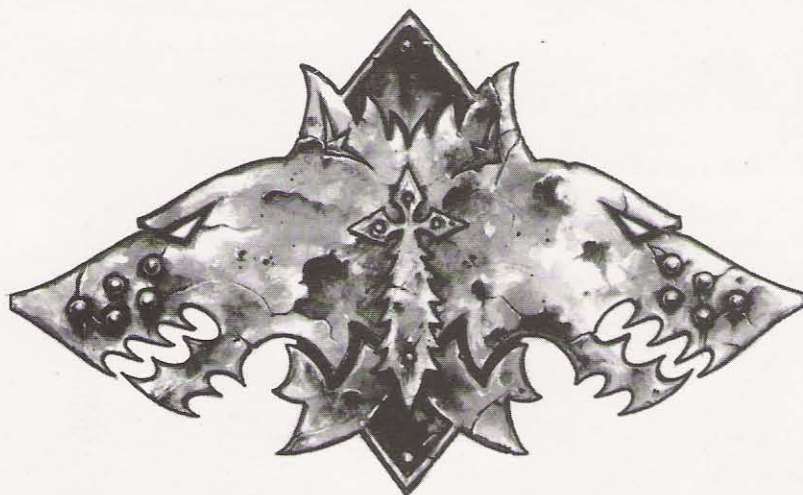
FOUL TYRANIDS ATTACK THE SPACE WOLVES



SPACE WOLVES CLASH WITH AN ELDAR HOST



SPACE WOLVES



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FENRIS

The planet of Fenris is a world of ice and fire, dominated by extremes of climate and an erratic orbit that makes it one of the most turbulent worlds inhabited by man. For the most part its surface is covered by water, and its tiny land masses are no more than islands scattered sparsely upon the mighty sea. The one and only sizeable continent, Asaheim, lies at the north pole.

Fenris is situated far to the galactic north of Earth at the edge of the regions known as the Eye of Terror, from which come the raiders and despoilers of the foul Chaos Gods. Fenris is thus at the forefront of the Imperium's defence against Chaos. The Space Wolves maintain the vigil that began many thousands of years ago at the close of the apocalyptic conflict, known as the Horus Heresy.

The planet of Fenris follows an extreme elliptical orbit around its pale sun. The Great Year, the period it takes Fenris to complete a single orbit, is approximately two Earth years long. For much of this long year the world is remote from its sun and its surface remains bitterly cold. The icy oceans freeze over as Fenris draws away from its sun, and at its farthest point even the equatorial seas are covered with ice. Towards the end of the year, as the planet sweeps close to the sun once more, the Wolf's Eye swells in the sky and a brief spring warms the surface of Fenris. During this period the ice retreats to the poles and countless denizens of the deep waters emerge to enjoy the bounty of sun-spawned plankton and other short-lived oceanic life-forms.



As Fenris reaches its perihelion, the point at which it is closest to the sun, the massive gravitational pull begins to affect the planet. Aside from the rocky polar continent of Asaheim, the land masses of Fenris are unstable and the crust of the planet is thin. The passage of the planet close to its sun breaks and twists the delicate sub-oceanic crust exposing the molten core to the icy waters. With explosive violence the world is torn asunder. Blazing islands rise from the sea spewing fire and pouring lava down their slopes. Below the surface the waters boil into steam which engulfs Fenris with its sulphurous fumes. Great tidal waves scour the coasts of Asaheim but the mighty rock stands fast, a single changeless land amongst a planet undergoing a savage metamorphosis. Elsewhere islands created in the upheaval of preceding years are cast into turmoil. Some survive, but many are broken apart or swallowed by the sea, engulfed in the churning oceans, casting their inhabitants into the merciless deep.

LIFE ON FENRIS

The native life-forms of Fenris are used to the annual pattern of destruction and they have evolved ways of coping with the endless changing of their lands. Only on the polar continent of Asaheim are the animals protected to some degree from the extreme climate. Here there are many unique creatures not able to live elsewhere on Fenris including massive and ferocious bears, gigantic herbivores, and the great Wolves of Fenris themselves. Yet Asaheim is remote, surrounded by cliffs tens of thousands of feet high that raise it above the seas and separate it from the oceans as one world from another. Asaheim provides no refuge for the creatures that live beyond its rocky confines.

Most of the native life-forms of Fenris are creatures which live in the sea. Many monstrous things inhabit the deep oceans, ancient and scaly beasts that battle for supremacy against others of their kind. Some are as large as islands and can consume a longship with a single swallow. Others are long and serpentine, creatures that the humans of Fenris call Sea Dragons. These will sometimes pluck a sailor from the deck of a ship and drag him to his death in the cold waters. Still others are too uncertain in form to describe accurately, many-tentacled things with cold eyes like beacons that shine deep below. Such is the nature of most of the creatures that live upon Fenris. Yet even on this world there are land-living creatures which brave the elements, living upon the islands and hoping to survive the annual turmoil of their planet. Most hopeful of all are the native humans, the fierce men of Fenris.

THE FENRISIANS

Although Fenris is the world of the Space Wolves the Space Marine Chapter occupies only the island continent of Asaheim which rises from the polar oceans like a massive pillar, sheer and forbidding, separated from the rest of Fenris by its tall cliffs. The remainder of Fenris is left in its wild and primitive state and the people survive as best they can amidst the endless seasons of ice and fire. The Space Wolves maintain a careful watch over their barbarous subjects but never appear openly amongst the warrior tribes. To the Fenrisians the Space Wolves are the warriors of the gods, glimpsed only

occasionally from afar, possessing powers magical and holy. The lands of Asaheim are the forbidden realms of the divine, where native legend forbids man to go. Only a warrior chosen by the gods can enter Asaheim, and only the best of the brave are ever chosen.

The people of Fenris are barbarians with no knowledge of advanced technology nor of the world beyond their own troubled horizons. They are warriors, whose survival depends upon their skill with sword and spear. Because their world is almost entirely covered with water they are masters of the sea. They build mighty longships from the bone and hide of the sea monsters they hunt. In addition, they harvest some timber from lands old enough to grow mature trees. Fortunately the vegetation of Fenris has evolved to grow quickly, and the volcanic sea-soil of the new lands is rich and fertile. The Fenrisians endure a savage existence which often ends in battle against the monstrous creatures of the deep. The competition for food is great, and the tribes are often drawn into conflict over the planet's precious resources.

The most valuable resource of all is land. No man knows how much the land will change at the turning of the year. Sometimes old islands survive the changing of the seasons, and good fortune may preserve a tribe's territory intact for many years, but it is more likely that they will be broken and destroyed, submerged beneath the ocean by the upheavals of Fenris's fragile crust. Many islands will be reduced or devastated so that only a few can live where before there were many. When this happens there will be bloody war, and only those who succeed in finding new land and establishing themselves will survive.



When the Great Year comes round and the pale sun of Fenris swells in the sky, whole populations take to the longships to escape the inundation of their islands. They must settle the newly formed lands quickly, for soon their supplies will run out and they will have to consume their stock animals and seed. If they can find no new land they must fight to take the territories of other tribes. This continual migration results in constant, bitter warfare as each tribe attempts to take possession of, and establish supremacy over, the newly formed lands.

It is from these hardy warriors that the Space Wolves recruit their kind, taking only the best of the brave to become Space Marines worthy of the Emperor.

THE SPACE WOLVES

The character of every Space Marine Chapter is moulded by the world on which it is based and by the gene-seed of its founder. The Space Wolves are a product of Fenris and their Primarch Leman Russ. The cold, deadly world of Fenris schools its people in survival and constant warfare. The Space Marines are chosen from the best warriors of a warrior race and the ablest survivors of a folk for whom each day is a struggle to stay alive. They are hunters, seafarers, and fearless



warriors for whom death in battle is the most fitting end to an honourable life. Whilst young they learn that loyalty to their clan and their leader is the highest virtue. They carry these qualities all their lives, and their warrior ideals become the ideals of the Space Wolves Chapter. Born on such a hostile world, few places in the universe hold any terror for the Space Wolves.

Leman Russ was the most ferocious of the Primarchs, a giant even among the Emperor's chosen, a great brawling warrior, fiercely loyal to his friends and a terror to his enemies. He was said to be the most headstrong of the Primarchs but was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant military commanders in an age of great generals. Leman Russ vanished ten thousand years ago, no-one knows where to. It is said that he will return in the Last Days to lead his people into the final battle when Warmaster Horus, the Great Evil One, will return from the Eye of Terror and the forces of darkness will overwhelm the universe. Russ's people – the Space Wolves – guard the gateway to the Eye of Terror and wait for the last battle.

THE MAKING OF A SPACE WOLF

In the constant tribal warfare for possession of land, each youth competes to catch the attention of the gods of Fenris. The Fenrisians identify their gods with Leman Russ and with the Emperor himself. The Space Wolves are the warriors of the gods, the chosen companions of Russ, who will fight alongside him in the final battle at the end of the universe. Thus the Fenrisians have become accustomed to the bravest of the young warriors earning a place beside the gods, vanishing from the everyday world of Fenris and going to live in the high realm of Asaheim.

Space Marines must be selected young if they are to survive the difficult transformation from a normal human to genetically enhanced superbeings. Young warriors, eager to attract the attention of the gods, fight together in a distinct

band called the Wolfbrothers. The Wolfbrothers always fight at the forefront of battle. They are keen to win honour and the respect of their elders. They know that the eyes of their gods are upon them, and they may be chosen to join Russ. This knowledge drives them to acts of extreme bravery, and many Wolfbrothers die in battle before they reach manhood.

On Fenris strangers stalk the lands of men. They are a frightening sight – huge, burly warriors with burning eyes, cloaked in the pelts of the Wolves of Fenris that live only on the island continent of Asaheim. In the long halls, tales are told of mysterious strangers who arrive in the depths of winter and challenge the strongest and most boastful of the warriors to bouts of strength and drinking. The strangers always outwrestle the strongest warriors and outdrink the staunchest. Once they have fought every challenger they pick the most worthy and take them away into the dark never to be seen again. Always they choose the young warriors, for only the young can fight beside Russ in the final battle.

These same mysterious strangers can often be seen standing on the high ground above the field of battle. Sometimes, when the longships come ashore bringing bands of raiding warriors,

the strangers will be watching. If the battle is hard fought the strangers may descend after the battle and choose the bravest of the Wolfbrothers. Often those chosen are on the point of death, but as long as their wounds are to the fore, the strangers do not care. They take the youths away. Some say that they vanish into the lightning, others that a great flying ship comes down to collect them. All know that the warriors have gone to join the gods.

These mysterious strangers are the Wolf Priests of the Space Wolves: the Choosers of the Valiant. The youths they pick will be tested to become Space Wolves. If they succeed, the gene-seed of Leman Russ will be implanted in their bodies and they will become Space Marines. As Space Marines they will live for hundreds of years, if they do not die in battle, and they will voyage through the stars to fight in wars on the other side of the galaxy. They will fight monstrous Orks and heinous Daemons of Chaos. They will encounter the mind-numbing horrors of the Tyranid hive fleets and they will endure the indescribable perils of warp space. To a man born and raised amidst the ice and fire of Fenris, this is indeed a life amongst the gods.



Fenris is a harsh world where tribes constantly make war to wrest ever-changing territories from the monster-infested waters of the cruel seas. Every tribe must fight for its survival, for its existence depends upon the prowess of its warriors. The youth of Fenris is inevitably blooded early for in a society where war is the only constant even children must bear arms. The youth of Fenris is doubly battle-eager, for these young warriors hope to earn a place amongst the Space Wolves who their legends describe as warriors of the gods themselves.

The Wolf Priests of the Space Wolves wander the lands of

Fenris, massive grey-clad figures gnarled with age and battle-lore. These fabled warriors choose from amongst the most valiant those who are fit to be tested, and of those who prove worthy the Wolf Priests select the few who will become Space Wolves.

Many are the trials which a young Fenrisian warrior must endure before he can join the ranks of the Space Wolves. Even to catch the eye of one of the wandering grey Wolf Priests he must do some deed of valour which exceeds even the common bravery and might of the Fenrisians. The many tests will try the warrior's wit as well as his strength, and place him in mortal dangers from which he must emerge alive if not unscathed. Although the nature of these trials is varied, being determined by the great cunning of the Wolf Priests, the final test is always the same. This is the test of Morkai, named after the legendary two-headed wolf that guards the gate of death.

Some fail this final test and are claimed by Morkai and forgotten. The trial is long, for the young warrior is taken a thousand miles into the barren wastes beyond the Space Wolves fortress of the Fang. He drinks from the Cup of Wulfen, and his body absorbs the first and most deadly gene-seed of the Space Wolves – the unique Canis gene helix, without which none of the other gene-seeds will work.

The Wulfen seed grows fast within the warrior, splitting bone and distorting flesh, turning man into a howling savage that is half human and half wolf. The warrior hungers for flesh and his mind is possessed with bestial instincts which override his natural sanity. Only one thought remains, and that is to return to the Fang, where his humanity can be restored by the insertion of other gene-seeds. Many die under the curse of the Wulfen. Others lose their way and are left to wander the barren wastes of Asaheim. Yet some succeed, despite the multitude of wild beasts and natural perils that lie between them and their goal. Even years afterwards, a Space Marine always retains a small part of the Wulfen spirit within him, a dark memory of the savage and bestial self that he has overcome.

HISTORY OF THE SPACE WOLVES

The Space Wolves are one of over a thousand Chapters of Space Marines that maintain the age-long vigil against the enemies of mankind. They are one of the most famous of all Chapters, and their name and honours are known throughout the galaxy. The Space Wolves were one of the original twenty Space Marine Legions, founded by the Emperor over ten thousand years ago.



The Space Marine Legions were created to take part in the Great Crusade, the Emperor's reconquest of the galaxy which established the Imperium as it is today. Before the Great Crusade Earth had endured thousands of years of isolation whilst impenetrable warp storms seethed and howled throughout the western part of the galaxy. The Emperor was trapped on Earth by these warp storms, and was therefore unable to do anything but prepare his armies and make plans for the reconquest to come.

THE PRIMARCHS

The Emperor's first efforts were directed towards the creation of a number of super-humans which he called the Primarchs. The Primarchs were genetically engineered creatures, artificial humanoids with astounding abilities. Each Primarch was created differently, with his own unique powers. Some of the Primarchs were made so as to resemble ordinary humans, but many were of titanic proportions and strange appearance. The Primarch experiment never reached its conclusion, as the embryonic creatures were spirited away by a raiding party of Chaos Daemons which successfully pierced the raging warp storms to reach Earth.

Before they were able to destroy the Primarchs, the Daemons were themselves destroyed in the turmoil of the warp storms. The Emperor was able to use his psychic powers to save the Primarch embryos, but he was unable to return them to Earth. The Primarchs were scattered to the winds of warp space and lost.

The Emperor was unable to duplicate the long and arduous work through which he had created the Primarchs. Instead, genetic material developed during the Primarch project was used to create the Space Marines. A number of artificially cultured organs were re-engineered from the gene-banks of the Primarchs. These organs were designed so that they could be implanted into the body of an ordinary adolescent human. Once implanted, the organs would take root and develop within the host's human tissues, becoming an integrated part of his body. Many of these organs were designed to interact with ordinary human body tissues as they became functional, enhancing muscle growth, stimulating mental processes, and subtly altering the recipient into a super-human warrior. Compared to the Primarchs whose genetically engineered

powers they inherited the Space Marines are but pale shadows, but they are still the most mighty of men and the greatest of the Emperor's loyal warriors.

THE GREAT CRUSADE

From the residue genetic helices of the Primarchs the Emperor created twenty Space Marine Legions, each utilising the genetic material derived from one of the Primarchs. Most of the implants were common in type and function to all twenty Legions, but there were subtle variances in the genetic structure due to their different origins. Thus the warriors of the twenty Space Marine Legions echoed to some degree the particular strengths and powers of the Primarch whose genes were used to develop their own implants. The implants of the Space Wolves were developed from the genetic helix of the Primarch Leman Russ.

At this time the Emperor only knew that his embryonic Primarchs had been spirited away by Chaotic forces – he had no idea where they were or even whether they had survived at all. Only later, during the Great Crusades themselves, was the Emperor able to recover the Primarchs. By then, of course, they had grown to adulthood amongst whatever civilisations existed on the planets where they happened to be. Not all of the Primarchs found themselves on advanced civilised worlds, or even human worlds, for that matter. Leman Russ was found and raised upon the planet of Fenris.



During the Great Crusades the Emperor's all conquering Space Marine Legions liberated thousands of human worlds. Across the galaxy humanity was drawn into a single mighty Imperium. The world of Fenris was discovered early on, lying, as it does, in the north western part of the galaxy. The youthful Leman Russ was identified by the Emperor's agents and united with the Space Marine Legion that bore his genes. Legend has it that it was the Emperor himself who finally confronted the barbaric Primarch and won his fealty by defeating him in single combat.



Over the following decades Leman Russ led the Space Wolves in many wars throughout the galaxy, proving to be one of the most daring and successful of the Emperor's generals. The world of Fenris was adopted as the home planet of the Space Wolves, and a mighty fortress was constructed in the mountains of the polar continent of Asaheim. This fortress was called the Fang, and it is still reckoned to be one of the greatest citadels of the galaxy.

THE HORUS HERESY

The Space Wolves were not the only Space Marine Legion to be united with their genetic forebear. Gradually, all twenty Primarchs joined the Emperor and went on to lead their own Legion of Space Marines. One of these Primarchs was the Warmaster Horus. Horus was the most powerful of all the

Primarchs and also the closest to the Emperor. He became the Emperor's most trusted commander and greatest friend. Horus led not only his own Space Marine Legion, renamed the Sons of Horus in his honour, but also a sizeable chunk of the Imperium's forces. Horus's armies, including several other Space Marine Legions and their Primarchs, undertook the conquest of the galactic north and east, and succeeded in reclaiming many thousands of human worlds for the Emperor. It was a time of constant conquest, and the Space Wolves too were playing their part, though, fortunately as it turned out, in a different part of the galaxy.

The rebellion of Horus tore the Imperium apart at its very birth and set Space Marine against Space Marine as Legions sided both for and against Horus. At first, few suspected the heinous evil that was to be revealed as the Horus Heresy, and some Legions stood aside from the conflict, unsure of what to do. Some of the Legions that sided with Horus did so out of a sense of comradeship with their old Warmaster. Legend has it that Horus denounced the Emperor, and convinced his followers that the leader of humanity had been stricken with a murderous insanity spawned of warp-contagion or worse still, daemonic possession. His loyal troops had no reason to doubt Horus at the time. It was only later that some had cause to regret their decision, but by then it was too late! For it was Horus himself who had become corrupted in spirit. It was he who had pledged allegiance to the Chaos Gods in return for powers unimaginable to mortals, even such mortals as the Primarchs.

The Space Wolves remained loyal to the Emperor throughout the Heresy and took part in some of its most renowned actions. From these times, ten thousand years ago, come few details of any certainty. It was a time of legends. It was an age of war. Such records as were made have not survived, and only later chroniclers of the Administratum describe the bloody events of those days. According to their own tradition, the Space Wolves were pivotal in one of the early campaigns in the war, when the entire Legion attacked and devastated the

The relationships between the many Space Marine Chapters have not always been cordial despite their common loyalties to the Emperor and Imperium. Ancient rivalries, territorial conflicts, and all manner of circumstances exist to create discord amongst them. Few rivalries are as deep-rooted or as well known as that between the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels.

According to legend, it was during the Horus Heresy that the two Chapters met for the first time. The history of the Dark Angels has nothing to tell of that Chapter's role in the Horus Heresy, for all records of its involvement were deliberately purged after the conflict. The Space Wolves maintain that it was Lion El'Jonson, Primarch of the Dark Angels, who began the feud with the Space Wolves. Supposedly the Space Wolves and Dark Angels were fighting alongside each other when, suddenly and without orders, El'Jonson broke ranks and led the Dark Angels into the attack. The Space Wolves found their flank unprotected, and many warriors were slain when the enemy counter-attacked. More galling to the prideful Leman Russ was the fact that the Dark Angels swept all before them and easily won the battle.

After the conflict, hot-tempered and fearless, Russ stormed after El'Jonson and set about the Dark Angels' leader. After a long and close fought battle the two Primarchs collapsed with exhaustion, each swearing vengeance upon the other. Thus began the long and bitter feud between the two Primarchs, which never really ended and which continues to this day after a fashion. It is claimed that the two mighty Primarchs eventually became accustomed to these personal battles, growing to respect each other and even becoming great friends. However, their pride could never allow either of them to forget their vows of vengeance. Both felt honour-bound to try to kill the other on every occasion they met. Though terrible wounds were suffered by both, it was probably to their mutual relief that neither succeeded in slaying the other.

Since the passing of these two mighty Primarchs the Space Wolves and Dark Angels have grown ever further apart. Though they have fought together since, and won many battles together, their mutual loyalties have done nothing to dispel their enmity. More than once they have fought each other, and suffered greatly as a result. Yet neither is prepared to forget the vows of vengeance made by their progenitors so many years ago.

Thousand Sons Space Marines on their homeworld of Prospero. The Primarch of the Thousand Sons, the cyclopean giant Magnus the Red, is said to have fought Leman Russ whilst all around the rival Space Marines battled for supremacy. Eventually the Thousand Sons gave way, and Magnus the Red fled with what remained of his forces. It was whilst pursuing the Thousand Sons that the Space Wolves lost the thirteenth Wulfen Company. Since then the Space Wolves have never had a thirteenth Company nor has any Wolf Lord borne the badge of the Wulfen.

THE CODEX ASTARTES

The Space Wolves were not present during the final battle for Earth which ended the Heresy and doomed the Emperor to a living death in the stasis field of his Golden Throne. Afterwards Leman Russ was to rage against events that kept him from his beloved Emperor. He led the Space Wolves deep inside the Eye of Terror in pursuit of the renegade Space Marine Legions of Chaos. With the enthronement of the Emperor came a different age, and the rule of the Imperium passed into the hands of the High Lords of Terra. Both the High Lords and the Primarchs feared the resurgence of Chaos. Many worlds were purged. On planets throughout the galaxy the tainted were sought out and destroyed. Everywhere the rapidly expanding offices of the Inquisition prospered.

Never again could the Imperium tolerate the possibility of Space Marine armies falling under the influence of an enemy. The original Space Marine Legions were broken up into smaller Chapters and a code was drawn up to redefine their role and jurisdiction within the Imperium. This code was called the Codex Astartes and it established the basis on which Space Marines would operate in the future. Whereas before the Heresy a Space Marine Legion might number ten thousand or more warriors, under the new order each Chapter's size was determined at about a thousand. The original Legion survived as a smaller Chapter and continued to keep its old name, but the remaining Space Marine warriors were reorganised into new Chapters.



The new Chapters became known as the Second Founding. These Second Founding Chapters all descend from one of the original Legions, and so claim a genetic brotherhood with the original Space Marines and the Primarchs. For example, the Ultramarine Legion gave rise to not only the Ultramarine Chapter, but also to the Eagle Warriors Chapter amongst others. The Space Wolves were never a very large Legion and so were divided only once, creating the ill-fated Wolfbrothers Chapter. Perhaps the High Lords recognised the problems of genetic instability that would plague the genetic seed of Leman Russ, giving rise in later times to the terrible curse of Wulfen, and therefore decided against dividing and further spreading the Space Wolves' genetic base.



THE INHERITANCE OF RUSS

For ten thousand years since the end of the Horus Heresy and the rule of the High Lords of Terra, the Space Wolves have continued to serve the Emperor faithfully and with honour. The Chapter has endured ages of constant battle. It has survived times of anarchy within the Imperium, and periods of occasional isolation from Earth. The Imperium itself has weathered crises from within and without. At times it has been deeply riven by rebellion or divided by invasion. On other occasions tumultuous warp storms have stranded parts of the galaxy for hundreds of years. Through all these years of mixed fortune the Space Wolves have held true to the vow of Leman Russ to serve the Emperor.

It would be impossible to describe at any length the wars fought by the Space Wolves over their ten thousand year history. Indeed, not even their own extensive records give a full account. Legends tell of fierce battles fought against the Chaos Space Marines following the Horus Heresy. However, no formal history of those times has survived. Some of the Chapter's earliest history is preserved only in the form of epic sagas, tales of heroism composed by Fenrisian bards at the courts of the Wolf Lords.

Such tales form an important part of the Space Wolves' tradition, and it is in this form that Space Wolves warriors habitually recall the deeds of the past. There are many thousands of these sagas. Some seem so improbable as to be pure invention, but most contain a germ of truth, and all are accepted for what they are – a fitting testament to the heroes of the past.



CHAPTER ORGANISATION

The Space Wolves are organised in a very different way from most other Space Marine Chapters. The Chapter dates from the First Founding and its structure owes more to the personality of Leman Russ than it does to the Codex Astartes. It also reflects the preferred fighting style and social organisation of the native Fenrisians.

THE GREAT COMPANIES

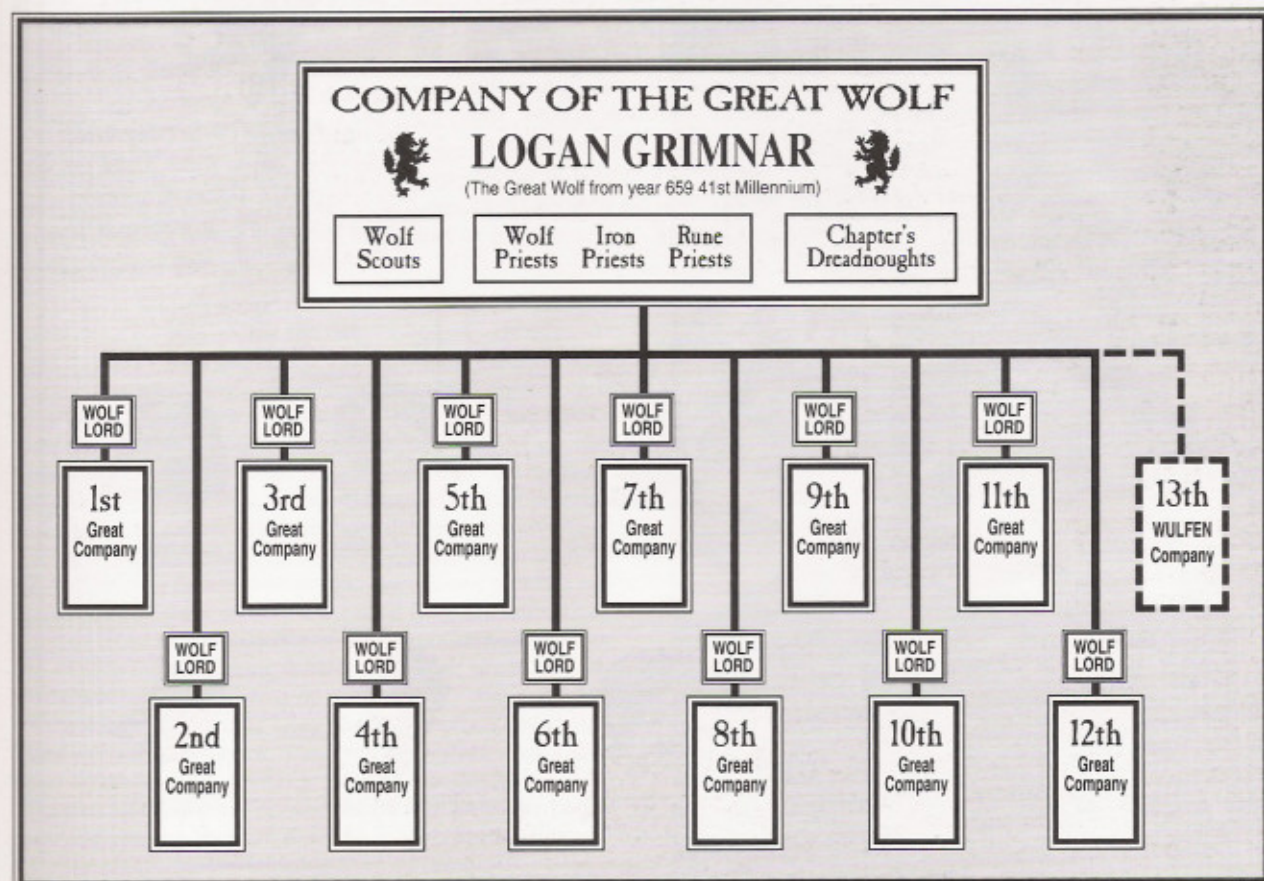
The Space Wolves Chapter is divided into a dozen Great Companies. Each company is led by a Wolf Lord, a mighty warrior whose only master is the Great Wolf himself, the leader of the entire Chapter. Each Great Company has its own headquarters and territory within the massive Fang fortress which is the Chapter's base. This individual territory is known as the Great Company's Lair, and obviously there are twelve such Lairs within the Fang. Each Great Company has its own spacecraft, its own weapons, and in almost all respect it functions as a separate, self-sufficient body of warriors. Each Great Company has its own ancient traditions, renowned heroes, and warrior traditions, of which it is justly proud.

Each Great Company is named after its leader or Wolf Lord. When a Wolf Lord is slain in battle, a new Wolf Lord is proclaimed, and the Great Company takes on a new name together with its new leader. Thus the Great Companies have no fixed identity as do the companies of other Space Marine

Chapters, but are constantly changing through the ages as one mighty leader succeeds another. Each Wolf Lord chooses as his emblem some symbol or badge from the ancient legends of Fenris. This symbol, usually representing a wolf, becomes the Great Company's banner and is repeated on the armour of each Space Marine warrior. Although there have been thousands of Wolf Lords over the Space Wolves' long history, many have chosen to repeat badges or legendary figures used by famous precursors. Amongst the most favoured emblems is that of the Thunderwolf Drekan, which in Fenrisian legend was defeated by the Primarch Russ and chases around the world itself. The snarling of the Thunderwolf is said to create the thunder of Fenris whilst the glint of its fangs has become the lightning.

THE COMPANY OF THE GREAT WOLF

In addition to the twelve Great Companies there is the household of the Space Wolves' leader the Great Wolf himself. This is effectively another company, but it differs from the Great Companies in some important respects. The Company of the Great Wolf is home to all the Chapter's Wolf Priests, Iron Priests and Rune Priests. It is also where all the Chapter's Space Marine Dreadnoughts are kept in stasis to extend their lives. The Great Wolf's emblem is always the same, unlike the emblems of the Great Companies which are



SPACE WOLVES BADGES

The Space Wolves use a large array of wolf symbols, emblems and images. Most of these are related to the ancient legends and history of the Space Wolves, wherein are recounted tales of the great wolf-beasts of Fenris.



According to the ancient legends of Fenris Leman Russ fought and tamed the great wolf packs of Asaheim. He cast down the two-headed wolf Morkai, and made him the guardian of the gates of death, a task which Morkai has endured ever since. There are many stories of how Russ fought Morkai's lieutenants, and banished each in turn to an appointed place.

The most fearsome of all was Blackmane, a terrifying black-maned giant known as the Howler in the Night, whose long howling cry calls the souls of dead warriors from their graves. Russ fought Blackmane and slew him, making his pelt into a magic cloak that allowed him to pass into the realm of the dead. The spirit of Blackmane still calls to the dead, but can no longer summon them into the world of the living.



The badge of the Thunderwolf is highly favoured as an emblem by Wolf Lords. It is quite rare for one of the Great Companies not to display this symbol, and many renowned leaders have borne this distinct emblem into battle. It is regarded as a very lucky symbol, and over the centuries many Great Companies bearing this badge have earned everlasting fame.

According to legend, the Thunderwolf was one of the ancient wolves that Russ fought and vanquished. The Thunderwolf ran from Russ and continues to run to this day, forever circling the world of Fenris. The creature can be seen as a constellation in the night sky fleeing across the heavens. As he passes overhead his howling cry is said to create the thunder, and his flashing fangs are the lightning.



The badge of the two-headed wolf is an ancient and significant symbol for the Space Wolves. It is frequently adopted by a Wolf Lord as his personal emblem, and it is therefore often borne by one of the Chapter's Great Companies. The two-headed wolf represents both Morkai, the guardian of the gates of death, and Freki and Geri, the legendary companion wolves of Russ himself.



The badge of the Great Grey Wolf represents Leman Russ. Used on the Chapter's Great Company banners, it is the traditional icon of the Great Wolf.



SUN WOLF

BLOODED
HUNTER

FIRE BREATHER



NIGHT RUNNER



SEA WOLF



FIRE WOLF

GREAT
DEVOURERWOLF OF THE
RED MOON

SPIRIT WOLF



IRON WOLF

the personal badges of their Wolf Lords. This is the Wolf That Stalks Between Stars: the ancient badge of Russ himself and the symbol carried on the Chapter's banner. At the current time the Great Wolf Logan Grimnar rules over the Space Wolves. He is the latest in a line of Space Marine masters that stretches back to the Great Crusades and the time of the Space Wolves' founder the Primarch Leman Russ. Logan Grimnar is one of the Imperium's oldest and most powerful warriors. This cunning and fierce old man has led the Space Wolves for over five centuries, but even this incredible span is no record amongst the long-lived Space Marines.

SPACE WOLVES WARRIORS

Each Great Company is led by its Wolf Lord, a potent hero who has earned his place by dint of valiant deeds and proven wisdom. When the Chapter's leader the Great Wolf dies the entire Chapter selects his successor from amongst the twelve Wolf Lords.



Every Wolf Lord has a personal retinue of picked Space Marine warriors called the Wolf Guard. The Wolf Guard accompanies its Wolf Lord in battle, and consists of the most mighty warriors in the Great Company. The remaining troops in each Great Company are divided into three groups of Space Wolves warriors: the Grey Hunters, the Blood Claws and the Long Fangs. Grey Hunters are proven warriors of ability; Blood Claws are glory-hungry young warriors; Long Fangs are older, steadfast warriors armed with heavy weapons.

Warriors of the Great Companies fight in squads known as *packs*. In battle Space Wolves risk their lives for their pack-brothers without a second's thought. This creates debts of honour and friendship that may take a life-time to repay. Even after pack-brothers have moved on through promotion or have been assigned to other duties, these bonds remain. Thus Great Companies are bound together by chains of honour and loyalty stronger than tempered steel.

As a Space Wolves warrior becomes older and increasingly battle-wise his role within the Great Company changes. At first he fights with the Blood Claws, where hand-to-hand combat is all important, and where hot-blooded aggression is directed into tasks such as seizing enemy outposts and driving foes out of forward positions. As a Space Wolves warrior grows older his hair becomes progressively grey and his fangs lengthen as a result of a genetic flaw in the Space Wolves' gene-seed. Even his skin becomes ever more tanned and leathery, and, of course, he acquires the inevitable scars of combat. Mature Space Wolves who are innured to battle and at the peak of their powers are called Grey Hunters. Grey Hunters make up the majority of the Great Companies. They are experienced warriors, dour and sombre, proud of their skills, and rightly honoured by their younger comrades. The oldest warriors are called Long Fangs in recognition of their great age and experience. Their fangs are even longer than other Space Wolves', and their grizzled hair may have turned to colour of the ashen Fenrisian sky. Long Fangs are battle-wise and cunning, they are steadfast in adversity and it is said they are always the last to retreat from a battle.

PRIESTS OF THE SPACE WOLVES

The Space Wolves revere the Emperor as the greatest warrior of all time, the only man ever to best the great Leman Russ in hand-to-hand combat. The Space Wolves are not a deeply religious Chapter, a fact which stirs some ill feeling amongst the ranks of the Adeptus. Like the native Fenrisians, they expect little of their gods and rely instead upon their own efforts and valour. When the Space Wolves call upon Russ or the Emperor in battle, it is to witness of the deeds of men and to judge the souls of the fallen. These fierce warriors have little patience with what they see as the fawning superstitions of the Adeptus. Their own cults are rough and ready, designed to serve a fighting man in life and beyond.

There are three kinds of Space Wolves Priest, namely the Wolf Priests, the Iron Priests, and the Rune Priests. All three tend the shrines of Russ and take their part in preserving the ancient sagas which are the Space Wolves' equivalent of sacred books. All are independent-minded warriors with particular gifts to offer their Chapter. All three belong outside the main organisation of the Chapter. They live within the Fang, the massive fortress of the Space Wolves, in their own halls and shrines, with their own households of bondsmen. It is the sole honour of the Great Wolf himself to provide the Space Wolves Priests with all they need, and in return they act as his councillors and advise him in all matters concerning peace and war.

The Wolf Priests are learned in the ways of medicine and bio-mechanics, and they fulfil a similar role to Apothecaries in other Chapters. At the same time they are spiritual guides of





the Space Wolves, and in particular of the young Wolf Scouts who they recruit from amongst the native Fenrisians. They are highly honoured and trusted figures amongst all the Space Wolves. Even the most proud of Wolf Lords bows before a Wolf Priest and will step aside from his path.

The Iron Priests are masters of the forge and armoury, their expertise is with technical matters and their role is akin to that of Techmarines in other Chapters. Like Techmarines they spend several years with the Tech Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus on Mars where they learn the innermost secrets of arcane mechanics. Without them to maintain the Chapter its spacecraft would soon become unspaceworthy, the Fang would crumble, and the Chapter itself would die.

The Rune Priests are the strangest of all the priests of the Space Wolves. Like the Librarians of other Chapters they

The wolves of Fenris are amongst the most vicious predators in the known universe. They are massive creatures easily as large as a horse. Legends tell of creatures larger still, whose jaws are capable of crushing steel and whose teeth are as huge as tree trunks. These creatures roam the wastes of Fenris. They are numerous in the vast lands of Asaheim that lie around the foot of the Mountains of Fangard upon whose peaks stands the Space Wolves fortress of the Fang. The Wolves of Fenris are more intelligent by far than ordinary wolves. It is said that they are led by a great king of their kind, a wolf black as the night as big as a mountain who is called Kjarg King of Wolfkind.

have powerful psychic abilities, but unlike Librarians their powers are based upon the shamanistic rune magic of the natives of Fenris. The Rune Priests use runes to concentrate and develop their powers, and their armour is encribed with patterns of interwoven runes that form a complex psychic web attuned to the Rune Priest's own mind.

WOLF SCOUTS

Every Chapter of Space Marines must recruit new warriors into its ranks in order to survive. The process varies from Chapter to Chapter, many recruiting from their own world or worlds. Whatever the tradition of a particular Chapter, warriors must always be chosen when they are still young, before their bodies become too mature to accept the many bio-implants which will turn them into Space Marines. This procedure of implantation is just the beginning, for it takes several years for the genetic implants to turn an ordinary human into a full Space Marine. During those years the warrior is known as a Space Marine Scout – he is neither fully a Space Marine nor entirely human.

A Space Marine Scout has much to learn. Not only must he become accustomed to the many biologically engineered enhancements which are at work on his body, but he must learn the litany of battle which will fortify and strengthen him. He will undergo several phases of initiation into the Chapter's own secret cults, and he will learn how to use the battle gear on which his life will ultimately depend. Most importantly of all, he will get his first chance to fight in battle.

Space Marine Scouts are neither as tough nor as experienced as full Space Marines. Scouts can fight alongside other Space Marines in the main battle-lines, and often do so. Indeed, every Chapter has its tales of valiant actions by Scouts pressed into front line service during moments of desperation. On the whole, however, Scouts fight as lightly armed skirmishers. Their duties are to infiltrate the enemy positions or to fight as skirmishers ahead of the rest of the Chapter. Operating behind enemy lines, Scouts set ambushes for unwary foes, spy out the enemy's movements, and gather what information they can about their opponent's plans. Sometimes Scouts will pounce unseen within an enemy camp, capturing a commander for interrogation or sabotaging equipment and supplies. Striking fast and hard, the Scouts accomplish their mission and vanish before the enemy has the chance to retaliate in force.

Amongst the Space Wolves Chapter the Scouts are known as Wolf Scouts. Once he is chosen from the ranks of young Fenrisian Wolfbrothers a human warrior must undergo the ritual trials of the Space Wolves before he is finally accepted into the Chapter. Once accepted, the genetic implantation and induction begins. The warrior has taken the first step to becoming a fully fledged Space Wolves warrior.

A Wolf Scout is placed under the tutelage of one of the Chapter's Wolf Priests who will appoint a grizzled old sergeant to oversee his induction and training. These sergeants lead the Wolf Scouts in battle. Not yet ready to join a Great Company, the young Scout lives alongside other Wolf Scouts, in one of the cavernous halls of the Fang. Here the warriors eat, sleep, practice their swordsmanship, and learn the sagas of the Space Wolves. Only after the Wolf Scout has proven himself in combat will his sergeant judge him worthy of the title Space Marine, and pronounce him ready to join one of the Great Companies.

DREADNOUGHTS

Deep within the heart of the Fang, the huge and impregnable fortress of the Space Wolves, is a series of vaulted chambers. These ancient chambers are labyrinthine in construction, sprawling many miles underground. Here there is no light and few of the living Space Wolves ever venture into the darkness, for this is the resting place of fallen warriors. This is where the Chapter's Dreadnoughts slumber, awaiting the call to arms from the Great Wolf.

A Dreadnought is neither flesh nor metal, neither human nor machine, but a mechanical body driven by a living mind. Dreadnoughts are ancient constructions, their core programs and mechanical components created many centuries ago by the Adeptus Mechanicus. Over the millennia these machines have been carefully maintained, modified, and lovingly embellished by the Chapter's craftsmen. Every Dreadnought is different, each a testament to the many heroes who have inhabited its shell over the centuries.

Within each Dreadnought is embedded the remnants of a barely living hero. Wounded unto the point of death, the warrior is bio-meshed into the shell of a vacant Dreadnought. A man may live within a Dreadnought for many centuries sustained by its bio-mechanisms. His consciousness is preserved by the complex interaction of flesh and machine, and his memories gradually fix themselves within the Dreadnought's core program. What remains of the warrior's body is uncertain, for as the centuries pass the body degenerates into a mere husk, and the mind within grows increasingly sluggish and detached from the real world.

The Space Wolf Dreadnoughts spend most of their time in sleep beneath the Fang, and are only awakened when they are needed in battle. During such times the Iron Priests descend into the crypts and choose the strongest Dreadnoughts for the

forthcoming conflict. As the process of achieving full consciousness is very demanding, it is only possible to awaken a Dreadnought maybe once every ten years or so. The older a Dreadnought is the harder it is to awaken, and the longer it takes to recover before it is ready for another battle. Although there are as many as a hundred or more Dreadnoughts beneath the Fang, the Great Wolf must be careful how he uses them. To commit more than a handful at once would be a rare and momentous event.



When a Dreadnought is destroyed in battle it is a terrible loss for the Chapter. Its warrior may be many hundreds or even thousands of years old, often the sole remaining witness to great events in the Chapter's history. The Space Wolves always try to recover the wreckage of a destroyed Dreadnought, so that the warrior's body can be interred in an honoured shrine within the Chapter's mausoleum. As Dreadnoughts are rare they are always repaired where possible, before they are used to preserve the life of another fallen hero. Fortunately the Dreadnought's central processors are encased in adamantium, and more often than not the previous inhabitants' memories are absorbed into the core program. As a result the new inhabitant will have access to some of the memories of all the previous inhabitants. These ghost-like shadow memories gradually accumulate into the Dreadnought, endowing it with a multiple personality as well as the wisdom and courage of dozens of fighting men.

Deep within the Space Wolves' fortress of the Fang is a chamber of adamantium. It is shielded by a stasis-generator which twists time around the chamber's impenetrable shell. Within the chamber time has almost ceased to exist, so slowly do the fractions of seconds leak through the temporal defences. This shield was devised many thousands of years ago using the most arcane technology of another age. Since then it has been religiously maintained by the bondsmen of the Space Wolves, constantly repaired and lovingly perpetuated as if it were a shrine.

And a shrine it is, of sorts, for here dwells the legendary Bjorn the Fell-Handed, oldest and most honoured of all living Space Marines. When Leman Russ fought alongside the Space Wolves Bjorn was a young Blood Claw full of the fury of battle. During the Space Wolves' many battles against the Thousand Sons, Bjorn grew older and wiser, and earned many honours. Of his deeds the sagas of the Space Wolves still sing, and many a warrior has drawn inspiration from the legends of Bjorn the Fell-Handed. He lives still, after a fashion, for after sustaining mortal wounds in combat his body was bio-engineered into a

Dreadnought. Within his metal cask Bjorn went to fight further battles over many centuries. Eventually his mind began to drift into unending sleep, for even mortal flesh and metal cannot live forever.

As the oldest and most honoured of Dreadnoughts Bjorn the Fell-Handed was locked into his shrine, a chamber of purest adamantium enclosed within a stasis shell. There this ancient warrior spends centuries in dormancy, awaiting the promised return of his master Leman Russ. He wakes only rarely, for the Rune Priests are reluctant to disturb this Old One from his state of rest. As the centuries pass he wakes less often, as his mind retreats from the living world and his spirit draws increasingly shadowy. When he gathers strength to leave his sleep he speaks long with the Wolf Lords and Rune Priests, and learns what he can of the Chapter's recent affairs and fortunes. If the Space Wolves are lucky Bjorn will tell sagas from the past, tales of heroism and events often forgotten over the ages. Within the data banks of his Dreadnought body are stored all the sagas ever told, cherished memories going back to the Horus Heresy itself.

Bjorn stood on the topmost level of the Fang and wondered what it would be like to breathe again, to walk open-faced beneath the cold, dark sky, to hold a bolter in his fist and feel the kick when he pulled the trigger. He swivelled his head to one side, aware of the hum of hydraulics and the slow shifting of the ancient cogs and gears.

He could rotate his field of vision through three hundred and sixty degrees if he wanted to, but somehow that felt wrong. It never ceased to amaze him how the millennia-old reflexes of his body still tricked him after all these years, just as the appetites of his body still lived long after he had outlived his ability to fulfil them. There were times when he still craved the raw bloody taste of bear steak. There were times when all he wanted to do was down a huge stein of foaming ale. When he had stepped out through an airlock into the airless heights above the world he had still felt an urge to hold his breath. He laughed inwardly and admired the view. Old fool, he thought. Be grateful for what you have.

The long curve of the world's horizon filled his vision. Below him he could see cyclones of cloud swirling across the endless ice. A blizzard was blowing in from the Sea of Storms. From up here he could see it as well as any weather satellite. He upped the magnification of his eyes and studied the pattern. Yes, no doubt about it, a big storm was coming.

He hoped that this was not an omen. He hoped that this had nothing to do with the reason why the Great Wolf had woken him from his centuries of sleep. He feared this was not the case. The young ones woke him only in times of direst necessity now, and that was something he appreciated. He liked being alone with his dreams.

There were times when he wondered if that was all they were. Had there really been a time when he had worn the flesh, when his body had lived and

breathed and walked among men?

Had he really once watched Russ stand on the Ice Plain of Skagarak and command his roaring host of warriors to board those gleaming silver starships? Had he really fought his way right across the galaxy from Fenris to distant Earth, during the dark days of the Horus Heresy? There were times when some of those long gone memories seemed little more than fever dreams.

Yet there were some memories that still burned as bright in his memory banks as the day when they happened. He could remember the faces of long dead comrades. The shouts of aeons' old warcries still echoed through his mind. He could remember the smell of blood and death on Tallarn, and the sight of Titans marching to battle across the blazing desert. He could remember the Burning of Prospero and the flight of the Thousand Sons. He could remember the ruins of Earth, and the mangled form of the Emperor being placed within his golden throne by Rogal Dorn.

He could remember things that were only legends to those who lived today. But mostly what he remembered was Russ, his Primarch: the roaring, roistering giant he had followed across a hundred worlds in those ancient days. By all that was sacred, had there ever been another such man? He doubted it. Russ had been a giant, and there were no more giants left. It seemed impossible to believe that such a one as Russ could die. He had burned with life and power and pride.

Bjorn did not believe that he was dead. The power of the Primarch transcended mere mortality. He knew that somehow Russ would defy time and come back to the Fang one day.

He felt the airlock door open behind him, and watched the escaped air cloud crystallize. Droplets of moisture condensed on his carapace and ran down his faceplate like tears. He turned and looked at the open door and saw the towering figure of the Rune Priest that waited behind the transparent inner lock. The man looked gnarled and ancient beyond words. Bjorn found it hard to believe that the priest had not yet been born when last he had woken.

With powerful mechanical strides he walked back towards the airlock, and stepped inside. The door hissed shut behind him, cloudy air filtered into the chamber. The transparent inner door slid open.

"The Great Wolf wishes to see you now, Lord," said the Rune Priest. Bjorn studied the man. The reverential expression there would seemed more at home on the face of an Aspirant than on that gnarled and lined visage. "I shall take you to him."

"There's no need," he said. "I know the way."

Filled with ancient confidence and power he strode through the halls of the Fang, like the still-living ghost of ancient days.



WARHAMMER

40,000

FANGS OF THE WOLF

By Andy Chambers & Jervis Johnson

INTRODUCTION

This hard-fought encounter took place between a Space Wolf army commanded by Andy Chambers in the guise of Ragnar Blackmane, and the Ork Horde of Ghazghkull Thraka, ably impersonated on this occasion by Jervis Johnson. The battle was one of many fought during the course of the development of the Warhammer 40,000 game and the creation of the Space Wolves range of models.

The game was played on one of the 8' x 4' tables at the Games Workshop Studio and took about five hours once both sides had deployed. As is usual when playing a game for publication, copious notes were taken during play and polaroid photographs were shot every turn. This enabled the participants to recreate the battle later and to arrange the staged photographs that you see here. It is pretty much impossible to play a game and take decent photographs at the same time, so we always adopt this technique which allows us to have a proper battle and illustrate the result with good quality photographs of the vital moves.

The first thing we needed to do was set up the terrain for the battle. We particularly wanted to use the new ruins and rocky columns as these had just been completed by Adrian Wild, our resident model maker. A similar effect could be obtained with the card ruins from the Warhammer 40,000 game itself. For this battle we set the scenery up between us, as we had already decided we wanted an intense shoot-out around the ruins themselves. This would also curtail the effectiveness of the longer ranged weaponry, as the dense terrain would reduce the available lines of sight.

Because both the Space Wolves and Orks are very close-combat oriented this arrangement promised a good scrap over the central area of the battlefield. Generally speaking, this is a good way to set up your scenery no matter what armies are fighting. If you use lots of scenery and make sure there is plenty of cover in the centre of the table it will force both players to manoeuvre for position. Each piece of terrain becomes important as a position from which you can shoot. This is infinitely preferable to a game with little scenery where players cling to their base lines shooting at the enemy with heavy weapons.

THE SCENARIO

For this particular battle we invented a specific scenario to make the game more interesting. A Dark Angels Space Marine Predator has been lost in no-mans land between Ork and

Imperial forces on the world of Golgotha. The Predator carries vital plans and troop dispositions which must be recovered or destroyed before the Orks can capture them. Unfortunately the Predator's crew has been killed by a rogue swarm of killer Buzz squigs, and now a mob of looting Gretchin has discovered the vehicle and news of its importance has reached the Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka.

Realising that it would be disastrous for such information to fall into the hands of the notorious Ghazghkull, Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane and a force of Space Wolves advances rapidly towards the area. The Space Wolves are attempting to recover the plans, or at the very least to prevent them falling into the hands of the Orks. The fact that the plans have been lost by the Space Wolves' greatest rivals, the Dark Angels Chapter, is added incentive for Ragnar Blackmane to save the day and prove the worth of the Space Wolves once more! Even as the Space Wolves advance, an Ork force led by Ghazghkull approaches from the opposite direction.



We decided that to win the game one side or other would have to recover the plans and get them out of danger. To do this a model must be moved inside the Predator to get the plans, and then the model must be retreated away from the battle, exiting by the player's own table edge. Alternatively, if a vehicle crew could be moved inside the Predator it could be driven off the player's table edge for victory. We decided that any models climbing into the Predator would forfeit their shooting phase whilst they recovered plans or readied the vehicle. The Predator is drivable and its weaponry operational. Due to its alien construction, the Orks are only permitted to drive or operate the Predator if there is an Ork Mekboy on board. In the case of the Space Marines any model could act as a crewman.

All of these conditions were mutually agreed before the game began. It is a simple matter to invent a scenario like this, and it makes the game far more interesting. The Warhammer 40,000 game has special Mission cards which can also be used to establish the broad objectives of each side, but even so, it is well worth inventing your own scenarios now and again.

WAA GHAZGHKULL!

(Jervis Johnson)

For this battle I took command of a Goff warband from our Studio Ork army. It forms the core of our Ork army and is therefore a force I'm quite familiar with. Most importantly, the Orks are led by Ghazghkull Thraka, a special Ork character with better than usual characteristics and some potent weaponry. His abilities would undoubtedly prove useful during the game. He is also the only character available who would be able to fight Ragnar Blackmane or Ulrik the Slayer on anything like equal terms.



Ghazghkull's faithful warband includes a Mekaniak (Gorbog) and a Runtherd (Grotslag). The force also includes a strange Ork weapon, the Shokk Attack Gun, which I was looking forward to using for the first time. The Shokk Attack Gun is not described in the main Warhammer 40,000 game (it's featured in the Ork Codex) so we were anxious to see just how effective it would prove. The Shokk Attack Gun is a kind of teleporter that projects an attack mob of enraged Snotlings amongst the enemy.

When using the Ork army in the past I'd found that it is best to organise the Orks into fairly large mobs rather than several smaller ones. This is primarily because larger mobs are harder to break. I decided to use a twenty-strong mob of Goffs as the main force in my army. At this stage in the development of Warhammer 40,000 we were in the course of designing the army lists, and I was still allowed a fairly flexible combination of weapons including two different heavy weapons in the mob. I therefore included both a heavy plasma gun and heavy bolter. Since playing this game the army lists have been revised so that the different Ork mobs are now significantly different in the way they are armed, and astute players will realise that my mob does not therefore conform to the Codex Army Lists!

I decided to break with my usual practice and include a number of Ork vehicles in the form of a warbuggy, two war bikes and a wartrak. I also added in the Ork Dreadnought to form a powerful armoured core to the army.

DA PLAN

Unlike many of the Warhammer 40,000 games I had played in the past, where the objective was simply to wipe out the enemy, this game had a very specific set of victory conditions. Somehow or other I had to get the plans that were in the wrecked Predator off my edge of the table in order to win the game. An added problem for my Orks was that only Mekaniaks could drive the Predator, unlike the superbly trained Space Marines, who were allowed to use any of their models to perform the same action.

Bearing this in mind, I decided to set up the vast bulk of my force as close to the Predator as I could get them. My largest single unit was the Goffs, so I set these up first right opposite the Predator and the full 12" in from my table edge that I was allowed. I hoped that the Goffs would be able to overwhelm

any Space Marines near the Predator, but I also wanted to use them to draw fire away from my other mobs. The Goffs, being a big unit, were perfectly capable of sustaining a large number of casualties without breaking. As they also had a lower proportion of heavy weapons than my other mobz, they would also act as a good 'skirmish' screen to lead the attack.

The next unit I set up was the Evil Sunz. These went to the left of the Goffs, partially to support their flank, but mainly because the mob included a Mekaniak who could drive the Predator. As the Evil Sunz had relatively few heavy weapons I wouldn't mind keeping them moving to support the Goffs, and if I could get the Mek into the Predator I would have the game sewn up.

By now I had set up over 30 miniatures – almost as many models as in the entire Space Marine force – and was rapidly running out of room on my left flank for further 'front line' units to take part in the attack on the Predator. Because of this I decided to use my remaining assault units – namely Ghazghkull, the Goff Nobs and the vehicles – to launch a flank attack on my right. I was fairly certain that Andy would place his heavy weapons on the large hill facing the right hand side of my table, where they would have a good line of sight to the Predator and I hoped that my fast moving mechanised units would be able to overrun this position. Then they could sweep on round behind the Space Marines who would be attacking the Predator and fall on them from behind.

The next two units I set up were my Death Skulls and the Shokk Attack Gun team. These units were equipped with heavy weapons and would provide almost all of the supporting fire for the attack. I therefore placed them on the two hills on my edge of the table where they could see as much of the battlefield as possible. The Gretchin joined the Shokk Attack Gun team on the hill on my left to act as a screen for that weapon while the Death Skulls were set up in cover on the rocky hill that they occupied. I hoped that neither unit would have to move at all over the course of the battle from these dominating and well-protected positions. This meant that they would be able to keep up a constant barrage of fire with their heavy weapons.



This left me with the Bad Moons and the Dreadnought to set up. As I didn't have enough room to fit them in the front line with my Evil Sunz and Goffs, I decided to place them in support, just behind the main attacking mobs. The Bad Moons' heavy weapons were placed on the same hill as the Shokk Attack Gun so they could provide extra supporting fire.

My overall plan, then, was a simple and direct one, as befits a large but unwieldy army like the Orks. My Goffs and Evil Sunz, supported by the Bad Moons, would rush forward and swamp any Space Marines near the Predator. The Mekaniak would then grab the plans and either drive or run with them for my edge of the table. On the right Ghazghkull, the Nobz and the vehicles would overrun the large hill opposite my right and then swing round in support of the attack on the Predator. Finally, the Shokk Attack Gun and Death Skulls would lay down heavy weapons fire in support of these two attacks and try to force the Space Marines to keep their heads down.

GHAZGHKULL THRAKA'S ORK WARBAND



GROTNOB'S DEATH SKULL MOB

Grotnob – Nob, plasma pistol, power armour, bolt pistol. **3 Death Skulls** – flak armour, bolters. **2 Death Skulls** – flak armour, heavy stubbers, bolt pistols. **1 Death Skull** – flak armour, heavy plasma gun, bolt pistol.

GOFF BIGMOB

15 Goffs – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistol & frag stikk bomz. **5 Skarboyz** – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistols & frag stikk bomz (1 with a heavy plasma gun and 1 with a heavy bolter)

GROG'S EVIL SUNZ MOB

Grog – Nob, flak armour, bolt pistol, power fist. **7 Evil Sunz** – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistols. **1 Evil Sun** – flak armour, multi-melta, bolt pistol. **Mekaniak** – flak armour, kustom meltagun, bolt pistol, refraktor field.

MORGOG'S BAD MOON MOB

Morgog – Bigboss, power armour, kombi-weapon. **6 Bad Moons** – flak armour, bolters. **1 Bad Moon** – flak armour, lascannon, bolt pistol. **1 Bad Moon** – flak armour, autocannon, bolt pistol.

SHOKK ATTACK TEAM

Mekaniak – flak armour, Shokk Attack Gun, bolt pistol.

Runtherd: flak armour, bolt pistol, whip.

4 Snotling bases

5 Gretchin

Weirdboy – flak armour.

2 Minderz – flak armour, bolters.

VEHICLES

Kaptin – flak armour, bolt pistol.
5 Orks – flak armour, bolt pistols.

1 Warbuggy

2 Warbikes

1 Wartrak

GHAZGHKULL'S MOB

Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka & his Gretchin sidekick Makari – kustom meltagun, kustom bolter, power sword.

Nobz Mob: 6 Goff Nobz – power armour, boltguns, bolt pistols, power fists, bionik bitz, frag and krak stikkbomz, buzz bombs, knives, clubs and swords etc.

1 Painboy

Ghazghkull's Battlewagon

1 Dreadnought

SPACE WOLF BATTLEPLAN

(Andy Chambers)

This was the first time for ages that I'd fought a Warhammer 40,000 battle against the Orks. I knew that Jervis's Ork force was very numerous, and would include a bigmob of about twenty Goffs and several other large mobs of Boyz. Warbikes and wartraks would doubtless also be in evidence, as well as a Dreadnought or two. Against this major force of Orks I could muster only a handful of Space Wolf packs, one of Blood Claws, one of Grey Hunters and one of Long Fangs. Fortunately, I could call upon the not inconsiderable prowess of Ragnar Blackmane, Brother Ulrik, Njal Stormcaller and the Wolf Guard to toughen up the wolf brothers. I was tempted to include some brother Marines from the Ultramarines or the Blood Angels to increase my firepower. However, the number of troops the Orks would field and the closeness of the terrain meant close combat was inevitable and I decided that a purely Space Wolf force would be better suited to fighting its way to the objective and back.

After totalling up the value of my three squads I began to add on the extra points for weapon upgrades and changes to my units. I equipped the Blood Claws with a particularly deadly combination of close combat weapons such as power fists, plasma pistols, hand flamers, power swords and the like. I also equipped five of my Grey Hunters with assorted close combat weapons. The Long Fangs' sergeant was armed with a power axe and one was given a lascannon to give them some extra punch against any Ork vehicles or Dreadnoughts. The additional cost of these weapon upgrades meant that I'd spent over half my points on squads but I thought that it was well worth the cost.

I toyed with the idea of using some vehicle support such as our Blood Angel land speeder or Dreadnought but I had a feeling the terrain was a bit too tight to risk running into Orks at close quarters. If they were equipped with krak stikkbomz the results would be very painful.

Next I added on the points for Ragnar, Ulrik and Njal - I felt confident that they would pay for themselves once battle was joined. Ragnar in particular is very tough in hand-to-hand combat. Brother Ulrik would ensure I had no morale problems, and Njal's powerful psychic abilities would also hopefully help to redress the balance against the Orkish hordes. I spent the bulk of my remaining points on four Wolf Guard in Terminator armour, arming one with a heavy flamer and one with the rightly feared assault cannon.

I couldn't quite afford the Wolf Guard sergeant, so I used my remaining points to buy extra equipment. I bought the Long Fangs a supply of plasma missiles and supplied krak grenades to five of the Grey Hunters. I gave photon flash flares to the Blood Claws (these are particularly useful for close combat troops as they can be used at close quarters without fear of accidentally blinding the Space Marines). This gobbled up my remaining points nicely, so now I just had to organise my troops for the task in hand.

I decided to break the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws down into battle squads which would supply me with a total of five five-man squads. I also divided the squads so as to ensure that I obtained the best mixture of weapons. For example, the Grey Hunters were split into one battle squad armed with bolters and krak grenades and the other armed with bolters and close combat weapons led by the sergeant. I divided the Wolf Guard amongst the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws so that one would accompany each battle squad. This would give each squad, in effect, a small Dreadnought to support them!

THE BATTLE PLAN

I didn't have too much time to think about my plan and deployment, so I decided to take a direct approach to the problem. I wanted to start the game with as large a part of my force hidden as possible. This would enable me to avoid taking too many casualties if the Orks won the first turn. This strictly limited where I could deploy because the hidden units have to be placed in cover.

I knew that because the Orks vastly outnumbered me, I would need to avoid big attritional gun battles at all costs and use plenty of cover to cut down on the effectiveness of the Orks' fire. Of course, the Space Wolves truly excel at close combat, so I had no fears about getting to grips with the Orks at close quarters, even though sheer weight in numbers can sometimes bring down the toughest individual.

I placed Ragnar with a battle squad of Blood Claws in hiding behind the low hill next to the swamp. They were supported by Wolf Guard Olaf, armed with the heavy flamer. I reasoned that this squad would be the one most likely to get into close combat with the Orks, hence the placement of Ragnar and Olaf here. Also hidden amongst the craters behind the ruined temple were the Grey Hunter battle squad armed with close combat weapons and the other Blood Claw battle squad. These were accompanied by Brother Ulrik plus Thorolf and Gunnar.

I placed the Long Fangs on overwatch up on the rocky hill on my left flank. From here they would have a good field of fire across the battlefield and also some cover against enemy fire. I placed the other battle squad of Grey Hunters (also in overwatch) on the slopes behind them to guard the Long Fangs' flank against any Orks who tried to sweep round the rocks. I also reinforced this group with Njal Stormcaller and Wolf Guard Egil because they were rather out on a limb.

The plan was for Ragnar and the Blood Claws to rush forward and seize the Predator and either drive off in it or grab the plans and run. In either case they would first head off behind the ruins (because they afforded more cover) and then off the edge of the table. The two squads in the craters behind the ruined temple would first move into the temple itself and supply covering fire for Ragnar. From there they could then either charge out to help Ragnar get to the plans or fight a rearguard action as Ragnar and the Blood Claws pulled back after seizing the plans.

The Long Fangs had a reasonable line of fire through the ruins and to the rocky hill in the centre of the Orks' line, so they could supply long range fire support by shooting at any Orks loitering around with heavy weapons and pick off any vehicles they could see. I had bought plasma missiles for the two Long Fangs missile launchers, so I also had the option of dropping a curtain of plasma in front of the Orks if they massed in one area.

NOTE: This game was fought during the development of the Warhammer 40,000 game and the accompanying Codex army lists. At the time both armies were costed at 2000 points (in fact they both exactly 1998 points). Since the game was fought the army lists have been changed somewhat, and the Ork army has been further developed in other respects too. This makes it impossible to work out a points value exactly, so we've decided to present the armies as they were on that fateful day as the dust clouds rise in the north and barbaric Orkish cries are carried by the wind, "Ere We Go, 'Ere We Go, 'Ere We Go....".

RAGNAR BLACKMANE'S SPACE WOLVES



Ragnar Blackmane: Space Wolf Lord – power armour, bolt pistol, chainsword, frag and krak grenades.



Ulrik the Slayer: Wolf Priest – bolt pistol, plasma pistol, crozius; frag, krak, virus and toxin grenades.



Njal Stormcaller: Rune Priest – power armour, bolt pistol, force rod, frag and krak grenades.

GREY HUNTER PACK



Grey Hunter Sergeant – power sword, plasma pistol, bio scanner.



Grey Hunter Veteran – power fist, bolt pistol, krak grenades.



5 Grey Hunters – boltgun, krak grenades.
3 Grey Hunters – boltgun, (1 with power sword, 1 with chainsword, 1 with power axe).

LONG FANG PACK



Long Fang Sergeant – power axe, boltgun (targeter).



2 Long Fangs – missile launcher (targeter and suspensors, frag, super krak and plasma missiles)
1 Long Fang – heavy bolter (targeter and suspensors, hellfire shells)
1 Long Fang – lascannon (targeter and suspensors).

BLOOD CLAW PACK



Blood Claw Sergeant – chainsword, power fist, bio scanner.



Blood Claw Veteran – hand flamer, power fist.



2 Blood Claws – hand flamer, (1 with a power sword and 1 with a chainsword)
3 Blood Claws – plasma pistol, (1 with a power sword, 1 with a chainsword and 1 with a power fist)
3 Blood Claws – 1 with a power sword, 1 with a power axe and 1 with a power fist

WOLF GUARD TERMINATORS



Brother Olaf – heavy flamer, power fist.



Brother Egil – storm bolter, power fist.

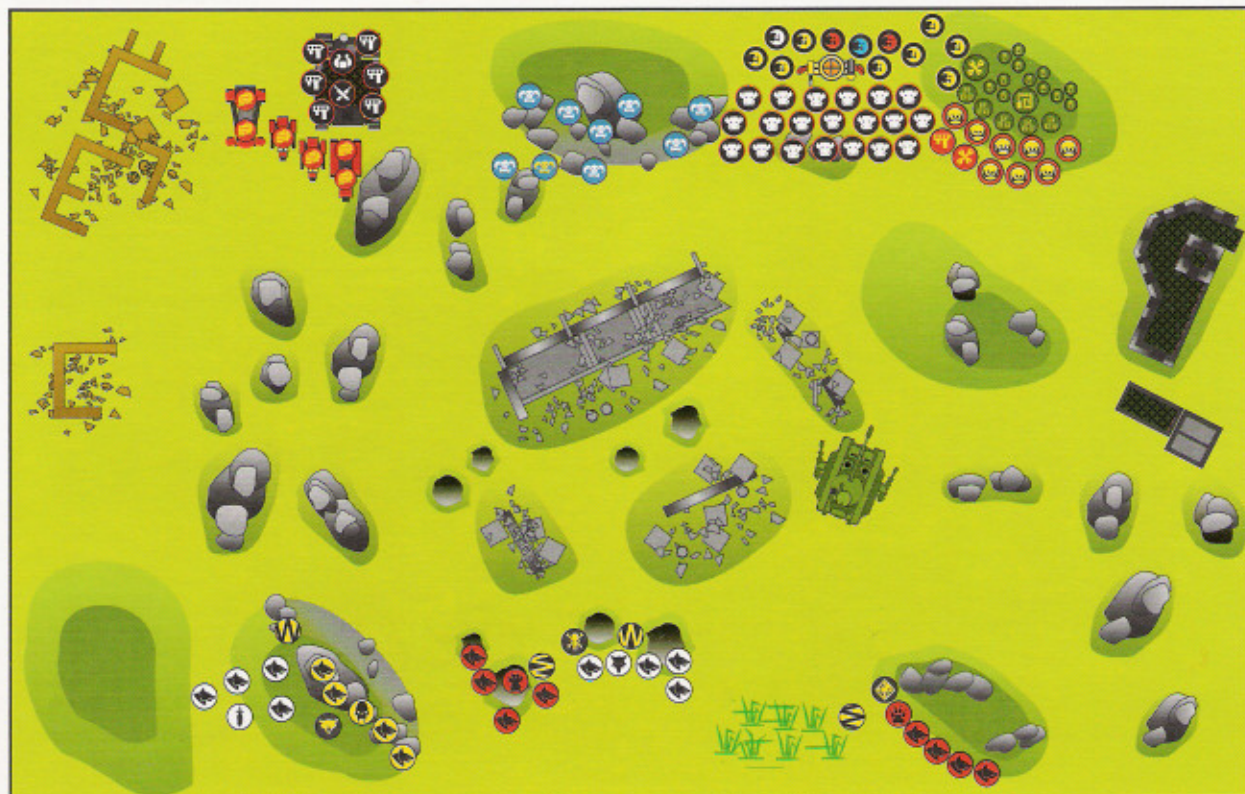


Brother Gunnar – assault cannon, chainfist.



Brother Thorolf – storm bolter, chainfist.

DEPLOYMENT

GHAZGHKULL THRAKA'S
ORK WARBAND

Death Skulls
Grotnob's Mob



Goff Bigmob



Evil Sunz
Grog's Mob



Weirdboy & Minderz



Bad Moons
Morgog's Mob



Shokk Attack Gun



Runtherd &
Snotlings



Warbuggy



Warbike



Wartrak



Ghazghkull's
battlewagon,
Nobz Mob
and
Painboy.



Dreadnought

RAGNAR BLACKMANE'S
SPACE WOLVES

Ragnar Blackmane
Wolf Lord



Ulrik the Slayer
Wolf Priest



Njal Stormcaller
Rune Priest

BLOOD CLAWS



Sergeant



Battle Squad
Leader



Blood Claw

GREY HUNTER PACK



Sergeant



Battle Squad Leader



Grey Hunter

WOLF GUARD



Brother Olaf



Brother Egil



Brother Gunnar



Brother Thorolf

LONG FANGS PACK



Sergeant



Long Fang

ORK TURN 1

The Ork attack began as soon as the first pale light of dawn illuminated the horizon. Bellowing fearsome battle cries, the Goff bigmob surged forward, supported on their left by Grog and his Evil Sunz.

Further to the right, the Orks joyfully kick-started the engines of their vehicles into life and with a screech of burning rubber accelerated away to sweep round the Space Wolves' flank.

The deeper rumble of Ghazghkull's battlewagon added to the cacophony of sound on the Orks' right flank as it rolled forward. As the battlewagon began to gather speed, Mad Doc Grotznik suddenly leapt to his feet. "No! No!" he cried, "Not that way Boyz! Quick, follow meeeee!" And with that he jumped off the battlewagon and charged off towards the Orks' camp to the rear of the battlefield.



ORK TURN 1

Ghazghkull and the rest of his retinue, well used to Grotznik's antics, watched him head off with not a little relief. At least he wouldn't get in the way now. Ghazghkull's attention was wrenched back to the battlefield as a hail of fire erupted from the Long Fangs and Grey Hunters hidden on the rocky hill



THE ORKS CHARGE FORWARD TOWARDS THE PREDATOR AS RAGNAR, EGIL AND THE BLOOD CLAWS EMERGE FROM COVER.

ahead. The wartrak leading the attack swerved and flipped over, its driver torn apart by a hail of bolter shells. Frag missiles and lascannon fire tore into the Death Skulls and the advancing Goffs, killing several of them as the Boyz dove for cover.

These opening shots were quickly answered by the Death Skulls and Bad Moons who had been waiting in support and two of the Long Fangs went down as autocannon shells, stubber fire and the flickering light of lascannon beams thudded into their position. The Shokk Attack Gun also whirled up to full power and launched an attack at the Long Fangs but was off-target, spilling frenzied Snotlings just short of the hill. Even though everything was going to plan, Ghazghkull had nagging doubts. The Long Fangs and Grey Hunters were only a third of the Space Wolves force. Where were the rest of them hidden? To his left, he could see that the Death Skulls were also firing towards the Predator as explosions lit up the ruins.

SPACE WOLF TURN 1

A great howl went up as the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws leapt up from concealed positions amongst the craters and rushed forward into the ruined temple led by the Wolf Guard and Brother Ulrik. On the right, Ragnar and the other battle squad of Blood Claws sprinted towards the armoured bulk of the Predator. Almost immediately, the Space Wolves came under fire from the Ork Dreadnought directly ahead of them. Brother Thorolf took a lascannon hit which melted through his armour but miraculously failed to vapourise his flesh. One of the Blood Claws was equally lucky, his armour barely deflecting a heavy plasma blast that would have burned him to cinders. Brother Gunnar turned his assault cannon on the great metal beast, the torrent of shells ripped ragged gashes across its midriff until green blood spurted amongst the oil and the Dreadnought fell silent.

The Blood Claws hurled grenades at the nearby Snotlings but they all flew wide and the little gremlins scurried on madly towards them. The Long Fangs sergeant cut down several of them with bolter fire from his position on the hill but the screaming creatures seemed not to notice. Behind the sergeant



the Long Fangs unleashed another volley of missiles into the Ork horde. A plasma missile exploded amongst rocks where the Death Skulls lurked, the incandescent flash making them flinch but caused no casualties.

A second plasma missile homed in on the Bad Moons, blossoming into a ball of fire where their heavy weapons Boyz stood. One of them managed to stagger out of the fire but the other fried where he stood. The Grey Hunters on the left flank blasted long range shots at a distant warbike, but failed to hit the rider, their bolter shells ringing off the bike's sturdy frame instead.

Unnoticed by Ghazghkull, a black-winged shape swooped between the rocks. Njal Stormcaller gazed down through the eyes of Night Wing, his psyber-raven, at the rapidly approaching Ork column. Realizing that he had to slow them down before they broke through onto the Long Fangs' flank, he concentrated his mind. A nimbus of crackling light grew around him as he exerted his powers to summon a great wind storm. A tumultuous blast suddenly engulfed the warbikes, clogging their engines and blinding their riders with flying dust. Caught in the elemental power of the blast, the Orks could do little more than cling onto their stalled bikes in the teeth of the howling gale.



SPACE WOLVES TURN 1



ORK TURN 2

ORK TURN 2

Enraged at the sight of the hated Space Wolves and incensed by the death of their companions, the Goff bigmob went into the dreaded Goff Battle Rage. With a great howl, they bounded forward firing their bolters in a deadly explosive arc.

strange and powerful attacks just yet. Behind the ruined temple, the frenzied Snotlings pounced on a nearby Blood Claw, who kept them at bay with sweeps of his chainsword and sprayed them with liquid fire from his hand flamer.

Grog and the Evil Sunz approached more cautiously, attempting to pin down Ragnar and his bodyguard of Blood Claws with bolter fire.

The Bad Moons rushed forward to support the Goffs, dragging their protesting and struggling Weirdboy with them as they went. Surrounded on all sides by frenzied Goffs and Bad Moons, the Weirdboy started to shake and gibber as he sucked up the psychic energy of the Orks like a sponge.

Sparks and weird lights began to shoot out of his mouth and ears, but his Minderz held him fast and gripped him tight. There were too many Orks in between the Weirdboy and the Space Wolves to allow him to unleash one of his



THE NOBZ ATTEMPT TO DISLodge THE LONG FANGS FROM THEIR POSITION ON TOP OF THE HILL

Ragnar also found himself engulfed by a another horde of Snotlings launched at him by the Shokk Attack Gun, but the tiny creatures proved no match for his battle skills and he cut his way through them without breaking his stride.

On the Orks' right flank the only vehicles that could move were the war buggy and the battlewagon, the two warbikes remaining firmly in place, paralysed by Njal's wind blast. Dipping and weaving, the war buggy hurtled towards the Space Wolves silhouetted up on the hill. Ecstatic from the speed and noise, the driver expertly avoided the incoming fire from the Space Wolves before his gunner unleashed a wildly inaccurate melta blast over the heads of his tormentors.

Meanwhile, Ghazghkull's battlewagon roared up beside the war buggy and came screeching to a halt as the Nobz piled out and started to blaze away at the Grey Hunters on the hill. It seemed impossible that anyone could survive the hail of bolter shells and heavy weapons fire that rained down on the Space Wolves as the entire Ork battleline let fly with every weapon they had. However, the Orks were gripped by a battle rage and their fire, never very accurate, was even wilder than usual.

Expertly taking advantage of every scrap of cover, their lightning fast reactions allowing them to dodge and weave away from danger, the Space Wolves took everything the Orks could throw at them and came through it almost unscathed. Only two Wolf brothers fell to the massed fire of the Orks. The tide of battle was starting to turn in the Space Wolves' favour.

SPACE WOLF TURN 2

Ragnar weaved forward through the chaos of explosions and bolter fire to reach the Predator, from where he paused to hurl a frag grenade into the advancing Goffs, blowing three of them to pieces. Behind him two of the Blood Claws leapt into the Predator to retrieve the plans, their brothers rushing forward to throw photon flares amongst the nearby Evil Sunz Orks. The grenades flashed blinding white like miniature suns and sent the Orks stumbling back clutching at their eyes. Brother Olaf advanced with the Blood Claws, hosing liquid fire over the Goffs that had made it to the rubble, turning two into guttering torches.

The squads in the ruined temple took up positions in the rubble and blasted the advancing Goffs with bolter fire and frag grenades to support Ragnar's advance. Ulrik hurled his virus bomb into the battle-maddened Orks as they spilled into the ruins but the bacillus proved weak and only one of the Orks succumbed. Thorolf and Gunnar stepped forward into the breach and carved bloody arcs through the horde with their storm bolter and assault cannon to keep the Orks back. The Blood Claw fighting the Snotlings behind the ruins finally cut down the last of the tiny burning figures with his chainsword.

On the left the Long Fangs hit the Death Skull Orks with another plasma missile, the incandescent flames burning through Orks and rocks with equal abandon. The Grey Hunters guarding their flank advanced to attack Ghazghkull and his Nobz head on. Frag grenades exploded with shocking violence, slaying two of the Nobz instantly and almost decapitating the Ork gunner on the war buggy as he tried to bring his multi-melta to bear on Egil's hulking, armoured figure. The staccato bark of Egil's storm bolter cut through the roaring explosions as he cut down another Nob and the buggy driver.



It was all too much for the surviving Nobz. Ignoring Ghazghkull's bellowed threats, they ran for cover behind the battlewagon. The triumphant Grey Hunters shot down another Nob as he fled and hurled krak grenades at the battlewagon, but the grenades did little more than gouge chunks out of the vehicle's thick armour. The battlewagon driver briefly gunned his engine in anticipation of running down these annoying humies before a krak missile from the Long Fangs tore off the battlewagon's front wheel, sending it slewing sideways before it skidded to a halt. Brows knitted with concentration, Njal maintained his stormwind against the warbikes, holding them fast amidst a swirling vortex of dust.



SPACE WOLVES TURN 2



ORK TURN 3

ORK TURN 3

Ghazghkull knew that he had to do something soon otherwise the battle would be lost. Raising his eyes skyward, he concentrated his mental energies and called on Mork and Gork to aid him. Filled with the strange energy of the savage

Ork gods, Ghazghkull bellowed his defiance at the Space Wolves, his cry being taken up by Ork after Ork, until the shouted WAAAGH! resounded all over the battlefield. At the back of the Ork army, Grotnob and his Death Skulls grabbed the opportunity to start scavenging for loot now that no-one was watching them. They would play no further part in the battle.

The rest of the Orks carried on with the attack. The Goffs and the Evil Sunz charged the Space Wolves around the Predator, Grog and two Goffs engaging Ragnar in hand-to-hand combat. Morgog and the rest of his

Bad Moons followed up in support, the Weirdboy dragged along by his two Minderz. On the right, Ghazghkull and Makari leapt from the wrecked battlegwagon and rushed towards the Space Wolves on the hill. Their places in the battlegwagon were taken by the Nobz, who did their best to provide supporting fire for Ghazghkull as he advanced.



BATTLE ERUPTS AROUND THE PREDATOR AS THE POWER OF THE WAAAGH! SENDS THE ORKS INTO A FRENZY

Once again Ork fire rained down on the Space Wolves, but the Orks' shooting proved even more inaccurate than before and only one Space Wolf fell to the massed fire of the Ork army.

The Shokk Attack Gun once again went haywire, and the last two groups of Snotlings materialised in the centre of the ruined temple rather than inside the Predator as intended. The battle would be decided by the hand-to-hand combat between the Orks and Space Wolves around the stranded tank.

Filled with divinely inspired battle fury, the Orks hurled themselves at the Space Wolves. Frothing and yelling they slashed and cut at the Space Marines with berserk frenzy. Ragnar quickly dispatched the two Goffs as they charged at him, but was then smashed to the ground by Grog's mighty powerfist. Towering over the prone figure, Grog prepared to deliver the killing blow that could still turn the tide in favour of the Orks. Then, with a loud "SNIK!", the battle claws in Ragnar's boots slashed out, eviscerating the surprised Ork Nob before driving into his heart. Grog was dead before he hit the ground.

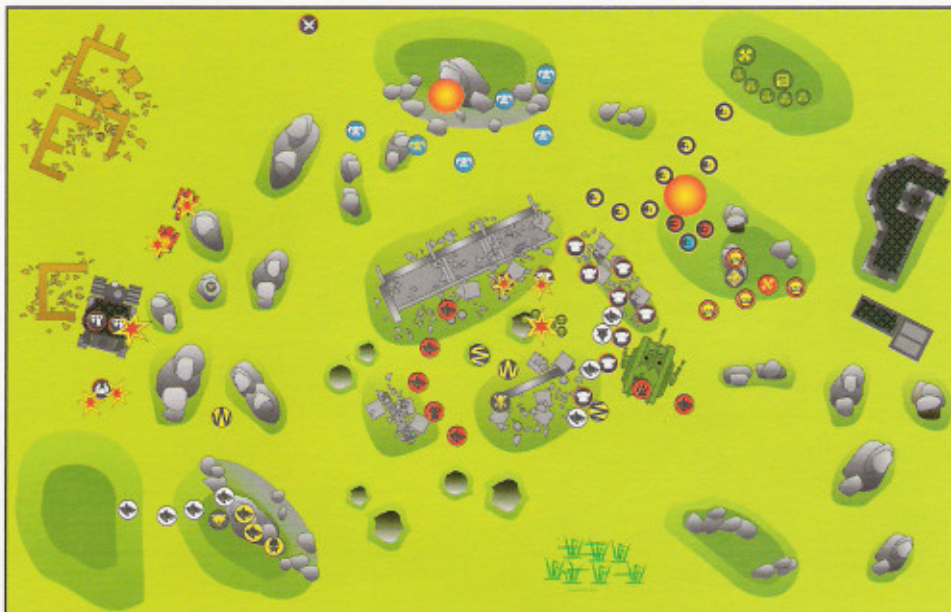
Inspired by the example set by their Lord, the Space Wolves redoubled their efforts. The Orks' wild attacks proved no match for the equally savage battle skills of the Space Wolves. Ork after Ork went down in a welter of green blood without the Space Wolves taking a single casualty.

Ragnar bounded to his feet just in time to see the Orks make their last desperate bid to capture the Predator and the vital plans it contained. Grabbing an arm and a leg each, the two Bad Moon minderz grabbed the Weirdboy and pointed him head first at the vehicle, like a living cannon. The Weirdboy vomited forth the terrible energies that coursed through his body and a tidal wave of deadly, incandescent psychic energy rolled towards the Predator.

Hurling himself to one side, Ragnar dodged out of the way of the death wave, but the Blood Claws in and around the Predator were not so lucky. Bowled over by the sheer force of the psychic attack they fell to the ground, clutching their heads in agony. Two died as the wave passed over them, and the survivors lay stunned, unable to do anything.

SPACE WOLF TURN 3

With a howl the Grey Hunters in the ruined temple leapt into combat with the Goffs around the Predator. Ahead of them, Ragnar stormed up the hill in a battle rage. He cut down an Evil Sunz Ork with a multi-melta before leaping forward to attack the Minderz surrounding the cowering Weirdboy. Inspired by their Wolf Lord's example the Grey Hunters hacked down three Goffs, their power axes and chainswords cleaving through the Orks like knives through butter.



SPACE WOLVES TURN 3

Gunnar and Thorolf advanced through the ruins, illuminated by the strobing gun flashes as they cut down another pair of Orks. The chatter of Gunnar's assault cannon echoed across the battlefield until it was silenced by a jam. Rushing up behind them, the Blood Claws hurled photon flares amongst the yelling Snotlings, blinding them with actinic flashes until the little creatures' screeching became almost unbearable.

Around the Predator, the surviving Blood Claws slowly recovered from the devastating psychic attack, saved from being butchered where they lay only by the fierce counter-charge of Ragnar and the rest of the Space Wolves. The Orks had been beaten off and now the Predator and its vital cargo lay firmly in the Space Wolves' grasp.

Missiles leapt out from the Long Fangs' positions. A krak missile ricocheted off the armoured fuel tank of Ghazghkull's battlewagon, much to the relief of the Nobz inside it. Another missile burst at the feet of the Bad Moons' Nob, Morgog, instantly engulfing him in unquenchable plasma fire. Egil slipped away behind the rock spire and gunned down one of the stalled warbikers with a long burst of storm bolter fire.

A sharp-eyed Grey Hunter in the rocks behind Egil caught sight of the other warbike and killed its rider with a neat bolter shot between the eyes. The rest of the Grey Hunters backed away from Ghazghkull, their bolter shells bouncing off his glowing form. The psychic power of the Waaagh! still coursed through him, making him invulnerable to the Grey Hunters' weapons.

Njal allowed the wind blast slowly die down. It had served its purpose and now the only real threat was Ghazghkull himself. The old Rune Priest marshalled his strength and prepared to meet Ghazghkull's deadly powers head on. He was determined to stop the rampages of this brutal Ork Warlord once and for all or die trying. As he gazed down from the hill, he realized that Ghazghkull was gone. Hidden by the smoke and flames, the Ork Warlord had made good his escape. He'd realized that this battle was lost, but there would be many others. The galaxy would hear of Ghazghkull Uruk Thraka again. With their leader gone, the remaining Orks withdrew into the rocky hills like wraiths, thwarted for the present but still as dangerous as ever.

SPACE WOLF DEBRIEFING

(Andy Chambers)



Well, everything went more or less according to plan, mainly because Jervis set up his Orks pretty much where I thought he would, even down to putting a force out on his flank to take the hill with the Long Fangs on it. Under the circumstances, it was just as well I put Njal and a battle squad of Grey Hunters over there to support the Long Fangs, otherwise Ghazghkull and his motorised troops would

have been all over them like a rash. It was a bit of a gamble on Jervis's part to undertake such a bold outflanking move, but if it had come off it would have thrown my plans into complete confusion by cutting me off from my own table edge. In the event, it was stopped mostly by the combined efforts of Njal Stormcaller living up to his name and the Wolf Guard Egil, who singlehandedly rampaged through three Nobz, a war buggy and a warbike!

But self congratulations aside, it was pretty dumb of me to dedicate a third of my forces to one remote corner of the table which was nowhere near my objective. If Jervis had not gone for the flank attack, or had dedicated a smaller force to it, my meagre three squads in the centre would have been overrun. As it was, I think that the Orks in the centre badly lacked the

kind of hardness that Ghazghkull and the Nobz could have supplied. Unimpeded, Ragnar and his squads ran riot through the Orks and there was little they could do to stop him. Even in the round when Ghazghkull unleashed the Waaagh! the Goffs which actually made it into close combat suffered badly for no loss to the Space Wolves. The only severe losses I suffered in the centre were from the Weirdboy's psychic effects, which gave me a nasty fright but came at a time when the Orks were just about running out of momentum. I was incredibly lucky to avoid taking more casualties than I did, though I did take care to use whatever cover I could to minimise Jervis's chances of hitting



The other slight spanner in the works was the Snotlings pinning down the Blood Claws in the ruins for a turn, an annoying incident, but not too damaging overall. A minor



THE BLOOD CLAWS AND THE GREY HUNTERS ENGAGE THE ORKS IN BITTER HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

point which had struck me about the deployment of the Blood Claws in the ruins was that I should have placed them closer to the Predator, in effect swapping their place with the Grey Hunters. This was because the Blood Claws were out of range with their bolt pistols and grenades until Turn 3, whereas the bolter-armed Grey Hunters wouldn't have had such problems. This is a minor point, but little details often add up to victory or defeat in a close-run battle. On the whole, I also think I used the Long Fangs in a rather disorganised manner, tending to snipe at available targets instead of concentrating on crippling one mob of Boyz per turn.

Of my three characters Brother Ulrik never made it into close combat so he didn't make much impression, even his virus bomb failed abysmally. Njal did sterling service where he was, but was a little bit surplus to requirements there. Placing Egil and all of the Grey Hunters on overwatch on Turn 1 probably would have done just as good a job of keeping the vehicles at bay. If Njal had been somewhere in the centre his powers would have made life a lot easier – the Weirdboy certainly wouldn't have lived long enough to get off his death wave! Ragnar was every bit as unstoppable as I'd hoped he would be and his ability to dodge saved him from being hit numerous times – a truly inspirational character!

Overall, I think that in the rush to deploy my forces and get playing I overlooked the main objective of the game. Fortunately, Jervis also made the same mistake and deployed more for a normal knock down and drag out kind of a battle. Unfortunately for him, Jervis compounded his problems by spreading his efforts across his whole front, trying to inflict casualties here and there and then making a half-hearted stab at taking the Predator with the Goffs after they had already suffered a horrendous beating.

WAAAGH!

(Jervis Johnson)



Well then, that was a bit of a disaster, wasn't it! Although I do have to say that the dice were not kind in the way they rolled for me in this game, I can't really use that as an excuse to hide the fact that my set-up and execution of my plan were both fatally flawed. One of the good things about writing a battle report is that it forces you to study what happened in a game very

carefully. If I hadn't had to write this report I would probably have done my best to forget about this game, which would have been a shame, because it actually had a number of important lessons to teach me.

If you've had a game where nothing seems to work out right it's very easy to end up blaming your defeat on all kinds of things other than the way you played the game. I've lost count of the number of times I've heard players (including myself!) bemoaning their bad luck or saying that, thanks to the army lists, their opponent's army is unbeatable, while their own army is rubbish.

However, if you want to learn from your defeats and go on to become a better player, you must attempt to see through these excuses to what really happened. Even more importantly, you should try to do this while the game is in progress.

Part of the reason that I lost so badly is because I became completely demoralised with the way my troops couldn't hit the side of a barn door, while the Space Wolves were merrily gunning down my Boyz in droves! As I suffered over 30 casualties to the Space Marines' 7 (a kill ratio of over 4-1!) this is somewhat understandable. Anyway, by about midway through the game I felt that my bad dice rolling and the Orks' relatively low ballistic skill meant that I never really stood a chance of winning. Mentally I had given up and was thinking "If only I was a bit luckier and had a Space Marine army I could easily win". But in actual fact, as I will explain below, I did have a very good chance to win, I just didn't see it!

When you are playing a game you must always keep your main objective clearly in your mind. This may seem obvious, but it is actually quite easy to forget. In this game all I had to do to win was grab the plans from the Predator, nothing else mattered and all of my attentions should have been focused on achieving that objective. From this point of view setting up Ghazghkull and his retinue so far to the right was a bad mistake. As my single most powerful unit Ghazghkull should have been leading the attack on the Predator, as Ragnar did for the Space Wolves. The attack on the hill would have been a sensible tactic in a game using the normal Warhammer 40,000 victory conditions, but this game had a different set of objectives which made it no more than a diversionary attack that could have been handled perfectly well by the warbikes and wartrak on their own.

But if my set up was flawed, it was nowhere near as bad as my execution of my plan. Studying what happened during the game for this report, I realised that as soon as I started to play the game I forgot about the victory conditions all together! My attack on the Predator was halfhearted and slow, mainly because I had become sidetracked into trying to wipe out the Space Wolves rather than grab the plans from the Predator. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the way I directed the firing. The ranged attacks that I made and therefore the casualties I caused, few though they may have been, were spread all over the battlefield rather than being concentrated around the Predator.

What I did was attack Andy's most powerful models whenever I could, no matter where they were. This is a sensible tactic in a normal Warhammer 40,000 game, but it proved disastrous here. Imagine the situation on Turn 3 if all seven casualties that I inflicted had all been around the Predator. Instead of Andy having an overwhelming superiority, the odds would have been about even and if Ghazghkull and the Nobz had been there, the odds would have been strongly in my favour. And I could have achieved this with the same army and the same luck that I had in the game which I actually lost so disastrously.

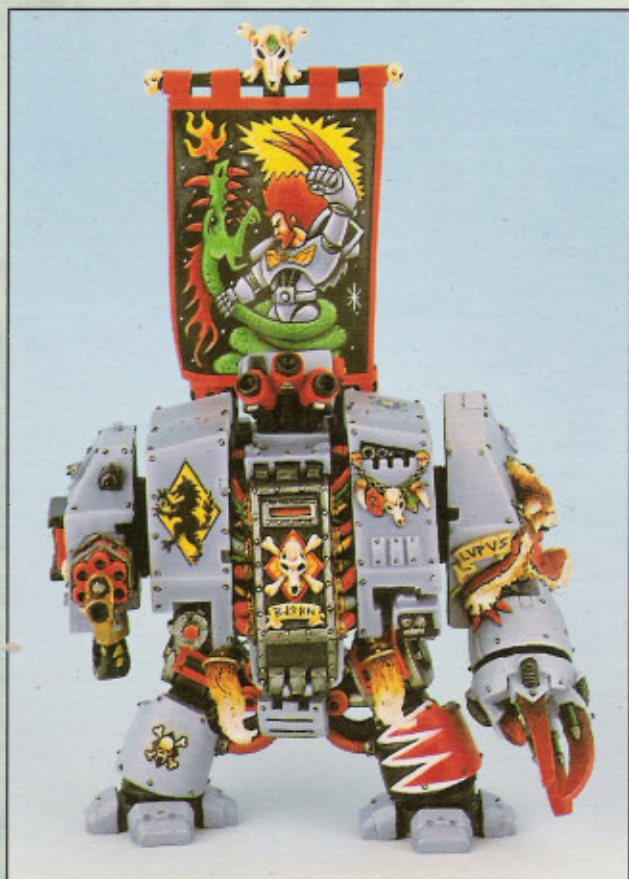
Turning my attentions to the other side of the table I do have to say that Andy's set-up was, if anything, even worse than mine. Although he placed Ragnar in a sensible position, the vast bulk of the Space Wolves were way off to my right, and played very little part in the battle in and around the Predator. The main reason for this is because Andy likes to make sure that all of his models are set-up in cover, and that they start the game hiding in case the other side gets the first turn. This is a sensible tactic in a normal game, but in this case it forced him to spread his troops around and place them too far away from the main objective to be useful. However, once the game started there is little I can fault in Andy's execution. All of his moves were directed to getting the plans out of the Predator and winning the game, something which I singularly failed to do, and so he earned a well-deserved victory.

BJORN THE FELL-HANDED SPACE WOLVES DREADNOUGHT

Bjorn the Fell-Handed is a mighty totem of the Space Wolves fighting history. His massive Dreadnought armour is an honoured Chapter artifact that represents an unbroken link through the centuries to the Space Wolves' legendary founder Leman Russ. Bjorn actually fought alongside Russ during the early days of the Space Wolves Chapter and he is a potent reminder of those epic times.

Between battles Bjorn's armour is constantly maintained by the Chapter's Iron Priests, Rune Priests and Artificers.

Within the armour Bjorn rests, gathering his strength, awaiting the moment when his awesome power is needed by the Space Wolves and once more he has to crush their foes.



LEMAN'S BADGE



PACK MARKING



RAGNAR'S BADGE



ARMY BADGE



BJORN'S BANNER depicts him as a powerful member of the Blood Claws in the days of Leman Russ.



Amongst the trophies and icons displayed by Bjorn are badges and markings which refer to his early days as a warrior with the famed Leman Russ. The black, red and white pack marking is an archaic form of those currently in use by the Space Wolves.

Leman's badge marks Bjorn as having fought alongside Russ in ancient times. The badge of Ragnar and the army badge are additions to Bjorn's heraldry and simply refer to his being a part of Ragnar's current task force.



ASSAULT CANNON

BJORN'S WEAPONS

Over the centuries Bjorn has wielded an enormous variety of different weapons. He is currently armed with an assault cannon and a lightning claw, the latter having an additional heavy flamer attached. Despite the vast destructive potential of this wargear it is his fighting spirit, legendary personality and battlefield experience which are Bjorn's strongest weapons.



LIGHTNING CLAW WITH HEAVY FLAMER

THE SPACE WOLVES

GREAT COMPANIES

Each Space Wolf Great Company is led by a mighty hero known as the Wolf Lord. Each of these champions adopts as a totem one of the great mythical wolves of Fenris. As a mark of respect and fealty to the Wolf Lord, the warriors of each Great Company paint these symbols onto their armour. The same icons are also woven into banners and carved onto the Space Wolves' machines and buildings.



Ragnar Blackmane's Wolf totem company badge



Haakon Stormbrow



Alarik Nightrunner



Skallagrim the Red



Grimnar
The Great Wolf
Lord of Fenris

GREY HUNTERS

Each Grey Hunter pack adopts a red and black shoulder pad design. These patterns are unique to the Space Wolves. Similar primitive tribal markings proliferate among the barbaric clans of Fenris, where they appear as shield designs and are woven onto furs or painted onto armour.



Pack marking



Pack marking



Pack marking



Army badge



Grey Hunter



Ragnar's black wolf head totems



The Space Wolves' barbarian heritage is reflected in their disregard for any formal military system of uniform insignia. Even the Wolf Lords totem badge can be rendered in a variety of ways – there is simply no one style or design which is regarded as official. The illustrated pack markings are just some of the many hundreds of different patterns used by the Chapter over the centuries.



Grey Hunter in Mk VII power armour



Grey Hunter in Mk VI power armour



Grey Hunter Sergeant



Grey Hunter Veteran

The Space Wolves are assigned armour and weapons in a much more ad hoc way than any of the other Chapters of Space Marines. Individuals may retain armour and equipment long after their fellows have received new or replacement gear. Therefore it is quite common for a squad to have Space Marine armour in a variety of armour marks. Mk VII and MkVI are the most numerous as they are the most recent; but it is not unusual to see the occasional older Mk IV or MkV on a grizzled veteran or doughty Sergeant. Such armour marks out the wearer as an old campaigner worthy of honour and respect.

The Sergeant and Veteran in each squad carry backbanners and display honour badges to signify their important battlefield roles. The banners provide a rallying point and inspiration for the combat squads each leads in battle. The wolf head and wolf tail honour markings shown on their banners, are repeated on the right shoulder pads of the Sergeant and Veteran respectively.

BLOOD CLAWS

The packs of Blood Claws are the most ferocious and barbaric of all Space Wolves. The individual warriors freely decorate their armour and weapons with wolf totems and trophies.



Blood Claw
(note army badge on leg).



Example of a Blood Claw
Pack marking.



Example of a
Pack marking



Blood Claw Sergeant



Blood claw Veteran

Blood Claw packs decorate their right shoulder pads with bright red and yellow tribal patterns, each pack choosing or being given a different marking. These patterns are retained by the squad as it matures into a Grey Hunter pack. At that point the pack marking is rendered in the classic red and black style of a Grey Hunter. As with the Grey Hunters, the Sergeant and Veteran Blood Claws carry back banners into battle. Their identifying symbols are the archetypal wolf claw motifs rendered in jet black. The same symbols are also displayed on their right shoulder pads.

LONG FANGS

The Sergeant's red skull badge has the extended fangs characteristic of these stalwart veterans.



Long Fang (Note the pack marking on his shoulder pad and personalised design on his missile launcher ammunition).



Examples of pack markings

In a startling black and white colour scheme the Long Fangs display the pack markings they have worn since their youth as Blood Claws, through the Grey Hunters squads and now into their veteran status within the Chapter. Long Fangs often hang trophies and honours from their belts and paint various wolf symbols and designs on their weapons.



Long Fang Sergeant (with back banner)

HONOUR BADGES



The Space Wolves have an ancient warrior heritage and are proud to display their symbols of courage, bravery and skill. These badges are painted or carved onto armour and weapons. As with their squad markings, the Space Wolves ignore any formal system of awards. It is honour enough that a warrior's close comrades – his pack brothers, understand and appreciate the symbol's meaning. Nonetheless, over the centuries, certain badges have acquired particular significance. The Sergeant and Veteran badges are examples of this; bone symbols are often a reference to wounds endured in past battles, knife and claw symbols represent ferocity or bravery and wolf tails are awarded for special skills and endeavour.

WOLF LORD RAGNAR AND WOLF PRIEST BROTHER ULRIK



The back banner of the black wolf's head on a yellow background is Ragnar's Company banner. All the Space Wolves in this Company wear the design on their left shoulder pad. The second back banner is Ragnar's personal one and features a stylised blackmaned wolf fighting against Chaos.



RAGNAR BLACKMANE

Ragnar Blackmane is the youngest Wolf Lord in the long history of the Space Wolves. Ragnar takes his surname from from the pelt of the blackmaned wolf that forms his personal totem and Company banner. Ragnar joined the Wolf Guard directly from the Blood Claws after he slew the Ork Warboss Borzag Khan and his entire bodyguard in close combat. Ragnar's great skill lies in leading raids and spacedrops. The Great Wolf often chooses Ragnar's Company to spearhead any planetary landing.



RAGNAR BLACKMANE – SPACE WOLF LORD



ULRIK THE SLAYER – WOLF PRIEST



Wolf Priest back banner

ULRIK THE SLAYER

Before coming a Wolf Priest, Ulrik was the leader of Great Wolf Logan Grimnar's Blood Claw pack. In the first Armageddon War Ulrik single-handedly cut down three World Eater Space Marines in hand-to-hand combat. As a Wolf Priest he is responsible for recruiting new Space Wolves and turning them into true Space Marines.

SPACE WOLVES NJAL STORM CALLER RUNE PRIEST

After banishing the Greater Daemon that slew the old Rune Priest Heimdall, Njal summoned up a mighty psychic storm, sweeping away the daemon's minions and bringing victory to his hard-pressed brother Space Wolves. From that day forth Njal was known as "Storm Caller".

Now Njal serves Lord Ragnar Blackmane, tempering the young Wolf Lords impetuosity with wisdom and knowledge gleaned from the runes and the sagas.



RUNE PRIEST WITH PSYBER RAVEN

LONG FANGS



BLOOD CLAWS





ALARIK'S
WOLF GUARD



HAAKON'S
WOLF GUARD



RAGNAR'S
WOLF GUARD

WOLF GUARD

In battle, the Wolf Guard fight according to each warrior's personal skills and disposition. As powerful individuals they bolster the fighting strength of the packs and act as the Wolf Lord's bodyguard and Lieutenants.

When a Space Wolf is elevated to the status of a Wolf Guard, he puts aside his former pack loyalties and regalia and commits himself wholly to his Lord. As a symbol of his status, a new pack marking is engraved upon the right shoulder pad of his power armour. Although this marking is unique to each Great Company, it is always rendered in yellow and black, the traditional colours of a Fenrisian Noble.



WOLF GUARD WITH
POWER SWORD AND
BOLTER



Wolf Guard bearing the honoured Company Banner. In this instance, the banner depicts the great Grey Wolf Leman Russ himself.



Wolf Guards in Terminator armour bear the Great Company icon on their right shoulder pad. Their pack mark is displayed on their kneepads and weapon casings.



WOLF GUARD WITH
BOLTER AND POWER FIST



WOLF GUARD WITH BOLTER



WOLF GUARD IN TERMINATOR ARMOUR

SPACE WOLVES



SPACE WOLF GREY HUNTERS



SERVITOR



SPACE WOLF IRON PRIEST



SERVITOR



WOLF PRIEST ULRIK THE SLAYER LEADING A SQUAD OF GREY HUNTERS



WARGEAR CARD

THE AXE MORKAI

15 Points

The Axe Morkai was taken by Space Wolf Commander Logan Grimnar from a defeated Champion of Khorne, and it is imbued with the brutal power of that bloodthirsty god. The Axe was reforged by the Space Wolves' Iron Priests and engraved with the two heads of Morkai, guardian wolf of the Gates of Death.

The Axe has S6 and enemy suffering wounds have a -3 save modifier. For each critical hit scored in hand-to-hand combat (i.e., each attack dice roll of a 6) add not +1 to the Combat Score but +D3 (1-2 = 1, 3-4 = 2, 5-6 = 3).

SPACE WOLF COMMANDER ONLY


WARGEAR CARD

MASTER-CRAFTED BOLT PISTOL

10 Points

A weapon crafted by a master armourer and ornamented by the greatest artists is a worthy weapon for a warrior. Such pistols are treasured possessions, and are often passed from one warrior to another.



RANGE		TO HIT		STR.	DAM.	SAVE		ARMOUR	PENE.	SPECIAL
SHORT	LONG	SHORT	LONG			MOD.				
0-12"	12-24"	+2	+1	4	1	-1		D6+4		Close combat



WARGEAR CARD

FROSTFANG

10 Points

Frostfang is a mighty weapon crafted centuries ago by the Iron Priest Fergus Forgrim, the famed master craftsman of the Space Wolves. Its chainsaw blade is fashioned from a rare metal whose secret died with the ancient Iron Priest. It has a superior profile as shown below.

RANGE		TO HIT		STR.	DAM.	SAVE		ARMOUR	PENE.	SPECIAL
SHORT	LONG	SHORT	LONG			MOD.				
Close combat only				5	D3	-2		2D6+D3+5		Parry

SPACE WOLVES ONLY


WARGEAR CARD

THE PELT OF WULFEN

15 Points

This ancient pelt is from a massive Wolf of Fenris, the largest ever slain by a warrior of the Space Wolves. This ancient and venerable hide has been interwoven with a modified cameleoline web.

At ranges of up to 10" the Pelt of Wulfen reduces the enemy's chances of scoring a hit by -1. At 10-20" the penalty is -2, at 20-30" it is -3, and so on, each extra 10" reducing the chance of hitting by a further -1. These penalties apply to shooting (not hand-to-hand fighting) and are in addition to other modifiers for cover, etc.

SPACE WOLF COMMANDER ONLY



WARGEAR CARD

THE WOLF HELM OF RUSS 50 Points

Tradition has it that this ancient helm was fashioned by the Emperor's artificers and given to Leman Russ, the Primarch of the Space Marines. So long as the Space Wolf wearing the Helm of Russ lives and is on the battlefield, any Space Wolves characters or units that can see the wearer will automatically pass any Break test or psychology test they are required to take. In addition, the wearer causes fear as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

SPACE WOLVES ONLY



WARGEAR CARD

NIGHT WING THE PSYBER RAVEN 10 Points

Night Wing was fashioned for the Rune Priest Njal Stormcaller by the Iron Priest Ulf Blackbrow, and is attuned to the Rune Priest's unique brain pattern. Night Wing will fight in hand-to-hand combat alongside Njal. Any opponent will therefore always face two enemies: Njal and Night Wing.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
-	4	0	3	6	1	4	1	-

Night Wing has no Movement or Leadership values, but always moves with Njal at all times.

SPACE WOLF RUNE PRIEST ONLY



WARGEAR CARD

THE RUNE STAFF STORMCALLER 35 Points

This ancient rune staff absorbed so much power that it eventually became a living thing in the hands of its original owner Njal Stormcaller.

At the start of the game deal three cards from the warp deck. Any force cards are retained within the rune staff, other cards are returned to the deck. Further force cards may be placed in the staff as they are dealt, up to a maximum of three. During any psychic phase the force cards may be used to power the wielder's psychic abilities.

Stormcaller also adds +1 to the wielder's A and I, and adds a Strength bonus equal to its wielder's mastery level.

NJAL STORMCALLER ONLY



WARGEAR CARD

THE HOOD OF GNYRLL 20 Points

The Hood of Gnyrll may be worn instead of a normal Psychic Hood. The wearer begins the battle with an additional psychic power. If his mastery level is 1 he therefore receives two psychic powers, if level 2 he receives three, if level 3 he receives four and level 4 psykers receive five.



SPACE WOLF RUNE PRIEST ONLY



WARGEAR CARD

THE HELM OF DURFAST

8 Points

Forged in the stasis-bound ion furnaces beneath the Fang, this ancient helmet was made for Space Wolf Durfast, Champion of Mordrak. The Helm has a temporal distort circuit which enables the wearer to readily spot any foes in cover or hiding, all such models are spotted by the model. In addition, the Helm's predictive interface guides the hand of the wearer, improving his shooting accuracy considerably. If the shooter misses his target, then you may re-roll the dice again so long as your initial score is not 1. If your initial dice roll is 1 then you may not re-roll the dice and have missed.

SPACE WOLVES ONLY


WARGEAR CARD

THE WULFEN STONE

30 Points

This ancient gem was worked into a suit of armour by the great artificer Iron Priest Fengri and is one of the Space Wolves' greatest treasures. Within its murky depths lies the raging image of the Were, the monster of Fenris that lies coiled within the gene-helix of every Space Wolf.

As the bearer of the Wulfen Stone charges into combat his image changes into that of the Wulfen. Its horror can be borne by few creatures. Any enemy charged by the character must take a Break test as if it had sustained 25% casualties from shooting. However, instead of rolling 2D6 as normal, the enemy must roll 3D6. Daemoniac foes are immune to the effect.

SPACE WOLVES ONLY


WARGEAR CARD

HRULF'S HOOD OF DARKNESS

25 Points

The Hood of Darkness is an ancient device of obscure alien origin. It can be activated at the start of the player's turn and the character model is cloaked in interdimensional darkness. The model may not shoot or fight hand-to-hand combat that turn, but may move up to 16". The model may not be shot at or attacked in hand-to-hand combat during his turn or the enemy's following turn. The model is not affected by psychic powers whilst cloaked but may not use psychic powers either. If the Hood of Darkness is used for two consecutive turns or more then test to see if it fails. At the start of each turn, roll a D6. On the roll of 4 or more it fails and cannot be used again.

SPACE WOLVES ONLY


WARGEAR CARD

TORGARL'S PLASMA BLADE

5 Points

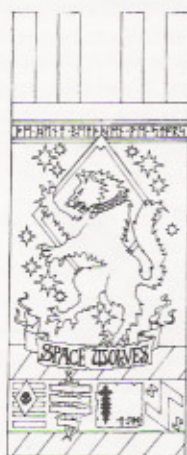
Though it looks like an ancient and finely decorated knife, this device actually houses a plasma generator in the handle. When thrown the blade generates an intense plasma field which can penetrate most armour. A homing device automatically returns the blade to its owner once it is thrown. As for grenades, range depends on the thrower's Strength. Roll to hit as for normal shooting.

The Blade has Strength 7, damage 1, save modifier -4, armour penetration 2D6+7.

SPACE WOLVES ONLY

SPACE WOLVES BANNERS

These black and white banner designs have been provided for you to photocopy then paint.



RAGNAR'S COMPANY
BANNER



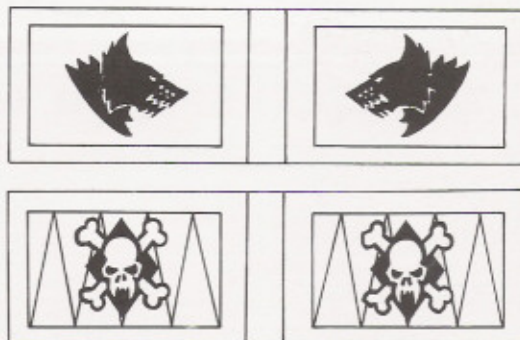
RAGNARS' BANNERS



BJORN'S BANNER



NJAL'S BANNER



VEHICLE BANNERS



ULRIK'S BANNER

GREY HUNTERS' BANNERS



SERGEANT



SERGEANT



SERGEANT



VETERAN

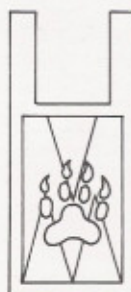


VETERAN

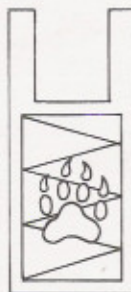


VETERAN

BLOOD CLAWS' BANNERS



SERGEANT



SERGEANT



VETERAN



VETERAN

LONG FANGS' BANNERS



SERGEANT



SERGEANT

SPACE WOLVES FORCES

According to the Codex Astartes, the great book that defines the tactical roles and operating parameters of the Space Marine Chapters, all Space Marine warriors fight in one of three clearly delineated roles. For each role there is a corresponding type of squad, organised and equipped in its own distinctive fashion. There are Assault squads, which fight primarily at close quarters; Tactical squads, which combine firepower with mobility; and Devastator squads, which are heavily armed and used in a supporting role.

Almost every Space Marine Chapter is organised along these lines. However, the Space Wolves have never paid much heed to such things. Indeed, they have adopted only a few of the dictates of the Codex Astartes, and those only because it suited them to do so. As warriors of Fenris and Sons of Russ they know war in their bones and have no patience for the wisdom of the Codex. Amongst lesser mortals such arrogance might be considered a damning heresy. In the case of the Space Wolves their loyalty is beyond doubt; so is the effectiveness of their armies, a fact for which the Adeptus Terra has good reason to be grateful.

The Space Wolves warriors are divided into three different types of squad which are called packs. Rather than being based upon a pre-ordained tactical role they are based upon the warrior's age and status. These three types of Space Wolves warrior are described below together with the special rules that apply to them. As these game rules are common to

all Space Wolves they are given here rather than repeat the information for each individual entry. These rules apply to all Space Wolves Space Marines, including characters, unless indicated otherwise.



SPECIAL RULES

ACUTE SENSES

The Space Wolves have senses as keen as a Wolf of Fenris, superior even to any other Space Marine Chapter. This is undoubtedly as a result of their corrupt genetic implants, and part of the blessing as well as the curse of the Wulfen. To represent this a Space Wolves Space Marine can spot enemy in hiding at twice the usual distance – ie, at double the warrior's Initiative value in inches. For example, at I=4 a Space Wolves warrior can spot enemy in hiding at up to 8" away.

HATRED

During the dark days of the Horus Heresy the Space Wolves fought many long battles against the Thousand Sons Space Marines. On many occasions since the two old enemies have fought, and always their battles are grim and bloody. To represent this the Space Wolves are affected by the psychology rules for *hatred* when fighting the Thousand Sons Chaos Space Marines.

RAPID FIRE

If a Space Marine squad doesn't move at all and is not engaged in hand-to-hand combat then Space Marines may use *rapid fire*. The warriors plant their feet firmly on the ground and open up with a burst of shots from their boltguns or bolt pistols. Each Space Marine may fire his storm bolter, boltgun, or bolt pistol twice instead of once as normal. Rapid fire is only possible with storm bolters, boltguns, or bolt pistols, not with other weapons, although some squad members may use rapid fire whilst others fire single shots (if using missile launchers, flamers or a single throw of a hand grenade for example). Rapid fire is worked out exactly like ordinary shooting except that each Space Marine fires twice rather than once.

Note that all Space Marines can use rapid fire if suitably armed, including character models. Scouts are not yet fully-fledged Space Marines and cannot rapid fire.



BREAK TESTS

Space Marines are utterly dedicated warriors who are prepared to fight and die if need be. To reflect their morale and determination Space Marines are not subject to the normal rules for broken troops but to the special rule described here. This rule only applies to Space Marine units, including any Space Marine characters fighting with them. It does not apply to non-Space Marines fighting as part of the army. Scouts are as yet not fully fledged Space Marines and take Break tests as normal – they do not benefit from the following special rule.

Space Marine units take Break tests as normal. However, if they fail their test they are not broken and forced to flee, like other troops, but are *shaken* instead. Shaken troops may never move towards the enemy but may shoot, fight hand-to-hand combat and use psychic powers normally. Shaken troops may move away from the enemy if you wish, but do not have to do so, and individual models may pivot on the spot to face an enemy. If surrounded and therefore unable to move without approaching an enemy, they cannot move at all except to pivot on the spot.

If shaken Space Marines are fighting in hand-to-hand combat then they may not use follow-up moves to engage other enemy models. The exception is that they may use a follow-up move to fight an enemy model which is already engaged against another Space Marine (the loyalty of a Space Marine for his brothers outweighs his trepidation). Shaken Space Marines may use a follow-up move to get behind cover even if this means moving closer to the enemy.

Once it becomes shaken a Space Marine squad may recover by taking and passing a Rally test at the end of its turn. The usual conditions apply – ie, the squad may not attempt to rally if it is not behind cover or if the closest friendly models are broken.

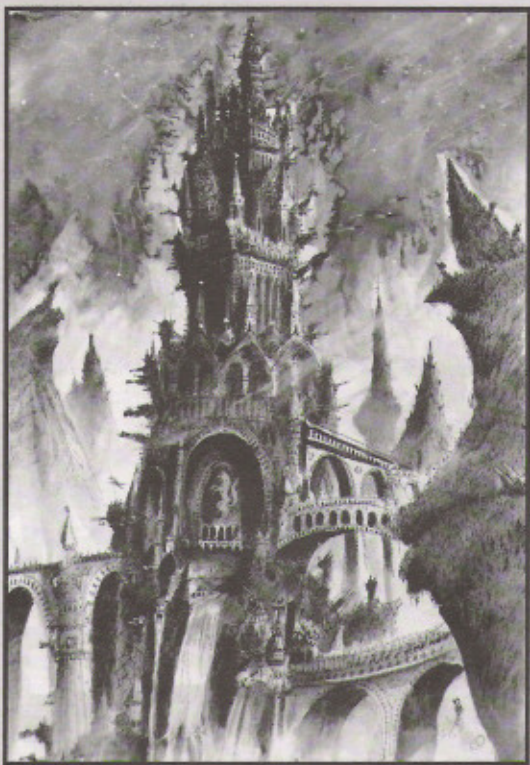
If a Space Marine squad is shaken and fails a further Break test then it is broken and forced to flee exactly like any other troops. Once broken a Space Marine squad may rally like any other unit, and if successful is restored to normal fighting condition in the same way.

The Fang, the famed Citadel of the Space Wolves, is a great tower that rises above the atmosphere of Fenris. It is one of the greatest Citadels of the Imperium, and several times during its long history it has almost fallen to enemies.

The first time was during the 32nd Millennium, after the end of the Horus Heresy. Magnus the Red, Primarch of the Thousand Sons, determined to take revenge for the devastation of his home world Prospero by Leman Russ and his followers, and launched a series of devastating raids on the worlds near Fenris. Great Wolf Harek Ironhelm sought for many years to bring Magnus to battle. Several times Magnus appeared to him as a vision among the ruins of devastated cities and taunted the Great Wolf for his inability to stop him. After many fruitless efforts to catch up with the raiders Harek became obsessed, and took to searching worlds along the edge of the Eye of Terror itself. Eventually he found what he believed to be the Thousand Sons' secret base on Gangava and launched a full scale attack against it.

In this he was deceived. Gangava was held by a strong garrison of Chaos forces allied to Magnus but these were a distraction. Even as Harek attacked Gangava, the fleet of the Thousand Sons and their Chaotic levies appeared in orbit over Fenris. The Fang was held only by a skeleton force of Space Wolves and their thralls. For forty days and forty nights the Thousand Sons assaulted the Citadel. Bjorn the Fell-Handed, most ancient of the Space Wolves' Dreadnoughts, was awoken from his long sleep and took charge of the defence. Under Bjorn's direction the Space Wolves fell back to the innermost chambers of the Fang, collapsing the tunnels as they went. Simultaneously, a force of Scouts, under Haakon Blackwing, managed to escape from the Citadel and take ship to Gangava, bringing word of the siege to Harek.

Harek was overcome with fury and shame at his folly and immediately took ship to Fenris, bringing the Space Wolves



with him. Finally, on the slopes of the Fang itself, he met Magnus in battle. The evil Primarch was too strong for him and slew Harek, but not before taking a terrible wound himself. The Thousand Sons withdrew before the blood-mad Space Wolves. Harek was buried on the upper slopes of the Fang, and his crypt is now a shrine. It is said that when Rune Priests undergo their ordeal of initiation they must make a pilgrimage there, and be warned by the spirit of Harek against trusting visions granted by Chaos.

BLOOD CLAWS

The young, hot-blooded Space Wolves fight in the ferocious Blood Claw packs. They are fierce, often fool-hardy warriors, eager to prove themselves and earn the respect of their elders. They will take almost any risk to win the fleeting glory that only youth and courage can bring. Blood Claws are renowned for the savagery of their charge. Caring little for their own safety they throw themselves upon the enemy, hacking and slaying with all their strength. Blood Claw packs are armed for close quarter fighting. They rely upon their extraordinary valour to destroy their enemy in hand-to-hand fighting.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Blood Claw	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Space Marines. The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.

Berserk Charge. The Blood Claws are renowned for their hot-blooded ferocity in hand-to-hand combat. As they charge into battle they literally go berserk, snarling like wild beasts as they throw themselves upon the enemy with no regard for personal safety. To represent their savage attack Space Wolves Blood Claws roll *double* their total number of attack dice in hand-to-hand combat during a turn in which they charge. For example, Blood Claws normally roll 2 attack dice as they generally carry two weapons (A1 + 1 extra weapon bonus) but will therefore roll 3 dice during a turn on which they charge (A2 + 1 extra weapon bonus). However, Blood Claws cannot parry during the turn when they charge, even if armed with swords/chainswords/etc, as they are far too wild.



GREY HUNTERS

The Grey Hunters packs form the greater mass of Space Wolves warriors. Grey Hunters are strong and resolute fighters, tempered by battle but as hungry for honour as any proud warrior of Fenris. Their name is well chosen, for they are masters of the hunt, stalking their enemy as they might one of the giant Wolves of Fenris.



When battle joins the Grey Hunters close around the foe like a pack of wolves. Perhaps they will draw the enemy forward by feigning weakness whilst in reality awaiting the moment to spring their deadly trap. The battle ploys and cunning of the Grey Hunters are legendary. It is this uncanny calm and patience which distinguishes the mature warrior from the fiery young Blood Claw. When the moment comes the Grey Hunters leap at their foe with the elation of a savage beast that has long stalked its prey and scents blood at last.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grey Hunter	4	5	4	4	4	1	4	1	8

SPECIAL RULES

Space Marines. The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.

LONG FANGS

The Long Fangs are the third kind of Space Wolves warrior. They form a cadre of veteran warriors, hoary with age, proud and wise. They are quite literally endowed with long fangs, for as a Space Wolf ages his canines lengthen and his hair grows thick and grey. In their youth they hungered for honour as every Space Wolf does, eager to earn a place in the sagas. Now, after countless long wars, their esteem stands as a mountain, commanding awe and respect from those of lesser years. Their saga is almost complete. The hot steel of youth has been tempered by honour, the reward of glory, leaving a keen yet finely balanced warrior, as wise in battle as he is strong of arm.

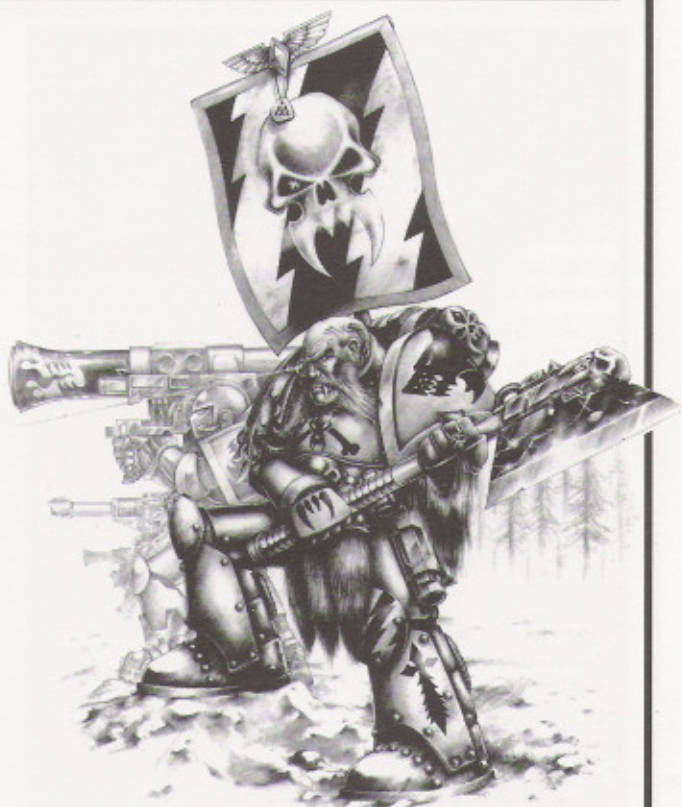
The self control and confidence of the Long Fangs is proverbial. Their role is to provide the Chapter with a solid, dependable core of troops. There are relatively few Long Fangs – many warriors die in battle so only a minority survive to reach a venerable age. Also, Space Marines enjoy long lives only showing signs of age after many times the span of an ordinary man, so it is hardly surprising that the Grey Hunters outnumber the Long Fangs many times over. Having fought and survived so many wars the Long Fangs are rarely



THE FANG

Towards the centre of Asaheim there is a range of mountains taller than any others on the planet of Fenris. The tallest peak of all lies in the very middle of the range and rises like a single gnarled tooth above the surrounding mountains. This peak, and the Space Marine fortress that is built upon and within it, is called the Fang. The Fang is many times as high as the mountains around it, so that it stands alone as a citadel hewn from the rock. Like a dagger driven into the belly of the sky, the Fang pierces the atmosphere of Fenris.

The fortress of the Fang is clad in armour of immense thickness and strength and is cloaked by void shields more powerful than those found on even the most mighty of the Emperor's warships. Outside Earth, the Fang is said to be the greatest fortress in the human galaxy. Dark shafts cut miles into the mountainside, concealing laser cannons which are capable of crushing the most heavily armoured spacecraft. These huge weapons are as ancient as the Space Wolves Chapter itself, and the thermal reactors that power them are testament to the precious technology from the distant past. Upon the tip of the Fang is the Space Wolves' fleet dock, where hundreds of spacecraft are maintained in armoured hangars inside the mountain. From here the Space Wolves journey to distant battlefields throughout the galaxy.



unsettled even by the most serious set-back. In many Space Wolves battles the Long Fangs have held the field against overwhelming odds, even after all others have fled or been slain.

The Long Fang squads are equipped with heavier weaponry than either the Blood Claws or the Grey Hunters, and provide the Chapter with its long range firepower. Their cool heads and age-honed stealth are the very qualities that make for crack shots.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Long Fang	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

SPECIAL RULES

Space Marines. The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.



WOLF GUARDS



The Wolf Guards are the bravest warriors of each Great Company – the chosen battle-brothers of the Great Company's Wolf Lord. Each has earned his place by some exceptional feat of arms. It is his heroic deeds which mark the Wolf Guard rather than his age, so there are young warriors as well as sturdy veterans amongst their ranks. Every Wolf Lord favours his chosen battle-brothers with gifts such as antique weapons, ornate armour of ancient origin, and, most precious of all, immense suits of Terminator armour.



In battle some Wolf Guard join and lead other Space Wolves warrior packs. Any Space Wolves pack would be honoured to be joined by a great hero of the Wolf Guard. Other Wolf Guard fight as powerful units of warriors. When a Wolf Lord enters battle his Wolf Guard may fight by his side, forming both a bodyguard and the most powerful squad on the battlefield.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Guard	4	6	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

SPECIAL RULES

Space Marines. The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.

WOLF SCOUTS

Once a young warrior of Fenris has been chosen to join the Space Wolves it may take several years of bio-implantation and induction before he fully becomes a Space Marine. During those years his body develops from the merely human physique of a man into the super-human physique of the mature Space Marine. As a Wolf Scout a warrior has many chances to prove his worth to the Chapter. Scouts undertake missions behind enemy lines, sabotaging supplies and spreading dismay with constant raids and ambushes. Striking hard and fast, these young warriors play a dangerous game with their foes, making their move and disappearing before their opponents have time to retaliate. In this way the young Scout learns what it is to be a Space Marine.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Scouts	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	7
Wolf Scout Sergeant	4	5	4	4	4	1	4	1	8

SPECIAL RULES

Infiltration. Wolf Scout packs may deploy onto the battlefield using the Infiltration rule as described in the Starting The Game section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Dispersed Formation. Wolf Scout packs may use dispersed formation (models up to 4" apart) as described in the Squads section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

NOTE. Wolf Scouts are not yet fully-fledged Space Marines and do not benefit from the special Space Marine rules for Rapid Fire or Break tests, nor from the special Space Wolves rules for Acute Senses and Hatred of the Thousand Sons Chaos Space Marines of Tzeentch. However, the Sergeant is an older, grizzled, Space Wolves warrior and is affected by these rules. This may mean that the unit breaks, whilst the Sergeant is merely shaken – should this happen the player moves the Sergeant along with the unit as if broken, but he may continue to shoot as described for shaken Space Marines.

WOLF LORD

Bravest of the brave, mightiest of the mighty, the Wolf Lord is the leader of one of the twelve Great Companies. By the consensus of the Wolf Guard he is their chosen leader, the Space Wolves warrior whose valour and deeds place him above all others. His emblem adorns the Great Company's banner and is painted on the shoulder pad of every Space Wolves warrior in the Great Company.



SPECIAL RULES

Space Marines. The usual Rapid Fire special rules apply. The Break Test rules are not generally used as individual characters are never subjected to these tests, but when fighting as part of a Space Marine unit the Break Test rule applies. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Lord	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	3	10



No-one knows what happened to Leman Russ. Some say he disappeared in the Eye of Terror while searching for his old friend and rival, the Primarch of the Dark Angels. Some say that he was on a secret mission from the Emperor when he was slain in battle with a Greater Daemon of Chaos, and that his spirit is lost in the warp. Others say that, to this day, he walks disguised among mankind, watching over the people of his Emperor and guarding them from the Powers of Chaos.

All that is known is that he vanished on the Feast of the Emperor's Ascension in the year 197 after the Emperor was incarcerated within his Golden Throne. It is said that his eyes glazed over and that he had the look of a man who was overcome

with a vision. He rose from the great feast table, put down his drinking horn, and summoned his most favoured retainers. Of these, only Bjorn the Fell-Handed, the youngest, was left behind when he departed.

No-one knew where Russ had gone. The Space Wolves waited for his return. Every year his place was laid at the feast table, and every year his great drinking horn was filled, in case he should return. Seven years passed and still he did not come.

After seven years the surviving Wolf Lords gathered and elected Bjorn their leader, awarding him the title Great Wolf. Bjorn gathered all the warriors together in the Great Hall of the Fang, and announced the Great Hunt. Russ's people would seek their master. The Companies took to their ships and sailed in separate directions across the Sea of Stars. They sought in many worlds and many places. They fought battles and overcame monsters and the tale of their deeds is too long to recount save on Allwinter's Eve when the Rune Priests gather to chant the sagas. They sought and they sought but of Russ they found no sign till eventually they were recalled to Fenris bearing nought but a few dismal prophesies and the tale of their adventures. Thus the first Great Hunt ended in failure and in sadness.

Since that day there have been other Great Hunts. Sometimes Russ appears to a Great Wolf in a vision and tells him it is time. Sometimes he haunts the dreams of the Chapter's Rune Priests and their words cause the Great Wolf to declare another Great Hunt. These are times of daring deeds and high adventure when the Chapter takes to the Sea of Stars and seeks their lost leader. They have never been successful but each Great Hunt has achieved some great good.

The second Great Hunt led to the recovery of Russ's armour from the Temple of Horus on Rudra on the edge of the Eye of Terror. The fourth Great Hunt uncovered the Corellian Conspiracy and foiled its efforts to overthrow the Administratum in a bloody coup. The ninth Great Hunt led to the destruction of the Genestealer-infested worlds of the Gehenna systems.

It would seem that whenever the ghost of Russ appears to his people he has some mighty task in mind for them – who knows what the next one will be.

WOLF PRIEST



Where other Chapters have both Apothecaries and Chaplains the Space Wolves have their Wolf Priests. These four warriors combine the attributes of both medic, trained in the arts of healing and the lore of genetics, and cult leader, heavy with the accumulated wisdom of ages. The Wolf Priests have no master but the Great Wolf himself, the Master of the entire Chapter. They live within the heart of the Fang, and watch over the recruitment of fresh warriors as well as the well-being of the Space Wolves themselves.

The Wolf Priests are also known as the Choosers of the Valiant. They may be seen standing on a rocky pinnacle, watching the battles of the native Fenrisians. Sometimes, after a hard fought battle, a Wolf Priest will choose from amongst the Wolfbrothers a young warrior whose valour has earned

him a place amongst the Space Wolves. Often the chosen warrior will have suffered wounds which would ordinarily kill him, but the skill of the Wolf Priests can heal those with the will to live.

The Wolf Priests guard the Chapter's genetic seed, bio-culturing new implants and maintaining the vigour of the strain by weeding out any weakness or mutation. They implant the cultured organs into newly recruited Space Wolves, and watch over the development of the recruits as they mature into fully fledged Space Marines. Their knowledge is deep, and for many centuries they have studied the effects of the cursed Wulfen gene helix in search of a way to modify and make safe the Chapter's genetic seed. However, their efforts have only succeeded in preventing the curse spreading, and it is unlikely that the damage can ever be repaired completely.

In battle the Wolf Priests use their apothecary skills to heal wounded brethren. Their powers are great and few tended in this way will die. For those who are past even the Wolf Priests' ministrations it remains only to utter a final prayer for the departing soul, and to remove from the fallen warrior the still living tissues from which the Wolf Priest will cultivate new genetic implants.

The Space Wolves have the greatest respect for their dour, steadfast Wolf Priests. In battle the presence of a Wolf Priest will fortify those nearby, strengthening their wills yet further, and lending heart even in the most desperate circumstances.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Priest	4	6	6	5	5	2	6	2	9



Listen but closely Brothers, for my life's breath is all but spent. There shall come a time far from now when our Chapter itself is dying, even as I am now dying, and our foes shall gather to destroy us. Then my children, I shall listen for your call in whatever realm of death holds me, and come I shall, no matter what the laws of life and death forbid. At the end I will be there. For the final battle. For the Wolftime.

last words of Leman Russ the Primarch
of the Space Wolves Chapter of Space Marines.

SPECIAL RULES

Space Marines. The usual Rapid Fire special rules apply. The Break Test rules are not generally used as individual characters are never subjected to these tests, but when fighting as part of a Space Marine unit the Break Test rule does apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.

Leadership. The Wolf Priests command respect and awe from the Space Wolves warriors. Any Space Wolves within 8" of a Wolf Priest may reroll any failed Leadership-based test once. This gives them a second chance to pass a Break or psychology test, for example.

RUNE PRIEST

Where other Chapters have psychic Librarians the Space Wolves have Rune Priests. These grim warriors have potent psychic powers which take many years to learn and hone to battleworthy condition. These secrets are passed on from Rune Priest to Rune Priest, each generation teaching the young Skalds the complex and archaic incantations of runic lore.

The methods by which the Rune Priests manipulate their powers are based upon the native Fenrisians' own shamanistic traditions. The tribal shamans of Fenris carve runes upon the teeth of totem animals such as the sea beasts. The most powerful of all are carved upon the fangs of the Wolves of Fenris. These teeth are used to divine the fate of men, and to determine the course of future events.

A Rune Priest's armour is covered with runes and they wear rune-encrusted wolf fangs as pendants. The runes aren't purely decorative, they serve to channel and concentrate their psychic powers. Rune Priests also carry a rare and priceless oak staff, made from wood taken from trees raised in the soil of ancient Earth back in the days when trees still grew wild upon that planet. These staffs are highly prized treasures which gradually absorb the psychic imprint of their owner, becoming ever more closely tailored to his mind. It is said that if a Rune Priest lives to a great age his staff becomes a living part of him, and that after his death the staff lives on preserving something of its master's thoughts and powers.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rune Skald	4	4	4	4	5	1	5	1	8
Rune Priest	4	5	5	5	5	2	5	1	8
Rune Master	4	6	6	5	5	3	6	2	8
Rune Lord	4	7	7	5	5	4	7	3	9

SPECIAL RULES

Space Marines. The usual Rapid Fire special rules apply. The Break Test rules are not generally used as individual characters are never subjected to these tests, but when fighting as part of a Space Marine unit the Break Test rule does apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.

Mastery. Rune Priests have the following mastery levels: Rune Skald - 1, Rune Priest - 2, Rune Master - 3, and Rune Lord - 4.



SERVITORS

Servitors are created by the Iron Priests as helpmates and servants. They are a weird combination of man and machine, bio-engineered by the Iron Priests to perform specific tasks. Their bodies are grown from human gene-cells in vats of artificial nutrient, and although physically strong and robust their minds are blank and incapable of development or of feeling much pain. Iron Priests insert bio-programs into their Servitors' brains, and replace parts of their bodies with mechanical contrivances such as huge metal claws, infra-red sensors for eyes, and whatever specialised tools are required. Servitors operate many of the war engines and other machines of war that the Iron Priests make.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Servitor	4	3	4	3	4	1	4	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology. A Servitor's mind is essentially blank and only the most rudimentary instincts remain. Servitors cannot be affected by *fear* or *terror* and are immune to all psychological effects.

Crew. On the battlefield Servitors act as weapon crews. In this capacity they will operate their equipment and fight to defend it if necessary. If their weapon is destroyed they will automatically move towards another thus forming a reserve of crew members around surviving machines. Servitors can also act as an Iron Priest's bodyguard forming a unit of troops led by the Iron Priest. Crew Servitors whose weapon has been destroyed may join a Iron Priest's bodyguard instead of forming reserve crew for other machines.

Save. A Servitor's mechanized body is partially armoured giving him a saving throw of 5 or more on a D6.

IRON PRIEST



Amongst the natives of Fenris the smiths worship the Gods of Iron whose most holy place is the Isles of Iron. This is where the smiths journey to meet with their gods, the guise adopted by the Iron Priests in their dealings with the natives. Every so often an Iron Priest will take one of the young apprentices, and he will be initiated into the Space Wolves and later he will journey to Mars, the home of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Eventually, after years of training, he returns to Fenris to take his place amongst the Iron Priests of the Space Wolves.

The Iron Priests are unique to the Space Wolves Chapter of Space Marines, but have much in common with the Techmarines of other Chapters. As trainees of the Adeptus Mechanicus they are initiated into the Machine Mysteries of Mars. Despite their many years of association with the Adeptus Mechanicus they still preserve some exclusively Fenrisian attitudes and traditions, meeting with the Cult of Smiths to trade with and nurture the primitive but fierce people of Fenris.

The Iron Priests look after the many technical systems in the Fang, supervising engineering projects, building, spacecraft construction and maintenance and all the myriad of complex technical tasks that are undertaken every single day. The Iron Priests supervise a vast organisation which consists of specialist bondsmen, technicians and mechanics, engineers and power workers who keep the Chapter in permanent battleworthy condition. The Iron Priests also create Servitor workers – half-human and half-machine creatures which are

task adapted and almost mindless. They serve the Iron Priests and sometimes act as bodyguards in battle.

The Iron Priests fight in battle with all the ferocity one would expect of a native of Fenris. They can attempt repairs on damaged machinery and weapons, and their Servitors can act as crew for larger weapons.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Iron Priest	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

SPECIAL RULES

Space Marines. The usual Rapid Fire special rules apply. The Break Test rules are not generally used as individual characters are never subjected to these tests, but when fighting as part of a Space Marine unit the Break Test rule does apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.

Repair. An Iron Priest may attempt to repair a single damaged hit location on a vehicle, a Dreadnought, or a destroyed support weapon, if he can reach it during his next movement phase. He can do nothing else during the turn – he cannot shoot or fight hand-to-hand combat while he is attempting a repair. At the end of the turn roll a D6.

D6 Result

- 5-6 *Repair.* The Iron Priest succeeds in putting good all damage sustained in the previous turn.
- 3-4 *Possible Repair.* The damage is extensive but the situation is not hopeless. The damage is not repaired this turn, but you may carry on working for a further turn if you wish. At the end of this further turn the damage will be repaired on a roll of a 4+, while a score of 3 or less indicates that the damage is beyond repair. An Iron Priest may do nothing else while attempting a repair.
- 1-2 *Hopeless.* All the Iron Priest can do is speak a litany for the machine's departing spirit.

West of the island continent of Asahcim on the planet of Fenris there lies an archipelago known to the native Fenrisians as the Isles of Iron. Being part of the continental land mass these islands are permanent features on the surface of Fenris. The islands are rich in iron ore, and are riddled with the primitive mines of the Fenrisians, for metal is hard to come by on the shifting world of Fenris. Here the native smiths have built a shrine to the Gods of Iron, in which guise the Iron Priests of the Space Wolves occasionally visit the islands. The Iron Priests sometimes instruct the smiths in the working of iron, and take in tribute the most promising youths amongst them. These sons of smiths are taken from the Fenrisians forever. Yet an old smith might recognise in the holy visage of an Iron Priest features that remind him of a son or brother taken long ago.



SPACE WOLVES ARMY LIST



The Space Wolves army list has been designed so that you can choose an army to a pre-set points value agreed by you and your opponent. There is no upper limit to the size of an army, but 1000 points is about the smallest size that will allow you to field a batteworthy force. A 2000 point battle will usually last an entire evening, while 3000 points will give you enough troops for a battle that will take most of a day to fight. The army lists have been designed to suit battles of about this size. If you want to fight extremely large battles (say more than 6,000 points a side) you may wish to introduce additional restrictions on the number of characters and support items otherwise these will tend to dominate the battle to the exclusion of other troops – this is left to experienced players to agree amongst themselves.

Most players prefer to collect their armies in blocks of 500 or 1000 points worth of troops. For example, you might begin with a core force of 1000 points and build it up by adding 500 points at a time. This allows you to conveniently plan your purchases and gives you time to paint the models and try them out on the tabletop before deciding what to add next.

It is usual for each side to begin with equal points value of troops – say 2000 points a side. Each player uses the appropriate Warhammer 40,000 Codex army list to pick his own force worth up to the agreed points value. The total points

value of your army may be less than the agreed total, and will often be a few points short simply because there is nothing left to spend the odd point on.

THE ARMY

When you choose your army you can spend your points on three categories of troops: Characters, Squads and Support. You are permitted to spend only a proportion of your total points on each of these categories. In the case of the Space Wolves army you may spend up to 50% of your points on Support, for example. These limitations are designed to make sure that armies are reasonably balanced and don't entirely consist of character models, dreadnoughts or tanks. The list defining the proportion of points which can be spent on each of the four categories is given immediately before the army list under the heading "Army Selection".

CHARACTERS

The proportion of points you are permitted to spend on characters includes the value of all the wargear and Wargear cards they have. The points values of wargear is included on the separate Wargear List. The points values of the Wargear cards is included on the cards themselves. The maximum number of Wargear cards a character is permitted to have is included in its army list entry. In some cases these vary from the standard number permitted in Warhammer 40,000 in order to take into account specialised characters such as Space Wolves Iron Priests and Ork Mekaniaks.

If a character is riding a bike or is mounted on a horse or warboar then the points value of the bike/mount is added to the character's points cost and the total is included under the Characters section of your points values.

If a character (other than a Champion) begins the game riding in or on a vehicle, then the points value of the vehicle and its crew are added to the character's points cost. A Champion may ride in a Rhino or Land Raider troop transport as part of his unit, in which case the cost of the vehicle is allocated to Support as normal.



Champions are available to lead squads of troops, representing especially ferocious, inspiring, or battle-hardened veterans. In the case of the Space Wolves their Champions are the Wolf Guard. Uniquely, Wolf Guard may fight either as unit leaders or as a unit in their own right. Even if you choose a Wolf Guard Champion to lead a unit of ordinary Space Wolves, his entire cost, including wargear and Wargear cards, is taken from the Characters portion of the army's points. If you choose a Wolf Guard Champion as a unit leader he rides in the unit's Rhino/Land Raider at no extra cost (ie, he is a Champion).

Note that some Wargear cards are restricted to certain races or types of character. In the case of the Space Wolves a selection of Wargear cards is printed on paper in this book. Wargear which is restricted to specific types of warrior is indicated on the card itself.

SQUADS

Most troops fight in units called squads or, in the case of the Space Wolves, packs. Space Wolves packs consist of either five or ten troops, including a Sergeant. In most cases the Sergeant has an identical profile to the rest of the unit.

SUPPORT

The Support section of the army list indicates the number of support weapons, vehicles and dreadnoughts that the army may include. In most cases the number of support weapons you are allowed to buy is restricted by the presence of certain characters or squads. These restrictions are explained in the relevant entry.

Additional details are not given for all the different kinds of support weapons, vehicles and dreadnoughts. Refer to the Warhammer 40,000 Wargear Book, or the Dark Millennium supplement for the vehicle datafax cards. The datafax cards also indicate the points values for the different kinds of vehicle. The basic points values have been included in the following army lists as a guide, but you must consult the datafax cards for details and points costs of optional armaments.



In the case of vehicles which have integral crew members, such as Rhinos, Land Raiders, etc, these have standard Space Wolf Grey Hunter profiles, power armour, and are armed with bolt pistols. Their points cost is integral to their vehicles. Note that this doesn't apply to bikes, which are bought to mount squads of troops or individual characters.

The points allocated for Support are used to buy allied troops as well as weapons and vehicles. To choose allies refer to the Warhammer 40,000 Codex for the allies that you wish to include. You may include allies from a single army, or from several armies, it is up to you.

When choosing allies there is no further restriction on the army selection, e.g. if you were spending, say, 500 points on allies you could choose from the Character, Squad and Support sections of the allied army list. You could include 500 points of characters, 500 points of vehicles, or 250 points of each, for example.



Normal obligations regarding compulsory troops do not apply to allies (you do not need to choose an army commander, for example) but unit sizes must be correct and other restrictions on the numbers of troop types, characters and support items available apply as usual. For example, you cannot pick two allied army commanders! Obviously, you may not pick further allies from the allied army's own Support section.

Including allies in your Space Wolves army is a good way of expanding your forces. It allows you to build up the core of a completely different army, and it enables you to vary your painting routine. By including allies it is also possible for several players to combine their forces in order to play substantially larger games.

PRESENTATION OF PROFILES

Profiles are presented in the standard manner and include all the characteristic values. Cavalry models, such as Imperial Guard Rough Riders, have a separate profile for rider and mount.

No statistics are given for any weapons, except as convenient for some support weapons, as this would make the lists prohibitively long and cumbersome. Players must refer to the Warhammer 40,000 Wargear Book and Dark Millennium supplement for details. Similarly, player should refer to the datafax cards for the points values and complete details of vehicles and dreadnoughts. Some datafax cards are included in Warhammer 40,000, whilst Dark Millennium contains many more. As new models are released new datafax cards will be published in the pages of White Dwarf magazine.

Space Wolves Space Marines have different profiles from ordinary Space Marines. Space Wolves characters are also different, and have their own unique profiles and names. The Space Wolves Chapter is therefore quite different from any other Space Marine Chapter.

SPECIFIC LIMITATIONS

The Space Wolves army list describes the troops, characters and support items that the army may contain. In most cases there is no upper limit to the number of squads or characters, other than the points available. However, certain types of squad, character, and support item are limited in number, or their availability is governed in some way. You are only permitted to include one Wolf Lord in your army, for example, and Servitor Bodyguards may only be included if your force already includes an Iron Priest. Restrictions of this kind are indicated in the lists.

THE WARGEAR LISTS

The army list entries for characters and squads often indicate that models may be equipped with more weapons or wargear at extra cost. This cost is indicated in the Wargear List given just before the army list. The Wargear List is divided into different categories, and in some cases there are additional restrictions – for example a model may only ever carry a single heavy weapon. In addition, not all weapons or equipment are available to all troops – for example characters are not permitted to carry heavy weapons. These restrictions are all indicated on the Wargear List.

THE WARGEAR CARDS

Character models are allowed to carry special items of equipment in the form of *Wargear cards*. The number of Wargear cards a character is allowed to carry is indicated in the entry for that character. The points values of Wargear cards is included on the cards themselves.

Wargear cards are included in the Warhammer 40,000 game, and many more are available in the Dark Millennium supplement. Further examples will be printed occasionally in White Dwarf magazine and in future Warhammer 40,000 Codex books. Note that the number of Wargear cards of a particular type is deliberately intended to restrict the number of such items available in an army. When choosing your army you cannot allocate a Wargear card more than once. This does not affect your opponent, who presumably has his own set of cards; so it is perfectly possible for individual models on opposing sides to have the same item.

Note also that some Wargear cards are restricted to certain races or troop types as indicated on the cards themselves.

Other items can be used once only, and must then be discarded – such as Vortex grenades.

DIVIDING SQUADS FOR BATTLE

A Space Wolves Grey Hunters or Blood Claws squad consists of ten Space Wolves Space Marines and is normally referred to as a 'pack'. This pack may fight as a single unit of troops led by its Sergeant. Alternatively, before the game begins, you may wish to divide packs into two equal halves. This gives you two units of five troops instead of a single unit of ten. One of the halves will be led by the Sergeant while the other is led by the second most senior warrior who is referred to as a Veteran. Veterans have identical profiles to ordinary warriors, but are usually distinguished by having a back banner in the same way as Sergeants. Divided packs are called 'battle packs' and function as two completely separate units for the duration of the battle.

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

After the main army list there is a section of special characters. This describes some famous Space Wolves of the past and the present, and provides game details and points values for each of them. Your army may include these characters if you wish, either as additional character models, or, in some cases, as the army commander in place of the regular Wolf Lord. Their points cost is included in the points paid for your characters, except in the case of Bjorn the Fell-Handed. As a Dreadnought, Bjorn's cost comes from your Support points allocation.

Fenris is one of the deadliest worlds in the Imperium. Its weather is infamous: winters are cold and icy; the brief summers are almost intolerably hot. However, once every few years or so comes the season known as Helwinter. The planet's long orbit takes it far from the sun, and it becomes cold for many standard years. At the same time the planet passes through a swarm of meteors that bombard its surface like a rain of bombs. The contrails of the descending meteorites fill the night skies, and the impacts cause the earth to shake like a frightened beast.

During this period the tribes of Fenris take to their ships and search the icy seas for places of safety. Loading all their possessions onto their longships they navigate through the icebergs in search of safety. Some make their homes on the very surface of these floating islands of ice. Others are lost to the mighty tidal waves caused by meteorite impact. Many more will die when attacked by ice whales and kraken.

Kraken are the most terrifying monsters of the deep. They come to the surface only during Helwinter which is just as well, for a full grown kraken can measure as much as five miles long with tentacles that drag a full twenty miles. Normally they dwell only in the deepest of ocean trenches but the tectonic

shifts caused by the constant meteor impacts disturb them and cause them to rise.

Some have speculated that kraken are the remains of a Tyranid bio-weapon left from the invasion of Hive Fleet Kraken, hence the name. Others say that these monsters are as old as the world, and that they gnaw at the roots of continents and will one day devour all the land.

One of the most ancient tales of Russ tells of how he went fishing one day and caught the Father of Kraken, the legendary monster whose tentacles girdle the world and hold entire continents in their grip. Russ is said to have pulled the monster from the sea lifting it by its tentacles. When his awed comrades shuddered in terror, Russ declared it was too small and threw it back, declaring he would return later when the tiddler was full grown.

Imperial scholars think that this story is mere legend but with a core of truth. Russ may have encountered a kraken and killed one. It would not have been beyond the power of a Primarch such as he. Indeed, this kraken may be the source of the so-called kraken's egg, a giant leathery piece of flesh more than fifty foot across that lies within the Trophy Room of the Fang.

WARGEAR LIST

The following charts list additional wargear that may be carried by Space Wolves characters or troops. Any limitations as to availability are indicated on the charts themselves. Note that some items are also available as Wargear cards – these items are available to the Space Wolves much more readily than to some other armies, hence they are included as wargear which can be purchased. Such items are not Wargear cards and do not affect a character's ability to carry other equipment in the form of Wargear cards.

ARMOUR

Character models may be equipped with Terminator armour instead of their usual power armour and weaponry. If you choose this option, then you may choose no further items from the Wargear Lists.

Terminator armour with storm bolter, targeter, and power fist	50
Terminator armour with Lightning Claws	49
Terminator armour with Thunder Hammer and Storm Shield	55
Terminator armour with storm bolter, targeter and chainfist	52
Terminator armour with storm bolter, targeter and power sword	46

ASSAULT WEAPONS

Assault weapons may be carried by models indicated in the lists and each model may carry an unlimited number.

Chainsword	2
Power Axe	7
Power Fist	10
Power Maul	6
Power Sword	6
Bolt Pistol	2
Hand Flamer	7
Plasma Pistol	5

SPECIAL WEAPONS

Special weapons may be carried by models indicated in the lists. A model may carry only a single special weapon.

Boltgun	3
Flamer	9
Meltagun	8
Plasma Gun	8

HEAVY WEAPONS

Heavy weapons may be carried by models indicated in the army lists. Note that character models may not carry a heavy weapon from this list. A model may carry only a single heavy weapon. All of the weapons on the chart below come with a targeter included in the points cost.

Autocannon	25
Heavy Bolter	15
Lascannon	45
Missile Launcher with frag and krak missiles	45
Extra to include melt missile for the above	+5pts
Extra to include anti-plant missile for the above ..	+5pts
Extra to include plasma missile for the above	+5pts
Multi-melta	65
Heavy Plasma Gun	40

TERMINATOR WEAPONS

These weapons may be carried by a Wolf Guard Terminator as indicated in the lists. If you choose a Thunder Hammer you must choose a Storm Shield as your special weapon.

Storm Bolter	4
Assault Cannon	45
Heavy Flamer	25
Thunder Hammer (Must add Storm Shield).....	15

TERMINATOR SPECIAL WEAPONS

A Wolf Guard Terminator with Lightning Claws may have no other weapons.

Chainfist	12
Power Fist	10
Power Sword	6
Lightning Claws (Pair, no other weapons)	14
Storm Shield	5
Cyclone Missile Launcher	55

WOLF SCOUT WEAPONS

The following weapons may be selected for Wolf Scouts as indicated in the lists. A Wolf Scout model may carry any number of these items.

Autogun	1
Boltgun	3
Chainsword	2
Needle Sniper Rifle	10
Shotgun	2
Sword or Axe	1

GRENADES

The following grenades may be carried by any character models as indicated in the lists. Grenades are not available to other models except where they are included as equipment within the lists themselves. A model may carry any number of these grenade types. A model carrying one or more of the following grenade types is assumed to have sufficient individual grenades to last for the duration of the battle.

Blind Grenades	2
Frag Grenades	2
Krak Grenades	3
Melta Bombs	5
Plasma Grenades	3
Photon Flash	2

ARMY SELECTION

Characters	50%	Up to half of the points value of the army may be chosen from the Characters section of the army list.
Squads	25%+	At least a quarter of your points must be chosen from the Squads section of the army list. You may spend more if you wish.
Support	50%	Up to half of the points value of the army may be chosen from the Support section of the army list.

CHARACTERS



1 WOLF LORD 90 points

The Space Wolves army is commanded by a Wolf Lord, the leader of one of the Chapter's Great Companies.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Lord	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	3	10

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: The Wolf Lord may be given up to 3 Wargear cards.

The Wolf Lord may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Special Weapons and Grenades sections of the Wargear List.

STRATEGY: The Wolf Lord has a strategy rating of 5.

SPECIAL: You must include a Wolf Lord as your army commander.

WOLF PRIEST 90 points

The Space Wolves army may include Wolf Priests, the spiritual and physical guardians of the Space Wolves warriors.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Priest	4	6	6	5	5	2	6	2	9

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: A Wolf Priest has a crozius arcanum, a medi-kit, and a rosarius (4+ unmodified save). The cost of these three items is included in his points value.

The Wolf Priest may be given up to two Wargear cards.

The Wolf Priest may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Special Weapons and Grenades sections of the Wargear List.

SPECIAL: You may include one Wolf Priest in your force regardless of its size or composition. You may include up to one further Wolf Priest for each Grey Hunter Pack your force contains.

RUNE PRIEST

Rune Skald	62 points
Rune Priest	92 points
Rune Master	144 points
Rune Lord	200 points

The Space Wolves army may include Rune Priests, the mysterious psychic warriors of the Space Wolves Chapter.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rune Skald	4	4	4	4	5	1	5	1	8
Rune Priest	4	5	5	5	5	2	5	1	8
Rune Master	4	6	6	5	5	3	6	2	8
Rune Lord	4	7	7	5	5	4	7	3	9

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: A Rune Priest carries a Force Staff, the cost of which is included in his points value.

A Rune Priest may have Wargear cards as follows:
Rune Skald – 1, Rune Priest – 2, Rune Master – 3,
Rune Lord – 4.

The Rune Priest may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Special Weapons and Grenades sections of the Wargear List.

SPECIAL: You may include one Rune Priest in your force regardless of its size or composition. You may include up to one further Rune Priest for each Grey Hunter pack your force contains.



IRON PRIEST 45 points

The Space Wolves army may include Iron Priests, the technicians of the Chapter, equivalent to the Techmarines of other Space Marine Chapters.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Iron Priest	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, power axe, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: An Iron Priest may carry up to three Wargear cards. This is more than normally allowed to characters of similar rank, which reflects the Iron Priest's technical expertise.

The Iron Priest may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Special Weapons and Grenades sections of the Wargear List.

SPECIAL: You may include one Iron Priest in your force regardless of its size or composition. You may include up to one further Iron Priest for each Grey Hunter pack your force contains.

An Iron Priest may be accompanied by a bodyguard of up to five Servitors chosen from the Support section of the army list. The Iron Priest and his bodyguard form a unit led by the Iron Priest.



WOLF GUARD CHAMPIONS 31 points

Any Space Wolves pack may be led by a Wolf Guard Champion. Wolf Guard are the bravest and most valiant of the Space Wolves warriors. A Wolf Guard Champion is a member of his pack and cannot leave it.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Guard Champion	4	6	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: A Wolf Guard Champion may have 1 Wargear card.

The Wolf Guard Champion may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Special Weapons and Grenades sections of the Wargear List.



SQUADS

GREY HUNTER PACK ... 316 points

Your army may include any number of Grey Hunter packs. The Grey Hunters are the most numerous of the Space Wolves warriors. They are strong, resolute warriors, tempered by battle but still hungry for honour.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grey Hunter	4	5	4	4	4	1	4	1	8

SQUAD: A Space Wolves Grey Hunter pack consists of 10 Grey Hunters including a Sergeant.

WEAPONS: **Troopers:** Boltgun, bolt pistol, frag grenades.
Sergeant: As troops, plus power sword.

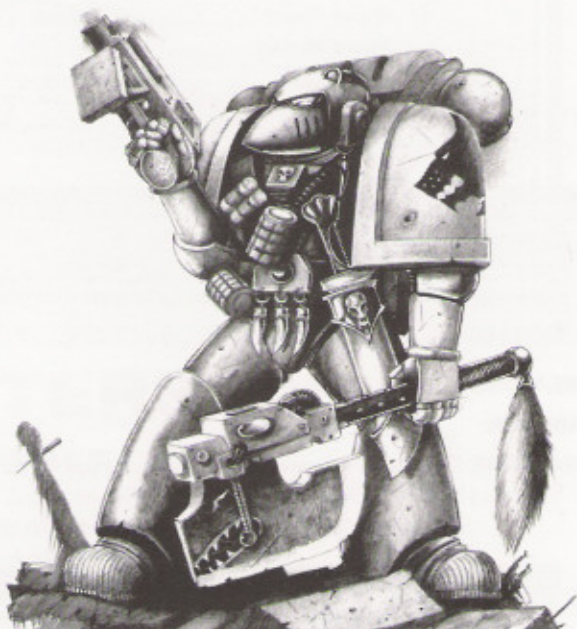
ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: Any models may be given additional equipment chosen from the Assault Weapons section of the Wargear List.

The entire squad may be given Krak grenades at an additional cost of 3 points per model (30 points).

In addition, the Sergeant may be given weapons from the Special Weapons section of the Wargear List.

SUPPORT: A Grey Hunter pack may be mounted in a Rhino or Land Raider fighting vehicle. See the Support section of the list.



BLOOD CLAW PACK 260 points

Blood Claws are young warriors eager for glory and renown. They fight at close quarters and are armed with hand-to-hand weapons and pistols.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Blood Claw	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	1	7

SQUAD: A Space Wolves Blood Claws pack consists of 10 Blood Claws including a Sergeant.

WEAPONS: **Troopers:** Bolt pistol, frag grenades.
Sergeant: As troops.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: Any models may be given additional equipment chosen from the Assault Weapons section of the Wargear List. In addition, the Sergeant may be given weapons from the Special Weapons section of the Wargear List.

A Blood Claw pack may be split into two five-man battle packs. Each battle pack may be given any combination of the following wargear.

Jump packs	25 pts/battle pack
Melta Bombs	25 pts/battle pack
Photon Flash Grenades	10 pts/battle pack
Krak Grenades	15 pts/battle pack

An entire Blood Claws pack may also be given wargear from the list above, at double the battle pack points cost.

SUPPORT: A Blood Claws pack may be mounted on bikes at the additional cost of 20 points per model (200 points). Alternatively, if the squad is divided into two battle packs either or both may be given bikes at 20 points per model (100 points per battle pack). See the Support section of the list. Note that the cost of a bike bought for a Wolf Guard Champion is allocated to the Characters points cost rather than the Support points cost.



LONG FANG PACK 157 points

The Long Fangs are the most experienced and the most stalwart of the Space Wolves. They are armed with heavy weapons which they wield with deadly accuracy.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Long Fang	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

SQUAD: A Long Fang pack consists of five Long Fangs including a Sergeant.

WEAPONS: **4 Troopers:** Bolt pistol, frag grenades + heavy weapon chosen from the Heavy Weapons section of the Wargear List at the points cost indicated.

Sergeant: Power axe, bolt pistol, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: Four of the Long Fangs carry heavy weapons. These are chosen from the appropriate Wargear List and the cost will vary depending on the weapons chosen. Each Long Fang may have any one of the weapons listed and you can choose any combination of weapons.

All heavy weapons chosen have targeters as standard.

The entire squad may be given Krak grenades at an additional cost of 3 points per model (15 points).

Any models may be given additional weapons chosen from the Assault Weapons section of the Wargear List.

In addition, the Sergeant may be given weapons from the Special Weapons section of the Wargear List.

SUPPORT: A Long Fang pack may be mounted in a Rhino or Land Raider fighting vehicle. See the Support section of the list.

NOTE: A Long Fang squad armed with 2 missile launchers, 1 heavy bolter and 1 lascannon, with a Sergeant armed with a power axe, would cost 157 + 150 = 307 points, for example.

**WOLF SCOUTS** 95 points

Wolf Scouts are young would-be warriors, eager to earn their place in the Space Wolves Chapter. They are lightly armed but extremely ferocious. Scouts undertake missions behind enemy lines, sabotaging communications and supplies and spreading confusion with ambushes and lightning raids.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Scout	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	7
Wolf Scout Sergeant	4	5	4	4	4	1	4	1	8

SQUAD: A Wolf Scout pack consists of four Wolf Scouts and a Sergeant.

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Scout armour (4+ save).

WARGEAR: Any models may have additional weapons chosen from the Wolf Scout section of the Wargear List.

One Scout may be given a weapon chosen from the Heavy Weapon or Special Weapon charts of the Wargear List.

The entire squad may be given Krak grenades at an additional cost of 3 points per model (15 points), and/or blind grenades at a cost of 2 points per model (10 points).

In addition, the Sergeant may be given weapons from the Assault and/or the Special Weapons sections of the Wargear List.

SUPPORT: A Wolf Scout pack may be mounted in a Rhino fighting vehicle. See the Support section of the list.



UP TO 20 WOLF GUARD 34 points per model

Your army may include up to 20 Wolf Guards as squads. The Wolf Guard are the favoured warriors of the Wolf Lords. Individual Wolf Guard can lead units of Space Wolves, in which case they must be bought as additional characters (see the Wolf Guard Champions entry).

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Guard	4	6	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

SQUAD: Wolf Guards fight in squads of between 5 and 20 warriors.

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, boltgun, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: Any models may be given additional equipment chosen from the Assault Weapons, Special Weapons or Heavy Weapons sections of the Wargear Lists.

The entire Wolf Guard unit may replace its power armour and weapons for Terminator armour at a cost of +16 points per model. If you choose this option you must also select one Terminator weapon and one Terminator special weapon for each model (Lightning Claws count as both choices). See the Wargear Lists.

SPECIAL: Terminators are often teleported onto the target using a teleporter as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Wargear book. A Wolf Guard Terminator squad may be teleported onto the battlefield in this manner at an additional cost of +50% of their total points value (round odd halves up).



The Space Wolves do not dwell alone in the mighty fortress of the Fang. Like all Space Marine Chapters they are too few in number to maintain such a massive organisation. There are numerous tasks that must be done just to maintain the Fang:



continual updating of its fabric and weaponry, and the monitoring of its power grid and the thermal wells that draw heat from beneath the surface of Fenris. Like other Space Marine Chapters the Space Wolves keep a large fleet ready for war, and the Fang includes huge dockyards and all the facilities needed to equip and control the fleets. There are countless other things which must be done just to preserve the Chapter in its continual state of readiness. It is hardly surprising that the Fang is home to a large population of the Chapter's bondsmen.

The Chapter's bondsmen are loyal members of the Chapter, although they are not Space Wolves. The ancestors of these warrior-retainers came to the Fang many thousands of years ago. Some are descended from Fenrisian warriors who may have been selected as potential Space Wolves, but who were judged unfit to endure the final testing. Such individuals are brought to the Fang to serve their masters in a more humble but equally vital capacity.

Every Great Company has its own retainers, and the Great Wolf himself has the largest number. Most of the spacecraft crews, drivers, and the warriors who man Fenris's defences are bondsmen of this kind. When the Chapter goes to war it is these retainers who keep the Fang running and defend the planet against attack.

SUPPORT

ALLIES

A Space Wolves army may be accompanied by allied troops chosen from the following Warhammer 40,000 Codex lists. See the Warhammer 40,000 Codex of each individual army for details.

Any Space Marine lists, Imperial Guard, Imperial Agents, Squats, Eldar (may not choose Avatar).

DREADNOUGHT 145 points + weapons

(Varies - see datafax)

If your force includes at least one Iron Priest it may also include Dreadnoughts.

ARMAMENT: For details of the weapon options see the Dreadnought datafax card.

SERVITOR

BODYGUARD 9 points per model

Each Iron Priest in your army may be accompanied by a bodyguard of Servitors.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Servitor	4	3	4	3	4	1	4	1	7

SQUAD: A Servitor bodyguard consists of up to 5 Servitors.

WEAPONS: Servitors have no weapons. They do not require weapons to fight in hand-to-hand combat, but may have optional weapons as noted below.

ARMOUR: None. Armoured body. 5+ save.

WARGEAR: Any Servitor models may carry one of the following at the points cost indicated.

Hand Flamer	7
Laspistol	1
Plasma Pistol	5



RAPIER LASER

DESTROYER 73 points

If your army includes at least one Iron Priest then it may also include Rapier Laser Destroyers. A Rapier Laser Destroyer has a crew of two Servitors. Complete rules are given in the Warhammer 40,000 Wargear book. A targeter is included.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Servitor	4	3	4	3	4	1	4	1	7

RANGE	TO HIT	S	D	SAVE	ARMOUR	SPECIAL
S L	S L			MOD.	PENE.	
0-18 18-72	+1	9	2D10	-6	D6+2D10+9	Move or fire

TARANTULA 20 points + weapons

If your army includes at least one Iron Priest then it may also include Tarantulas. These operate in batteries (units) of up to three models per battery. Each Tarantula has a crew of one Servitor. Complete rules are given in the Warhammer 40,000 Wargear book. A targeter is included.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Servitor	4	3	4	3	4	1	4	1	7

ARMAMENT: The Tarantula may be armed with a pair of weapons of the same kind chosen from the list below at the cost indicated.

2 Lascannons	+55
1 Multi-melta (NB. Counts as 1 multi-melta not 2)	+65
2 Missile launchers (Super krak)	+55
2 Autocannon	+35
2 Heavy bolters	+30



BIKE 20 points

Any Space Wolves character may ride a bike. Any Space Wolves squads indicated may ride bikes. See the vehicle datafax for details.

LAND RAIDER 220 points

Any Space Wolves squad indicated may ride in a Land Raider. If your force includes at least one Iron Priest it may also include any number of additional Land Raiders. A Land Raider has a crew of Space Wolves Grey Hunters.

RHINO 50 points

Any Space Wolves squad indicated may ride in a Rhino. If your force includes at least one Iron Priest it may also include any number of additional Rhinos. A Rhino includes a Space Wolves Grey Hunters driver.

LAND SPEEDER 140 points

If your force includes at least one Iron Priest it may also include Land Speeders. A Land Speeder has a crew of two Space Wolves Grey Hunters.

PREDATOR 180 points

If your force includes at least one Iron Priest it may also include Predators. A Predator has a crew of Space Wolves Grey Hunters.

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

WOLF PRIEST ULRİK THE SLAYER

125 points + wargear cards



Your army may include Ulrik the Slayer as a Wolf Priest.

Brother Ulrik is the oldest of all living Space Wolves, if one discounts the Dreadnoughts which sleep deep within the subterranean labyrinth of the Fang. He is older even than the Great Wolf Logan Grimnar, who has served the Emperor now for over six centuries. Indeed, he is the only warrior who remembers the Great Wolf as a young Blood Claw, full of fury and future promise.

During the first Armageddon War Ulrik won renown fighting alongside the Wolf Lord Kruger's Great Company. He single-handedly cut down three of Khorne's World Eaters in hand-to-hand combat, earning the unusual accolade of a salute from the Lord of the World Eaters himself.

One of the duties of the Wolf Priests is the recruitment of new Space Marines for the Space Wolves Chapter. Ulrik travels across Fenris in his search for potential candidates. When the native warriors gather for battle Ulrik watches the swordplay from some local vantage point. A young Wolfbrother must fight well indeed to impress the gnarled and dauntless Wolf Priest. In his time Ulrik has chosen many young heroes, and some of the Chapter's greatest warriors of recent times have undergone their selection and training in his halls.

Ulrik wears the famous Wolf Helm of Russ, which according to legend was originally made for Leman Russ, the Primarch of the Space Wolves.

WEAPONS. Ulrik is armed with a plasma pistol and a bolt pistol, frag and krak grenades.

ARMOUR. Ulrik the Slayer wears the power armour of a Space Marine (3+ save).

WARGEAR. Ulrik carries a crozius arcanum, a medi-kit, and a rosarius (4+ save). The cost of these items is included in his points value.

In addition, Ulrik may carry up to three Wargear cards (compared to two for a normal Wolf Priest). If chosen, you must always take the Wolf Helm of Russ as your first item.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ulrik the Slayer	4	7	6	5	5	2	6	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

SPACE MARINES. The usual Rapid Fire special rules apply. The Break test rules are not generally used as individual characters are never subjected to these tests, but when fighting as part of a Space Marine unit the Break Test rule does apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply as described above.

LEADERSHIP. The Wolf Priests command respect and awe from the Space Wolf warriors. Any Space Wolves within 8" of a Wolf Priest may reroll any failed Leadership-based test once. This gives them a second chance to pass a Break or psychology test, for example.



WOLF LORD RAGNAR BLACKMANE

141 points + wargear cards

If you wish, your army may be led by Ragnar Blackmane. Alternatively, you may choose to include Ragnar as an additional Space Wolves character.

Ragnar Blackmane is the youngest warrior ever to lead a Great Company into battle. Full of fire and eager for glory, he has proven his worth by fighting at the forefront of countless battles. On many occasions he has suffered grievous wounds, taking considerable risks and relying upon the ferocity of the Space Wolves to win the day. When the drop ships thunder down upon the battlefield Ragnar Blackmane will be in the first ship to land, spearheading the attack with his own blend of courage and masterly judgement.

The name of Blackmane comes from the most deadly of the Wolves of Fenris, the blackmaned wolves which are said to serve Morkai the two-headed guardian of the Gates of Death. Ragnar wears the pelt of one of these creatures, and the blackmaned wolf appears on his badge and on the banner of his Great Company. It was as a young warrior that Ragnar slew a blackmaned wolf and so earned a place amongst the Space Wolves. This deed is considered a good omen, promising future success and great honour.

Ragnar's bravery soon earned him a place amongst the Wolf Guard, and many heroic deeds from those days are recorded in his saga. He slew an Ork Warlord and his entire bodyguard during one momentous battle, and on another occasion successfully drove away a force of attacking Chaos Space Marines. When the Wolf Lord Berek Thunderfist died in mortal combat with a Champion of Tzeentch, Ragnar led the force which tracked down and slew his master's killers. Afterwards Ragnar found himself hailed as Berek's successor and he became Wolf Lord in his stead.



WEAPONS. Ragnar Blackmane is armed with an ancient bolt pistol which belonged previously to Berek Thunderfist, and a special chainsword, an heirloom of the Space Wolves presented to Ragnar by the Great Wolf himself. Special Wargear cards are supplied for these weapons. He is also armed with frag and Krak grenades.

ARMOUR. Ragnar Blackmane wears the power armour of a Space Marine (3+ save).

WARGEAR. As a Mighty Hero Ragnar Blackmane may carry up to three Wargear cards. Two of these will always be the Master-crafted Bolt Pistol and Frostfang, Ragnar's Chainsword. Ragnar may carry one further item chosen in the normal manner.

STRATEGY RATING: If you choose Ragnar Blackmane as your army commander he has a strategy rating of 5.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ragnar Blackmane	4	8	7	5	5	3	7	3	10

SPECIAL RULES

SPACE MARINES. The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply.

BERSERK CHARGE. Just as the Blood Claws are renowned for their hot-blooded ferocity in hand-to-hand combat, so the youthful Ragnar Blackmane is famed for his heedless courage. To represent this savagery Ragnar Blackmane rolls *double* his attack dice in hand-to-hand combat during a turn in which he charges. For example, Ragnar normally rolls four attack dice as he carries two weapons (A3 + 1 extra weapon bonus) but will therefore roll 7 dice during a turn on which he charges (A6 + 1 extra weapon bonus). However, Ragnar cannot parry during the turn when he charges.

WOLF BATTLE HOWL. Ragnar Blackmane is renowned for his battle-cry, the long howl which proclaims the doom of his foes. No-one who has ever heard this savage ululating call can ever forget it. It resonates deep within the Space Wolves' souls and trigger their most ferocious instincts.

Once per game, at the start of any movement phase, Ragnar can utter his blood-chilling howl. When he does so all Space Wolves, including Ragnar, will charge towards the enemy. Such is the power of the Battle Howl that the charge rate is triple the normal move, and not double as normal. As most Space Wolves have a Movement characteristic of 4, this means that a 12" charge is possible in conjunction with the Battle Howl. The Battle Howl affects all Space Wolves, but Long Fangs have sufficient strength of will to resist its effects if you wish – Long Fangs can therefore remain unaffected if you prefer.

DODGE: Ragnar Blackmane is renowned for his astounding agility. To represent this he has an automatic unmodified D6 save of 4+ against any shooting hits. If he dodges a blast template, position the model on the edge of template.

NJAL STORMCALLER

205 points + wargear cards

Your army may include Njal Stormcaller as a Space Wolves Rune Priest.

Njal Stormcaller's long saga began many years ago upon the cold oceans of Fenris. In ships of wood and skin his tribe put to the seas after their lands sank amidst the trial of fire and water. For many months they wandered the heaving oceans of Fenris in search of new lands. After a mighty sea battle they defeated their rivals and took possession of the land born with the turning of the Great Year. In that battle the young Njal fought with such ferocity that not even a full-blooded warrior dare stand before him. Leaping from oar to oar he threw himself upon the enemy ships, clearing whole decks and casting foes into the engulfing waters.



At the battle's end he lay exhausted on the deck, a spear point embedded in his breast. The pall of death lay upon him. Njal's valour would have ended there, doubtless passing into the legends of his tribe, but his bravery had not gone unnoticed. His dying body was plucked from the enemy ship by a Wolf Priest of the Space Wolves, and taken back to Asaheim.

Njal seized his opportunity with all the vigour of his warrior race, and even won praise from the Wolf Priests, which is rare indeed! As a Wolf Scout he saw battle beyond the confines of Fenris. He fought on worlds as hot as the deserts of Goru and as teeming with life as the Hives of Alcatran. He witnessed many wonders, and greatest of all was the development of his own gifts. For deep within his mind there was a spark of unexpected energy. He felt the awakening of something dark and powerful within him.

Soon others began to take an interest in the young warrior whose hands crackled with electricity and whose eyes flashed with light. His psychic powers were recognised for what they were, and Njal passed into the hands of the Rune Priests. He became a Skald, and went to live with the Priests of the Space Wolves in the Halls of the Fang.

Njal learned quickly under the wise direction of the mighty Rune Lord Heimdall. Heimdall was the most ancient of the Rune Priests and the acclaimed victor of the Tokaran War. Njal was fighting by his lord's side when Heimdall was slain by a Bloodthirster of Khorne. Njal was not daunted by this massive abomination. Mustering all the power that his anger and grief could generate he succeeded in driving the creature back into the Realms of Chaos from whence it came. He then summoned up a psychic storm which shattered the remnants of the Chaos forces, and brought victory to the hard-pressed Space Wolves. In this way Njal earned his name of Stormcaller.

Njal has fought in many hard battles since that day, and has risen in honour and power until he stands a venerable Rune

Lord, wise in his years and mighty in war. His runestaff of hoary Earth oak is dark with age and heavy with potent runes. He has carried his staff into battle for many years, and its scarred surface bears witness to many close encounters with death. The young Skalds say that the runestaff whispers words of power to Njal, and that in battle it leaps in his hands as if possessed of a life of its own, striking with a speed and strength beyond the capacity of any mortal.

Many years ago, during the battle of Rust World way beyond the Gates of Caspan, Njal Stormcaller saved the life of one of the Chapter's Iron Priests, a mighty warrior known as Ulf Blackbrow. In the normal course of events a brother Space Marine expects no reward for such a deed, but Ulf Blackbrow was a proud warrior and did not like to be beholden to any man. To repay his debt Ulf Blackbrow fashioned a psyber-creature, a biological robot which was part flesh and part machine. Ulf's creation took the form of a raven, a great black feathered bird of the race that nests around the crags of the Fang. This raven is programmed to protect Njal at all times, and has repaid Ulf's debt by saving the Rune Lord's life on more than one occasion.

WEAPONS. Njal Stormcaller is armed with a bolt pistol, frag grenades, and krak grenades. He also carries his mighty Rune Staff force weapon (see Wargear).

ARMOUR. Njal Stormcaller wears the power armour of a Space Marine (3+ save).

PSYCHIC MASTERY. Njal Stormcaller is a Rune Lord and has a mastery level of 4. This entitles him to up to four psychic powers plus an additional psychic power for his Psychic Hood (5 in total).

WARGEAR. As a Rune Lord Njal Stormcaller may carry up to three Wargear cards. These must always be chosen from the Psychic Hood, the Runestaff of Njal Stormcaller, and Night Wing the psyber raven.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Njal Stormcaller	4	8	7	5	5	4	7	3	9

SPECIAL RULES

SPACE MARINES. The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply.





GREAT WOLF LOGAN GRIMNAR

140 points + wargear cards



Your army may include Logan Grimnar as its commander instead of the Wolf Lord.

Logan Grimnar is the latest in a line of Space Wolf masters that stretches back to the Great Crusade and the time of the Space Wolves' founder Leman Russ. He is one of the Imperium's oldest and most renowned warriors. This cunning and fierce old man has led the Space Wolves for over five hundred years. This is a long time even for a Space Marine, who often live for several centuries. Logan Grimnar is often known by his nickname of the 'Old Wolf'. A large and powerfully built warrior, Logan Grimnar towers above even his own Wolf Lords. His great mane of hair is grey and coarse, and his beard stretches to his waist. In common with all older Space Wolves his canine teeth have grown into substantial tusks.

Logan Grimnar's exploits are known throughout the Imperium. He is one of the great heroes of mankind, one of the few whose image is universally recognised and respected and his conquests span the galaxy. Many human worlds owe their existence to his armed might, and on several planets he is hailed as a saviour and patron. Every year prayers are offered to his name on a dozen worlds. To this day tributes continue to arrive at Fenris from grateful planetary lords. The Old Wolf, Logan Grimnar, is probably the most highly respected and best loved warrior in the entire galaxy. Only the enemies of mankind fear his name, and curse the warrior who has driven them to defeat and despair.

Logan Grimnar's rise amongst the ranks of the Space Wolves happened many years ago, so that only one living Space Marine now remembers him as a young Blood Claw. Ulrik the Slayer, greatest of the Wolf Priests, witnessed the rise of

Logan Grimnar and accompanied him during many of his greatest exploits. He has fought every imaginable kind of foe, from brutal Orks to the foul abominations of Chaos.

Logan Grimnar has fought battles in space as well as upon the surface of planets, and has led expeditions into the Eye of Terror to attack the Chaos Space Marine Legions. It was upon one such expedition that he acquired the Axe Morkai, taking it as a trophy from a defeated Champion of Chaos. This weapon has been reformed by the Iron Priests but still glows darkly with the power of Khorne the bloodthirsty god of Chaos. It is engraved with the symbol of Morkai, the double-headed wolf guardian of the Gates of Death.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Logan Grimnar	4	8	7	6	5	3	7	3	10

WEAPONS: Logan Grimnar is armed with a storm bolter and a power fist. He also carries the Axe Morkai, a fearsome weapon taken from a defeated Chaos Champion and reformed into the image of Morkai the guardian wolf of the Gates of Death. This counts as wargear and a card is provided for this.

ARMOUR: Logan Grimnar wears Terminator armour (3+ save on 2D6).

EQUIPMENT: As a Mighty Hero Logan Grimnar may carry up to three Wargear cards. One of these is the Axe Morkai. The second is the Pelt of Wulfen. You may choose a third item from the Wargear cards if you wish.

STRATEGY RATING: If you have Logan Grimnar as your army commander he has a strategy rating of 5.

SPECIAL RULES

SPACE MARINES: The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply.

Logan Grimnar, bloody-handed warrior,
He piles the skulls of his enemies,
He builds a mound of the fallen,
His foes weep rivers of woe.
Logan Grimnar, the strong wolf of the pack,
His sword hungers for red flesh,
His guns thirst for battle,
He laughs amidst the battle-din.
Logan Grimnar, father of wolves,
His sons hunt his enemies,
Slay them where they falter,
And bring their pelts to Fenris.

WOLF GUARD DURFAST OF MORDRAK

36 points + wargear cards

Your army may include Durfast as a Wolf Guard Champion.

Mordrak is now a dead world, but aeons ago it supported an advanced civilisation. When it was discovered by Explorators of the Adeptus Terra, the Techno-magi quickly recognised its importance. Several armed expeditions were launched to recover alien artifacts and the Space Wolves were assigned to protect the world. Mordrak lay within Ork-dominated space and a large force of Orks soon arrived. Were the Orks to discover and learn to copy the alien technology it would threaten the security of the Imperium. A desperate war against time began in which the Space Wolves held the scattered expeditionary sites against the ever expanding Ork army.

It was during this intense fighting that Space Wolves warrior Durfast was to earn his place in the sagas. There were many important sites, and the Space Wolves found themselves thinly stretched. During the raids on the Alphanex site Durfast took command of three packs of Space Wolves to defeat an incursion of several hundred Orks. Later, he led the remnants of Hurgarl's Great Company into the catacombs of Betan. The close quarter fighting in complete darkness was savage. Many Space Wolves were killed, but the Orks were finally driven out. Thanks to Durfast the surviving Space Wolves made it back to the surface, successfully evacuating the complex before it was destroyed by its own self-destruct systems.

Durfast later succeeded to the leadership of his Great Company, and went on to fight many more battles. One of the artifacts recovered from the world of Mordrak still resides

within the Fang, a device which the Iron Priests have built into a Space Marine helmet, known as the Helm of Durfast. The device utilises Mordrakian temporal technology to endow the wearer with an uncanny awareness of the immediate past, present and future. Its precognitive temporal-compensation circuits guide the wearer's hand as he shoots, enabling him to anticipate his target's movements.

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: Durfast may have up to two Wargear cards. One will always be the Helm of Durfast, the other may be chosen freely from the Wargear cards in the normal manner.

Durfast may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Special Weapons and Grenades sections of the Wargear List.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Durfast of Mordrak	4	6	5	4	4	1	5	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

SPACE MARINES. The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply.

WOLF GUARD RANULF

115 points + wargear cards

If your army includes a unit of at least five Wolf Guard it may also include Ranulf. Ranulf is a character, and he always leads the Wolf Guard.

Ranulf is said to be the largest warrior of all the Space Wolves, larger in girth and mightier of arm than even Leman Russ. His Terminator armour now stands in the Hall of Heroes, towering over all who look upon it. Ranulf performed many feats of strength. Once, when his squad was trapped by a river of lava Ranulf pushed the wreckage of a Land Raider into the molten stream so that his pack could cross.

The story of Ranulf's death is told at great length in his saga. The Space Wolves were retreating over a narrow mountain pass following a rare defeat at the hands of the Orks. When the Orks caught up with the end of the Space Wolves' column, Ranulf and a handful of Wolf Guard made a gallant stand against the entire Ork army in a narrow gap in the pass. While the few warriors held back thousands of Orks, the remaining Space Wolves made it back to safety. Although they greatly outnumbered the defenders, the Orks were unable to bring more than a handful of troops into combat at any one time due to the narrowness and shape of the defile. Before many hours were past there was a pile of Ork bodies as high as a wall. But even the giant Space Wolves warrior could not hold out forever. One by one his Wolf Guard fell, until only Ranulf was left. Though the Orks overcame him in the end, even those creatures could not bring themselves to desecrate his body. When the Space Wolves recovered the pass they found Ranulf

and his dead companions seated in a hastily constructed shrine surrounded by an immense pile of Ork wargear. To the Space Wolves Ranulf was a great Champion – but to his enemies he had become nothing less than a god.

WEAPONS: Ranulf carries standard Terminator armament of storm bolter and power fist.

ARMOUR: Terminator armour (3+ save on 2D6).

WARGEAR: Ranulf may have up to one Wargear card chosen freely from the Wargear cards in the normal manner.

SPECIAL: Ranulf only fights as the leader of the Wolf Guard. If his unit is teleported into battle the usual points bonus must be paid (+50%, rounding up).

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Guard Ranulf	4	6	5	7	5	3	5	2	9

SPECIAL RULES

SPACE MARINES: The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply.

GREAT STRENGTH: Ranulf is amazingly strong, even for a Space Marine. In hand-to-hand combat Ranulf may roll one attack dice at S10 in place of his two normal attacks.

BJORN THE FELL-HANDED**270 points**

Your army may include Bjorn the Fell-Handed. Because Bjorn is a Dreadnought his points cost comes from the Support section of the army list and not the Characters section. This is an exception to the usual system for special characters. Bjorn does not benefit from the special rules for targetting characters, but is treated exactly like any other Dreadnought for purposes of choosing targets and being targeted. Rather than thinking of Bjorn as a special character, think of him as a Dreadnought with a unique combination of weapons and special abilities.

Bjorn the Fell-Handed is the most ancient living Space Wolves warrior. He has the unique distinction of being alive when Russ led the Chapter, and of leading the first Great Hunt to search for the Primarch. Over the millennia he has grown heavy with wisdom, and today he resides in the deepest shrine of the Space Wolves, protected by a stasis chamber lined with adamantium. Only in times of direst need is he awoken from his slumbers to stride once more amongst the Space Wolves.

When Bjorn suffered mortal wounds during the Proxima Rebellion he was incarcerated in the Dreadnought which still bears his remains. Though rebuilt and maintained by generations of Iron Priests, his sarcophagus remains essentially the same. He is armed with an assault cannon and a unique weapon, a single Lightning Claw, which was his favourite armament when truly alive. The Lightning Claw

incorporates a heavy flamer, making Bjorn the Fell-Handed as deadly at long and medium combat ranges as he is at close quarters.

WEAPONS: Bjorn carries an assault cannon and a Lightning Claw combined with a heavy flamer.

SPECIAL: Bjorn has survived more battles than any other Space Marine. He is the oldest of all the Old Ones, as the ancient Dreadnoughts are called, and his existence is seen as a living continuation of the remote past. His survival is not mere chance. Perhaps it is natural cunning and fortune that protects him, or maybe the spirit of Russ continues to watch over him as many believe. This fortune is reflected in the following special rule.

At the start of the game roll a D6 and make a note of the score. This number represents Bjorn's pool of dice modifiers. During the battle, if Bjorn is hit and suffers damage then you may modify any result on the Dreadnought Damage Tables by expending points from Bjorn's pool of dice modifiers. For example, if you suffer a penetrating hit on Bjorn's body and roll a 5 ('Bjorn Slain') you can use 3 points from the pool to reduce this to a 2 ('Bjorn Wounded'). You cannot use points to reduce the damage result below 1, and once Bjorn's entire pool is exhausted he can no longer modify any results.

As a Dreadnought, Bjorn is immune to all psychology.

Bjorn the Fell-Handed is the oldest living creature on Fenris. He is almost as old as the Primarchs of the Chaos Marine Chapters, and they are the oldest known living things in the galaxy, with the exception of the Emperor himself.

Bjorn walked at the side of Russ himself, and was the first Great Wolf of the Chapter after the Primarch disappeared. He led the Space Wolves on the first Great Hunt, the Chapter's epic but fruitless quest to find Russ, and it was he who reluctantly gave the order to cease the Hunt, when it became obvious that Russ was not to be found. As the first Great Wolf he was instrumental in resisting the attempts of the newly created Administratum to force the Space Wolves to accept the dictates of the Codex Astartes, even going as far as to threaten to rebel if the Administratum persisted. Such was the fragile state of the fledgling Imperium that the Administratum withdrew its demands. Thus was the unique nature of the Space Wolves preserved.

Bjorn's heroic career as a Great Wolf was cut tragically short during the Proxima Rebellion when he heroically led a raid to free brother Space Wolves trapped in the embattled Dreadsun Fortress. The raid was successful but Bjorn suffered so many wounds that he was left paralysed and crippled, and not even the best efforts of the Wolf Priests could save him. Eventually, to preserve his life, what was left

of his shattered body was transplanted into a Dreadnought.

For the next five hundred years or so, Bjorn was constantly in the forefront of battle whenever the Space Wolves fought. He distinguished himself on Algol Nine when he slew the Daemon Thran'saba, and saved the Planetary Governor from sacrifice. On the desert world of Quaran he slew the Ork Warlord Makrima and thus broke the Waa-Makrima. On the Hiveworld of Thranx he slew the rogue psyker Vornalan and thus averted a terrible rebellion. Slowly, though, the years took their toll on this proud and ancient warrior, and he took to spending longer and longer periods dormant, in stasis sleep. Given his exemplary record and long history of dedication to the Chapter, his fellow Space Wolves left him undisturbed.

Since then Bjorn has been lovingly maintained by the Iron Priests of the Chapter, and is revered almost as much as Russ, as a living link with the Chapter's distant founding. Every thousand years he is awoken and tests the Chapter's Rune Priests on their knowledge of the sagas. He is only otherwise woken during periods of great crisis, when the Space Wolves have need of every warrior, or when his particular brand of wisdom and knowledge of ancient times is needed by the current Great Wolf.

BJORN THE FELL-HANDED

VEHICLE DATA

M	WS	BS	S	I	A	LD
6	8	6	7	5	4	10

CREW:

BJORN THE FELL-HANDED

RAM VALUE:

STRENGTH 7

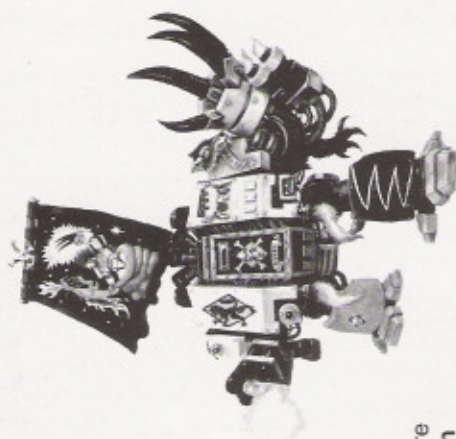
D10 DAMAGE

-4 SAVE

WEAPONS:

Lightning Claw with built-in heavy flamer, with a 90° field of fire to the front and an assault cannon with a 90° field of fire to the front.

Auto-launchers carrying Frag or Blind grenades.



SPECIAL RULE:

Roll a D6 at the start of the game to establish Bjorn's pool of dice modifiers. If Bjorn is hit and suffers damage you may modify any result on the damage table by expending points from the dice 'pool'. You cannot use points to reduce the damage result to below 1. When the pool of points is exhausted you may no longer modify Bjorn's results.

WEAPON DATA

Weapon	Range	Short	Long	To Hit	Str	Dam	Save	Armour	Special
Assault Cannon	0-12	12-32	+1	-	8	D10	-3	D6+D10+8	Sustained fire -3 dice
Heavy Flamer	Special rules	-	-	-	5	1	-3	D6+5	See rules
Lightning Claw	Close combat only	-	-	-	8	D3	-5	-	Can parry

POINTS COST: 270 Points

D6	Location	Front	Side/Rear
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1	Legs	20	18
2	Left Arm	19	17
3	Right Arm	19	17
4-6	Body	21	19

D6 Leg Damage Table

1 The inch thick armour plates on the Dreadnought's leg hold, but the force of the blow slows it down. The Dreadnought may not move in its next turn.

2 The Dreadnought is knocked sprawling. It staggers D3" in a random direction, colliding with anything moved into.

3-4 The leg is seriously damaged. The Dreadnought may now only limp D3" per turn.

5-6 The leg is blown off and the Dreadnought crashes to the ground. It may not move or attack for the rest of the game, and is effectively destroyed, although Bjorn himself is still alive.

D6 Arm Damage Table

1 The arm is hit and partially paralysed. Any ranged weapons incorporated into the arm may still be used, but the arm cannot be used to fight in hand-to-hand combat. Reduce the Dreadnought's Attacks characteristic by 1 point.

2 Any weapons mounted on the arm are jammed or partially damaged and can only be used if you first roll a 4+ on 1D6.

3-5 The arm is torn from the Dreadnought's body. Any weapons mounted on the arm are destroyed, and the Dreadnought's Attacks characteristic is reduced by 1 point.

6 The arm is destroyed and any weapons mounted on it explode! The explosion flashes back to the Dreadnought's body, bypassing all armour, and causing a secondary explosion. Roll on the Body Damage Table to find the effect of this second explosion.

D6 Body Damage Table

1 The Dreadnought's controls go crazy making the Dreadnought difficult to control. The Dreadnought may only move or attack if you first roll a 4+ on a D6.

2 Bjorn is wounded, though not seriously, and he may continue to fight. All of the Dreadnought's characteristics are halved for the rest of the game.

3-4 The Dreadnought's engine bursts into flames and the machine is immobilised. Bjorn may use emergency controls to fire one weapon. Roll a D6 at the beginning of each player's turn: the machine explodes on a roll of 1 or 2. Any models within 3" suffer D6 Strength 10 hits with a -3 saving throw modifier.

5 Bjorn is badly wounded and may take no further part in the battle. The Dreadnought staggers D3" in a random direction, colliding with anything moved into, and then collapses.

6 The ammunition explodes destroying the Dreadnought and killing Bjorn the Fell-Handed. Any models within 3" suffer D6 Strength 10 hits with a -3 saving throw modifier.

WOLF LORD KYRL GRIMBLOOD

111 points + wargear cards

Your army may include Wolf Lord Kyrl Grimblood as a Commander or as a further character.

The Space Wolves Hall of Heroes in the fortress of the Fang commemorates countless Wolf Lords and their deeds. Kyrl Grimblood is one of many great warriors whose names command the highest honour and whose sagas stand as a record of the Space Wolves' most glorious deeds. Even surrounded by such noble companions, Kyrl Grimblood has a special place in the hearts of the Space Wolves, for it was he that saved Fenris in its time of ultimate peril.

It was during the long Age of Apostasy that Kyrl Grimblood came to command his Great Company, at a time when the Imperium was weak and all hope was drained from the great mass of humanity. For a time it seemed as if the Emperor had deserted mankind, for no-one could know that he was fighting his most deadly battle of all within the warp, or that the very existence of humanity hung by a thread. The Imperium was divided within itself. The Adeptus Ministorum was unable to check the countless heresies that sprang up, some commanding the loyalty of hundreds of worlds and whole Imperial armies. Corruption within the Ministorum was rife, and the Adeptus Terra fell to the dictatorship of its most heinous ruler, High Lord Vandire. Repressive purges led to hardship and fear throughout the Imperium.

During the Age of Apostasy many worlds became effectively independent, such was the extent to which the grip of anarchy had seized the Imperium. The Space Marine Chapters stood aghast while all around them worlds erupted into strife. Most Chapters refused to join the purges, much to their credit, for their loyalties had always been to the Emperor directly and their code of honour protected them from the heresies which engulfed the rest of the Imperium. Many Chapters took direct control of the worlds close to their home world, and restored order as best they could, taking control over such parts of the Imperium as lay within their reach. For many years these autonomous empires of the various Space Marine Chapters were all that held humanity together in the face of attack from aliens and traitors.

There were many false prophets in those days, some little more than madmen leading rebel bands, others spiritual demagogues who commanded armies and worlds. The most powerful of these was the Apostate Cardinal of Gathalamor, Bucharis, whose heresies reached such proportions that they became known as the Plague of Unbelief. Armies fought for him, sick and depraved individuals gathered underneath his dark banners, aliens flocked to his court and the dark gods of Chaos doubtless worked their evil under his protection. His armies of fanatical devotees marched across the galaxy, conquering all before them, subjugating one world after another and growing stronger with every fresh conquest. In a single bold sweep the forces of Bucharis leapt from the distant galactic east to the very heart of the Imperium.

It is indeed fortunate for humanity that the path to Earth lay blocked by Fenris. For three years the fanatical armies of Bucharis pounded upon the gates of the Fang. Millions died as the native inhabitants of Fenris fought a protracted war of movement and ambush against the invaders. The Space Wolves could do nothing to break the siege, although they tried many times to penetrate the attackers' lines. Eventually it



was Kyrl Grimblood, who saved the Fang. Grimblood's Great Company had departed from Fenris five years before, on a mission into the Eye of Terror. Now he returned just in time, as the besieging forces gathered for the final attack. Grimblood's Space Marines smashed into the rear of the army, scattering tens of thousands into the forests of Asaheim. Driven by hunger, the Wolves of Fenris fell upon the fleeing heretics and consumed them. To finally seal their fate, the besieged Space Wolves broke out, and the battle was won. Of those that escaped the Space Marines none survived the hardships of Asaheim.

Grimblood had saved the day and possibly the Earth itself. It was not the end of Bucharis, whose armies were as numerous as the stars in the sky, but it was a setback. Other heroes would defeat the Apostasy on other battlefields, yet the victory of Kyrl Grimblood would herald the rebirth of a unified and powerful Imperium.

WEAPONS: Bolt pistol, frag grenades.

ARMOUR: Power armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR: Kyrl Grimblood may be given up to three Wargear cards.

In addition, he may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Special Weapons and Grenades sections of the Wargear List.

STRATEGY: If you have Kyrl Grimblood as your army Commander he has a strategy rating of 6.

SPECIAL: Kyrl Grimblood may be included as your army commander or as an additional Wolf Lord character.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kyrl Grimblood	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	3	10

SPECIAL RULES

SPACE MARINES. The usual Break Test and Rapid Fire special rules apply. In addition, the Space Wolves Acute Senses and Hatred rules also apply.

Helmets on knees, preserver systems primed, the Space Marines sat within the cold, dark fuselage of the drop-pod. Ragnar, Wolf Lord of this Great Company, studied each of his Wolf Guard in turn, taking a last glimpse before they donned their helmets, trying to fix their faces in his mind. The blue light of the comm-net ocular tainted all of their features with a ghastly pallor. He was suddenly aware that this might be that last time he would ever see his comrades alive.

Haakon sat upright, back straight, his bolter held firmly against his chest. His taut-skinned, thin-lipped features were set. Cold blue eyes peered out from beneath a mane of silver-grey hair. The Sergeant of the Wolf Guard looked old and tired. Last night he had dreamed of his death. Though the death-vision was a bad omen, the old man showed no sign of fear.

The Rune Priest Njal sat opposite Ragnar underneath the stained glass window. Stars showed through the portrait of the Ascension of the Emperor into the Throne of Eternal Life. Njal folded his hands in prayer, his eyes focused into the distance. The runes on his armour glowed with a subdued light. Ragnar wondered what visions he was seeing and for a moment envied him the Emperor's Gift.

"I'm ready for this," roared Egil. His bulldog face was set in its characteristic permanent grin. By Russ, even for a Space Wolf he was fierce. During their long ago basic training he had broken two of Ragnar's fingers during unarmed combat practice and laughed loudly as the younger Space Marine was carried to the Apothecarion. Ragnar held no grudge; since then they had fought side by side in too many desperate battles for that.

"Today you will give the skalds something to sing of, eh Haakon?" said Gunnar, the squad support man. He smiled, revealing the lengthened canines that were the mark of the Space Wolf gene-seed.

Haakon let out a short bark of mirthless laughter. "Thank the Emperor for providing you with this chance

to show your own bravery."

"He'll prove his courage soon enough," said Egil.

Gunnar slapped a magazine into his weapon. "Don't worry Egil, I shall see that you're safe."

Gunnar was the youngest of the Wolf Guard and its most recent member. He had been called to Ragnar's personal service after slaying three Genestealers in hand-to-hand combat on the Hulk "Sin of Damnation" and pulling a wounded comrade clear. Like the others, he showed no sign of a hangover though last night he had quaffed a tremendous amount of ale.

"Look after yourself," said Egil. "You still owe me two flagons from our last arm-wrestling match."

Gunnar clapped Egil on the shoulder of his gleaming armour and laughed. "After today I shall pay you in full."

"It would be just like you to get yourself killed to avoid paying your debts," said Egil. There was tension in the air despite the humour. Ragnar could feel it. They all knew that this drop might be their last.

"Final invocations," Ragnar ordered. Each Space Marine fell silent as he concentrated on the prayers necessary to activate his armour.

Ragnar knew that his suit was well maintained. He had carried out all the rituals himself, washing the armour with scented oils while intoning the litany against corrosion, greasing the articulated joints with blessed unguents, checking the pipes of the rebreather with coloured smoke from an auto-censer. He touched each command rune in turn, once again made suddenly aware how much he relied on this armour for protection. Its ceramite carapace shielded him from heat and cold and enemy fire. Its autosenory systems let him see in the darkness. Its recycling systems let him breathe in hard vacuum and survive for weeks in the harshest of environments.

He fitted the comm-net earbead into place and checked the position of the speaking circlet over his larynx. He bowed his head and prayed that the ship's tech-adepts had taken as much care of their equipment as his own bondsmen would. Once on Darien's surface it might prove his only means of communication with his company.

He pushed his hands together in prayer, feeling the muscle amplification of the suit's exo-skeleton lend him the strength of many. He closed his eyes and let the pheromone traces of his companions be picked up by the suit's receptors. Since the atmosphere below was breathable he knew that he could identify his companions by scent. With an act of will he switched his hearing from normal sound to comm-net pickup. The subvocalised activation litanies of his companions rang in his ears, interspersed with the comm chatter of the ship's crew.

"Helmets on," Ragnar said. In turn the Space Marines donned their protective headgear. One by one each gave the ancient ritual thumbs up sign. He felt the click of the helmet lock as it slid into place. Targeting icons appeared in his sight underneath the gothic script of his display. All the readouts were fine.

"All clear. The Emperor is served," Haakon said. The others in turn gave the same response.



"The Blessing of the Emperor upon you. May he grant you strength." Ragnar replied. There was a hiss as the drop-pod depressurised. The external temperature dropped sharply. A frost blue ikon flashed for three heartbeats to indicate a lack of air-pressure. There was another click from the neckband of the armour. Ragnar knew that his helmet had locked into place and could not now be removed until his suit had checked the atmosphere and found it safe for breathing.

There was a faint kick of acceleration. For a moment Ragnar felt weightless as the drop-pod left the artificial gravity field of the Hunter of Fiends. A fraction of his normal weight returned as it sped away. In the view monitors the Hunter showed first as a vast metal wall. As it receded the turrets studding its exterior became visible, then the whole ship slid into view, from winged stern to dragon beaked prow. The sheer size of the vessel was obvious from the hundreds of great arched windows, each of which was the long as whaling ship and taller than a mast. Swiftly the Hunter of Fiends dwindled till it was lost amid the stars, just one point of light among many. As it did so the alien world swelled ominously in size below them.

Somewhere below was the enemy. Soon they would face the Tyranids.

The drop-pod touched down. Ragnar ceased praying and opened his eyes. He hit the release amulet of the restraining straps and rose swiftly.

"Squad, disperse," Ragnar's voice was clear and calm over the comm-link.

The walls of the pod opened like the petals of a fast-blossoming flower. Air rushed in, misting as it hit the chill within the craft. The Space Marines leapt clear. Ragnar touched ground, glancing around swiftly to orientate himself. His gaze took in the clearing and the trees and the nearby buildings. He checked the sky. Other pods fell groundward, dropping like the spores of some giant alien plant. So far so good, he thought, rising to his feet and sprinting for the nearest cover.

The ground felt soft and spongy under his feet. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of something big, moving fast through the nearby trees. It pointed the nozzle of a large weapon at him. Reflexively Ragnar sprang to one side as shards of shrapnel chewed up the ground where he had just been. He rolled to his left, raising his auto-targeting bolt pistol. Acid fumes steamed from the small crater on his right. The wolf's head ikon of the targeter blinked red-black-red inside his faceplate. He squeezed the trigger: a bolter shell whizzed towards the target. A roar of pain echoed through the forest. Not pausing to see what had cried or whether his target had dropped the Wolf Lord rolled into the cover of the purple bushes. He looked round, checking to see if any of his men were hurt.

Egil sprinted towards the margin of the clearing. His howling warcry echoed over the comm-net. His bolter snap-fired three times. Explosions kicked up dirt at the forest edge. Small reptilian creatures scuttled for cover away from them. Ragnar snapped a shot off at one. Its head came apart as the shell struck home.

Next to the drop-pod Gunnar stood firm, legs apart, the heavy missile launcher braced with both hands. Flames spat from its muzzle as the weapon spoke. For long seconds the rocket thundered then, with a crash, hit its target. A great tree listed to the left as the force of the explosion toppled it. Giant forms lurched from the precarious safety beneath its branches. He saw them clearly now.

They looked like dinosaurs. Their heads were large and bulged back, horny carapaces protecting a large brain case. Their ribs were the outside their bodies, like the exo-skeleton of an insect. Internal organs were clearly visible. Ragnar saw lungs pulse with breath and exposed hearts beat beneath them. Each monster had four muscular arms, two of which terminated in long claws, the other two of which clutched strange fleshy rifles or wicked looking blades. Long legs ended in hoofs and raised them to over twice Ragnar's height. A stinger curled between their legs. The shape of the creatures was all organic curves and exposed innards. It reminded him of Genestealers, but he recognised them as something even worse: Tyranid Hive-Warriors.

Njal, the Rune-Priest, howled a challenge; a nimbus of light flared round his head. The runes on his staff blazed and from the weapon's tip leapt a bolt of pure psychic power. It touched a Tyranid and flowed round it. The thing's rib-cage was torn apart and its lungs splayed out of its back like obscene wings. Haakon leapt forward through the spray of alien blood and chopped another down with a sweep of his chainsword. A high-pitched rasping whined up the scale into the ultra-sonic as sharp blades whirled against the exo-skeleton. The disgusting smell of friction-heated bone mingled with the alien taint of the air.

Another monster loomed over Haakon. In its claws it held two vicious blades of razor-sharp bone. Ragnar took careful aim and snapped off three shots. Near simultaneously Egil's bolter stitched lines of fire across the Tyranid's chest. The creature fell, torn almost in two



by the hail of fire. Haakon stepped over its fallen form and drove his chainsword through the rib-cage of the creature following. The chainsword ripped through soft organs. As it fell the thing brought its weapons forward and down. Desperately Haakon parried one blade with his chainsword. The other slashed into his arm, cleaving hard ceramite in two. Blood spurted from the gash. Haakon fell backward, clutching the wound. A pack of the small creatures closed over his recumbent form. The Hive Warrior lay twitching beside him.

The Wolf Lord drew his customised chainsword and leapt into the fray. He covered the distance to the melee in four long strides and lunged into close combat. Ragnar held the blade in both hands and swept it through a huge figure of eight. Impact jarred his arms as the weapon cleaved through the foe. The Termagants leapt back, hissing and snarling.

With a mental impulse Ragnar slid the claw blades from his boot and lashed out with a kick, slashing the throat of one of the beasts. They retreated still further. The fallen Tyranid stirred, reached out and tried to grasp him with its claws. They tightened painfully round his leg. As he watched the thing reached for its swords. The pressure on his leg was immense. He could feel the strain on the ceramite of his armour.

With an effort of will he moved his leg. Retracting the blades he put his foot on the Tyranid's throat then extruded the footknives again, driving through the cartilage of the creature's windpipe. He fired two shots, one through each of its eyes. The Hive Warrior spasmed and was still. Ragnar broke its neck with a stamp of his boot just to be sure of the kill.



Egil was by his side now, pumping bolter shot after bolter shot into the Termagants. They fled in terror, seeming now more like mindless animals than sentient soldiers. Ragnar bent down to inspect Haakon's wound. It had already sealed, as the Space Marine's bio-engineered body acted to minimise the damage. Haakon's face was pale but his eyes were clear and calm.

"I am fine, Lord. It will take more than a scratch like this to kill me," he said. The sound of something huge breaking through the nearby undergrowth mingled with Haakon's irregular breathing and the crack of distant bolter fire.

"I'm pleased to hear it, brother. Now might be a good time to test this theory." As Haakon rose painfully to his feet Ragnar took a moment to patch himself into the comm-net. "Squad-leaders, report."

"Squad Axehead, securing Perimeter West Secundus, heavy resistance, casualties acceptable. The buildings will be ours within two minutes." The comm-net carried the ghostly echo of bolter chatter and death screams.

"Acknowledged," Ragnar said.

Whatever was tearing through the woods was close now. Ragnar removed his helmet, took a deep breath of the tainted air and tried a few practice sweeps with his chainsword. He grinned at Haakon. The sergeant grinned back. By Russ, whatever the thing coming was, it was huge. And judging by the noise it had allies with it.

"Squad Javelin; in position on Elevation West Tercius, establishing relay contact with Brother-Captain Strybjorn and his men on Perimeter North. Have a clear view down valley. Estimate Perimeter West secure in three minutes."

"Acknowledged." A hideous high-pitched screaming started less than a hundred metres away. Ragnar had a bad feeling about this. He bared his fangs in a wider

grin.

"Wolf Lord, beware! Giant hostile and five Genestealers approaching your position, am moving to intercept."

Ragnar recognised the voice of Lukkan, the impetuous sergeant of Blood Claw Squad Blade. He glanced skywards. The eight remaining Blood Claws raced out of the east, the jump packs carrying them in giant bounds. Ragnar cursed. That hothead was going to get himself and his men killed.

"No - join me now. Perimeter West Primus. That's a command."

"Acknowledged." Ragnar laughed. Lukkan sounded more than a little crestfallen. Haakon tugged his arm.

"Bones of Russ," the old sergeant muttered. "Look at that."

"Fire at will!" Ragnar barked. Genestealers, four-armed razor-clawed monstrosities flanked a beast that dwarfed the biggest Tyranid Hive-Warrior. In some ways it resembled the Genestealers. It had a similar acid-dripping maw in a similar insectile head. But it was massive, taller than a Hive Warrior and far more bulky. It had four enormous chitinous razor claws, great sickles of bone and cartilage. Held between its claws was a flickering ball of blue plasma. Even as Ragnar watched it released the fireball straight at him and Haakon.

The Wolf Lord sprang to the left, pushing Haakon with him. The two men fell together, armour ringing against armour, then they rolled apart. A backwash of heat singed Ragnar's hair as the plasma bolt passed nearby. It flickered into a nearby tree. Foliage ignited and the tree burned.

Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of Njal disappearing into the wood. Surely the Rune Priest could not be fleeing? Ragnar pushed the thought from his mind. He had other things to worry about.

"A gift from the Sons of Russ," said Gunnar. A missile erupted from his launcher and flashed into the giant. Smoke belched forth on impact. The ground shook. As the smoke cleared Ragnar looked on with awe. The Tyranid bio-construct was still standing, even though a huge chunk had been torn out of its carapace. Ragnar raised his bolt-pistol and aimed a shot at the creature's head. It tore a track along the thing's cheek. The creature began to advance.

"Tough as a Night-Troll," said Egil. His bolter spoke, blasting out another chunk of the thing's armour to no appreciable effect.

"Tougher," said Ragnar, firing again. The shot glanced off the beast's carapace. His chainsword shuddered in his hand, ready to deal death. The lumbering monster came on, building up momentum, its charge seemingly unstoppable.

Haakon lobbed a grenade; it bounced at the thing's feet and then exploded. The screaming monstrosity toppled and fell over. The Genestealers rushed past it, a wave of ferocious death, all clicking claws and dripping, fanged mouths.

With a roar, the Blood Claws sprang into the fray. From the air they laid down a shower of grenades. Explosions

blasted the Genestealers. One was blown, tumbling forward to land at Ragnar's feet. It lashed out with claws capable of tearing through steel. Ragnar parried one with his sword, twisted to avoid the second, ducked under the third and let out a howl of pain as the thing raked his forehead. He smacked the 'stealer in the temple with the butt of his pistol.

The force of the blow knocked the creature back within killing distance of his blade. He decapitated it cleanly and shook his head to clear away the blood dripping into his eyes. Already the wound had begun to sting and close.

He saw the Blood Claws with the remaining Genestealer. Although the creature was wounded it still put up a tremendous fight. Its claws flashed and it eviscerated Brother Jotan. The young Space Marine slumped down, trying to hold in the ropes of his intestines with one hand. Ragnar brought his pistol round, hoping for a clear shot but the swirling melee made it impossible to get a bead on the monster. Slowly the assault troopers gained the upper hand. The 'stealer came apart in a welter of limbs and bloody body parts.

Suddenly the Blood Claws were thrown aside. Ragnar saw the clawed giant wade through them. A stroke from its scythe chopped Brother Karl in two. Another sweep downed Brother Tor and sent his broken body tumbling into Brother Lukkan.

Lukkan fell heavily and was still. This thing was like a monster from the Sagas. Fear touched Ragnar's heart but he did not let it show on his face. He grasped his sword and prepared to meet it breast to breast.

A heavy weight landed on his back. Foetid breath blasted his face. Sharp teeth snapped at his wind-pipe. Somehow a Termagant had got behind him. It was almost as if a single mind guided these monsters. The smaller creature was trying to immobilise him while the larger one killed him. The enemy mind knew he was the leader.

Ragnar rolled forward. Momentum carried the Termagant over his shoulder and sent it tumbling clear. It flicked out its tail, snapping it in his eyes. Tears stung. He was momentarily blinded, lying in the dirt while the thunderous tread of the giant came inexorably closer. His sword fell from his hand.

Nearby, Egil's bolter blasted but the monster did not slow. Ragnar rolled to one side. The Termagant was on his chest again. Its triumphant hissing filled his ears. Guided by the sound he lashed out with an armoured fist and then got his hands round its neck. He was determined that, even if the giant killed him, its little kinsman was going to die with him. It was a better death than some, he thought, though not as heroic as he had wished.

The giant was near. Its scent was overpowering. He could hear the metronome pulse of its huge heart. Its blood dripped down on him. In his mind's eye he pictured those great scythes rising and descending. He steelled his body for the impact. As he did so he twisted the Termagant's neck, feeling the vertebrae grind and snap. Its huge kinsman whined as if it too felt the pain.

Ragnar's vision cleared and he looked up into the face of nightmare and lunacy. Mighty shark-like jaws

dripped slimy saliva. Mad eyes filled with hate and bloodlust gazed into his own. The scythe-claws, slick with red blood, were raised high. As they swept down Ragnar knew his last moment had come.

Suddenly Haakon was there. The sergeant had leapt under the arc of the blades. He blocked one with the chainsword and took the other on his wounded arm. Ragnar saw his face twist, but he did not cry out in spite of the pain.

Frustrated, the thing swept the sergeant up, grasping him in all four claws. Haakon arched his back, struggling futilely against the creature's irresistible strength. Great cords of muscle bulged in his neck. For a moment it looked as if he might actually do it. But there was no escape from that death-grip. The claws closed like the blades of great shears and Haakon's body flopped to earth, torn into three pieces.

Ragnar howled with grief and rage. He threw the Termagant from him and surged to his feet. Once more he stared into the creature's eyes.

"And now, you die," he whispered, his hand clutching for a Krak grenade.

He leapt upward catching one of the creature's arms and pulling himself up one-handed. In a heartbeat he was level with the thing's face. He thrust his fist right into the monster's gaping maw. He pushed the detonator on the grenade, placed his feet on the beast's enormous chest and kicked out, boosting himself away.



The ground rose to meet him. The bemused giant lumbered forward. For a moment Ragnar wondered if the grenade were defective. Then the monster's head exploded showering him in brains and mucus. For long seconds its body stood upright then it toppled backward to the loud cheers of the Space Marines.

Ragnar looked round and found the battle was over. There was no enemy in sight. Brother Lukkan rose from under the body of his man and stared in awe at his leader. Njal emerged from the woods. In his hand he held the dripping head of a Tyrannid.

"The last one," he said. "The lesser beasts won't trouble us for a while."

Ragnar looked down on the torn corpse of Sergeant Haakon. A good death, he thought, a warrior's death. He looked up to see Egil staring at him.

"Are you all right, Lord?" he asked quietly.

Ragnar nodded then spoke into the comm-net.

"Perimeter West Primus is secure," he said.

Slowly the Space Wolves formed a circle round the last resting places of their dead. In the shadow of the great mounds of wood and kindling each man was silent, lost in his own thoughts, mourning his departed friends and contemplating the nature of their deaths.

Ragnar watched Brother Ulrik, the Wolf Priest, tower over the body of Sergeant Haakon. His blade was bloody from cutting gene-seed free from the lost.

"From the flesh of Russ you came," he said, extracting the seed from the sergeant's remains. "To the flesh of Russ you will return."

Reverently the Wolf Priest placed the Russ-seed inside the cryogenic urn, then he licked the sacred knife clean to ensure that not one drop more of Space Wolf blood would touch this alien earth. Haakon's was the last gene-seed to be reclaimed. Now it was time for the burning.

Ulrik stood within the circle of pyres and raised his arms high above his head. All eyes were now fixed upon him.

"Look for the last time upon the faces of your brothers," said the priest. "Do not mourn them for they died bravely. They lived as men and died as men and now their spirits are within the Halls of the Emperor. No warrior can ask for more."



As one, the circle of Space Marines turned and began to march around the pyres so that every man could look upon each of the dead in turn. Ahead of Ragnar in the circle was Lukkan, behind him was Gunnar. He was part of the living chain. During the burning there was no distinction between leaders and men, between Blood Claws or Grey Hunters or Long Fangs. All were made equal by loss.

As they marched Ragnar looked first on the face of Haakon. Memories flooded back. He could remember being awestruck as he had followed the sergeant into battle for the first time. Then Ragnar had been a Blood Claw and Haakon had been a Wolf Guard assigned by Lord Berek to keep them out of trouble. The sergeant had pulled Ragnar out of the wreckage of a blazing Rhino and blasted a clear path to cover for them through the teeming Ork horde.

Haakon had been calm, methodical. He had restrained Ragnar and Egil when they had wanted to make a suicidal charge at a Lungbursta and then lobbed a grenade down its turret himself. Ragnar could remember it all as if it had happened that morning. Haakon had always been good with grenades, Ragnar thought.

Ragnar looked on the face of Brother Jann, the Iron Priest, pulled down by Genestealers while defending his war-machines. The enigmatic brothers of the Iron-

god had removed all of the sacred relics of the Machine Cult from the corpse. Jann's metal hand was gone and his metal eye had been removed. They would go to his successors. The cyberlink nodes on his neck were sealed. Ragnar had not known the man well; the Iron Priests were a breed apart, taciturn, sober, lost in the intricate mysteries of their aeons-old cult. Yet Ragnar knew that Jann had been a good man and he felt a sense of loss. The Iron Priest may have been part of a different cult but he had died as a Space Marine and he would be burned as one.

He gazed upon the scarred face of the Long Fang Hrothgar. The man had been old when Ragnar was chosen as an aspirant. Hrothgar had been the first to call for Ragnar's summoning to the Wolf Guard after the young Blood Claw had killed an entire group of Ork Nobz and their Boss in close combat. He said that surely they must take someone so favoured by Russ. Lord Berek had listened to this trustworthy witness then took Ragnar on a drinking session through the taverns of Avernus that lasted three days. After that Ragnar was a Wolf Guard.

Then there was Karl, youngest of the Blood Claws. He had barely been an aspirant when Ragnar became Wolf Lord. Berek had been found dead atop a small mountain of dead Beastmen. Ragnar himself had fought his way through the Thousand Sons to try and rescue the old wolf but had arrived too late. By his action Berek held the Chaos worshippers off long enough for relief to arrive and preserve the sanctity of the Vault of Secrets.

It had been a mighty death. Ragnar could remember Karl looking wide-eyed down on Berek's corpse as it had lain in state in the deepest caverns of the Fang. The boy had been enthralled by the tale of Berek's bravery and tried to emulate his feats since then. He would strive no longer.

Tor lay beside his friend. Ragnar remembered the jokes the two of them had played on the older members of the Company, their laughter and their gladness. No more of that; their voices were silent now forever.

Round and round they went and, as they did so, Ragnar, like every man present, remembered the dead and reflected on his own life in the service of the Chapter. On each noble face Ragnar saw his own future written. One day he too would lie there, honoured by his comrades, his spirit gone to join the Emperor in his unending battle with the forces of darkness. There was no more to be asked for.

At Ulrik's gesture they halted. The Wolf Priest raised a hand flamer and set light to the first of the pyres with a spray of sacred chemical fire. The leaping flames underlit his face, transforming it into a ferociously stern mask. The light reflected in his eyes, as it would in the eyes of a wolf; they shone like miniature suns. In turn Ulrik lit each of the pyres till at last all of the bodies were consumed by cleansing flame.

As Sergeant Haakon's last bed caught Ragnar threw back his head and howled, giving voice in one long lonely cry to all his grief and fury and pent-up emotion. One by one all the Space Marines round the fire did the same till their cries merged into a giant animal roar that drifted upward to the cold, unblinking stars.

SPACE WOLVES



**WOLF LORD
RAGNAR BLACKMANE**



**RAGNAR BLACKMANE
WOLF LORD**
70008/1



**SPACE WOLF
BACK BANNER 1**
70008/2

**WOLF PRIEST
ULRIK THE SLAYER**



**ULRIK THE SLAYER
WOLF PRIEST**
70011/1



**SPACE WOLF
BACK BANNER 2**
70023/2

**RUNEPRIEST
NJAL STORMCALLER**



**SPACE WOLF
RUNEPRIEST**
70023/1

SPACE WOLF GREY HUNTERS

A SPACE WOLF SQUAD MAY INCLUDE OTHER MODELS FROM OUR SPACE MARINE RANGES



**GREY HUNTER
SPACE MARINE
SERGEANT**
0802/1



**GREY HUNTER 1
MK7 SPACE MARINE**
0802/2



**GREY HUNTER 2
MK7 SPACE MARINE**
0802/3



**GREY HUNTER 3
MK7 SPACE MARINE**
0802/3



**EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED
SPACE WOLF GREY HUNTER**

THE GREY HUNTERS ARE SUPPLIED WITH A PLASTIC SPACE MARINE ARM SPRUE AND PLASTIC BOLTER AND BACKPACK SPRUE

Miniatures supplied unpainted. **WARNING.** This product contains lead which may be harmful if chewed or swallowed. Citadel Miniatures are not recommended for children under 14 years of age.
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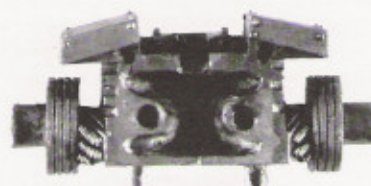
Designed by Jes Goodwin

SPACE WOLVES DREADNOUGHT

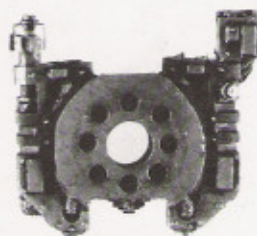
BJORN THE FELL-HANDED

THE COMPLETED BJORN THE FELL-HANDED

CONSISTS OF:
 1 x SARCOPHAGUS
 1 x REAR BODY
 1 x LOWER BODY
 1 x LEGS
 2 x FOOT
 1 x POWER PLANT
 1 x ASSAULT CANNON
 1 x LIGHTNING CLAW ARM
 1 x LIGHTNING CLAW
 1 x AUTO LAUNCHER
 1 x BANNER POLE 2



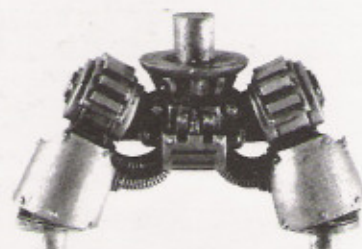
REAR BODY
0425/11



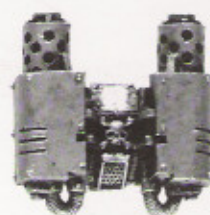
LOWER BODY
0425/2



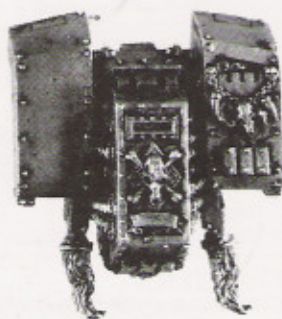
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0427/15



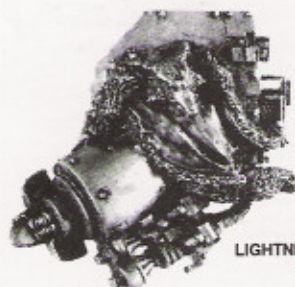
LEGS
0425/9



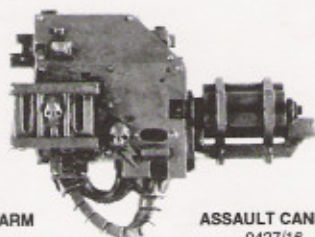
POWER PLANT
0425/4



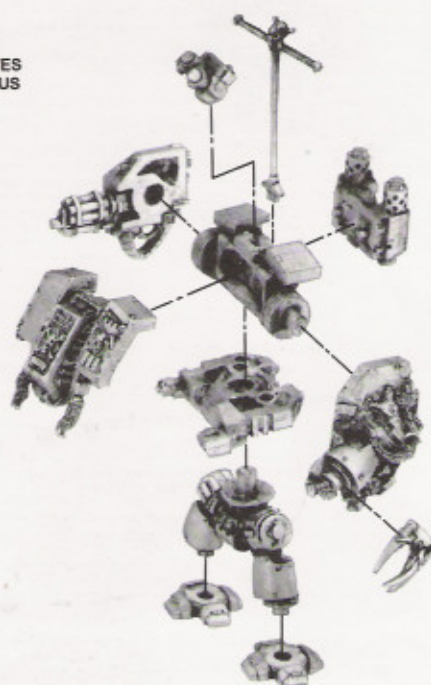
SPACE WOLVES
SARCOPHAGUS
0427/10



LIGHTNING CLAW ARM
0427/13



ASSAULT CANNON
0427/16



LIGHTNING CLAW
0427/14



FOOT
0425/8



AUTO LAUNCHER
0425/7

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Designed by Jes Goodwin

SPACE WOLVES

IRON PRIEST



IRON PRIEST
070035/1



IRON PRIEST
BACKPACK
070035/2

THE COMPLETE IRON PRIEST
CONSISTS OF:
1 X IRON PRIEST
1 X IRON PRIEST BACKPACK



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED IRON PRIEST

SERVITORS



SERVITOR 1
072000/1



SERVITOR 2
072000/2



WOLF GUARD IN POWER ARMOUR



WOLF GUARD 1
70015/1



WOLF GUARD 4
70015/4



WOLF GUARD 2
COMPANY STANDARD
70015/2



WOLF GUARD 3
70015/3

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH A PLASTIC SPACE MARINE ARM SPRUE AND A PLASTIC BACKPACK SPRUE



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED WOLF GUARD IN POWER ARMOUR



SPACE WOLVES

LONG FANGS

A SPACE WOLF SQUAD MAY INCLUDE OTHER MODELS FROM OUR SPACE MARINE RANGES



SPACE WOLF
LONG FANG 1
0804/2



SPACE WOLF
LONG FANG 2
0804/3



SPACE WOLF
LONG FANG 3
0804/4



SPACE WOLF
LONG FANG SERGEANT
0804/1



IMPERIAL
LASCANNON MK2
0813/5



MISSILE
LAUNCHER MK2
0813/4



HEAVY BOLTER MK2
0813/6

EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED SPACE WOLF LONG FANGS



THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH A PLASTIC SPACE MARINE ARM SPRUE AND A PLASTIC BACKPACK SPRUE

BLOOD CLAWS

A SPACE WOLF SQUAD MAY INCLUDE OTHER MODELS FROM OUR SPACE MARINE RANGES



SPACE WOLF
BLOOD CLAW 1
0805/2



SPACE WOLF
BLOOD CLAW SERGEANT
0805/1



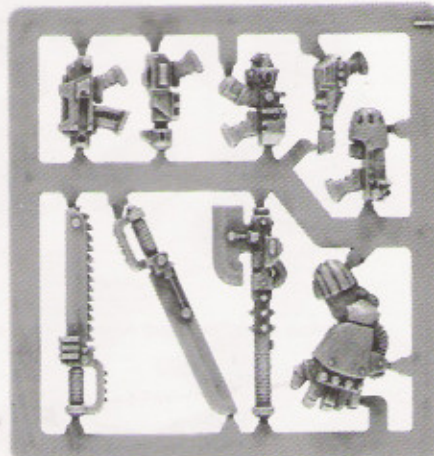
SPACE WOLF
BLOOD CLAW 2
0805/3



SPACE WOLF
BLOOD CLAW 3
0805/4



CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON SPRUE



1 x PLASMA PISTOL
1 x AUTO PISTOL
1 x BOLT PISTOL
1 x LAS PISTOL

1 x POWER SWORD
1 x POWER GLOVE
1 x POWER AXE
1 x CHAIN SWORD
1 x HAND FLAMER

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH ADEQUATE PLASTIC CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON SPRUES AND PLASTIC SPACE MARINE ARM AND BACKPACK SPRUES AS STANDARD

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SPACE MARINES

SPACE MARINE CAPTAINS



VETERAN CAPTAIN
070268/2



SPACE WOLF CAPTAIN
070268/4

THE COMPLETE
SPACE MARINE CAPTAIN
CONSISTS OF:
1 x CAPTAIN
1 x BACKPACK CLOAK



SPACE MARINE CAPTAIN
WITH TERMINATOR HONOURS
070268/1



BACKPACK CLOAK
070268/7

JUMP PACK ASSAULT TROOPS



JUMP PACK TROOPER 1
0426/2



JUMP PACK TROOPER 2
0426/1



JUMP PACK SERGEANT
0426/3



JUMP PACK
0426/4

THESE MODELS ARE SUPPLIED WITH MARINE ARMS AND CLOSE COMBAT SPRUES



EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED JUMP PACK ASSAULT TROOPS

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TERMINATORS

CYCLONE TERMINATOR



CYCLONE
70066/5



MISSILE TARGETER ARM
70066/6

THE COMPLETE CYCLONE
TERMINATOR CONSISTS OF:
1 x CYCLONE BODY
1 x MISSILE TARGETER ARM
1 x RIGHT ARM
PLEASE STATE WHICH
RIGHT ARM YOU REQUIRE
WHEN ORDERING

RIGHT ARMS



STORM BOLTER
70074/1



STORM BOLTER 2
70071/10

CLOSE COMBAT TERMINATORS



CLOSE COMBAT
70067/12



RIGHT LIGHTNING CLAW
70067/13



LEFT LIGHTNING CLAW
70067/14

THE COMPLETE LIGHTNING CLAW TERMINATOR CONSISTS OF:
1 x CLOSE COMBAT BODY
1 x RIGHT LIGHTNING CLAW
1 x LEFT LIGHTNING CLAW



THUNDER HAMMER
70068/15



SHIELD MOUNT ARM
70068/16



STORM SHIELD 1
70068/24



STORM SHIELD 2
70068/17

THE COMPLETE THUNDER HAMMER AND STORM SHIELD
TERMINATOR CONSISTS OF:
1 x CLOSE COMBAT BODY
1 x THUNDER HAMMER
1 x SHIELD MOUNT ARM
1 x STORM SHIELD
PLEASE STATE WHICH STORM SHIELD YOU REQUIRE
WHEN ORDERING

EXAMPLES OF THE COMPLETED LIGHTNING CLAW, THUNDER HAMMER AND STORM SHIELD AND CYCLONE TERMINATOR MODELS



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TERMINATORS

WOLF GUARD TERMINATORS

A SPACE WOLF SQUAD MAY INCLUDE OTHER MODELS FROM OUR SPACE MARINE RANGES



WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR
SERGEANT
0803/1



WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR 1
0803/2



WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR 2
0803/3

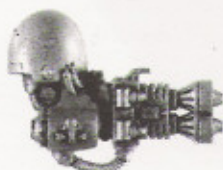


WOLF GUARD
RUNE PRIEST
70050/10



RUNE PRIEST
FORCE AXE
70050/11

RIGHT ARMS



WOLF GUARD
HEAVY FLAMER
0803/6



WOLF GUARD
STORM BOLTER
0803/5



WOLF GUARD
ASSAULT CANNON
0803/4

THE COMPLETE WOLF GUARD
RUNE PRIEST CONSISTS OF:
1 x STORM BOLTER
1 x RUNE PRIEST FORCE AXE
1 x RUNE PRIEST BODY

EACH COMPLETE
WOLF GUARD TERMINATOR
CONSISTS OF:
1 x RIGHT ARM
1 x LEFT ARM
1 x BODY
PLEASE STATE WHICH
ITEMS YOU REQUIRE
WHEN ORDERING

LEFT ARMS



WOLF GUARD
POWER SWORD
0803/9



WOLF GUARD
POWER FIST
0803/7



WOLF GUARD
CHAIN FIST
0803/8

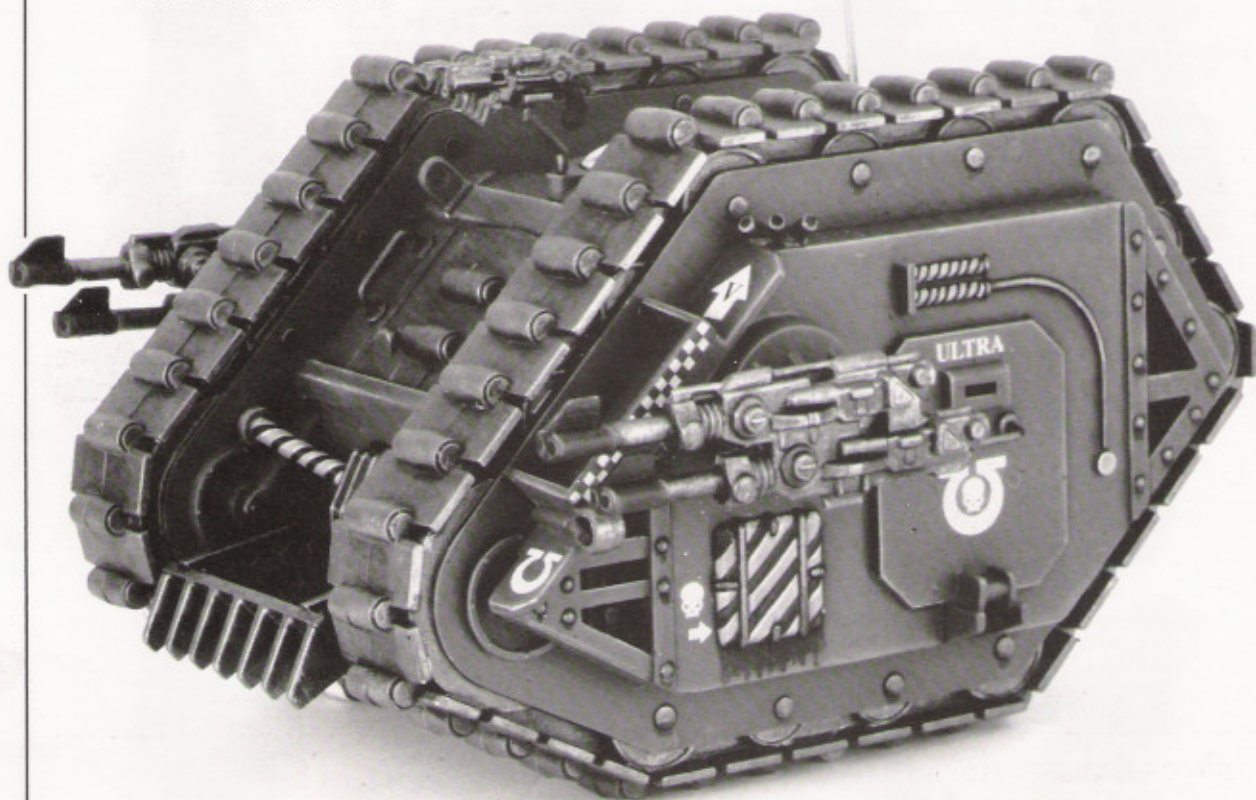


EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED WOLF GUARD TERMINATORS

PLASTICS

SPACE MARINE LAND RAIDER

THE COMPLETE
SPACE MARINE LAND RAIDER
CONSISTS OF:
1 x LAND RAIDER CHASSIS SPRUE
2 x LAND RAIDER TRACK SPRUE



THE ASSEMBLED LAND RAIDER PAINTED AS AN ULTRAMARINE VEHICLE

THESE PLASTIC KITS ARE DESIGNED TO BE USED WITH THE WARHAMMER 40,000 GAME SYSTEM. THIS RANGE OF MODEL KITS IS CONSTANTLY EXPANDING TO ENCOMPASS THE LIMITLESS VARIETY OF WAR MACHINES WHICH BATTLE IN THE NIGHTMARE FUTURE OF THE 41ST MILLENIUM

NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 36 MONTHS DUE TO SMALL PARTS AND ESSENTIAL POINTED COMPONENTS.
THESE KITS ARE SUPPLIED UNPAINTED AND NEED TO BE ASSEMBLED USING POLYSTYRENE CEMENT.



EACH MODEL KIT INCLUDES A DETAILED CONSTRUCTION SHEET AND CITADEL TRANSFER SHEET. THE TRANSFER SHEET INCLUDES ALL THE MARKINGS NEEDED FOR THE DARK ANGELS, ULTRAMARINES, SPACE WOLVES AND BLOOD ANGELS SPACE MARINE CHAPTERS. ALL MODELS ARE SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE.



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MINIATURES

PLASTICS

SPACE MARINE PREDATOR

THE COMPLETE
SPACE MARINE PREDATOR
CONSISTS OF:
1 x PREDATOR CHASSIS SPRUE
1 x RHINO CHASSIS SPRUE
2 x RHINO TRACK SPRUE



THE COMPLETED PREDATOR KIT IN THE COLOURS OF THE BLOOD ANGELS CHAPTER OF THE SPACE MARINES

SPACE MARINE RHINO

THE COMPLETE
SPACE MARINE RHINO
CONSISTS OF:
2 x RHINO CHASSIS SPRUE
2 x RHINO TRACK SPRUE



THE RHINO KIT ASSEMBLED AND PAINTED IN THE COLOURS OF THE DARK ANGELS

SCOUTS

WOLF SCOUT SERGEANTS



WOLF SCOUT SERGEANT 1
70005/1



WOLF SCOUT SERGEANT 2
70005/2



WOLF SCOUT SERGEANT 3
70005/3



WOLF SCOUT
BACKPACK
70005/4

THE COMPLETE
WOLF SCOUT SERGEANTS
CONSIST OF:
1 x WOLF SCOUT SERGEANT
1 x WOLF SCOUT BACKPACK

Designed by Jes Goodwin

SPACE MARINE SCOUTS



BOLTER 1
070295/11



BOLT PISTOL AND
COMBAT-KNIFE 1
070295/10



SHURIKEN CATAPULT
AND BIONIC EYE
070295/4



BOLTER AND HORNED
SHOULDER PAD
070295/5



BOLT PISTOL AND
COMBAT KNIFE 3
070295/1



BOLT PISTOL AND
COMBAT KNIFE 4
070295/3



BOLT PISTOL AND
COMBAT KNIFE 5
070295/2



BOLT PISTOL
070295/13



LAS GUN AND
PUNCH DAGGER
070295/6



BOLT PISTOL AND
COMBAT KNIFE 2
070295/12



BOLT PISTOLS
070295/9



BOLTER 2
070295/8

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CODEX **SPACE WOLVES**TM

In ages past the Mighty Primarch Leman Russ led the Space Wolves Chapter of Space Marine warriors. He was unsurpassed for ferocity in battle and no Chapter was as headstrong and battle keen. This invaluable companion to the Warhammer 40,000 game describes the armies of the Space Wolves Chapter in complete detail.

THE MIGHT OF THE SPACE WOLVES

The creation of the Space Wolves Chapter in the days of the Primarch Leman Russ is described together with their forbidding homeworld, the icy planet of Fenris.

ORGANISATION AND SPECIAL RULES

Organisational details and special rules are provided for the Space Wolves, including details of the Long Fangs, Grey Hunters and Blood Claws.

ARMY LIST

A complete army list for the Space Wolves Chapter is given together with special characters such as Njal Stormcaller, Ulrik the Slayer, Ragnar Blackmane and Logan Grimnar.

THE FANGS OF THE WOLF

A battle to the death between the Space Wolves and a powerful Ork horde.

'EAVY METAL

Colour photographs of the Space Wolves army painted by the Games Workshop 'Eavy Metal team.



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