

Dan Abnett • Karl Richardson

LONE WOLVES

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LONE WOLVES

DAN ABNETT • KARL RICHARDSON

Shadrac - an isolated Imperium world at the mercy of the insidious syratid menace. All resistance has fallen, all hope has been extinguished. Only one last group of survivors remain and their time is quickly running out as more and more of the syratid host close in on them. As the alien horde make their final advance, all that can save them is a miracle.

And then it arrives

This graphic novel collects the critically acclaimed first book of the Lone Wolves saga

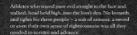
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In Lone Wolvers, Stold and his band of Space Wolf Maricis are powerful in the closes cense of the word halfsing eight-foot tall warrions whose usits of armout any jost as capable of powering a social coy as they are of destroying it. Their soil-purpose in his is to blindly follow the will of their God-Emperor – the supreme being from whom they are all divestly descended – and take to the field of bande so defend his territory and purply Where His engine from whom they are all divestly descended – and take to the field of bande so defend his territory and purply Where His engine for the transact flow purply where His engine for the International Conference of the Confere

No capes. No gaudy costumes. No spander.

Just hernes.

And definitely no dressing up as women.

Christian Dunn, Editor



THE MIRACLE









LAMPS AND FLAMER FUEL FOR MAYBE ONE MORE HIGHT.





IN THE HIGHT, HE LOSE A MAN. TROOPER OLSON. WE DON'T KNOW IT ONTIL DAWN. SEEMS HE JUST GOT OUT OF HIS BEDROLL AND MALKED AWAY, BAENS TELLS ME OLSON WAS SHOWING SYMPTOMS OF INCIPIENT ICE-MADNESS.



































SPACE HOLVES. SREAT GODS!
FORMARD COMMAND HEVER TOLD OS THAT THE MIGHTY ADEPTOS
ASTARTES HERE HERE ON SHADRAC.
MAS I MRONE, OR AM I DESAMINE?







HOW AT LAST WE HAVE SOMETHING T BATTERY LOW BATTERY LOW

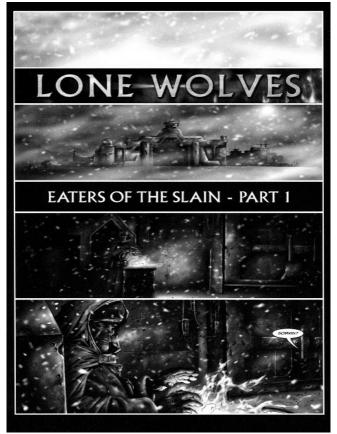




Cover to Warhammer Monthly #53 by Clint Langley

"The swarms have taken everything. The rest of the regiment, the armour, the troop ships.

'I think we're the only ones left alive.'





Dersonal Log Sergeant Pool Marin End Company Xth Slanck Regiment Imperial Guard Day 40 When we Found this oldrice station yesterday I throught our lock had changed



walls against the cold a roof even draws of feel But no food Our nations ran out on day 87. No sign of the enemy, no sign of even. Freels like we re the only things also of Shadrac and that worthest low.



Medic. Bons does his best but without food its just a matter of time for all of us. Sometimes. I just wish that the summes would come and get this over with — Scratch that

I'd rather die of cold and hunger than fell to the Tyrania















Fungel ergot poisons the mind, takes away reason, promotes beliainations and insanity. Baens is sure that whoever rothed the grain store did this Driven by lunger into abovinable madness. ANYTHING NOTHING DOWN THERE SARGE. SMADE? TAKE
FARNESE THAT WAY,
KLOFF, YOU COME WITH ME, WELL
MEST UP AT THE NEXT
JUNCTION. I KNOW. STAY SHARP. NO ONE'S SEEN SCRINN SINCE WATCH ROTATION. SKT(H! WHAT WAS THAT? Alleeghhi!







EATERS OF THE SLAIN - PART 2



Personal Log Sergeant Poul Marlin Brd Company Xth Slavok Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 4-1

We're stuck here in the ice wastes of Shadrac Friendless hopeless starring Freezing. And then this The men tried to talk me out of it but this has to be done.



Despite orders Triosper Sorkin ate tainted grain He ingested ergot poisoning and it drove him Ferd He tried to eat the corpos of our dead. Then he killed Trooper Kloff and dimost killed me.



Smade scared him off Sorkin ran like an animal out of the ice station into the wastes. The men say I should leave him to his fate. But I think different Atleast his tradic easy to follow.













Cover to Warhammer Monthly #61 by Karl Richardson

'Just one look and the Space Wolf is gone. Like a phantom. And I realise more than ever that we are all just a heartbeat from death and insanity. And a heartbeat from becoming the monsters we despise

'And a heartbeat from hope.'

LONE WOLVES



PAYBACK - PART 1







Personal Log Sergeant Pool Marin & Company Xth Slavek Regiment Imperial Guard Day 44

The more we see of the ice world Shedrac the less we like it But at least the transports have given us fresh hope. Making good speed west than sighted neither friend nor foe in three days



Somewhere out there there is a squad of Astartes, the legendary Space Wolfes. They swed us twice now Maybe if we could join up with them.



Its a hig maybe: If we can thind them its just us Twenty-eight men against a world overrun by the most rapacious renoshreed in the galaxy.

















LONE-WOLVES



PAYBACK - PART 2

Personal Log Sergeant Poul Marin Brd Company Xth Slavek Regiment Imperial Guard

The Wohes came out of nowhere and saved us Now they're giving their lives so we can escape from





They didn't he situate. They just ordered us to move on and turned back to face...







They risked their bes for as Now they've paying the price for that risk Emperor Hessaue. I'm no space Marine - none of us are - but there is a love a late of counge and trother hand and I'l is a damed if I cross it.









Cover of Warhammer Monthly #66 by John Gravato

'Drive, Smade. Drive like hell.

'Don't even think about what's behind us.'















Unused cover artwork by Mark Harrison

'It is the way of Fenris. We stay as long as we can. Fight as hard as we can. Kill as much as we can.

'Only when we can do no more do we move on.' **BLOODGELD - PART 1**



LONE-WOLVES



Dersond Log Sergeant Dout Maria Brd Company Xth Slanck Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 45

Our alles have taken us to their war camp, high on one of Shadrac's glaciers. If this is hospitality, Γ d honestly rather we facing tyranide.





the doesn't explain the abouts us all and then each of his own men. Then we drive while the Wolves throw the blood on the fire.





They start singing and searing war draws. The heart and the noise and the fool liquor they gave us names my senses. I wander off to try and clear my head...









LONE WOLVES

BLOODGELD - PART 2







Dersonal Loy Sergeant Dout Maria Brat Company Xth Slavok Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 45

It has been my privilege to learn the ways of the mythical space Wobes first hand. Few men have had the chance. My experience has proved to me without a doubt...





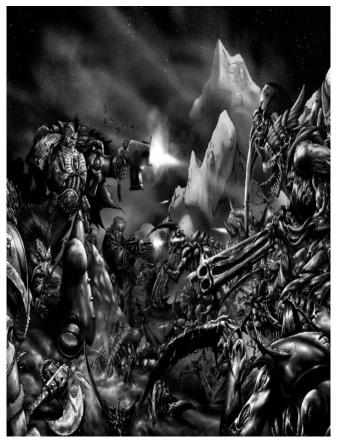
Tonight, Shadrac des so skold Greypelt has told me.

Toright, the entire planet breathes its last and succumbs to the larger of the Tyranids.



So this is to be our last stand. The 20th Slavek, Skold's pack, Back to back,

The last resistance this planet can offer.





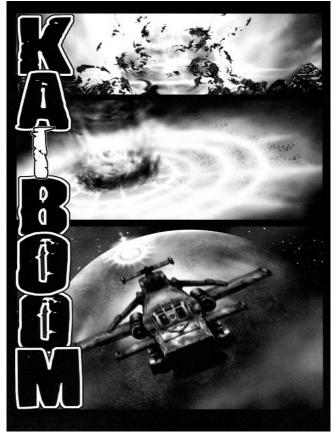
Skold told me the Woles only leave a fight when they can do no more. If eallike he's curting it fine. I have no idea how fine...





It's only once we're arknown that I remember Trygnes, the wolf who, despite his injuries, was still also like list high when with help his family fleast and built him a harrow grame. I also the second grame. I also from the house of the come shown in







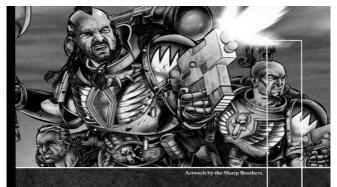
Shadrac is dead Lost to the hime. But not before the Wobes inflicted a brising reminder of Imperial might by entirely vaporising one of its swams.



Shadrac has redefined certain things for me Cold Prination Dain Fear_Hope... Courage.



With book, and if the God Emperor wils it, well reach an Imperial Outpost in nine teen weeks.



Lone Wolves One Shot

First appeared in issue 76 of Warhammer Monthly.

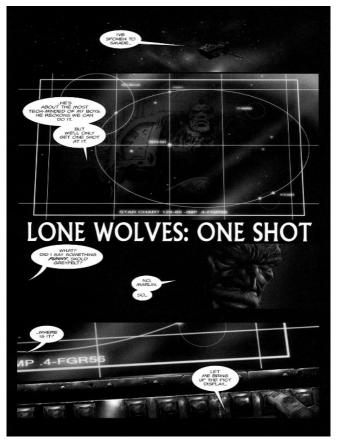




Cover to Warhammer Monthly #76 by Patrick Goddare

'Do you ever go into a fight thinking "there's no point giving my best, I'll get another chance later?"

'We only ever get one shot Marlin. Life is one shot.'























RERUTCHHH

FENRYS HJ-HUKKKRKKK!

SPLAICH

LEMAN IRUSS!

> SKOLDI SKOLDI ANSWER ME! WE'RE IN TROUBLE, SKOLDI WE'RE IN TROUBLE!

940101 940101

> GOD-EMPEROR'S SAKE! WE GOTTA DO





DAKKA DAKKA

DAKKAKA

YOU SAY THAT LIKE THERE'S SOMETIMES MORE THAN ONE SHOT.

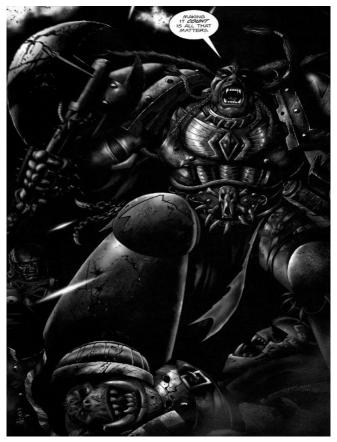
HA HA! ONE SHOT?

WHAT?

DO YOU

EVER GO INTO A FIGHT
THINKING THERE'S NO POINT
GIVING MY BEST, I'LL GET
ANOTHER CHANCE
LATER?

WE ONLY EVER GET ONE SHOT, MARLIN, LIFE IS ONE SHOT.











Unused cover artwork by Clint Langley

Lone Wolves Book Two Preview











SKETCHBOOK SECTION

With accompanying text from Dan Abnett's original script for the final episode.







LONE WOLVES

Script for 10 page episode Episode Seven - "Bloodgeld" (2 of 2)

Please note that unless specified otherwise ALL panels are 'page wide'

Page One

1. Page wide "letterbox". Extreme close up, so extreme, we can't really tell what it is yet (it's either the glinting centre of a Tyranid's eye or the shine on an exposed fang - you choose).

NO DIALOG

2. Page wide letterbox bar in which the title is reversed out of

TITLE: LONE WOLVES

Bloodgeld - part

3. Page wide "letterbox" - as 1, but pulling out a little so we can see more and see a little more of what it is. The beast is lunging towards

NO DIALOG

4. Page wide letterbox bar in which the credits are reversed out black.

CREDITS

Page wide - largest frame on page. Pull back on the attacking beast for full impact and slavering nastiness. The reader should feel like they're going to be the next victim.

NO DIALOG





WRITTEN COPY:

personal log: Sergeant Poul Marlin

3rd Company, Xth Slavok Regiment, Imperial Guard Day 45

It has been my privilege the learn the ways of the mythical Space Wolves first hand. Few men have had the chance. My experience has proved to me without a doubt...

3. Page wide, as frame 1, but pulling out further to show just how vast the sea of Nids is, and how small and vulnerable is the Imperial defensive circle. BTW, so we don't get confused later, the Nids are attacking from the 'front' three quarters, not the rear. Our guys have space to run back down the glacier to the ship (out of shot). However, the ice 'barrow' we saw being built last episode is visible a short distance behind them.

NO DIALOG





 Page wide "letterbox". Tight on Skold as he savagely destroys foes all around him.

SKOLD: HUNNAR! SERCO! BLOCK THEIR FLANK!

2. Page bar.

WRITTEN COPY: Tonight, Shadrac dies. So Skold Greypelt has told me.
Tonight, the entire planet breathes its last and succumbs
to the hunger of the Tyranids.

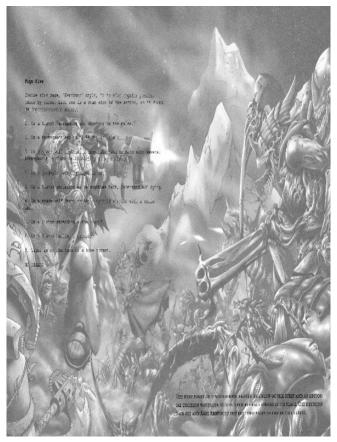
9. Page wide "letterbox". Tight on Marlin as he blasts at Nids left and right and yells formers to his men.

MARLIN: FASTER! SMADE! COVER FIRE LEFT! ELGIN! GET THOSE MEN

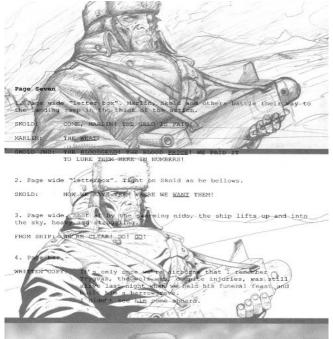
RELOADING

4. Page bar

WRITTEN COPY: So this is to be our last stand. The 19th Slavok. Skold a pack. Back to back. The last resistance this planet can offer.



Page Six 1. Fage wide "letterbox". In the thick of the fight, Elgin yells out to SARGE! AMMO'S NE UNDERSTOOD! "letterbox still blasting alongs do him. VEY RE AT WEAPON SKOAD: JOINED: BASK! BY SQUADS! CALL IN THE SHIP! ight when they can I have no idea how fine.../ 4. Splash filling the rest of page. As Slavok and wolf alive fall back, firing as they go, the immense shape of the wolves battle barge comes in low overhead from behind them bearing tamp lowered, turnet weapons taking the mea of transfer and or in closes camage. MARLE SEA ARGARDS







W BURNING NID CALPSES

 Page wide, "letterbox". The injured Trygoas of the ice barrow and looks up as the ship but The sea of Tyranids is surging towards the b

NO DIALO

Page wide "lecterbox". Trygyas sits down on the of the barrow, preparing to lie flat on his tack as the nids surge up

3. Page wide "letterbox". We look down at him lying flat om his back like a cavved crusader on top 5. c.yyr. His hands at growing on his chest. He looks up at us ignoring the hids bath are now wanting up ti swarming up the sides of the barrow all around.

NO DIALOG

4. As 3, but closer. Tryovas safety as he looks up at us. Now we see that he is holding a thought sechalise in His mind. The first talons/digats/limbs of the make are increased into the edges of the frame, about to reach him.

Fenris biølda.

Page wide, tight on his thumb as he fires the trigger



Page Nine

- 1. Page wide. A blinding white explosion vaporises the barrow and all the Nids in a three hundred metre radius.
- NO DIALOG
- 2. Page wide. Pull back, the blast, nuclear in force, is even bigger. The energy shockwave rips out through the boiling sea of Nids. False dawn.
- NO DIALOG
- Splase, On the ship as it hammers up into space. Below, a farge chunk of the thickly aumosphered planet's surface distorts with the circular light/eac/fad atlan shockage of the muge blast (big enough to take, out
- a city).
- NO DIALOG

1. Page wide "letterbox" looking at the exhausted Marlin sat on the floor of the ship's hold, back to the wall, gazing into nothing.

Page bar.

s dead. or Imperia one of its swarms.

though. But if

3. Page wide "letterbox". Pull back from the motionless Marlin to show the other survivors, guards and wolves spread about the hold space, standing, binding wounds, fallen, curled up, beads in hands etc. Total exhaustion and burn out.

NO DIALOG

4. Page bar.

Shadran has redefined certain things for me. WRITTEN COPY old. Privation. Pash. Hope, Courage,

5. Final page wide shot of the ship drifting away from us into deep

CAP:

FIN

we'll reach an Imperial Outpost in nineteen -personal log ends.









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