

**WARHAMMER**  
**40,000**



# CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS™

A CODEX: SPACE WOLVES SUPPLEMENT



# **CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS**

## **THE BRETHREN OF THE GREAT WOLF**

# INTRODUCTION



**The Great Company of Logan Grimnar is comprised of the greatest heroes in the Space Wolves Chapter. Their sagas replete with glorious deeds, they are the sworn battle-brothers of the Great Wolf himself and true Sons of Russ.**

Twelve Great Companies make up the Space Wolves Chapter, each formed around the powerful leadership of a Wolf Lord, the legendary captains of the Space Wolves. Foremost among the Wolf Lords is Logan Grimnar, the Great Wolf, High King of Fenris and Master of the Space Wolves Chapter. Those who serve in his Great Company are fanatically loyal to their charismatic and cunning leader, and ever strive through their deeds upon the battlefield to earn their liege's favour and a place in his Wolf Guard. They are the Champions of Fenris.

## CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS

Space Wolves are heroes all, and none more so than the warriors of Logan Grimnar's Great Company. For over five centuries the Old Wolf has commanded his warriors into battle on war-torn worlds from one end of the galaxy to the other. The Champions of Fenris count among their number some of the Space Wolves' greatest warriors and boast the largest Wolf Guard in the Space Wolves Chapter, each one a renowned fighter and skilful leader. When the Old Wolf sails to war the Champions are supported by the Space Wolves' most revered figures, such as the Venerable Dreadnoughts who comprise the Brethren of the Fell-Handed and the priests of Grimnar's War Council, heroes who answer only to the Great Wolf himself.

## HOW THIS CODEX SUPPLEMENT WORKS

If you are reading this codex supplement, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer 40,000 hobby. *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules* contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your Citadel miniatures, while *Codex: Space Wolves* contains everything you need to field a force of Space Wolves in these games.

This book tells you of the glorious history of Logan Grimnar himself, his legendary deeds and rise to command of one of the Imperium's most powerful Space Marine Chapters. Furthermore, in these pages you will hear of his Wolf Guard – the heroes who have fought by the Great Wolf's side and the many battles they have won in his name. You'll also discover a showcase of fantastically painted Space Wolves miniatures depicting Logan Grimnar and the warriors and war machines of his Great Company. You will then find rules which allow you to arrange your collection of Citadel miniatures into Formations or Detachments from Grimnar's Great Company, as well as the relics and

Warlord Traits available to the Champions of Fenris. You can add these to an existing army, or use them to field an army from the Great Company itself. Finally, this book includes new missions, allowing you to recreate some of the most important battles of the Champions of Fenris and to employ Logan Grimnar's favoured tactics.







# THE GREAT WOLF



**Great Wolf Logan Grimnar has ruled the Space Wolves Chapter for over five hundred years, and has claimed countless great victories during his reign. He is a hero like no other, renowned across the Imperium as both saviour and warrior-king. He has led the Sons of Russ in countless battles, changing the course of history time and again with his deeds.**

As the final bloody days of the 41st Millennium come to an end, Logan Grimnar, the Great Wolf, sits upon his throne on Fenris and prepares for the Wolftime. A scarred veteran of a thousand campaigns, Logan is amongst the oldest of the Imperium's warlords, having lived for over seven centuries. However, despite the weight of years that rests upon his broad shoulders, he remains vital and determined. Like an old, long-fanged Thunderwolf, Grimnar is a dangerous and cunning foe. The Space Wolves follow Logan not just out of duty, but because they idolize him. Few Chapter Masters can be said to be held in such towering esteem as Logan Grimnar. His is an authority and charisma that transcends that of common generals and warlords, and none that have met his gaze can deny that they stand in the presence of a true leader.

## HIGH KING OF FENRIS

The length of Logan Grimnar's reign and the success of the Space Wolves during this time speak to the force of leadership and talent for war that Grimnar possesses. Few generals can match the raw charisma possessed by Logan Grimnar; though some may have to work hard to earn the respect of their men, to the Great Wolf this is something that comes naturally. Logan has won the approval of his Space Wolves through his deeds and his words. On the field of battle the Old Wolf leads by example, always the first to charge into the fray.

The Space Wolves are drawn from the warrior tribes of Fenris, a frozen and inhospitable world of vast oceans and slaving predators. In many ways the structure of the Space Wolves Chapter mirrors the tribal origins of its battle-brothers. Logan Grimnar is seen not just as a military commander but also as a great clan leader or longship captain – positions of revered power on the world of Fenris. This recognition brings with it many ancient responsibilities, such as constantly having to prove his right to lead, through both skill at arms and his leadership in battle. Logan Grimnar is not Chapter Master of the Space Wolves by virtue of inheritance; he has earned the right through strength, courage, wisdom and honour.

## THE OLD WOLF

Logan Grimnar's face is lined with the scars of an age of war. His long white beard and grey braids tell a tale of an ancient warrior lord who has spent many lifetimes fighting across the Sea of Stars. Those that look into his golden eyes cannot doubt the cunning and iron will that lurk there, and despite centuries of battle Logan Grimnar remains a peerless and redoubtable warlord. In his time the Old Wolf has made war in every segmentum in the galaxy, against almost every foe known to Mankind. Under the cursed stars of the Eye of Terror he has fought Daemons and renegades, while in the ancient alien ruins of remote worlds he has brought doom to the Eldar and their dark kin. On planets burning out of control he has put down Ork Waaaghs!, and amid the madness of Tyranid invasions he has crushed the broods of the Hive Mind. Wherever the foes of the Imperium rise up to wreak havoc, the axe of the Old Wolf falls.

Many times has Logan Grimnar led the Imperium to victory when all had seemed lost. During the First War for Armageddon he commanded his Space Wolves against the ravening Chaos hordes of Angron and orchestrated the defeat of the Daemon Primarch of Khorne. On Eros Kyn, the Great Wolf alone held the Heaven Gate with the corpses of his kills piled ten deep around him, while on Midgardia he held back the implacable advance of the Necron legions. Hefting the Axe Morkai, Logan Grimnar gathers the Space Wolves for war, and as one great pack they howl their defiance into the void.



## GRIMNAR'S KINGSGUARD

*Each Wolf Lord maintains a cadre of elite Wolf Guard, comprising the very finest of the warriors under his command. Logan Grimnar is no exception, and maintains perhaps the largest Wolf Guard of all the Wolf Lords, counting among its number many of the greatest warriors in the entire Chapter. Unlike the Codex Chapters, the elite of the Space Wolves are not always chosen from those warriors who have served longest, or earned the title of veteran. Rather, they are selected for their bravery and skill at arms, having drawn the attention of their lord through glorious deeds and unflinching loyalty.*

*Logan's Wolf Guard is so large that it is split into several smaller packs, many of which have earned great renown for their deeds, yet when they gather for war at the Great Wolf's side they are collectively known as the Kingsguard. These Champions of Fenris are always at the Great Wolf's call, accompanying him into every battle and commanding his armies when the needs of war call him away. Grimnar's Kingsguard defend him with their lives, and slay without mercy those who would raise blades against the master of the Space Wolves. They are the shield and sword of the Great Wolf, fending off enemy attacks before landing the killing blow.*

*To face the Kingsguard of Fenris in battle is to face death itself. The howling warriors fall upon their opponents like the wolves of their home world, tearing flesh with their fangs and wreaking destruction with their great wolf claws.*



# THE SHADOW OF RUSS



**When Logan Grimnar was young the Sky Warriors saw the seeds of greatness within him. Since then he has proven himself fearless in battle, wise in counsel and tempered of spirit. Not since the time of Leman Russ has the Chapter known such a leader – the Wolf Lord’s ascension to Chapter Master seemed to be blessed by the great Primarch himself.**

Logan Grimnar’s home world of Fenris is a planet that spends most of its solar year gripped by ice and snow. Once each cycle Fenris draws close to its star, the Wolf’s Eye. Its frozen seas thaw, its mantle breaks and boiling magma bleeds out from the heart of the world. In this time the planet is remade anew, its human tribes setting off in their longboats to find new homes so that they might survive for another year. From this harsh and brutal environment the Space Wolves recruit their battle-brothers. Logan once lived among the Fenrisians, a young warrior of the Iron Blood tribe. Even in his early years the future Wolf Lord made a name for himself among the Fenrisians as a fearless fighter and bold salior. However, it was not until a fateful battle on the Sea of Blades that the eyes of the Sky Warriors fell upon him and his destiny was changed forever.



## THE SEA OF BLADES

Land is life on Fenris, and only those tribes that can find a place to beach their longships for the long winter to come have a chance to survive. Land is also scarce, and a tribe must be willing to fight for what it finds, lest another take it from them. Sometimes massive landmasses will rise up out of the sea, bringing with them treasure-filled ruins and precious materials for the forging of weapons and the construction of ships. In these times many tribes will fight for dominance of these rare prizes and the sea will become filled with longships.

When the Kraken’s Spur rose up from the Boiling Ocean Logan sailed with the Iron Blood tribe, and their allies the Tide Hounds, to its shores. With strength of arm and ruthless cunning he fought against the Sea Devil and Ice Fang tribes, staining the smoking rocks of the Spur bright with their blood. In the ruins of the Temple of Morkai, Logan’s crew were ambushed by the leader of the Sea Devils, Thorgil Icetooth, and his Kraken Guard.

In a matter of minutes the once-silent halls of the temple echoed with the sounds of battle. Thorgil and his hulking reavers overwhelmed the Iron Bloods until Logan alone, a gore-spattered axe in either hand, stood atop the altar to Morkai.

From high above the ruins, a Wolf Priest watched the combat unfold. For days the priest had followed the exploits of the young warrior as his crew fought in a series of daring and masterful raids against his foes. Now he stood witness as Logan fought off a dozen Fenrisian tribesmen, his axes a blur of crimson movement as they opened throats and hacked off limbs. Finally, Thorgil himself challenged Logan, and the two warriors clashed over the piled corpses of their crews. As Logan buried his axe in Thorgil's skull, the Wolf Priest could have sworn he saw the shadow of a hulking power-armoured giant with a flowing mane of hair rising up behind the victorious tribesman. Uttering a prayer to the Emperor, the priest knew then that the Allfather blessed this youth. When Iron Blood scouts found the ruins of the temple they discovered only the tangled bodies of Thorgil and his men, but no sign of Logan.

*'The shadow of Russ follows this one, like none I have seen before. His will be the fate of the Chapter, each woven with the other.'*

- Ulrik the Slayer

## IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF RUSS

The Wolf Priest was not the only one to see the greatness of Russ within the young Logan Grimnar. A warrior named Ulrik would remain close to the recruit, constantly testing him and seeing if he was indeed worthy of the wyrd his mentor perceived about him. The first hints of this greatness came during the Trial of Morkai, when Logan slew the ice troll Frostblood, a dread beast that had killed dozens of the Chapter's recruits. In a cave filled with the remains of Fenrisian warriors, Logan jammed a broken bone into Frostblood's eye, howling his rage into the beast's face even as its fangs savaged his arm.

The Canis Helix bonded with Logan as though he had been born to become a Space Marine, and in time the young warrior was inducted into Asvald Stormwrack's Great Company as a Blood Claw. Logan proved his skill and valour repeatedly in wars across the Sea of Stars, taking to the life of a Sky Warrior as easily as if he had been sailing the seas of Fenris. However, what made the future Wolf Lord stand out from his brothers was not just his bravery or his cunning, but the boundless charisma he wielded like a weapon. His easy grin and ready jests earned him the trust of everyone he met, even the old and cynical Long Fangs of the company, who grudgingly admitted they had warmed to the whelp.

After over a century of war and unparalleled heroism, Logan Grimnar had risen to earn a

place among Asvald's Wolf Guard, often keeping the counsel of the Wolf Lord and always close to his side. As always, the Wolf Priests kept close watch on Grimnar, and Ulrik taught the young warrior all there was to know about the traditions and history of the Chapter. When Asvald finally fell in battle before the Cyclopean Rift, Logan Grimnar was elected Wolf Lord in his place by unanimous assent of his fellow Wolf Guard.

## THE FIRST WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON

Favoured by the Chapter and with the shadow of greatness upon him it was only a matter of time before Logan Grimnar ascended to the rank of Great Wolf. Few Space Wolf battle-brothers had ever seen a warrior as skilled or a general so gifted as Grimnar, and all who stood in his presence could not help but be swayed by his rich booming voice. As the priest had foreseen; Grimnar was like a hero of old, elevating the Chapter to new heights of greatness.

Logan Grimnar's first great test as Chapter Master was to be upon the war-torn world of Armageddon. An industrial hub for over a hundred systems, the hive world was a lynchpin munitions planet for the Imperium. Angron, Daemon Primarch of the World Eaters Traitor Legion, struck Armageddon in the fifth century of the 41st Millennium, leaving a trail of blood and death in his wake as he stormed out of the Eye of Terror. In the first terrible days of the invasion Angron and his chaotic hosts ravaged the world's hive cities. The Astra Militarum's Steel Legion of Armageddon fought valiantly and with great determination but they were as men before vengeful demi-gods, and the fields of battle were soon littered with their broken and bloody corpses. The World Eaters would have turned the entire planet into an abattoir dedicated to their dark god had it not been for the intervention of the Space Wolves. Answering the call of the imperilled world, Logan Grimnar led the entire Chapter to Armageddon.



On the banks of the mile-wide River Chaeron the Space Wolves and Steel Legion made their stand. Logan proved his leadership time and again, turning back the Chaos host and holding together the armies of the Imperium by force of will. When the World Eaters and their daemoniac allies broke upon the banks of the Chaeron, Angron turned east and personally led an assault toward the Helsreach and Infernus hives, twelve Bloodthirsters forming a bodyguard around the Daemon Primarch. Here Logan showed not just his fearlessness in battle, but also his wisdom. Whereas many other Wolf Lords would have struck Angron head on, hungry for personal glory and the thrill of battle, Logan knew that courage and steel would not be enough. Just before the Space Wolves attacked, the Great

Wolf let out a piercing howl. Responding to his pre-planned signal an entire brotherhood of Grey Knight Terminators teleported into the midst of Angron and his Bloodthirsters, the psychic warriors turning the tide in the Imperium's favour.

In the aftermath of the war Logan was to show another of his rare qualities: compassion for those weaker than he. When the Inquisition deported most of the surviving defenders of Armageddon to labour camps, to perish out of sight for fear of the taint of Chaos, Logan almost went to war over such an injustice. Only the intervention of Bjorn the Fell-Handed stayed his hand, though the Great Wolf has never forgotten the Inquisition's actions.

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## THE AXE MORKAI

*Logan Grimnar's weapon is a trophy of war, prised from the cold dead hands of a powerful champion of the Dark Gods. It was upon the battlefields of Armageddon that the Great Wolf won his fabled axe, amid the blood and fire of the battle on the banks of the River Chaeron. After hours of bitter fighting, the river ran red with blood and the bodies of Cultists and traitor Guardsmen were piled high. World Eaters Chaos Space Marines attempted to cross the river in baroque armoured barges or over bridges melded from the bodies of screaming slaves, the traitors charging across the flesh-structures to reach the Space Wolves. Seeing a chance to turn the tide of battle, Logan Grimnar led his Wolf Guard down into the gore-clouded water to meet the berserk warriors of Khorne head-on.*

*The Chaos Champion Akor Doomflayer charged out of the ranks of the World Eaters, his rune-encrusted axe cutting down two of Grimnar's Wolf Guard in the span of a few moments. Suddenly the Great Wolf found himself fighting for his life, Doomflayer's insane fury pushing him back toward the Imperium's defensive line. With an incoherent cry the Khornate Champion struck the flat of Grimnar's frost blade, shattering it into a million glittering shards. Doomflayer's moment of triumph was also his last, as the Great Wolf lunged inside his executioner's swing, ripping off his skull-faced helm with a clawed hand and sinking his fangs into the exposed throat underneath. As Doomflayer fell into the bloody river Grimnar snatched up his opponent's crimson-steel axe, cutting a path back to his Wolf Guard through knots of homicidal Khorne Berserkers. For the rest of the campaign on Armageddon Logan fought with the axe, and upon his return to Fenris he had it reforged, dubbing it the Axe Morkai.*





# THE WAR OF THE WOLF



**There are few enemies the Space Wolves loathe more than those who turn against their own kind; traitors, oath-breakers and turncoats. When Logan Grimnar learnt that the arch-traitor Abaddon had found one of the lost Wolf Brothers, he assembled the Champions of Fenris to deliver the Space Wolves' justice.**

For the Space Wolves, one of their greatest and most closely-guarded secrets is the fate of their one and only successor Chapter, the Wolf Brothers. Created as part of the Second Founding, the Wolf Brothers' gene-seed proved unpredictable and unstable, combining all the worst aspects of the Canis Helix and the curse of the Wulfen. After the Chapter was disbanded hundreds of Wolf Brothers vanished entirely, taking with them prized gene-seed created from the Space Wolves' own stockpiles.

In the year 612.M41 word reached the Great Wolf that one of these long lost brothers was found. For millennia the Space Wolves had been watching over their wayward kin, secretly shielding them from both the wrath of the Imperium and the influences of Chaos – though not always with success. So was it to be this time, and the glad news of the Wolf Brother's discovery was tainted by word that the planet upon which he rested was in the hands of the Black Legion. Worse still, rumour placed the arch-traitor Fabius Bile within the system, and Grimnar knew it could only be the Wolf Brother and his unstable gene-seed that Bile sought. Access to the successor Chapter's gene-seed would enable the traitorous geneticist to create an army of monstrously corrupt, mutated horrors to fight for the forces of Chaos. The Great Wolf would be damned before he let this come to pass. Calling his Wolf Guard to his side the Old Wolf ordered his Great Company gathered. So armed, Grimnar, his most trusted champions and a small fleet of ships set off into the Sea of Stars to find the Wolf Brother and slay any who dared stand in their way.




## THE WOLF BROTHERS

*In the aftermath of the Horus Heresy the Space Marine Legions were broken down into smaller formations known as Chapters, so that no-one could ever again hold power over an entire Legion. Some of the Legions divided many times and spawned many successors, while the Space Wolves divided only once. Their sole successor Chapter, named the Wolf Brothers, was forged during the Second Founding. It was the dream of the Primarch Leman Russ that the Wolf Brothers would be the first in a*

*series of Chapters drawn from his genetic ancestry, and the Space Wolves, along with their successors, would create a cordon around the Eye of Terror to shield against future attacks from the Traitor Legions.*

*Tragically, the gene-seed of the Wolf Brothers was fatally flawed, leading to the manifestation of large numbers of Wulfen and other, more terrible, abominations within their ranks. Shortly after their creation the Chapter was disbanded by the Ordo Astartes, its stores of gene-seed destroyed and its surviving battle-brothers given the choice between a death in glorious battle or a shameful execution. However, before the Ordo Astartes' orders could be fully carried out much of the Chapter disappeared, the Wolf Brothers vanishing into the depths of space. Some within the Adeptus Terra accused Leman Russ of warning the successor Chapter or even aiding their escape, though no proof was ever uncovered. To this day rumours persist of small bands of Wolf Brothers fighting with Renegade Chapters or living as pariahs in the shadow of the Eye of Terror.*



## THE WELL OF SOULS

Keen hunters and able voidfarers, it did not take long for the Champions of Fenris to find the planet on which the Wolf Brother was hidden, despite the stench of traitors hanging heavy around the Eye of Terror. Guided by intelligence collected by his Wolf Scouts and following the augur-scent left by the Black Legion craft, Grimnar and his Wolves came upon the world of Lumerius. A frozen ball of frost and snow, barely warmed by the watery light from its distant blue star, Lumerius was where the Wolf Brother lay, imprisoned in the ice-locked ruin of a shipwreck thousands of years old.

From the command bridge of his Strike Cruiser on the far edges of the system, Grimnar considered the reports of his Wolf Guard and the faint outline of the Styx class Heavy Cruiser *Well of Souls* hanging like a dark splinter in the milky white eye of Lumerius. Grimnar had chosen a small but elite flotilla of ships for speed and stealth, and lacked the brute strength to take on such a powerful vessel in open combat. Neither could he ignore it, however. In the end it was his champion Arjac Rockfist that came up with a daring plan to take out the enemy vessel, one that brought fierce grins to the faces of the Champions and a thundering din as they beat their fists onto their chest plates in approval.

Like shadows racing across the night sky a salvo of boarding torpedoes silently bore down upon the *Well of Souls*. The Space Wolves had launched the missiles from the depths of space, letting their engines burn cold until they glided in under inertia alone. Inside the lead torpedo Grimnar, Arjac and a dozen Wolf Guard Shieldbrothers braced for impact. Seconds before they struck home the Chaos vessel's augurs detected them, enemy crews scrambling to quad-lascannon turrets and krak missile batteries. As the void came alive

with slashes of light and fire the Wolf Guard joked over the vox that they might have to swim the rest of the way, as the armoured hulls were rocked by nearby explosions and raking lascannon fire.

Grimnar's boarding torpedo had its tip sheared off by a fusillade of turret fire, vaporising the Servitor pilot and sending the craft spinning. It tumbled through the open launch bay doors of the *Well of Souls* and crashed into the deck with the screech of tortured metal. With a bellowing war cry Grimnar smashed his way free of the wreck, the first of the Champions of Fenris out into the hold. Tangled in a twisted ruin of gantries, the torpedo had skidded to a halt beneath a Heldrake roost, dozens of the Daemon-engines hanging like monstrous mechanical chiropterans overhead. Black Legion Chaos Space Marines on the deck below fired bolters one-handed as they scaled ladders to meet this unidentified threat.

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*'Follow me and I promise you glory and adventure! Follow me and I promise that, if you fall, your name will be sung for as long as the Sons of Russ walk the stars!'*  
- Logan Grimnar

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Moments later, Arjac and the Shieldbrothers rejoined their lord. The first Black Legion warrior to reach them had his head hacked from his shoulders by the Axe Morkai, while the second was torn to bloody ribbons by Grimnar's storm bolter. Stirred by the sounds of battle, a Heldrake descended from above, sweeping out its wings and snatching up a Wolf Guard Terminator in its claws. Even as the daemoniac beast soared off over the launch bay the veteran smashed at it with his hammer, cursing the creature and the Warp that had spawned it. The Heldrake let out a metallic screech as it tore the Space Wolf apart in a shower of gore and shattered ceramite, its kin heeding its call and unfurling their wings.

Bolt rounds hurtled up from below, blasting ragged holes in the gantry and exploding against the Shieldbrothers' armour as the traitor Space Marines concentrated their fire on the invaders. In the air above, Heldrakes circled like gargantuan carrion birds, swooping down to snatch up Wolf Guard or washing the Space Wolves with flaming death. Arjac Rockfist held the centre of the Space Wolves' formation, the Anvil Shield bashing aside the razor jaws and claws of the Heldrakes as they snapped hungrily at the Space Wolves, while Foehammer scored fracturing blows against the creatures' Warp-iron hides. Again and again his hammer was cast at the Daemon Engines, each time flashing back to his hand in an actinic blaze.

With his warriors outnumbered and trapped amongst the wreckage of insertion, the Old Wolf had known from the start it would be but a matter of time before they were overwhelmed. Thinking on his feet, Grimnar struck at the supports of the gantry from which enemy reinforcements were arriving. In a shower of sparks the walkway came free,

the scream of twisting metal drowning out the cries of the Heldrakes as it hurtled to the deck below.

## ARJAC ROCKFIST

*The towering warrior known as Arjac Rockfist has served as Logan Grimnar's champion for longer than some men live. A mountain of a man, Arjac was large even before he drank from the Cup of Wulfen, growing to become a true giant as the Canis Helix took root within his flesh. However, it was not his size and strength alone that won him an honoured place at the side of the Great Wolf. Arjac's bravery is matched only by his unflinching loyalty to the Chapter and his battle-brothers, and countless times he has placed the lives of his packmates before his own. During the Battle of the Weeping Stars, Arjac was the last to abandon the crippled Strike Cruiser Fangs of Fenris, dragging wounded brothers to the salvation pods even as the hulk burned around him. While protecting the Great Wolf on the crystal plains of Vhaldon IX, Arjac filled the Mirrored Gate with the corpses of Hormagaunts until the weight of the Tyranids' own dead halted their advance.*

*Arjac's strength affords him the ability to wield weapons of unusual bulk and heft. The Anvil Shield is a huge storm shield that can be used as a bludgeon in itself – many a foe's skull has been shattered on its rune-covered surface. Foehammer is an equally oversized thunder hammer, which delivers devastating blows when combined with the Champion's superhuman strength. Foehammer is more than merely a potent close combat weapon, for it incorporates an ancient miniaturised teleporter keyed to Arjac's gauntlet, allowing it to be hurled at the enemy from a distance before returning to its wielder's outstretched hand in a flash of scorched atmosphere.*



# GUNS OF CHAOS

While Logan Grimnar and his Wolf Guard were locked in combat underneath the Heldrake roost, the rest of the Champions of Fenris had breached the *Well of Souls* in their own torpedos. Ranulf Ironfang and Ingvarr Thunderbrow led a pack of Wolf Guard Void Claws – clad in hulking Terminator armour and armed with paired wolf claws, they proved deadly in the close quarters fighting. Enemy crewmen would try to erect hasty barricades in corridors and void-locks, only to crumble before the fury of the Space Wolves. Only when squads of Black Legionnaires confronted them did the advance slow, the deafening hammer of boltgun fire and blinding flash of wolf claws filling the corridors. After each brutal skirmish Ranulf would make some jest about the quality of their foes while grinning at Ingvarr, and each time Ingvarr would shake his head in silence, only once allowing the ghost of a smile to cross his features when Ranulf hurled a deck-hand at one of his erstwhile overlords.



Meanwhile in the depths of the ship, Grimnar fought his way towards his intended target. Reduced to a handful of Shieldbrothers, the Great Wolf's force smashed its way through the Black Legion defences with hammer and shield. With arcing hammer blows the Space Wolves caved in blast doors to clear a path. Finally the Great Wolf and his packmates emerged into the Chaos cruiser's gun loading deck. Vast beyond reckoning, the deck spanned almost the full length of the vessel. Along the outer hull towering macro cannons, each as large as a hab-block, pointed out into the void. On overhead tracks, cranes and hoists transported shells the size of Land Raiders, while thousands of slaves hauled on chains of black iron under the lashes of their overseers. Grimnar pointed with his axe to where fresh ordnance was being carried up from the ship's magazine below. Here was where they would cripple the *Well of Souls* and take her out of the fight. The vessel's captain was no fool, however, and between Grimnar and his goal were a dozen Black Legion Terminators, backed by throngs of maddened Cultists. Baring his fangs Grimnar raised the Axe Morkai above his head and charged. As the two sides closed bolt rounds and autogun fire whipped between them, detonating in clouds of scorched flesh or ricocheting from Terminator plate. Then, with a deafening crash, the two sides met.

Against the disciplined elite of the Black Legion and the disorganised rabble of the Cultists the pride of the Space Wolves proved their skill and ferocity. Brutal hammer blows, flashing fangs and crackling storm shields all took their toll, as Space Wolves were dragged down with savage snarls on their lips. Though the Black Legion were a dire foe indeed, under the protection of the Shieldbrothers the Master of the Space Wolves and his champion slew them to a man. As Grimnar tore the Axe Morkai from the throat of the last Chaos Terminator in a spray of blood, he realised that only he and Arjac remained standing. Bloody but unbowed, the Great Wolf gave the signal to Arjac, who hurled Foehammer with all his prodigious strength into the critical workings of the macro-cannon shell hoist. As the chains broke, a massive shell fell back down into the ship's primary magazine with a deafening detonation.



## HEART OF THE VOID

Ranulf Ironfang was the first to step onto the *Well of Souls*' bridge, his hulking grey form lumbering through the still smoking remains of the void-lock. At his side Ingvarr Thunderbrow and a score of other Void Claws thundered across the deck to meet the Chaos forces. As the Space Wolves pressed their assault, Voidheart, favoured of the Despoiler's lieutenants, watched them come. Clad in baroque black armour with a helm of twisted horns and the leering face of a Daemon, Voidheart sat on the vessel's command

throne overseeing his warriors below. From all sides of the huge chamber Chaos Space Marines marched forward, blades and bolters ready to end the invaders.

Ranulf howled his challenge and charged, his brothers close upon his heels. Everywhere the air was filled with the crash of mass-reactive bolter rounds and the screech of ceramite being rent asunder. Eyes fixed on the Daemon-faced Chaos Lord, Ranulf forged a bloody trail across the deck. His heavy Terminator armour turned the blades and bolt rounds hammering down upon him, while his frost blade parried blows and flashed out to sink into heretic flesh. By the time Ranulf reached the base of the command throne his armour was scarred by dozens of blows and his sword was crimson with blood.

Voidheart levelled his Daemon blade at Ranulf as he descended from the throne, promising him an eternity of torment within the Warp. Ranulf's response was blunt, crude and to the point. Voidheart easily repelled Ranulf's first flurry of attacks, and at once the Wolf Guard knew how dangerous an adversary he faced. His foe's Daemon blade cut darkly through the air around him, black Warp-flame dancing hypnotically along its edge. Voidheart's hatred of the Space Wolf was almost palpable in its intensity – a feeling Ranulf held in equal measure for the thrice-cursed traitor standing before him.



For a span of agonising minutes Ranulf tried to breach Voidheart's guard, but the Daemon sword seemed to move with a mind of its own, always there to turn his frost blade. Sparing a second's glance across the bridge, he could see his brothers equally pressed by the massed ranks of the Black Legion, and was forced to accept that there would be no aid against Voidheart. This moment of distraction was what the Chaos Lord had been waiting for, and in an instant his weapon flicked forward in an attempt to pierce Ranulf's skull. Only the Wolf Guard's acute senses saved his life, and he twisted partly out of the way. Even so, the unnatural blade pierced his helm and scored a bloody line across his face, burning away his left eye.

Howling in rage and pain, Ranulf bared his fangs and snarled at Voidheart. Deep within Ranulf's mind the shadow of the Wulfen stirred to life and the Space Marine hurled himself at his foe like a wounded Thunderwolf, the two exchanging a flurry of blows. However, it was only when an explosion from far below threw the combatants off balance that the tide turned, a momentary opening allowing Ranulf to hack off Voidheart's sword arm at the shoulder. Clutching the ruined, bleeding stump, the Chaos Lord fled the bridge, his crew moving to cover his escape.

As another explosion from below rocked the deck, Ranulf heard the crackling vox message from the Great Wolf ordering them to withdraw. Cursing the escape of Voidheart, Ranulf hurried to obey the command of his Wolf Lord. Supporting their wounded, Ranulf, Ingvarr and the remaining Void Claws enacted a fighting retreat. Down through decks of fire and ruin they battled, clearing the way with the savage fervour of cornered wolves. As the Space Marines reached the aft launch decks of the *Well of Souls*, the Chaos craft was already listing dangerously toward Lumerius: the damage had been done. Debris raining down all around them, the Wolf Guard fought their way onto the awaiting Stormwolves as the Great Wolf led a defence of the extraction point with the surviving Champions. Ranulf was the last to step onto the ramp, pausing only to spit contemptuously onto the deck.



## THE IRONFANG

*Logan Grimnar chooses his Wolf Guard from only the greatest of the Chapter's warriors, those battle-brothers that have proven their bravery and skill beyond doubt. Ranulf Ironfang was a member of the Iron Blood tribe before the Sky Warriors took him, and grew up on stories of the legendary Captain Grimnar and his fearless crew of raiders. When he first met Logan Grimnar it was like the great sagas of the clan come to life, and he vowed there and then that he would prove himself worthy to fight at the Great Wolf's side.*

*Ranulf first came to the attention of Logan Grimnar on the battlefields of Rygan II, the Space Wolves arriving to defend the planet from a massive Dark Eldar raid. Then a Grey Hunter, Ranulf was among a handful of Space Wolves thought lost during the frenzied fighting in Rygan's Maze-city. Only months later did the Chapter discover that the Eldar had taken their battle-brothers to Commorragh and subjected them to unimaginable trials of blood and death. From this hell Ranulf escaped, something virtually unheard of in the sparse Imperial records of that forbidden realm, and a feat that earned him a place in the ranks of Grimnar's Wolf Guard.*

*In the near ceaseless gladiatorial bouts of the arenas he had received countless scars and injuries, among them the loss of one of his fangs, smashed from his mouth by an enraged Ork Warboss. Thereafter, its iron-forged replacement would become his namesake.*




# FIENDS OF THE DEEP

Wolf Scouts had made planetfall on Lumerius, pinpointing the shipwreck where the Wolf Brother slumbered, frozen in time. Floating in the middle of a vast polar sea, the void-ship was more ice and snow than steel, having drifted among the icebergs of Lumerius for millennia. In the heart of the wreck, colossal vaults housed countless stasis caskets, and in one of them slept the lost son of Russ. It was in these vast chambers that Fabius Bile and the Black Legion were searching for Abaddon's prize. Outside, the Chaos forces had fortified the tundra around the ship against assault, trenches and emplacements reaching out to where the frozen island ended and the frigid blue sea began.

From high in the atmosphere Grimnar surveyed the augurs of his Stormwolf, considering where to strike. His golden eyes noted the dark prow of the vessel pushing up from the centre of its icy prison. Like all Space Wolves Grimnar was well versed in the ways of the sea and glacial drifts like the one he now considered. He knew much of the ship was hidden below the waves, and it was here that the Champions of Fenris would strike. The Wolf Lord ordered the Stormwolf's pilot to come in low over the sea. He rapidly formed an image in his mind's eye of the size and shape of the entombed wreck. Just below the surface was an ice shelf with tunnels leading deeper into the wreck. This would be Grimnar's point of attack, and with his brothers he would drop down to the shelf below and walk beneath the freezing sea into the wreck.

Covering his landing, Grimnar had ordered Thunderstrike formations – combined teleportation and Drop Pod assaults – to target the Chaos defences. An orbital barrage arced down from the heavens to pummel the traitor trenches, preparing the way. As huge chunks of snow-covered steel were hurled skyward, the first Space Wolf Drop Pods crashed down and Terminators appeared in flashes of light. The cold air was soon filled with the smoking trails of shells and plasma bolts, and red splashes of blood stained the ice. In answer to the carnage, Chaos Space Marines emerged from the wrecked vessel to bolster the defences.




*Vemeil peered over the edge of the icy trench, shivering in the cold and clutching a battered autogun in his numb fingers. Born in the holds of the Great Ship, he still trembled in fright whenever he looked up at the sky, all this space as unnatural as the frozen ground upon which he stood. However there was something he feared more than the yawning emptiness above his head or the cold sharp air that lacked the foetid heat of having passed through a thousand sets of lungs. He feared the black-armoured giants, the ones that had sent him here, the unspoken promise of murder in their eyes.*

*To his left and right other deck gangers huddled in ragged void-suits, their scarred flesh and filthy faces a mirror of his own. The trapped terror in their eyes was all too familiar. Then he heard it, a long keening like a ruptured plasma pipe, though*

*deeper and like no machine or beast Vemeil had ever known. It was coming from beyond the trench – somewhere out in the blinding white world that seemed to go on forever and ever. Suddenly the keening grew in pitch, dozens more joining the first, swelling in volume until the noise seemed to be coming from all directions. Some of the deck gangers scrabbled out of the trench and fled towards the wreck at their backs, but not Vemeil, who knew that a terrible fate at the hands of their cruel masters awaited those who ran.*

*Forcing himself to look, Vemeil raised his autogun over the edge of the trench. His muscles locked in fear as he saw his own fate, bounding across the ice, all fangs and death. Vemeil's last coherent thought was that he should have ran.*



While the maelstrom of mayhem and death raged overhead, Grimnar and his Wolf Guard attacked from below, marching up out of the frigid sea into the huge caves honeycombing the iceberg. Hundreds of metres across, the tunnels were part ice, part twisted steel, their upper limits lost in shadow overhead. Near the front of the advance Arjac suddenly paused, motioning for his Shieldbrothers to still their tongues. As silence descended the others heard it too, a hissing, grinding wail coming steadily closer. Through the distorted walls of ice the Wolf Guard could now see dark shapes approaching, moving like metal kraken beneath transparent waves.

In a burst of crystal shards a Maulerfiend emerged, its magma cutters searing a hole through the ice and releasing billowing clouds of steam that obscured the Space Wolves' vision. In the close confines of the tunnel the Wolf Guard could do little to avoid these weapons designed to crack open fortifications, and two Shieldbrothers were sliced open by super-hot blasts of energy. Arjac pushed forward, but before he could strike another one erupted from the ground beneath his feet, grabbing him in its pitted jaws. The Wolf Guard rallied around him, their hammers fracturing the steel beast's hide but failing to bring it down.

In the blinding mist Grimnar's nose guided his attacks as he followed the oil-and-blood stench of the machine. Grimnar let out a battle cry and struck out into the fog, feeling the Axe Morkai sink deep into Warp-forged iron. Hearing their lord join the fray, the other Wolf Guard let out their own howls of rage, and attacked with even greater fury. Arjac, still trapped within the Daemon Engine's grinding jaws, hurled Foehammer into the mist before thrusting his gauntlet deep into its mouth. In a flash of light the hammer rematerialised in his fist, smashing apart the monster's head from within.

Wolf Guard swarmed over the remaining Maulerfiend, a mighty blow from Grimnar finally sending it crashing to the ground with a pained roar. Gathering up the remaining Wolf Guard, Grimnar advanced down the tunnels made by the Maulerfiends, following them into the rusting heart of the ship.

# TOMB OF WOLVES

Inside the ruined vessel the Space Wolves climbed through corridors twisted and torn by centuries beneath the ice. Ancient statues and reliefs stared forlornly at the Wolf Guard from under layers of snow. Grimnar recognised some of the tunnels and chambers they pushed their way through, the icons and regalia of the Imperium upon them. Others were alien – strange asymmetrical shapes and xenos symbols dominated their walls. This had been an accursed vessel even before it found a resting place upon Lumerius; countless dark deeds had been wrought here, of that Grimnar was sure.

The Great Wolf was the first to hear the hum of plasma generators from up ahead, a thread of sound hidden under the muffled thump and rumble of the battle raging overhead. Motioning for his brothers to draw close and ready their weapons, he led the way down into a vast fractured chamber. The room was the broken remains of a stasis vault, where thousands of people would sleep away centuries of interstellar travel. Concentric circles of stasis caskets ringed the vault from floor to ceiling, vanishing up into the dim ice-locked roof and down into the debris-choked depths below. Precious few of the caskets still thrummed with life, the contorted remains of their occupants barely visible in the shadows. The rest were wreathed in darkness.

Several levels below, Grimnar could see the flickering lights of las-cutters and the unmistakable form of Fabius Bile's spidery harness as he directed his vassals to carve open one stasis casket after another. The Wolf Lord knew it would be only a matter of time before the traitor found the Wolf Brother – a tragedy he could not allow to come to pass. Roaring a challenge, Grimnar fired a burst of bolter rounds, though he was far out of range. Even so, it had the desired effect and Bile turned from his task, his Black Legion bodyguard closing ranks around him.



Like a ceramite avalanche the Wolf Guard descended down the side of the cylindrical vault, crashing down from one level to the next, along rusted gantries and ramps. As they came the Chaos Space Marines poured bolter fire into the Wolf Guard, rounds exploding as they tore the chamber apart. Grimnar was the first to reach the traitors, landing on the lower level with a reverberating clang. The first Black Legionnaires to charge him met with a bloody fate, their remains tumbling to the floor.

In moments Grimnar was upon Fabius Bile, a brutal axe blow hacking off one of the Primogenitor's arachnid appendages. Quick as a serpent, Bile counter-attacked, wielding a

ghastly-looking weapon that crackled with Warp energy. Inflicting agonising pain, the barest touch was enough to bring the Wolf Lord to his knees, his fangs gritted in pain as the weapon's curse raged through him. Before Grimnar could rise, Bile raised a dripping syringe. He had come here for the Wolf Brother, but with the Master of the Space Wolves kneeling at his feet he could capture an even greater prize. At that moment, Foehammer smashed Bile's pseudo-limb aside, Arjac barrelling forwards to place himself between Grimnar and his foe.

With the Black Legion now giving ground before the ferocity of the Space Wolves, Fabius Bile made his own plans for retreat. The Primogenitor had not lived so long or with such care to chance his life when the odds turn against him. With a contemptuous sneer Bile keyed a teleporter homer on his belt, vanishing in a flare of crimson light. Arjac helped Grimnar to his feet, the Great Wolf nodding to his champion in wordless thanks before charging forwards to finish off the remaining traitor forces.

What would have taken Bile days took Grimnar but a few hours, his enhanced senses finding the Wolf Brother's stasis casket from among the thousands in the vault. With a drop of blood the Wolf Lord opened the genetic lock and looked upon the face of the Chapter's long lost battle-brother. Sorrow filled Grimnar's heart as he noted the signs of the Wulfen upon the ancient warrior, his rictus snarl frozen in time by the stasis field. It would be no kindness to awaken him, and so Logan closed the casket once more, ordering it returned to the Fang. There would be no redemption for this brother of the Space Wolves, but at least he had been spared corruption by the powers of Chaos.





# DAGGERFIST'S VOID CLAWS



**The Void Claws are Logan Grimnar's favoured boarding troops, their fearsome wolf claws deadly in the close quarters of ship corridors and chambers. Those Wolf Guard that choose this way of war favour close combat even more than many of their brothers, and revel in the fierce joy of sinking their claws into their foes' flesh.**





**TORFIN DAGGERFIST**

*Torfin Daggerfist has carved out a bloody legend for himself among Logan Grimnar's Wolf Guard. Blood Claws swap stories of how Torfin once single-handedly slew a massive Ork Squiggoth. When the beast rampaged through his Wolf Guard he thrust his claws into its hide and began hacking away at its heart. A gore-soaked mile later, the story goes, the creature finally collapsed and Torfin got to his feet covered in its blood. Such is Grimnar's trust in Daggerfist that the Wolf Guard is often given command of detachments in the Great Wolf's absence, and bears the banner of the Great Wolf.*



## ALRIK DOOM-SEEKER

*Void Claws are often chosen for their recklessness as much as their skill at arms. Alrik Doom-seeker embodies a measure of this wild bravery, hurling himself across the void between closing warships or charging out across the burning hull of a cruiser. In these chaotic space battles, the Void Claws will often find their battlefield bereft of atmosphere or gravity. In these instances their claws may come to the fore, something Alrik has proven more than once, anchoring and dragging himself along with his wolf claws to get at his enemies.*



## HAGRIK WYRDFANG

*It seems that the wolf gods of Fenris may well have blessed Hagrik Wyrdfang, such is the luck that surrounds him. During the battle for the scrap world of Tyrbor XV, when Orks triggered an avalanche of debris upon Hagrik's squad he somehow escaped harm, rising out of the wreckage to tear apart the barbaric xenos. Likewise when his boarding torpedo was cut down by turret fire Hagrik somehow leapt free, crashing into the hull of the enemy vessel and using his claws to cut his way inside.*



## KVARL HAMMERFIST

*When he lost his hands to a Tyranid Warrior, Kvarl did not even scream out, but merely growled in rage before cracking the thing's skull open with a thunderous headbutt. Since that battle, his replacement augmetic hands have come in useful on numerous occasions, and work just as well when encased by his wolf claws. However, the Wolf Guard often underestimates the strength of his prosthetics, and has a healthy pile of crushed tankards, broken weapon hilts and bruised battle-brothers to show for it.*



## LEIFVAR TWICE-SLAIN

*Leifvar Twice-Slain has a reputation for stubbornly refusing to die. The first time he was thought dead was when the Chaos Lord Krag'kar impaled Leifvar upon the prow of his corrupted Land Raider as a trophy. Much to Krag'kar's surprise, when Leifvar recovered consciousness he pulled himself free and destroyed both tank and the renegade. The second time Leifvar was presumed killed was when his ship was destroyed. Leifvar was found drifting in the void amidst the debris, still alive within his frost-covered power armour.*

# VENGEANCE FOR GNOSIS



**The Gnosis System was all but destroyed by the time Logan Grimnar reached its worlds, the Eldar warlord Zephyrblade and his warhost having already masterfully destroyed the armies of Gnosis Prime. An arrogant and shrewd commander, Zephyrblade was swift to turn upon the newly arrived Space Wolves, though they would prove to be far tougher prey.**

In the year 786.M41, a warhost of Eldar from the craftworld of Saim-Hann invaded Gnosis Prime. Claiming the planet as their own, despite it having been under Imperial control for over twelve centuries, the aliens set about the systematic eradication of its billions-strong population. Far from the light of Holy Terra, the world's faint cries for aid came too late, and precious few Astra Militarum regiments were able to reach Gnosis before the end. Its only salvation might have come from the Space Wolves, as the Great Wolf was passing close to the system when he learned of the attack.

Tragically for the people of Gnosis, Logan Grimnar's ship was blown off course by a sudden Warp storm, arriving a full year after the start of the war. By the time the Space Wolves fleet appeared on the edges of the system, Gnosis Prime was little more than a graveyard. The Great Wolf could only growl in frustration as reports filtered in showing pics of ruined hives and broken trenches defended only by the dead. Deciding that if he could not save the people of Gnosis Prime then he would at least avenge them, the Wolf Lord ordered the attack.




## THE WULFTONGUE

*When Volkbad was a Blood Claw he claimed to be able to speak with wolves. Much to the mocking of his battle-brothers, the young Space Marine would bark and growl at the Chapter's packs of Fenrisian Wolves or even try and stare down the hulking Thunderwolves they used as mounts. When the animals would invariably snap back at him or pay him no mind, Volkbad simply claimed they were either not interested in what he was saying or had taken offence. While Volkbad's ability to talk to beasts remains in question, this behaviour did earn him the name Wulftongue, which he bears with pride despite the jest behind it.*

*For all his eccentricity, Volkbad is a formidable warrior that earned a place in Logan Grimnar's Wolf Guard through exceptional bravery and*

*fighting prowess. Volkbad's favoured weapons are the thunder hammer and storm shield, a combination that suits the Wolf Guard's preferred combat style – namely knocking his enemies to the ground and then caving in their skulls with a single devastating blow. Volkbad's bullish aggression and quick wit have earned him a small following within the Wolf Guard, and when he marches to battle with the Great Wolf he often does so leading a squad of hammer- and shield-armed Terminators. Volkbad's Terminators have become adept at forming crackling shield walls to ward off enemy assaults or making bull charges that shake the ground with their passing. When the Old Wolf wants to storm an enemy position or make a daring boarding action, it is often to Volkbad that he turns.*



## THE ELEVENTH HOUR

As Logan Grimnar's fleet sailed toward the system's core worlds, he detected the first faint vox cries for help from Gnosis Secundus. While Gnosis Prime had been a world of manufactorums, ore mines and promethium refineries – toxic to life – Gnosis Secundus was a thriving greenhouse from which its sister world received its nutrition. It was from this small green agri moon that the Space Wolves heard the unmistakable pulse of an Imperial distress beacon. Having crippled and starved Gnosis Prime, the Saim-Hann host had moved on to Gnosis Secundus and its small garrison. Grimnar realised that there might yet be Imperial citizens to save.

The void between Prime and Secundus was choked with the debris of months of space battles, the agile Eldar ships having destroyed the Gnosian fleet piecemeal, along with any vessel foolish enough to attempt to ferry supplies to Gnosis Prime. No sooner had the Space Wolves Strike Cruisers plunged into the drifting cloud of wrecks than shadows moved ominously against the stars. Sliding out of their hiding places within the void-ship graveyard, a pair of Eldar Eclipse class cruisers stalked up behind the Space Wolves fleet, strafing their vessels with a flickering blaze of pulsar fire before slipping away.

Grimnar had no time to waste on chasing the xenos, as the Eldar were notoriously elusive foes. The Old Wolf knew that every hour of delay could mean life or death for the defenders on the moon below. Ordering the Strike Cruiser *Void Wolf* and a squadron of Cobra class frigates to keep the Eldar at bay, he led the rest of the fleet down into the orbit of Gnosis Secundus. As the unfolding battle lit up the darkness in their wake, Logan Grimnar gathered together his Wolf Guard and prepared for a teleportation assault. The Old Wolf was loath to use the teleportarium, muttering darkly under his breath about cursed Warp-magicks even as he stepped up onto the platform, but he knew this to be the swiftest method of insertion.

*'The Eldar are a cowardly foe – always dodging, always fleeing. A real warrior isn't afraid to take a few hits!'*

- Volkbad Wulftongue

## INTO THE TANGLE

The Great Wolf and his Wolf Guard appeared in a flickering halo of cold fire within the courtyard of Imperial Strongpoint 513, the base surrounded on all sides by an endless sea of briar-orchards the Gnosians referred to as the Tangle. Weapons tracking back and forth, the Space Wolves moved out. At Grimnar's side Volkbad Wulftongue's nose twitched, the hulking Wolf Guard complaining of an alien stink in the air. Once the jokes and good-natured insults had died down Grimnar held up a gauntleted fist, the grin fading from his face. There was the lingering scent of Eldar here, fresher than the man-smell left by the Astra Militarum, now old and stale. There had been no Guardsmen here for some time.

Leading his warriors up into the bastion tower overlooking the firebase, Grimnar sought out the vox chamber to confirm his suspicions. Within, a vox-caster wailed its recorded distress message out into space, its operator long since gone. Growling an order to his Wolf Guard, Grimnar moved out onto the Wall of Martyrs. His enhanced ears could already hear the reedy howl of alien jetbikes and his keen eyes saw the first specks of red against the green briar-trees that covered the horizon. It was a measure of their confidence that though the Wolf Guard numbered only a few dozen, they did not flinch in the face of the size of the Eldar warhost bearing down upon them. If these were the jaws of the alien trap closing, they would break their teeth upon the Champions of Fenris, thought the Old Wolf.

Like bolts of crimson lightning, the first Eldar jetbikes streaked overhead sending pulsing lines of shuriken fire raining down on the Terminators. In response the Space Wolves filled the air with bolt shells, hurling Eldar from their mounts to vanish into the thickets of briars or crash against the walls of the Imperial defences. Then came the grav-tanks, their flashing heavy weapons fire much deadlier to the Space Wolves. Strobing beams of energy seared smoking holes through several of the Wolf Guard, forcing the survivors back into the heart of the strongpoint for cover. From speeding transports leapt howling Eldar females and warriors with tall crested helmets, and the fighting intensified.

The Eldar that came within reach of the weapons of the Wolf Guard were sent spinning to the ground in sprays of alien blood. However, it was the jetbikes and grav-tanks screaming overhead that were taking their toll. Roaring an order to his battle-brothers, Grimnar fought his way out into the briar-orchards, where the interwoven branches and vines would provide them with cover.

## ATTACK ON THE GNOSIS SYSTEM

*The Gnosis System was the industrial centre for the Talhor Sector. Gnosis Prime was a world of manufactorums and refineries, and before its destruction over fifty billion citizens toiled on the planet, living among toxic waste and poisonous oceans in shielded hive cities. When the Eldar came they obliterated the towering hives, forcing the planet's armies and citizens out into the wastes. For months regiments of Astra Militarum fought for survival, yet starvation and the deadly atmosphere of their own world was to be their eventual doom. Less than a year after the Eldar had made planetfall, Gnosis Prime had been reduced to a vast graveyard, its once great cities now diminished to corpse-choked tombs and sprawling ruins.*

*Unable to feed its vast population, Gnosis Prime had relied upon vast tankers that shipped cargos of a nutrient-rich paste from Gnosis Secundus. The largest moon of a storm-wracked gas giant, Secundus was a world of wild briar-orchards. Known collectively as the Tangle, these orchards drew on nutrient deposits that lay deep beneath the surface. Clusters of Servitors on anti-grav platforms hovered among the twisting branches, tapping them for this vital resource. For years the handful of citizens and soldiers stationed on Gnosis Secundus would dream of seeing the hives of Prime – at least until they were subjected to months of pitiful cries for help they could not answer. Their ships destroyed at anchor, the garrison could only wait for the Eldar to attack. The defenders were quickly isolated into pockets of resistance around Imperial Strongpoints, and were then systematically extinguished by Autarch Zephyrblade until only a handful remained.*

# GNOSIS SYSTEM

$\Delta-44.0340+$   
GNOSIS AURORA

$\gamma-1122570.3147.9$   
ULYX'S FOLLY

$\gamma-911135A45.147.9$   
GNOSIS PRIME

$\beta-XX3345.177.9$   
GNOSIS SECUNDUS

$\beta-01A45.177.9$   
PENUMBRAL

# A MAZE OF BLADES

Autarch Zephyrblade watched the battle unfolding as ghostly images on the crystal targeting matrix of his jetbike. Just as the Farseer had predicted, the Space Marines had fallen into his snare, and like any wounded beast they would thrash and fight to free themselves, unaware that even as they did the teeth of the trap dug deeper still. The Autarch remained impassive as his dark eyes followed the flickering objects now falling from orbit. Just as it had been on Gnosis Prime, the humans' pride would cost them dearly.

Volkbad Wulftongue sent another Eldar warrior to the dirt with a brutal blow of his thunder hammer as he covered his lord's retreat. His Shieldbrothers forming up around him, the Wolf Guard created an unbreakable wall against the enemy assault. Soon the sun was lost overhead as the Space Wolves moved into the Tangle, leaving the kill zone around the Strongpoint behind. Suspiciously the aliens seemed to be keeping their distance, causing Volkbad to strain his senses for a surprise attack, though the maze of vines and branches seemed empty of the foe.

Gathering around their Wolf Lord, Volkbad and his brothers prepared to repel the attackers once more. Then he heard the distinctive jet-howl of Drop Pods braking hard as they penetrated the atmosphere, his hearts swelling at the thought of the reckoning to come. The first pod crashed through the canopy not twenty metres away, bursting open to reveal the ancient warrior within. Only when the war machine forced its way out into the Tangle did Volkbad realise the extent of the Eldar's treachery.



Everywhere Dreadnoughts and battle-brothers were forcing their way out of Drop Pods only to become entangled in barely perceptible webs of glinting wires. The razor-sharp monofilament strands, practically invisible within the twisted branches, cut deep into both ceramite and adamantium. Volkbad yelled out a warning to his brothers as he watched a Dreadnought struggling to free itself, the Wolf Guard only then realising as he moved that he too was ensnared, having unwittingly walked into the Eldar's lethal trap himself.

While the Space Wolves struggled to free themselves, Zephyrblade sent in his Warp Spiders and Striking Scorpions, the Aspect Warriors moving effortlessly between the monofilament strands. Even impeded, the Space Wolves fought furiously, battle-brothers bleeding from scores of wounds as they tried to pull themselves away from the deadly web. Volkbad swung his hammer at the shimmering image of an Eldar warrior as it sprayed his squad with even more of the slicing filaments, only to curse in frustration as the alien teleported away before the blow could land.

In the centre of the Space Wolves strike force, Logan Grimnar howled as he cut down any Eldar foolish enough face him. With Arjac Rockfist at his side the two warriors held back a dozen green-armoured assailants that moved through the press of thorn and branch with disturbing ease, the Axe Morkai and Foehammer shattering their fragile bodies. As Arjac's hammer flashed past once more, taking the head from an Eldar in a bloody mist, the Great Wolf signalled his fleet. He needed to get his brothers out of this trap, lest this world become their grave.



## ASH AND BLOOD

High overhead the Strike Cruiser *Shadow of Fenris* opened its firing ports. Sweating gangs of Chapter serfs rolled out the guns, while targeting Servitors turned cold dead eyes

to the battle unfolding on the planet below. Secure in the knowledge of their impending victory, the Eldar paid little mind as those Space Wolves fighting bareheaded closed their helmets into place and checked the armour seals. Zephyrblade too considered the new wave of shadows falling from orbit only for a moment, concluding they must be further reinforcements; no commander would drop ordnance so close to his own forces...

When the incendiary bombs airburst over the battle they set the atmosphere alight and turned the Tangle into a firestorm. Shielded by their nigh-impregnable suits of Tactical Dreadnought armour the Wolf Guard weathered the flame through gritted fangs, while the lighter armoured Aspect Warriors screamed and burned. More importantly, the intense heat seared through the monofilament strands of the web, the invisible snare collapsing in a cacophony of pops and snaps. Free at last, Grimnar's Dreadnoughts entered the battle in earnest, their power fists and heavy weapons ripping apart those Eldar not incinerated by the bombardment.

In the span of minutes, miles of briar-orchard had been reduced to a landscape of little more than scorched earth and billowing clouds of ash. Once the wave of fire had passed, the Wolf Guard pulled off their helms. The Great Wolf took a deep breath, a vicious grin sliding back over his fangs as the first howls of victory arose from his company. However, the Eldar were far from beaten.

Whirlwinds of ash swirling around their engines, a flight of grav-tanks appeared out of the clouds. Squads of Eldar with floating weapons platforms advanced over the contorted remains of their comrades, while on the edges of their vision, the Space Wolves could see the red flicker of jetbikes circling through the billowing clouds. This time, however, the Space Wolves were ready for them, and unimpeded by the monofilament web.



*'Even in death our duty to Russ and the Allfather goes on. In times of war and blood I will wake from my slumber to bring ruin to the Imperium's foes once more.'*

- Skvald Warbringer



Like a shimmering red and white wave the Eldar struck Grimnar's forces, racing around, through and over them in an attempt to overwhelm and isolate pockets of Space Wolves. Glowing embers rained down on all sides, blotting out the sun until the flare of weapons fire and the flash of exploding ordnance alone lit the battlefield.

The Venerable Dreadnought Skvald Warbringer carved a path across the sky with his helfrost cannon, the freezing beam bisecting jetbikes and riders alike. An Eldar skimmer dived down through the smoke, almost clipping the Dreadnought and carving off Skvald's heavy weapon arm with a well-aimed shot from its lancing energy weapon. However, just as it flashed past him, Skvald snatched it from the air with his great wolf claw, using the

craft's own inertia to smash it into the ground.

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*The sea wind in his hair, the salt spray upon his lips and the crash of waves upon the bow of his longship were the things he dreamt of. It was a life before life, when he had walked as a man on two legs of flesh and blood. It was from these dreams the priests always woke him, reminding him he was a man no more, but a thing of metal and fire, forged for war. In those few blissful moments before fully waking, he would forget he was no longer a man, forget the war and the pain, and remember only the azure seas of Fenris when the Wolf's Eye rode high in the sky.*

*Then they would call to him, as they had done before, using his man-name. Skvald Warbringer, that dead warrior he had once been. Stirring in irritation he flexed his arms and heard the servos hiss, moved his feet and heard them clanging upon the deck, metal upon metal. Around him he felt the world shift and shake, the part of his mind that was still flesh recalling what the sensation meant. That same part of his mind wanted him to bunch his muscles, grip his harness and brace for impact, but he dismissed it. As his mind turned back to reality, he remembered, and readied himself for battle.*

*With a bone shattering crash the Drop Pod fell into the blasted ruins, debris thrown in all directions as it made an impact crater a dozen metres across. Explosive rivets detonated with dull cracks and the Drop Pod's ramps unfolded, flooding Skvald's machine senses with the sounds of war. Freezing wind swept into the pod, the night sky overhead pitch black, the stars hidden by rolling storm clouds. Even in the dark, Skvald could see the auspex-ghosts of foes through his hardwired augurs. Lithe creatures, they danced among his battle-brothers, their singsong voices raised in piercing war cries. The shadow of a memory tugged at Skvald's mind – these creatures had a name and he had fought them long ago. Yet the name remained beyond his waking mind, and stepping from the smoke-wreathed pod he was quickly caught up in the violence.*

*Weaving swiftly through the briars, a host of the agile foes approached. Skvald could not remember the taste of fear; the emotion was something that had been explained to him long ago but had since been forgotten. Raising the muzzle of his helfrost cannon, he unleashed a beam of death-cold energy. Dodging and twisting between the branches his elusive foes pressed in around him. He raised his arm and began to swat the lissome creatures to the ground as though they were nothing more than mere buzzing insects. In the darkness and chaos of battle the Dreadnought's mind slipped once more into the past.*

*The tribesmen backed Skvald toward the edge of the cliff, and the Fenrisian warrior gritted his teeth, raising axe and shield against them. He had never been so close to death before, but thought only of the glory that victory would bring and howled to*

Volkbad Wulftongue led a squad of Wolf Guard into the growing ranks of the Eldar, the Terminators' storm shields locked together as a rain of shuriken fire assailed them. The tiny monomolecular-edge blades sparked and shattered as they struck the shield wall, the Space Wolves' measured advance carrying them into the heart of their foe. With a war cry, Volkbad broke ranks, the Wolf Guard dropping their shields and raising their weapons as they charged through the foe. Against such brutality the Eldar crumbled, thunder hammer blows pulverising flesh and splintering bone.

In the centre of the battle Logan Grimnar stood in the shadow of two Dreadnoughts, the ancient warriors' weapons burning hot as they sent volleys of lascannon blasts and plasma bolts searing through the Eldar. The Old Wolf cut down any that survived the crushing grasp of the Dreadnoughts, while directing the battle with experience won through centuries of war. For over an hour Zephyrblade tried to bring down the Space Marines, the ground forces of Saim-Hann assaulting from all sides while jetbikes and grav-tanks howled overhead. However, without the monofilament web to hold the Space Marines in place and isolate them, the Autarch was forced to admit his host was outmatched. The Wolf Guard stood strong, anchored by Grimnar and the torrents of fire from the Dreadnoughts, and in the end the Eldar fell back. The Great Wolf watched as the aliens broke off their attack, knowing that this initial conflict was but the herald of battles yet to come.



# A THUNDEROUS CHARGE

While the Eldar retreated to the northern peaks of Gnosis Secundus, Grimnar established a staging area around Strongpoint 513. Heavy support, in the form of Predator tanks and Land Raiders, was brought down from orbit along with further reinforcements. The Old Wolf pored over intelligence reports gathered from augur satellites high above Gnosis Secundus. Wolf Scouts on Gnosis Prime reported that the majority of the Eldar forces had departed that world; the hives and manufactorums had been destroyed while only a handful of the luckiest defenders survived deep within the toxic wastes. The two Eldar cruisers also appeared to be alone, having broken off the attack and vanished into the void, presumably to watch and wait.

Fighting on Gnosis Secundus seemed to have ended less than a month ago, the Saim-Hann Eldar quickly overcoming its light defences once Gnosis Prime had fallen. Logan Grimnar had an instinct for war like few other generals of the Imperium. He knew that he must appear reckless and predictable to the Eldar in order to draw them out, lest they either flee or summon support from their craftworld. If there was one thing Grimnar had learnt fighting the Eldar it was never to underestimate their arrogance. The Great Wolf knew that by the time the Eldar realised the true strength of his force it would be too late.

Mounting his ancient chariot *Stormrider*, the Great Wolf led his force out of the Strongpoint and into the Tangle, tanks churning up the ground in his wake. For a day and a night the Space Wolves stalked across the surface of the moon, the ships high above tracking their advance. At last they came to the tallest peak upon Gnosis Secundus, where the wind howled down from bare rocky slopes and dark storm clouds roiled overhead. It was here in the ruins of an ancient xenos observatory – a relic that predated human colonisation by thousands of years – that Grimnar found what he had first spied in a blurry orbital pict. Eldritch light spilled out into the gathering night where the now active webway portal stood. Casting long shadows down the mountain a pair of Eldar war-constructs flanked the gate, the enemy infantry looking like insects scuttling beneath their towering forms.

Grimnar's Kingsguard charged up the slope, the Old Wolf at their head astride *Stormrider*. His Thunderwolves Tyrnak and Fenrir strained in their harnesses now that they had scented the foe.

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*'What fools these humans are. They fight for a world they have already lost – as if adding their own blood to the fallen will change their fate.'*

- Autarch Zephyrblade

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Zephyrblade watched the Space Marines as they stormed up the mountain, once more amazed by the recklessness of the humans. His foe had made no pretence at hiding their advance, and now they chose to attack a prepared foe that held the high ground. The Autarch set about making the Space Wolves pay for their folly. Searing beams of light, whistling blades and bolts of blazing plasma rained down the slope, scything into the ranks of the Space Wolves. A Rhino exploded in a shower of shrapnel as a ghostly lance of reality-bending darkness carved it in two, half of its passengers torn into the Warp. Caught by the bisecting fire of three shimmering spears, a Predator's turret was ripped from its hull, the Space Wolf crew pushing their way from the wreck only to be cut down by a blizzard of razor-edged shurikens. Everywhere Space Wolves waded through the ceaseless rain of alien fire, their power armour sparking and smoking from countless hits, while here and there warriors staggered as shots found weak points in their armour.

And yet on the Sons of Russ came. A coruscating field of light surrounded Logan Grimnar as *Stormrider's* force shields protected him from annihilation. In his shadow two Land Raiders sped up the mountainside, their engines growling like caged beasts as Stormfang Gunships howled overhead. Inside the lead Land Raider, Arjac Rockfist and his Shieldbrothers readied their hammers. *Stormrider* was the first to crest the slope and plunge into the ruins in front of the webway portal. Eldar scattered before the Great Wolf as the Axe Morkai carved a bloody path, Tyrnak and Fenrir savaging them with claw and fang. Next the Land Raiders crossed the lip, their lascannons sweeping across the defenders even as their ramps crashed down to unleash the Wolf Guard.



The Eldar fell back with fluid grace, Zephyrblade leaping into the saddle of his jetbike as the forces of Saim-Hann moved to envelop and cut off the Space Marine forward units. Meanwhile the Wraithknights strode forward to protect the gate. Suddenly the clouds parted overhead, lightning arcing across the sky as Drop Pods screamed down from the firmament. The first one crashed to earth metres from a Wraithknight, its sides exploding outward to reveal the Dreadnought Svard Bloodfang. Svard strode into the fray against the Wraithknight, leading other Dreadnoughts as they pulled themselves free of their pods. Soon the screams of adamantium on wraithbone echoed across the battlefield and the ancient war machines of both races did battle. In moments the Eldar defenders found themselves pinned between Svard's Dreadnoughts and Grimnar, only Zephyrblade's jetbike squadrons able to keep the Space Wolves at a distance.

The ruins around the webway portal had become a chaotic melee, the rocky ground thick

with blood and broken bodies. One of the mighty Wraithknights had fallen, Svard Bloodfang's great axe tearing at its armour – the other still fought on, the smoking remains of a Dreadnought at its feet. Atop *Stormrider*, Grimnar finally saw the prey he had been seeking: the Eldar commander and his squadron, making for the webway portal on their jetbikes. The Great Wolf bellowed out a challenge as Tyrnak and Fenrir pulled *Stormrider* toward the shimmering gateway.

As Grimnar bore down upon the Eldar the heavens opened with a crack of lightning, rain pouring down upon the battle. Realising that the Great Wolf would reach him before he made the webway, the Autarch banked his jetbike around, raising his laser lance. Through the blinding downpour the two warriors crashed together, Zephyrblade's lance scoring a white hot line across Grimnar's armour, the Axe Morkai missing the Eldar by mere inches but cutting through his jetbike's engine-core. The Autarch was sent crashing to the ground, but Grimnar had no chance to follow up on his advantage as Zephyrblade's squadron were upon him. The Great Wolf could only howl in frustration as the Autarch nimbly pulled himself up onto a passing skimmer. The two exchanged a final look through the rain before Zephyrblade and the surviving Eldar fell back through the webway portal.

Logan watched from the base of the mountain as the *Shadow of Fenris* bombarded the ruins from orbit. Hundreds of the invaders had fallen to the bolts and blades of his company, for the sacrifice of comparatively few Space Wolves. As ever, the Great Wolf would recount their sagas for as long as he drew breath. He knew, however, that it was a hollow victory, as the Gnosis System lay in ruins while the Eldar had escaped... at least for now.



## A TALENT FOR WAR

*Logan Grimnar is perhaps one of the Imperium's greatest generals and most brilliant tacticians. He has a natural aptitude for war that has been honed over centuries of leading the Space Wolves into combat and commanding countless battles across the length and breadth of the galaxy. No human officer of the Imperium can match his experience, and even among the Chapter Masters of the Adeptus Astartes, there are few that can equal him. Often he will be granted overall control of the Imperium's war efforts in a region, the High Lords of Terra well aware of the Old Wolf's ability.*

*During the First War for Armageddon, it was Logan Grimnar's understanding of the troops under his command – and the foes he faced – that won the day. Even so, many Imperial officers and several Chapter Masters resent having to bow before Grimnar's leadership. They see not*

*an ancient and proven general, but a wild barbarian king, better suited to the blood and mud of the battlefield than the cold decision making of the Imperial high command.*

*On Gnosis Secundus, Logan rightly reasoned that to bring Zephyrblade to battle, he would have to play the part of the enraged primitive and make a seemingly reckless assault. Had Grimnar tried to engage the Eldar from orbit, or in the air alone, the alien warlord would doubtless have slipped away into the webway. By offering Zephyrblade the chance for another victory over the Imperium, the Old Wolf was able to cross blades personally with the Autarch.*



# ANCIENT HEROES



The title of Great Wolf brings with it ancient honours and responsibilities. Among them is dominion over the Dreadnoughts of the Chapter – a contingent of heroes that are always part of the Company of the Great Wolf. Dreadnoughts are a rare and precious resource, incorporating long-lost technologies and machine secrets known only to a handful within the Chapter. Though they are powerful weapons of war, the Great Wolf must deploy them carefully, as a fallen Dreadnought is hard to replace. Each Dreadnought is a tomb, encasing a great hero of the Chapter who was interred on the brink of death. These warriors are held in a semblance of life, hardwired into the workings of the mighty war machine.

While Logan Grimnar's Great Company is not the only one to employ Dreadnoughts, the Old Wolf ultimately makes the decision to awaken them, and command where they should be dispatched to war. It can take days or even weeks to fully wake a Dreadnought for war; the Space Wolf within will spend much of his half-life dreaming of the past, when he was a being of flesh and blood. As the warrior within grows more ancient he wakes less and less, his mind needing longer to come back to reality as he tries to reconcile his memories of centuries of war and death. However, as a Chapter filled with heroes, the Space Wolves can call upon dozens of Dreadnoughts, many of which are thousands of years old.

Among the company's Dreadnoughts are counted heroes like Svard Bloodfang. Svard is younger than many Dreadnoughts, having lived on Fenris a hundred years after the Sky Warriors took Logan Grimnar. When he was crushed under the rubble of a destroyed fortress even the skill of the Wolf Priests could not restore him. Clinging to life despite his ruined body, Svard was given the honour of continuing his duty to the Emperor from the sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. Like most of his kin, Svard's old life fades from his mind day-by-day, memories coming to him in his dreams when he sleeps but remaining elusive and indistinct while he wakes.

By contrast the Venerable Dreadnought Helgan Umberclaw is ancient and bitter. Entombed over a thousand years ago, Helgan lives only for combat; the lust for war is all that remains of the warrior within. Often times Helgan will forget his name, everything he once was falling away until there is only the battle before him and his enduring duty to the Allfather.

Bjorn the Fell-Handed is the oldest of all the Space Wolves Dreadnoughts, who as a battle-brother fought at the side of the Primarch Leman Russ. A powerful warrior and cunning tactician, Bjorn has been witness to some of the most climactic battles in the Space Wolves' history.



## **BJORN THE FELL-HANDED**

The most ancient of all Space Wolves Dreadnoughts, Bjorn is a figure of legend amongst his brothers. Though he wakes rarely now, when he does it is always during times of dire importance and peril, when the Chapter must call upon its greatest warriors.



## SKVALD WARBRINGER

Skvald was the only Space Wolf to survive the destruction of the Land Raider *Hel's Fury*. Found badly crushed underneath the vehicle's wreckage, he stubbornly defied death's call and was eventually given new life and purpose as a Dreadnought.



## SVARD BLOODFANG

Svard has always been more than a little reckless, his furious attacks and wild charges legendary even among the Company of the Great Wolf. During the battle on Gnosis Secundus Svard joined the ranks of those few to have brought down an Eldar Wraithknight.



## HORTHGAR FROSTSKULL

Horthgar's saga is one of revenge and bloody retribution. Mortally wounded by the Daemon Prince Gorehide, he would spend many long centuries hunting down his foe. Eventually Frostskull brought Gorehide to battle, in his new form as a Dreadnought.



## HELGAN UMBERCLAW

When a Dreadnought grows old, as Helgan has done, often his mind slips away until only his sense of honour and hunger for war remain. Unaware of all but the battle raging around him, Helgan's sense of duty and thirst for blood are all that drive him on.



## MURDERFANG

Though it is rare, the curse of the Wulfen can even befall those that have been entombed within the armour of a Dreadnought. So it was with Murderfang. His name struck from the records of the Chapter for his terrible misdeeds, he remains chained deep beneath the Fang, only called to war in the most dire of times.

# TOMBS OF MIDGARDIA



**When Trazyn the Infinite came to the Fenris System he did not count upon the fury of the Space Wolves. The Necron sought a C'tan Shard known as the Burning One; he considered the presence of the young races little more than an inconvenience to him. Logan Grimnar would prove to the invaders just how tenacious the Sons of Russ could be.**

In the year 933.M41 Trazyn's fleet appeared on the edges of the Fenris System, crescent-shaped escorts clustered around Harvest Cruisers and the looming outline of the Overlord's Tomb Ship. Trazyn and his armies had come to Fenris seeking a shard of Nyadra'zatha, the Burning One, that had escaped his collection millennia ago. A priceless artefact of the War in Heaven, the shard was a fragment of a god-like being who was powerful beyond measure. That it had come to rest on the Fenrisian world of Midgardia was a fact known only to Trazyn.

Logan Grimnar and much of his Great Company were present on Fenris when the shadow of Trazyn's fleet passed over the Wolf's Eye. It was to be Trazyn's ill fortune that he had chanced on Grimnar between campaigns. The Great Wolf would not suffer the presence of an enemy so close to the Chapter's home world, and he eagerly mustered his warriors for battle when word reached him of the invasion fleet. At first it seemed that the Necrons were poised to strike at Fenris itself, and Grimnar readied the formidable defences of the Fang for war. However, scant hours before the first enemy scout ships came in range of the fortress' orbital defences, the fleet altered its course, and its final destination became apparent.

Gathering up his Great Company and elements of several others, Logan Grimnar led his Space Wolves into the stars, and to the aid of Fenris' sister world – Midgardia.



## CLAWS OF THE INFINITE

Midgardia is a toxic planet, its poisonous atmosphere the result of a world-spanning mycelial jungle. The people of Midgardia live underground, in great towns and cities

suspended above a roiling sea of magma by the root-tangle of the jungle above. Little did the inhabitants know that it was not the molten core of Midgardia that gave birth to the sea of fire, but rather the slumbering shard of Nyadra'zatha, the Burning One.

As Grimnar's fleet sailed forth from Fenris, the first Necron forces were already landing on Midgardia. A heavily fortified world, Midgardia was dotted with Imperial Strongpoints. Hundreds of thousands of rebreather-masked Guardsmen manned quad cannon turrets and missile silos nestled amongst the dense fungus thickets of the surface. However, the planet's crowning glory was the *Emperor's Judgement* nova cannon battery, capable of hurling plasma warheads far into space. When long range augurs detected the Necron fleet, the nova cannon battery had raised its towering barrels to the sky with a rumble of gears and servos, the sound sending jungle birds and beasts screeching off in all directions. Meanwhile, beneath the forest floor in bunkers and sealed chambers, Servitor conclaves and Tech-Priests made careful calculations and droned prayers to the Omnissiah, waiting for the moment when the order to fire would come.

No fool, Trazyn had identified the nova cannon as the most immediate threat to his fleet and so had taken steps to neutralise it. The Imperial battery commander was preparing to give the order to fire when the first screams echoed through the operations room. The officer watched in horror as hunched forms materialised from the shadows, falling upon his men with razor-sharp claws. He barely had time to open his mouth to yell before his blood sprayed across the vox console, the order to fire ungiven.

While his infiltrating forces silenced the *Emperor's Judgement*, Trazyn's army assaulted Midgardia's Magma Gates, a cluster of vast hive-fortresses that formed the gateway between the Midgardia above and the one below. Hundreds of Monoliths descended through the atmosphere, darkening the sky above the jungle fortresses whilst weathering a storm of fire. Despite the ferocious response of the Imperial defences, many reached the walls and bastions of the Magma Gates. As soon as they touched down their eternity gates flared to life, disgorging thousands of Necron Warriors. The Midgardia PDF fought furiously, lining the walls of their fortresses, hammering the Necrons with every piece of ordnance at their disposal. Heavy bolter shells and autocannon rounds tore through massed ranks of Necrons infantry while lascannon beams and krak missiles blasted skimmers from the sky. In places the Midgardians were even pushing the invaders back. Leman Russ Battle Tanks ground through the jungle, their sponson bolters thundering away while their battle cannons roared with fire.

However, without the *Emperor's Judgement* to ward off the Necron fleet, Midgardia was powerless to stop Trazyn's flagship from descending into orbit. With a blinding flash the ship's particle whip obliterated ten miles of Imperial defences in a matter of moments – those Guardsmen not reduced to their component atoms were left writhing on the ground in agony, clutching their scorched eye sockets. Against the firepower of the Tomb Ship Midgardia's resistance started to crumble, as one by one strongpoints and PDF armoured formations were reduced to ash. In the space of a few hours Trazyn's army had broken through the Magma Gates, and though the battle in the jungles would rage for days to

come Trazyn had secured his path into the world below.

*'It is so tiresome when the locals get territorial. Why can't they understand that they are merely parasites crawling in the ruins of an empire that we built?'*

- Trazyn the Infinite

## WAR IN THE VOID

Logan Grimnar watched through the magnification portals of *Void Wolf's* vista-plates as the invasion of Midgardia unfolded. His Wolf Guard were restless, cursing and joking, eager to reach the battle. The Great Wolf did not waste the time it took to reach Midgardia, and learned everything he could of the invaders. Even from such a distance he could see the impossibly large Tomb Ship, a midnight crescent against the purple radiance of Midgardia. From time to time the clouds beneath the Tomb Ship would flash as if lit up by lightning as the vessel bombarded the planet's surface. Grimnar had heard of these alien battleships before, though this was the first he had seen with his own eyes, and he knew that the key to defeating the xenos lay with the destruction of that ship.

Grimnar was brought out of his musing by the wailing sound of alarms, and all around him Space Wolves readied frost blades and storm bolters. Grimnar's fleet had just reached the edge of the Necron blockade, the darkness between the ships lit by flickers and flares of weapons fire. However, this was not what had set off the alarms. Reports were crackling in the Great Wolf's ear: skeletal warriors were responding to the Space Wolves' arrival by teleporting onto his ships in massed boarding actions. In an eerie blaze of light, several dark shapes materialised on the bridge of *Void Wolf* and in the space of a heartbeat carnage ensued.

Necron Warriors blasted anything that moved, be they Space Wolf, Chapter serf or Servitor. Gauss flayer beams carved smoking furrows through bodies and bulkheads. Wolf Guard moved among the metallic aliens, striking them down with wolf claws, thunder hammers and frost blades, sending sparking limbs and broken bodies crashing to the deck. And yet the Wolf Guard were few and the Necrons many, pressing in from all sides as Logan Grimnar swung the Axe Morkai in great punishing arcs.

Through the press of battle the Great Wolf's keen gaze picked out a Necron assassin crouched among the service gantries overhead, its single green optic fixed upon him and a strange alien sniper rifle in its hands. Before the Deathmark could raise its weapon Logan hurled his own, the huge axe tumbling end over end across the chamber to bury itself in the Necron's face. Grimnar was suddenly filled with a righteous anger that his enemy should try to send assassins against him, especially before he had tasted true battle. Howling with rage Grimnar plunged once more into the fray, his battle-brothers taking up

his cry and renewing their own attacks. By the time the Great Wolf had reached the place where the Axe Morkai lay the battle was almost done, and the remains of the would-be assassin had mysteriously vanished. The few remaining Necrons slowly phased out, retreating in the face of the Champions' fury.

If the Necron leader thought he could remove Grimnar from the battle so easily he was mistaken, and the Great Wolf vowed to show him the error of his ways. Looking at the growing purple orb through *Void Wolf's* vista-plates, Grimnar considered his plan of attack. He had studied Midgardia's defences well, and knew that the *Emperor's Judgement* was his best chance to destroy the enemy flagship. Ordering the bulk of his fleet to attack the Magma Gates, Grimnar and his Champions made for the nova cannon.

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## MIDGARDIA

*Midgardia is one of three inhabited worlds of the Fenris System, orbiting the Wolf's Eye alongside Frostheim and Fenris. Unlike its sister worlds Midgardia is a poisonous greenhouse. Sprawling fungus growths cover its surface under boiling purple clouds, and so toxic is the surface that its people are forced to live in subterranean cities within the world's vast natural cavern structures. Their settlements are carved from the complex root boles of the jungle above, often hanging over the magma sea that bubbles and hisses hundreds of yards below.*

*While not as heavily defended as Fenris, Midgardia does tithe soldiers for the Astra Militarum. These regiments have a well-deserved reputation for their tenacity and aggression, as do the planetary defence forces that serve on the world. The only structures on the surface of Midgardia are fortifications and orbital defence batteries; their guns pointing skyward while augurs and vox echoes probe through the spore-laden clouds.*

*Meanwhile, underground, pallid-skinned citizens tap the rich nutrient deposits held in the root structures, carefully extracting viscous strands of reddish pulp to be used in the manufacture of medicines. Occasionally a subsidence or collapse will briefly open a hole up to the surface, poisonous air flooding down into the tunnels and killing hundreds of workers before the breach can be sealed. At other times the sea below their dwellings may erupt in great fountains, molten rock destroying whole settlements in moments. Such are the perils of life on Midgardia.*



# BATTLE BENEATH THE SURFACE

High above Midgardia, *Void Wolf* shuddered like a longship on a storm-wracked sea as it skipped across the atmosphere. As the jungle crested Midgardia's horizon, launch bay ports yawned open revealing clusters of carbon-scarred Drop Pods. Their engines blazing against the dark, the Drop Pods hurtled down into the purple clouds below. Grimnar's Thunderstrike formations took the outer bastions of the *Emperor's Judgement* by storm. No sooner had the pods crashed down through the jungle canopy in a cloud of toxic spores than Wolf Guard Terminators materialised in blasts of cold light. In their wake the Old Wolf arrived, Arjac Rockfist and the Shieldbrothers at his side, their storm shields forming a ring around their lord.


And yet there were no foes ready to meet their sudden assault – the gun pits and defensive turrets of the installation were ominously silent. The Wolf Guard of the Thunderstrike led the way into the subterranean complex, their keen senses and gun barrels sweeping the darkness ahead. Flanked by Arjac and the Shieldbrothers, Logan Grimnar entered the bunker. For the first three levels the Space Wolves found only the flayed bodies of Midgardians, propped up against the walls or sprawled across the floor. Dried blood spatters and scars left by wild lasgun fire lined the corridors, but they were otherwise silent and dark. The Great Wolf motioned forward Volkbad Wolftongue and bade him lead a squad of Terminators to secure the deep core reactor below, while he and the Shieldbrothers pressed on towards the command chambers.



## THE EMPEROR'S JUDGEMENT

*The defences of Midgardia are almost as ancient as those of the Fang. Many of the fortifications, bastions and strongpoints are relics from the Dark Age of Technology, brought back to the Fenris System in the aftermath of the Great Crusade. Among the greatest of Midgardia's defences is the Emperor's Judgement, a gigantic nova cannon array dominating the planet's northern polar cap and able to fire at targets thousands of kilometres away in the depths of space. Similar to the prow-mounted nova cannon used on Imperial Navy cruisers, the Emperor's Judgement incorporates not one but four interlinked barrels. Towering over the surrounding jungle the huge cannon points upwards into the purple atmosphere, complex augur towers peering into the void to guide its ponderous aim.*

*Supporting this formidable weapon, an entire city sprawls around the site and into the rock beneath. Ferrocrete bulwarks and towers festooned with guns scan the heavens, while in the tunnels below thousands of Guardsmen, Servitors and Tech-Priests tend to ancient reactors and immense munitions stores. During the Necron invasion of Midgardia Trazyn largely bypassed the Judgement's defences by luring in Flayed Ones that materialised past the boundaries of the adamantium bulkheads and electro-locked blast gates. To aid the maddened Necrons in their murderous work, Trazyn sent Canoptek Wraiths to disable the Judgement's reactors, plunging the complex into darkness and crippling the guns. Sadly, few of the defenders survived to see Grimnar liberate the battery.*



Volkbad cursed the tense atmosphere as his squad descended deeper into the complex. More bodies littered the ground but, beyond the cloying stink of spilled blood and viscera, he could detect no sign or smell of the attackers. Straining his senses, the Space Wolf could find no trace of his foes, though part of his brain was telling him they were here, waiting and watching from the shadows. Eventually Volkbad and his pack came to the entrance to the reactor vault, the heavy door torn down its centre, and the gap filled with human corpses. Edging inside, the Space Wolves scanned the darkness for threats.

Meanwhile Grimnar had reached the control chambers, finding a similar scene of carnage and death, the headless body of the battery commander hanging overhead, his organs torn from his chest. The Wolf Guard spread out across the room, wading through the morass of bodies. Grimnar reached the control console, noting the dead runes of activation. He was about to vox Volkbad to check his progress toward the reactor when his keen ears picked up something moving wetly among the dead. Before he could yell a warning, dozens of hunched skeletal figures erupted from the floor, draped in the ragged remains of their victims.

Two Wolf Guard were dragged down under the Necrons' ambush before the rest could react, the darkened chamber suddenly lit by a storm of muzzle flares. In the close confines the battle quickly took on a desperate edge, the Flayed Ones struggling hand to hand with the Space Wolves. Assailed from all sides, each Terminator fought half a dozen foes, crushing metallic skulls and ripping off living metal limbs. Arjac and his Shieldbrothers closed ranks around the Great Wolf, shields and hammers pushing back the Necrons. However, for every one of the flesh-clothed horrors that fell broken to the ground, more lurched from the shadows.



Volkbad entered the reactor vault, the vast domed chamber lit only by the orange glow of the dormant plasma coils. From the darkness he could hear a clicking scrape, as if a million metal insects were crawling in his direction. Then his eyes caught sight of shapes within the gloom; huge mechanical horrors with long thrashing tails were scuttling over the reactor, probing and poking at its workings. With a piercing war cry Volkbad charged across the room, the Canoptek Wraiths ghosting down pipes and cooling flumes to meet the Space Wolves. In the blink of an eye the lead Wraith flickered out of existence only to appear a second later, its claws materialising in the chest of a Space Wolf. As his battle-brother collapsed in a shower of blood, Volkbad spun around swinging his frost blade, but before it could fall the Wraith vanished once more. As the constructs jumped in and out of reality on all sides, Volkbad ordered his squad to form up in a defensive circle. Where a Wraith would appear, one of his pack-mates would block its attack with blade or claw, turning the blow aside the moment the creatures phased into existence. Another Wolf Guard would be ready with his weapon, driving it home into the alien's insectile head before it could phase out.

Volkbad's squad fought their way across the chamber as wave after wave of Wraiths struck at them from the darkness. Finally, after enough of them had been smashed to ruin, the xenos fell back, leaving only dust and the corpse of a Wolf Guard as evidence they were ever there. Initiating the emergency protocols to bring the reactor back online, Volkbad voxed Grimnar the success of his mission, but was answered only by the low whisper of hissing static.

## MARKED FOR DEATH

Logan, Arjac and a handful of Wolf Guard fought on in the command chamber. The gruesome Necrons seemed unstoppable as they swarmed over the Space Wolves, some jerkily getting back to their feet after being cut down even as others phased in from the shadows. Grimnar signalled to Arjac to follow him; the chamber was too open and he needed to funnel the Necrons into a choke point if he was to destroy them. Fighting their way back out into the tunnel complex the Wolf Guard stood shoulder to shoulder, their Terminator armour filling the breadth of the corridor. Here the enemy could not bring their numbers to bear and slowly the battle started to turn.

A sudden energy pulse from out of the darkness tore through Grimnar's shoulder plate, the Wolf Lord staggering under the searing pain. In an instant Arjac and a pair of

Shieldbrothers were there, their shields held up to the darkness. Arjac checked to see how badly wounded his lord was, his hammer held ready should the hidden assassin reveal itself. Then another blast, this time from the opposite direction, took Grimnar in the back, though fortunately his Terminator armour repelled the shot. Out in the gloom Arjac could see the monocular eyes of the Deathmarks as they tried to complete what they had failed to accomplish on *Void Wolf*.

*'A foe that hides in the dark and strikes when your back is turned deserves no respect. Only the hard face of my hammer is good enough for these cowards.'*

- Arjac Rockfist

Through fangs gritted in pain Logan defiantly rose to his feet, the surviving Shieldbrothers moving to protect him from the snipers. Blasts of synaptic disintegrator fire hammered the Wolf Guard, one shot catching a Shieldbrother in the head, his brains cooking inside his helmet. Unable to push through the press of foes Grimnar and Arjac exchanged a momentary look, long years of war allowing them to anticipate one another's actions in a split second. With a deep and decisive breath the two Space Wolves rose up to their full height. Arjac hurled his hammer down one corridor while Logan swept his storm bolter across the darkness, its barrels blazing. Where Arjac's hammer fell a Deathmark was smashed from existence, while Grimnar made every shot count, blasting two more of the assassins into smoking fragments that quickly faded from view.

With the threat of the snipers dealt with, the Space Wolves turned their fury upon the Flayed Ones. While Grimnar had been distracted by the Deathmarks the despicable creatures had pressed in close, dozens more pouring out of the shadows drawn by their insatiable hunger for warm blood and living flesh. However, in the close confines of the tunnel the Great Wolf and his warriors took a brutal toll upon the foe. Behind a wall of glowing storm shields the Wolf Guard dealt out death to the creatures, pulverising metallic bodies and skulls until the floor grew thick with their mangled remains. After the last of the horrors had fallen, Grimnar returned to the command chamber, and only then received Volkbad's vox.

Grimnar signalled the all clear and called down his Iron Priests from the fleet above. They quickly set about powering up the *Emperor's Judgement*. Deep within the ground, ancient systems came back to life, gears and pistons the size of hab-blocks grinding and hissing into position as the massive cannon acquired its target. Augurs scanned the void, picking out the distinctive shapes of the Necron ships. Conveyers shuddered as they hauled up plasma warheads from mag-shielded armouries and fed them into the cannon's yawning breech, each one capable of shattering the hull of a capital ship. A savage grin upon his face, Logan slammed his fist down onto the firing rune.



# THE SLAYER'S COUNCIL

Ulrik the Slayer looked up from remains of the metallic warrior in his hands in time to see the *Emperor's Judgement* fire. Against the purple clouds he could see the plasma warhead only as a tiny streak of light as the cannon's gravimetric impellers hurled it into space. The line of fire was gone in an instant, ending at the shadow of the Tomb Ship. For a moment Ulrik thought it must have missed. Then the sky exploded. The nova cannon round had blown a hole in Midgardia's thick atmosphere, and the stars were visible through the rent. As he watched, the shockwave rippled through the clouds before crashing down around the battling Space Wolves like a hurricane. Then he saw the Tomb Ship, breaking for high orbit as more plasma warheads hammered into its hull, turning the sky into a maelstrom of fire. As the Necron flagship retreated from the fury of the *Emperor's Judgement* so too did the rest of the invaders' fleet.

While Grimnar had led the assault on the *Emperor's Judgement*, Ulrik had overseen the retaking of the Magma Gates and the attack on the bulk of the Necron invasion force. Even now Ulrik mused that Logan was a glory hound, a young pup seeking out what he considered the more exciting mission. However, such was the prerogative of the Great Wolf, so Ulrik did not begrudge him his fun. What concerned the ancient Wolf Priest more than the thrill of battle was why the Necrons had come to Midgardia. With the departure of the alien fleet the steady stream of Necron reinforcements had slackened and the Space Wolves were at last making significant headway at the Magma Gates. However, the invaders seemed to have lost interest in holding the gates; those warriors left behind seemed to be there merely to slow the Space Wolves down.



Ulrik surveyed the ruins of the gate, the battlements choked with Imperial corpses and less recognisable remains – horrifying evidence of the effects of the invaders' advanced weaponry. Of the Necrons themselves there was little if no sign, only a handful of twisted metallic wreckage to mark where a Necron had fallen and failed to phase out. Something was wrong here – Ulrik's centuries of battlefield wisdom told him this was not an invasion at all but something far more sinister. Ordering Grimnar's Wolf Guard commander, Ranulf Ironfang, to oversee the securing of the central conveyers leading down beneath the planet's surface, Ulrik convened a war council.

From their vantage point atop the Magma Gate sky defence tower, Ulrik the Slayer, the

Rune Priests Njal Stormcaller and Gnaerold Ghostwulf and the Iron Priest Skvarl Cogfang watched packs of Grey Hunters and Blood Claws clear out the last pockets of Necron resistance, chilling howls and the distant pop of bolt rounds drifting up from below. Njal's mind was as keen as Ulrik's, and he had come to the same conclusion as the Wolf Priest. Skvarl confirmed, by communing with the machine spirits of the Midgardian information grid, that the Necron army was heading into the depths of the planet. Gnaerold had peered into the shifting tides of the Warp and seen the same thing: under a sea of fire and a sky of stone slumbered a great evil that the Necrons had come to claim.



## WOLF SENSES

*Even by the superhuman standards of the Adeptus Astartes a Space Wolf's senses are impressive. They can follow the scent of a creature's passage even when miles away, after days of rain and wind have almost washed the trail to nothing. Sounds in the din of battle can be isolated by their hearing – a conversation hidden under the hammer of guns and the screams of the dying is rendered as clear as if it were spoken to the Space Wolf's face. Their vision too is unparalleled, the marking on a distant aircraft or an enemy hidden by the shroud of night appearing stark and distinct in their eyes.*

*During the desperate fighting in the tunnels of the Emperor's Judgement, the Space Wolves found their Necron foe dangerously elusive. Creatures of living metal and otherworldly energies, the Canoptek Wraiths left little scent and moved with the silence of the dead. Flayed Ones were especially hard to detect, wrapped in the overpowering stench of blood and death that blended with the corpses all around. As cunning hunters, the Space Wolves eventually overcame this disadvantage by learning to detect the absence of smell and sounds the Necrons produced, the voids left by their passing. As Ulrik the Slayer had taught Logan Grimnar long ago, every beast – whether it crawls in the ground or swims in the sea – leaves something to mark its passage. Thus the Space Wolves were able to clear the tunnels and vaults of the Emperor's Judgement despite the Flayed Ones' stealth, finding them where they lurked and tearing them to ruin. Not one of the invaders remained when they were done.*



## INFERNUS PEAK

Ulrik knew there would be no time for Grimnar to reach the core before the Necrons, nor

would the Midgardians' crumbling PDF regiments afford the Slayer time to follow them down into the earth by conventional means. Dispatching a message to the Great Wolf to guard against the Necrons' escape, Ulrik proposed a bold plan of action. The Wolf Priest would lead a small but elite group of warriors through the Warp to counter-attack the Necron advance. Calling upon those Wolf Guard still fighting at the Magma Gates, along with the mighty Bjorn the Fell-Handed and his Dreadnought brethren, Njal tore open a portal through the Warp and without a word Ulrik entered the Gate of Infinity with his brothers at his back.

The Space Wolves stepped out onto the smouldering rock of Infernus Peak, a mountain miles beneath the surface of Midgardia. As they gathered upon its slopes, Trazyn and his army were marching down the mountain from the tunnels above, the orange glow of magma reflected in the living metal bodies of legions of Necron Warriors. The Necron Overlord seemed unperturbed by the Space Wolves' arrival, and his soldiers fanned out around him whilst levelling their weapons. Deep beneath Midgardia's surface Space Wolves and Necrons charged into battle, surrounded by the blood and bones of the very planet itself. Gauss beams scythed through ceramite and enhanced flesh, just as mass-reactive rounds detonated within frames of living metal. Bjorn waded into the enemy's ranks, his claw ripping off skeletal heads. Overhead, Trazyn's Tomb Blades dodged and weaved through a tempest of ground fire, their tesla carbines strafing the Space Wolves' lines.


Ulrik strode through the fray, his crozius arcanum smashing down Necron Warriors in great arcing flares of light, most vanishing before their remains hit the mountainside. His gaze settled on Necron leader, who was arrogantly observing the battle from behind a wall of his elite guard. Njal read Ulrik's intent even before the glowing eyes of the Helm of Russ glanced in his direction. Calling upon spirits of wind and storm, Njal unleashed an arcane tempest upon Trazyn and his Lychguard. The rolling thunderhead washed over the Necrons in a shower of sparks, many of the alien warriors driven back before its fury. At the same time Bjorn struck the defensive line formed by the Necron bodyguards, his assault cannon howling above the din of battle as a barrage of fist-sized rounds tore holes through their ranks.

On the flanks the Necrons were pushing forward, forcing the Space Wolves to fight back to back against the aliens' overwhelming numbers, but the psychic storm and Bjorn's assault had created a break in the line – one that Ulrik was quick to exploit. Vaulting over the lifeless shell of a hulking Necron, the Wolf Priest threw himself into Trazyn, his crozius flaring as it was parried by the Necron's staff. The towering alien was no laggard in close combat, and his necrodermis granted him a strength beyond that of other races, but against the skill and ferocity of the Slayer he found himself forced back. Trazyn considered he might actually have to expend a degree of effort – something he was loath to do – to finish off this upstart when a data-burst reached his cortex. The weapon was ready.

Trazyn had not blindly entered battle. As the vanguard of his army clashed with the Space

Wolves his servants had been shackling the shard of the Burning One hidden deep beneath their feet. Like a rising sun, the captive C'tan Shard emerged out of the ocean of flame, molten rock spilling from its elemental flesh as it ascended the mountain. Ulrik saw the creature glide through the air towards the Wolf Priest even as he tried to land a telling blow upon the Necron leader. Everywhere Space Wolves burst into flames, Dreadnoughts were wreathed in fire and the stone beneath their feet started to melt. Against such a creature the Wolf Guard were too few, this Ulrik bitterly conceded, and so he ordered the retreat.

Njal pulled open the Gate of Infinity as the Wolf Guard fell back. The Dreadnoughts, led by Bjorn, laid down covering fire, flames licking across their armour as they held back the Necron host with a wall of heavy weapons fire. Ulrik's gaze stayed locked on Trazyn as he retreated, following his brothers into the shimmering portal. Trazyn watched the Space Marines withdraw, content to consolidate his forces now that he had the shard of Nyadra'zatha. His enemies doubtless thought they had escaped, though he knew that their doom would come soon enough.



*‘Through screams of gale and moans of wind,  
His voice did cut across the skies;  
And calling lightning to his side,  
He loosed his fearsome hurricane.*

*His foes were torn by wrathful gales,  
The tempest fierce o’erwhelmed them all,  
Their bones were frozen, shattered, broken,  
Their last breaths stolen by the storm.’*

- Excerpt from the Saga of the Stormcaller





# THE NECRON GRAVEYARD

Logan Grimnar watched the ebb and flow of the battle on *Stormrider's* hololith projector. The *Emperor's Judgement* had finally fallen silent after the Necron fleet had withdrawn out of range, though Iron Priests still manned the complex in case a target should present itself. Pockets of fighting still raged in the depths of the toxic jungle; remote Imperial Bastions holding out or Grey Hunters tracking down the straggling elements of Trazyn's army. Underground combat continued to light up the shadowy cave cities and towns of Midgardia with the flash of weapons fire and the flare of explosions. But the wider war was of less concern to the Great Wolf than the Necron Overlord and his fire god. Grimnar had been following Trazyn's return to the surface through ship augurs, scouts and the reports of fighting around Midgardia's cities. It soon became clear the Necron leader was making for the surface in order to make his escape back into space. What Logan could not know was that when the Tomb Ship had been forced to retreat Trazyn had been cut off from using its eternity gate. Unusual radioactive interference from the thick spore-clouds of Midgardia's atmosphere had severely reduced the range of the Necrons' phasing technology.

When the Wolf Lord crested the equatorial mountains he realised the magnitude of the danger Midgardia still faced. Below, a vast Necron graveyard dominated the horizon. For miles before him the jungle valley had been transformed into a scorched plain of melted rock, and piles of broken Necron infantry and war machines – cut off from their fleet – were heaped around flickering Monolith eternity gates. As he watched through long range augurs Grimnar could see the legions reassembling before his eyes, Necrons staggering back to their feet in a terrible parody of life. In the centre of the fields of broken Necrons was a towering black pyramid that pulsed with dark energy. As sure as the Wolf's Eye would rise in the morning, Grimnar knew this must be the last bastion of the Necrons' power on Midgardia. If he acted quickly, here and now the battle for Midgardia could be decided.

Grimnar called his Kingsguard to his side as his armoured column of Land Raiders, Rhinos and Predators crashed down into the blasted valley. Vox traffic in Grimnar's ear informed him that a squadron of Stormwolf and Stormfang craft was minutes away, while his Strike Cruisers moved into position in orbit. Over a mile from the pyramid, *Stormrider* burst out of the jungle onto a sea of twisted living metal scattered with towers of alien wreckage. As the Space Wolves' tanks raced out across the field of debris, Necron attack craft broke off from circling the pyramid and descended on the column.



Rumbling across the wreckage, the Land Raider *Thunderwolf* sent strobing volleys of lascannon fire into the sky, the Doom Scythes jinking and twisting out of the way as they responded with pulses from their tesla destructors. A crackling beam lanced out from one of the Necron aircraft, punching through a Rhino and causing it to erupt in a cloud of shrapnel and flame. Tomb Blades swept in on the column's flank, arcane weapons fire flicking out from underslung guns as they strafed the Space Wolves. Autocannon and bolter rounds tore at the air around the Necron craft as they executed twists and turns no human pilot could survive. Even so, a number were sent tumbling to the ground, exploding in balls of flame as they were scattered across the black plain.

From atop his chariot Grimnar directed the battle, ordering his tanks to keep close formation and to combine their fire. Then, up ahead, the scrap erupted with metallic skeletal hands. Sections of a Necron ship holding thousands of warriors had crashed into Midgardia's surface during the initial invasion, and now hundreds lay tangled in its twisted remains. As the Space Wolves crossed the graveyard, they reactivated once more. *Thunderwolf* ploughed into this mass of wreckage, half-repaired Necrons grasping at its tracks and hull. As more and more of the mechanical warriors latched onto the tank it shuddered and finally ground to a halt, its treads jammed by grasping metal limbs. The Great Wolf directed *Stormrider* closer to the stricken battle tank, the Axe Morkai hacking left and right. Across the field of wreckage Grimnar could see more Necron units bursting up from the ground, reassembling with horrific speed.

From out of the blazing violet sky the Great Wolf saw a Necron fighter craft making an attack run on the immobilised Land Raider. The alien fighter seemed to be bearing down right on top of him, his enhanced vision picking out the glowing lines on its hull and the dark energies playing around its main cannon. Powerless to stop it, Grimnar bared his fangs and spat out a curse, inviting it to try and kill him.

As if from nowhere a frigid beam of light struck the Doom Scythe, carving its hull in two, the twin pieces spiralling into the ground hard in a shower of earth and debris before bouncing and tumbling over Grimnar's head. The Stormfang Gunship howled overhead in the wake of its kill, followed a second later by a dozen Stormwolves, their Space Wolf passengers already massing before their yawning assault ramps. As the Space Wolves reinforcements stormed onto the battlefield the tide was turned, hammering bolter fire, flashing frost blades and screaming assault cannons sending the Necrons back to the

scorched ground.

Grimnar turned his gaze once more to the pyramid dominating the horizon, tiny dark shapes crawling over its surface. As he watched he could see a faint beam of energy lancing out from its apex and into the clouds – something that could only bode ill for his army and the fate of Midgardia. Clearing away the remains of the broken Necrons that had piled around its tracks and ramp, the Terminators climbed back into the Land Raider. Soon the Space Wolves were advancing again toward the pyramid, the Great Wolf leading the way.

## THE STAR CRYPT

Scaling a mountain of living, writhing metal, Logan Grimnar and his Champions entered the pyramid. Like the heroes of old, the Wolf Guard marched into the stronghold of their enemy, fearless and bold. As they pressed through chambers of shifting metal tiles and corridors of floating green orbs, resistance increased, the very battlefield rebelling against them and disgorging foes into their path.

Insectile constructs – whether floating giants or smothering swarms – crawled out of the walls, the cold stare of their strange optics both alien and unnerving. The Wolf Guard fought for every step they took, storm bolters blazing as frost blades and wolf claws slashed brutally through their enemies. Arjac Rockfist hurled Foehammer in one smooth motion after another, the weapon whistling across the chamber to shatter living metal before flashing back to his hand. Ranulf Ironfang pushed into the massed Necron ranks, his frost blade cutting down one skeletal warrior after another. At his side Ingvarr Thunderbrow seized a towering Necron by the neck, ripping off its head as his heavy armoured boots crushed scuttling aliens underfoot. Nearby, Volkbad Wulftongue and his Terminator squad forced a wedge into the Necron ranks, their power weapons smashing apart the aliens in flaring arcs and blazes of energy discharge.



The Space Wolves' uncompromising ferocity had driven them through the Necrons' outer defences, and they now emerged into the heart of the pyramid. A space hundreds of yards across, it was laced with shimmering bridges of light all leading to a huge suspended grav-platform at the structure's peak. Upon this platform, Trazyn the Infinite waited, the alien warlord overseeing his Crypteks as they erected a particle-conveyer from the wreckage around them. The device would allow Trazyn to re-establish the link to his flagship that

had been severed by Midgardia's atmosphere, and to escape with his prize – the C'tan Shard that was now safely contained inside a tesseract labyrinth grasped in his hand. Hearing the first howls of Grimnar's army, Trazyn looked up from his task in annoyance. By the sickly light of the conveyer, his Lychguard closed ranks to protect their master.

The Space Wolves charged across the glowing bridges of energy, undaunted by the yawning gulf beneath their feet. Marching out to meet them were spindly limbed alien battle-engines and skull-faced giants. Vivid gauss blasts tore through the darkness to flay ceramite, adamantium and flesh. Ranulf Ironfang directed the fire of the Long Fangs and Grey Hunters, their long-range weapons ripping into what appeared to be the structure's vital systems. Meanwhile, Volkbad Wulftongue and a pack of Void Claws raked through the lines of the Necrons, sending their broken remains tumbling into the rift below. Arjac and the Shieldbrothers flanked Grimnar as he advanced on Trazyn, only a handful of Lychguard and a flickering energy field barring his way. Cut off from his Tomb Ship, it was now Trazyn who was outnumbered by his foes.

For a few brief moments the field between Grimnar and Trazyn held, its surface shuddering under the Space Wolves' firepower. Then it was gone in a vivid flash and the Great Wolf leapt into the fray. Arjac and his Shieldbrothers drove into the Lychguard, clearing a way for their lord, while Logan hewed limbs with the Axe Morkai. Trazyn paid the Space Wolves no mind however, and continued to manipulate the conveyer. With a furious howl Grimnar aimed the Axe Morkai at Trazyn's head, only for the Necron to vanish in a blaze of light just before the blow could land. A second later the conveyer was torn apart by Long Fangs' fire, but the Necron Lord was already gone.

After the departure of their Overlord the remaining Necrons fell swiftly, and within a matter of hours the invaders had been wiped off the face of Midgardia completely. It was a hollow victory for Grimnar, given Trazyn's escape, but it was a victory nonetheless.

High above Midgardia, Trazyn the Infinite settled into his command throne. He ordered the fleet to withdraw as he regarded the tesseract labyrinth in his hand, the captive fires of Nyadra'zatha reflected in his skull-like visage.





# THE GREAT WOLF, HIGH KING OF FENRIS



**Logan Grimnar led his Great Company, along with those of the Wolf Lords Ragnar Blackmane and Krom Dragongaze, to defend the Knight world of Alaric Prime from the Orks of Gruk Face-rippa and his Red Waaagh!.**



## 1. THE AXE MORKAI

A trophy from his triumph over the forces of Chaos on Armageddon, the Axe Morkai is well named, for all who meet its edge are swiftly delivered into the keeping of the Fenrisian death god.

## 2. FELLCLAW'S SKULL

Logan wears the gilded skull of the terrible and mighty Thunderwolf Fellclaw, which he slew after a long and bloody hunt.

### 3. FELLCLAW'S CLOAK

Logan's enormous wolf cloak is made from the pelt of the dread beast that he slew long ago.

### 4. BELT OF RUSS

Every Wolf Lord wears one of these ancient devices, and concealed within its intricate links is a potent force field generator that protects its wearer from harm.



*When he became a Wolf Lord, Logan Grimnar chose the emblem of the Night Runner as the sigil of his Great Company. When, years later, he was elected Great Wolf of the Chapter, he and most of his warriors adopted the badge of Leman Russ himself as their Great Company marking, as is the right of the Master of the Chapter and his household warriors. Yet some amongst the Champions of Fenris still bear the badge of the Night Runner upon their armour and wargear, a mark of honour signifying centuries in Logan Grimnar's service.*



## THE WOLF THAT STALKS BETWEEN STARS

*This symbol is carried with honour by every Great Wolf. It represents the void-faring nature of the Chapter, who sail across the stars as their ancestors still sail across the seas of Fenris.*





# CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS

The Champions of Fenris are famed for the quantity and quality of their Wolf Guard Terminators, and Logan's Great Company is the largest in the Chapter. Most bear the emblem of the Wolf That Stalks Between Stars on their left shoulder guard, although some of the eldest still carry Logan's earlier Great Company symbol of the Night Runner.

## BRETHREN OF THE GREAT WOLF, THE BATTLE FOR ALARIC PRIME, 998.M41

### **GREAT WOLF LOGAN GRIMNAR**

High King of Fenris

### **WOLF GUARD ARJAC ROCKFIST**

Grimnar's Champion

### **TORFIN DAGGERFIST**

Wolf Guard Battle Leader

### **JORN'S GIANT-KILLERS**

5 Wolf Guard Terminators

### **GUNNAR'S HUSCARLS**

5 Wolf Guard Terminators

### **WULFTONGUE'S SHIELDBROTHERS**

5 Wolf Guard Terminators

### **IRONFANG'S CLAWS OF GRIMNAR**

5 Wolf Guard Terminators

### **DAGGERFIST'S VOID CLAWS**

4 Wolf Guard Terminators

### **HORGOTH'S ALLSLAYERS**

10 Wolf Guard

# **SHADOWSTALKER'S SNOWDEVILS**

10 Grey Hunters

## **TORMUND'S ICEWALKERS**

8 Grey Hunters

## **LENOLD'S WULFBORN**

10 Grey Hunters

## **WULFSONS OF LORKIR**

7 Grey Hunters

## **KJARL'S SLAYERS**

9 Grey Hunters

## **KORVALD'S FANGBROTHERS**

14 Blood Claws

## **JARN'S UNBLOODED**

15 Blood Claws

## **FJYR'S STORMBRINGERS**

12 Blood Claws

## **ALRIK'S REAVERS**

10 Blood Claws

## **SKARNEL'S YOUNGBLOODS**

12 Blood Claws

## **ULNAR'S SKYBROTHERS**

10 Skyclaws

## **ORLOF'S THUNDERSTORM**

5 Long Fangs

## **VORGARD'S LONGCLAWS**

5 Long Fangs

## **HAAKON'S WYRMSLAYERS**

5 Long Fangs

## **FENRYD'S FELLEYES**

4 Long Fangs

# **SVENVAR'S BLIZZARDWALKERS**

5 Wolf Scouts

## **THE FROZEN SHADOW**

5 Wolf Scouts

## **NORGIR'S TROLLKILLERS**

5 Wolf Scouts

## **JORUND'S FARSTRIDERS**

8 Wolf Scouts

## **THE GREY WALKER**

Lone Wolf

## **JOR FROSTBEARD**

Lone Wolf

## **ASHERGOR THE BROKEN**

Lone Wolf

## **WYRDFANG THE WANDERER**

Lone Wolf

## **HAARGEN DEATHBANE**

Venerable Dreadnought

## **SVENDAR IRONARM**

Venerable Dreadnought

# SAGA OF THE GREAT WOLF



**Few warriors have lived as long as Logan Grimnar or gathered such glory and honour to their name. Across seven centuries of war, blood and strife the Great Wolf has fought for the Space Wolves against the innumerable foes of the Imperium. His is a saga worthy of the ages that will linger in the minds and hearts of his brothers long after he has passed into legend.**

## **313.M41 THE SHADOW OF RUSS**

The Sky Warriors see greatness in the young Fenrisian warrior Logan Grimnar. A Wolf Priest follows the exploits of the young warrior and the Iron Blood tribe to which he belongs, as Logan fights across the freezing oceans of Fenris. During the Sea of Blades, a host of tribes descend upon the Kraken's Spur to do battle, and the Wolf Priest witnesses the shadow of Leman Russ lingering in the wake of young Grimnar. A potent sign of the Primarch's favour, it is all that the priest needs to induct Logan into the fabled Sky Warriors.

## **357.M41 THE BLOODY CRESCENT**

Quickly earning a place in the Great Company of Asvald Stormwrack, Logan Grimnar rises to the rank of Grey Hunter. At the battle of Blood Falls, on the broken world of Hesperia, Logan saves the Wolf Lord's life when the latter is trapped under the mangled wreck of a Helbrute. Logan alone is able to reach Asvald, standing over the broken Chaos machine for long minutes, single-handedly holding back the Chaos Space Marine Renegades of the Bloody Crescent. For the Grey Hunter's bravery, Asvald inducts Logan into his Wolf Guard.

## **415.M41 ASVALD'S FINAL BATTLE**

Asvald Stormwrack meets his end during the war for the Cyclopean Rift on Zylor IX. For over a decade Asvald's Great Company has fought against the pale Orks of the Rift. The Ork Warboss Dakfang leads constant attacks up into the sublevels of the great hive cities of Zylor from the rifts below. Finally, Dakfang and Asvald face each other on the bridge-maze under Zylor Primus, the two warlords mortally wounding each other before plummeting into the dark below. With the death of Asvald, Logan Grimnar is named Wolf Lord, taking command of the Great Company.

## **440.M41 MANTLE OF THE GREAT WOLF**

Logan Grimnar quickly earns the respect of his fellow Wolf Lords, despite many being centuries older than him. When, on the battlefields of Xor, a Dark Eldar Succubus murders the reigning Great Wolf Sigvald Grimhammer, Ulrik puts Logan's name forward as his successor. Amazingly there is no resistance to Logan's ascension, and when the

runestones are counted every vote has been cast in Grimnar's favour.

## **444.M41 FIRST WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON**

The World Eaters invade the hive world of Armageddon alongside a vast daemoniac host led by none other than the Daemon Primarch Angron. The newly elected Great Wolf, Logan Grimnar, leads the Space Wolves to the planet's defence, arriving just in time to halt the onslaught of Khorne's minions. In a final cataclysmic battle, the World Eaters are thrown back from the hastily-prepared Imperial defences and defeated. Angron and his bodyguard of twelve Bloodthirsters of Khorne are banished back to the Warp by the combined efforts of an entire brotherhood of Grey Knights, though over ninety of the elite warriors are slain in the act.

## **444-451.M41 THE MONTHS OF SHAME**

Not for the first time, the Space Wolves and the Inquisition come to blows. Logan Grimnar demands that the Inquisitorial forces put an immediate stop to the systematic purging of the Imperial Guard survivors that fought so bravely in defence of Armageddon. Only when Bjorn the Fell-Handed intervenes do the internecine hostilities cease.

## **499.M41 UPRISING ON PALACIA**

Logan Grimnar proves his reputation as both a great warlord and respected leader during the Palacia Heresy. Taking command of the bickering Astra Militarum regiments, he puts an end to the systematic execution of the planet's population. Under the banner of his Great Company the loyalists rally, many cities thought lost to the Heresy proving their worth and turning on the traitors. Word soon spreads of the Great Wolf's victory, but also of the fair and just way in which he treated the people of Palacia.

## **539.M41 WELL OF DARKNESS**

Logan Grimnar leads the purge of the space hulk *Well of Darkness* as it drifts past Fenris, his Wolf Guard Terminators cleansing it of alien horrors. During the fighting the Great Wolf falls through a weakened section of deck, plunging down a dozen levels and becoming hopelessly separated from his battle-brothers. When he returns to them days later, he is covered in alien ichor and filth from countless kills, a savage grin upon his face.

## **612.M41 WAR OF THE WOLF**

Logan Grimnar learns of the location of a Wolf Brother Space Marine, one of the long-lost members of the Space Wolves' only successor Chapter. The Great Wolf leads his Champions of Fenris to rescue the battle-brother from the clutches of the Black Legion, before the arch-traitor Fabius Bile can use him for some nefarious experiment.



## **741.M41 THE STENCH OF CHAOS**

Logan Grimnar travels to the besieged world of Vara III to break the deadlock between the Imperium and the separatist forces under planetary governor Tor Rex. The Great Wolf quickly realises all is not as it seems and orchestrates a council between Tor Rex and the forces of the Imperium. In respect for Grimnar, Rex attends but is quickly set upon by the incumbent Imperial commander Keel. Logan catches the scent of Chaos upon Keel and realises the Imperial forces on Vara III are under the thrall of the Dark Gods, while Rex remains loyal to the Imperium. The Great Wolf personally rips Keel's head from his shoulders and in just a few bloody weeks the Space Wolves hunt down and kill every heretic within the fleet, bringing an end to the war.

## **787.M41 SCOURING OF GNOSIS SECUNDUS**

In response to the Eldar invasion of Gnosis Prime the Space Wolves are dispatched to defend the planet. Unfortunately they are blown off course by a Warp storm and arrive a year too late. Unable to save the people of Gnosis Prime, Logan Grimnar heads to Gnosis Secundus seeking revenge against the Saim-Hann Eldar still in-system.

## **830.M41 SCRAPSPIRE INCURSION**

Logan Grimnar leads a rescue mission to recover a priceless STC from the wreckage of the downed Adeptus Mechanicus vessel *Eternal Iron*. The ship has crashed on the Ork world of Scrapspire, a dumping ground for rubbish from across the sector. On a sea of scrap metal the Space Wolves fight their way into the great city of the Ork Warboss Krugfist, finally reaching his treasure vaults and recovering the STC. In the fray Grimnar hacks Krugfist's mechanical klaw from his arm, taking it with him as a trophy.

## **886.M41 THE ECCLESIArchY COMES TO FENRIS**

A delegation of Ecclesiarchy officials approaches Fenris, intending to assess the Space Wolves after hearing rumours of their worship of false gods. Logan Grimnar refuses to meet their demands when they command him to open the gates of the Fang and undergo interrogation. Foolishly, the Ecclesiarchy decide to press the matter and when their envoy cruiser is destroyed trying to dock with the Fang the rest of the Ministorum officials retreat, finally realising the Great Wolf is not to be trifled with. However, it is not a lesson learned, and almost a year later the Ecclesiarchy and three orders of the Adepta Sororitas attempt to enter Fenrisian space in force. The resultant war lasts for three weeks before

the Ecclesiarchy decides to let sleeping dogs lie and withdraws its forces.

## **900.M41 THE 30TH GREAT HUNT**

The Great Wolf leads the 30th Great Hunt to find the Chapter's lost Primarch, Leman Russ. For over a decade Logan Grimnar's Great Company and scores of the Space Wolves' mightiest warriors travel the void, having bloody adventures and fighting glorious battles. While no definitive clues to the whereabouts of Russ are uncovered, the Great Hunt sees a host of threats to the Imperium destroyed and many more quelled before they can grow to become a danger.



## **933.M41 BATTLE FOR MIDGARDIA**

A Necron fleet led by Trazyn the Infinite descends upon the world of Midgardia in the Fenris System. The Overlord seeks a shard of the C'tan Nyadra'zatha that slumbers in the core of the Fenrisian planet. Angered by the audacity of his foes, Logan Grimnar leads a huge force against the Necrons, turning the toxic jungles and subterranean cities of Midgardia into a bitter and brutal warzone.

## **962.M41 WAR OF INFAMY**

When the Tau raid Imperial ship yards at Ethron's Harbour, destroying numerous escort vessels and crippling the battleship *Pretorius Rex*, Logan Grimnar's Great Company lead a retributive strike against the nearest Tau outpost world. Taking advantage of a localised Warp anomaly to cross the sector in a matter of hours, the Space Wolves fall upon the unsuspecting Tau even as they refuel and recover from their raid. Though the battle is brutal and bloody, costing the Space Wolves dozens of their battle-brothers, the Great Wolf is determined to send a clear message to the Tau and leaves no survivors.

## **972.M41 THE HUNGERING VOID**

Logan Grimnar's Great Company chance upon a Tyranid splinter fleet deep within the void. Not content to leave the Tyranids to continue on their path deeper into the Imperium – even though they are still centuries from the nearest system at sub-light speeds – the Great Wolf launches an assault. Focusing on the hive ship in the centre of the cluster, Grimnar leads a boarding party to plant a powerful vortex mine in the beast's synaptic core. The Wolf Guard fight their way through the nightmarish body of the beast as it awakens around them, disgorging thousands of Tyranid organisms to devour them. Finally, Grimnar is able to plant the charge and escape, detonating it even as his Stormwolf lifts off. With the hive ship destroyed, the Space Wolves eradicate the

remaining disorganised and scattered Tyranid vessels with ease.

## **988.M41 RIDERS OF THE STORM**

Logan Grimnar, majestic atop his chariot, *Stormrider*, leads his Great Company in the charge that finally breaks the Necron phalanxes of Imotekh the Stormlord on Vhaloth IV. Though a great victory over the Necrons, it is a hollow one for the Great Wolf, as the hunt that brought him to Vhaloth IV was intended to locate Trazyn the Infinite to deliver retribution for the attack on Midgardia.

## **998.M41 THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON**

With his presence needed elsewhere, Logan Grimnar sends five Great Companies to Armageddon to join the Imperial forces hastily gathering there to combat the second, even larger invasion of Ghazghkull Thraka's Ork Waaagh!.

## **998.M41 THE BATTLE FOR ALARIC PRIME**

Logan Grimnar leads a massive force of Space Wolves – including many of the Chapter's greatest heroes – to the war-torn world of Alaric Prime to defend it from the greenskin hordes of the Red Waaagh!.

# GRIMNAR'S HEROES

**With the Great Wolf leading them the Champions of Fenris thunder into battle. Theirs is a company of mighty warriors, for which the glorious call of battle is another chance to add stanzas to their sagas. On the following pages you will find a showcase of fantastic Space Wolves miniatures collections.**





*Leifvar Twice-Slain, Wolf Guard Terminator*



*Helfdane Fangson, Wolf Guard with power fist and bolt pistol*



*Jekren Skald, Wolf Guard with two wolf claws*



*Ingvarr Thunderbrow, Wolf Guard Terminator*







*Logan Grimnar, the Great Wolf, atop his chariot Stormrider drawn by his Thunderwolves Tyrnak and Fenrir*







*Sven Halfhelm, Wolf Guard Terminator with thunder hammer and storm shield*



*Alrik Doom-seeker, Wolf Guard Terminator with two wolf claws*



*Jorn the Tall, Wolf Guard Terminator with storm bolter and power fist*



*Ulstvan Morkaison, Wolf Priest in Terminator armour*







*Logan Grimnar holds aloft the Axe Morkai, a trophy from his victories during the First War for Armageddon.*



*Bjorn the Fell-Handed, shown here armed with helfrost cannon and Trueclaw*







# FORCES OF THE GREAT WOLF



**On these pages you will find additional special rules, Warlord Traits, Relics, a Detachment and Formations that reflect the composition and fighting style of the Champions of Fenris. You can add the Detachment and Formations from this section to an existing army, or use them to field an army from Grimnar's Great Company itself.**

## CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS SPECIAL RULES

If you use the Formations or the Company of the Great Wolf Detachment in this book, the following supplemental special rules apply to all of the units they contain.

### SAGABORN

*The Champions of Fenris comprise many of the mightiest heroes of the Space Wolves. They are the greatest of a warrior breed, their sagas long and filled with many deeds of courage and valour. Ever do they seek the opportunity to earn further renown and carve a legend that will live on for eternity in the annals of their Chapter.*

Characters that are part of a Detachment or Formation presented in this book must always issue and accept a challenge whenever possible. If you have several models in a combat with a special rule to this effect, you can choose which model issues or accepts the challenge.

### FIRST AMONG EQUALS

*The Wolf Guard of the Space Wolves includes some of the deadliest fighters in the galaxy. To earn a place amongst such a hallowed warrior brotherhood is a dream to which all Sky Warriors aspire, but few achieve. As Great Wolf, Logan Grimnar can call upon the mightiest of even this esteemed company, the Kingsguard – valiant heroes who have defeated terrible foes and dread champions beyond counting to earn their place at the side of the High King of Fenris.*

All Wolf Guard Battle Leaders, Wolf Guard Pack Leaders, Wolf Guard Terminator Leaders and Thunderwolf Cavalry Pack Leaders that are part of a Detachment or Formation presented in this book have the Preferred Enemy (characters) special rule when fighting in a challenge.

### RELICS OF THE GREAT WOLF

Any character that is part of a Detachment or Formation presented in this book that can select Relics of the Fang cannot select from those listed in *Codex: Space Wolves*, but can instead select from Relics of the Great Wolf, presented in their own section, following, at the points costs shown.

# WARLORD TRAITS

When generating his Warlord Traits, a Space Wolves Warlord may choose to roll on the following table instead of those found in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules* or *Codex: Space Wolves*.

# WARLORD TRAITS TABLE

## D6 WARLORD TRAIT

**1. Fire in the Blood:** *Some Sky Warriors never lose their reckless lust for battle, surviving countless years of war and death through wild bravery and warrior's luck.*

The Warlord can re-roll a single failed saving throw every turn.

**2. Thread-cutter:** *Some of the Champions of Fenris display an instinctive mastery of the killing art. This Warlord's saga is thronged with names and descriptions detailing the countless foes that have died by his hand.*

When fighting in a challenge, the Warlord re-rolls all failed To Wound rolls.

**3. Gatekeeper:** *This Warlord bears the honorific of Dyrvordr, Gatekeeper of the Vault. The Great Wolf has entrusted him with stewardship of the Fang's main weapons vault, and one of the ancient relics stored within.*

Nominate one weapon carried by your Warlord. That weapon has the Master-crafted special rule. Note, however, that this cannot be applied to any Relics of the Great Wolf.

**4. Blessing of the Wolf:** *The Canis Helix takes root in each Space Wolf in different ways. This Warlord can sense his foes from miles away and smell their fear upon the wind, leading his warriors to their prey with unerring accuracy.*

The Warlord and any unit he joins during deployment have the Outflank special rule.

**5. Thane to the King:** *This Warlord has fought alongside Logan Grimnar for many centuries. He would rather die than face failure in the eyes of the Great Wolf.*

The Warlord has the Fearless special rule.

**6. Deeds Beyond Counting:** *This hoary old warrior has seen many lifetimes of war. He has fought and defeated foes of every kind, enemies of every description; his saga is long and full of glory.*

The Warlord has the Preferred Enemy special rule.



# RELICS OF THE GREAT WOLF

**Relics of the Great Wolf are unique and incredibly powerful heirlooms of the Space Wolves that have served the Great Wolves of the Chapter for many millennia. Only one of each of the following relics can be chosen per army – there is only one of each of these items in the entire galaxy!**

## **ARMOUR OF ASVALD STORMWRACK...50 POINTS**

*When Logan Grimnar was a Wolf Guard in the Great Company of Asvald Stormwrack, the Wolf Lord gifted him a suit of ancient Terminator armour. A relic of the Chapter, it was the armour that Asvald had worn as a Wolf Guard to his lord and which his lord had worn before him, in a line stretching back many thousands of years. A remarkable piece from the Dark Age of Technology, the armour hides a host of mechanisms beneath its ceramite plates, able to repair damage and heal rents caused by powered blade or plasma bolt. Following the tradition, Grimnar grants the armour to worthy warriors that serve and protect him.*

The Armour of Asvald Stormwrack confers a 2+ Armour Save and a 4+ invulnerable save. The wearer also has the Bulky, Deep Strike, It Will Not Die and Relentless special rules, but cannot make Sweeping Advances.

## **FROSTFURY...15 POINTS**

*Over millennia of campaigning and fighting for the Imperium, the vaults of the Fang have become filled with rare and potent weapons. The storm bolter known as Frostmodr, or Frostfury in High Gothic, is just such an example – a weapon crafted long ago by the skilled hands of an unremembered Tech-Adept. Re-chambered to fire bolt rounds tipped with helfrost warheads, it is the only known example of such a weapon, the secrets of its creation lost. In battle, the glittering rounds impart their freezing payload as they explode deep in the flesh of their victims. Few enemies can survive both the destructive force of a detonating bolt shell and the frigid blast of the shattering glimmerfrost crystal.*

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	4	5	Assault 4, Helfrost

**Helfrost:** When a model suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from this weapon, it must pass a separate Strength test for each Wound suffered or be removed as a casualty.

## **KRAKENBONE SWORD...35 POINTS**

*Years when the Kraken’s Spur rises from the seas of Fenris are times of plenty for the world’s tribes. In the dripping grottos and shallow pools can be found the remains of ancient kraken, from whose bones priceless blades can be crafted. In his youth, Logan Grimnar had one such blade made for him by a smith of the Iron Blood tribe after recovering a suitable shard of bone from the Kraken’s Spur. Though its edges were as sharp as the day it was first made, Arjac Rockfist reworked the blade into a deadly frost sword before presenting it to his liege-lord once more. It has since become a powerful heirloom of the Champions of Fenris, for no armour can resist its bite.*

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+1	2	Melee, Master-crafted

## MORKAI’S CLAWS...45 POINTS

*Named for the legendary two-headed wolf Morkai, it is said that a master artificer of Mars, whose name has long since been forgotten, was inspired by the story of the wolf-god’s defeat at the hands of Leman Russ. He presented the mighty Primarch with a pair of wolf claws that he had forged especially to honour the victory. Imbued with all the bestial fury for which the wolf-god was renowned, to wield Morkai’s Claws in battle is to unleash the wrath of the caged beast and tear every foe to bloody ruin.*

Morkai’s Claws are a pair of unique wolf claws that replace all of a model’s ranged and Melee weapons.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+1	3	Melee, Maul, Rending, Shred, Specialist Weapon

**Maul:** In close combat, the bearer of Morkai’s Claws gains +D3 Attacks instead of +1 for fighting with two weapons (roll at the start of each Fight sub-phase).

## THE PELT OF BALEWOLF...10 POINTS

*The pelts of wolves are plentiful trophies amongst the Champions of Fenris, as each is an able and fearless hunter. However, some of these mantles are rare indeed and steeped in legend, belonging to one of the ferocious near-mythical Blackmaned Thunderwolves that, so the stories claim, escape from Morkai’s realm once every generation to terrorise the slopes of Asaheim. The Pelt of Balewolf is one such relic. Still soaked in the scent of the long-dead creature, beasts instinctively cower before the wearer, sensing the presence of an alpha predator upon the wind.*

The wearer of the Pelt of Balewolf has the Fear special rule. Furthermore, enemy units with the Beasts, Cavalry or Monstrous Creature unit types that are in base contact with

the wearer or his unit automatically fail any Fear tests they are required to make unless they have the And They Shall Know No Fear or Fearless special rules.

## **FELLCLAW'S TEETH...15 POINTS**

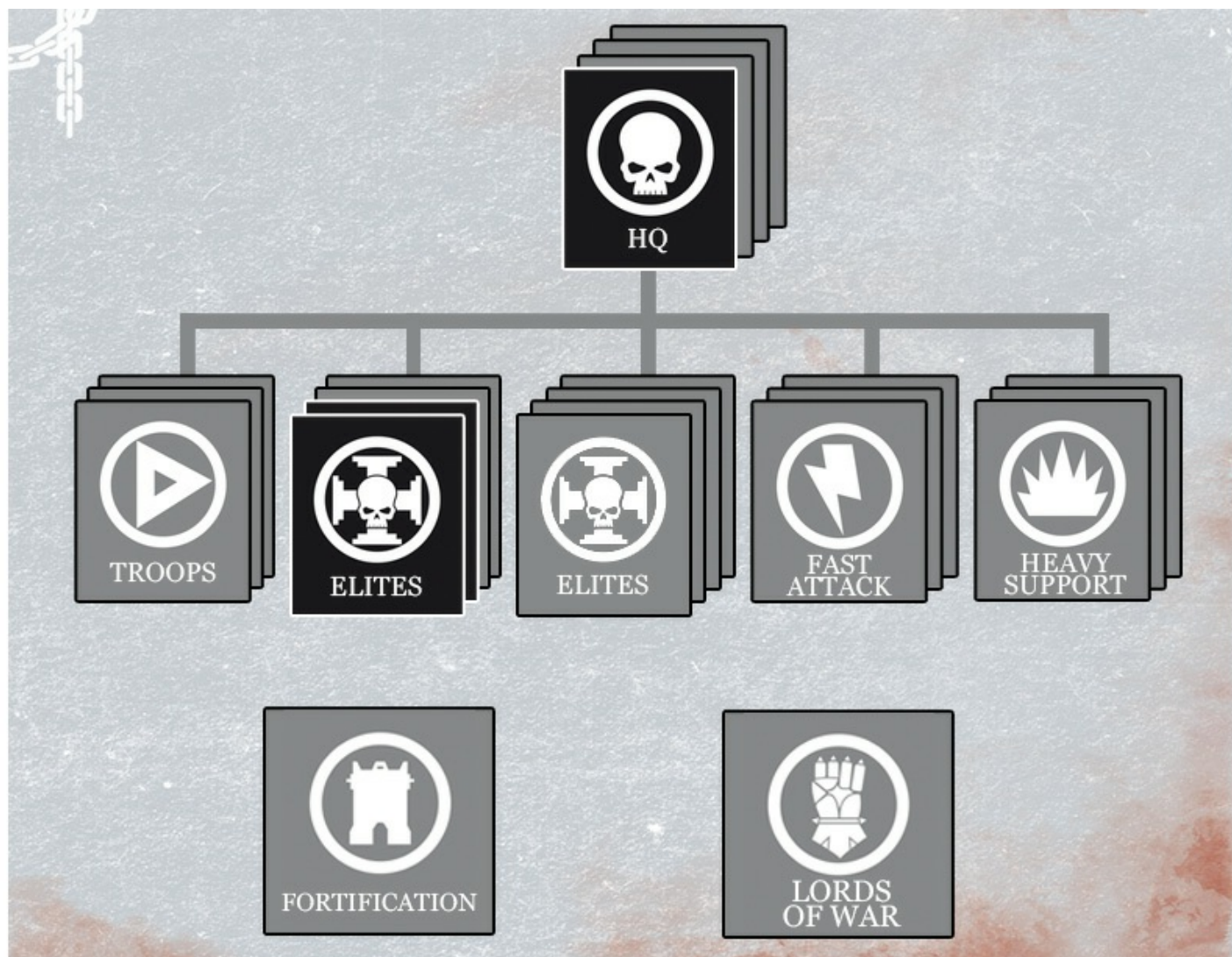
*Logan Grimnar's saga tells of his defeat of the legendary Thunderwolf, Fellclaw, many years ago. Though he keeps the giant beast's skull as a trophy to this day, the Great Wolf had a necklace of teeth made from the fangs of its lower jaw. This he grants to a deserving member of the Champions of Fenris as a token of his favour. To be held in such high honour by the Old Wolf himself is a sign of immeasurable esteem, and the warrior who bears Fellclaw's Teeth will fight all the harder to be worthy of the gift bestowed upon him.*

The bearer of Fellclaw's Teeth re-rolls all failed To Hit rolls in close combat.

# COMPANY OF THE GREAT WOLF DETACHMENT



*Champions of Fenris* details a unique Detachment – the Company of the Great Wolf Detachment – that reflects the fighting style of Grimnar’s company. This follows all the Detachment rules presented in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.



## COMPULSORY

*1 HQ*  
*2 Elites*

## OPTIONAL

*3 HQ*  
*3 Troops*

*6 Elites*  
*3 Fast Attack*  
*3 Heavy Support*  
*1 Fortification*  
*1 Lords of War*

## RESTRICTIONS

All units in this Detachment (except fortifications) must have the Space Wolves Faction.

## COMMAND BENEFITS

**Grimnar's Right Hand:** If this Detachment is your Primary Detachment, you can re-roll the result when rolling on the Champions of Fenris Warlord Traits Table.

**Kingsguard:** The following models have +1 WS on their profile when chosen as part of this Detachment:

- Wolf Guard
- Wolf Guard Pack Leader
- Wolf Guard Terminator
- Wolf Guard Terminator Leader
- Thunderwolf Cavalry
- Thunderwolf Cavalry Pack Leader





# FORMATION DATASHEETS



The following section details background and rules information for a number of Formations commonly seen amongst the ranks of the Champions of Fenris. Each Formation grants the units within it powerful bonuses, which can really enhance their effectiveness on the battlefield. You may include these in your army as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

Each datasheet contains the following information:

- 1. Faction:** *The unit's Faction is shown here by a symbol.*
- 2. Formation Symbol:** *Formation datasheets are identified by this symbol.*
- 3. Formation Name:** *Here you will find the name of the Formation.*
- 4. Formation Description:** *This section provides a background description of the Formation, detailing its particular strengths along with the tactics and methods it employs to wage war in the grim darkness of the 41st Millennium.*
- 5. Formation Composition:** *This section shows the number and type of units that make up the Formation.*
- 6. Formation Restrictions:** *This section details specific unit sizes, equipment, transport options and any further restrictions that you may be required to adhere to in order to include the Formation in your army.*
- 7. Formation Special Rules:** *Every Formation includes one or more special rules associated with the units that make up that Formation. The special rules for a Formation only apply to the units that make it up (even if there are other units of the same type in your army). Special rules that are unique to the Formation are described in full here, whilst others may be detailed earlier in this section or in the Special Rules section of Warhammer 40,000: The Rules.*



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# KINGSGUARD STORMFORCE

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*The Kingsguard are the elite of Logan Grimnar's Great Company, and when he marches to war they stand tall at his side. More than merely a bodyguard, these chosen warriors are the spear tip of Grimnar's thrust into the heart of enemy formations. Astride Stormrider, Grimnar will lead his company into the fray, the Wolf Guard mounted in Land Raiders to keep pace. As the Great Wolf plunges in among his foes, the Axe Morkai rising and falling in sprays of blood, the Kingsguard are disgorged from their transports to join the battle. While the warriors of Fenris fight, their transports remain nearby, heavy weapons hammering into enemy armour. When he deems the timing right, Grimnar will call forth the wrath of the Stormfang, where the icy fury of its helfrost destructor can turn the tide of battle.*



5

## FORMATION:

Logan Grimnar

1 unit of Wolf Guard Terminators

1 Land Raider (any type)

1 Stormfang Gunship

6

## RESTRICTIONS:

Logan Grimnar must be equipped with *Stormrider*.

The Wolf Guard Terminator unit must include 5 models and must take the Formation's Land Raider as a Dedicated Transport.

## SPECIAL RULES:

**First Among Equals, Kingsguard, Sagaborn.**

7

**First Into the Fray:** On any turn that they disembark from this Formation's Land Raider, the Wolf Guard Terminator unit has the Furious Charge special rule, and can re-roll failed charges.

**Wrath of the Stormfang:** As long as Logan Grimnar is alive, the controlling player can choose whether to pass or fail any Reserve Rolls for this Formation's Stormfang Gunship.







# KINGSGUARD STORMFORCE

*The Kingsguard are the elite of Logan Grimnar's Great Company, and when he marches to war they stand tall at his side. More than merely a bodyguard, these chosen warriors are the spear tip of Grimnar's thrust into the heart of enemy formations. Astride Stormrider, Grimnar will lead his company into the fray, the Wolf Guard mounted in Land Raiders to keep pace. As the Great Wolf plunges in among his foes, the Axe Morkai rising and falling in sprays of blood, the Kingsguard are disgorged from their transports to join the battle. While the warriors of Fenris fight, their transports remain nearby, heavy weapons hammering into enemy armour. When he deems the timing right, Grimnar will call forth the wrath of the Stormfang, where the icy fury of its helfrost destructor can turn the tide of battle.*



## FORMATION:

Logan Grimnar

1 unit of Wolf Guard Terminators

1 Land Raider (any type)

1 Stormfang Gunship

## RESTRICTIONS:

Logan Grimnar must be equipped with *Stormrider*.

The Wolf Guard Terminator unit must include 5 models and must take the Formation's Land Raider as a Dedicated Transport.

## SPECIAL RULES:

**First Among Equals, Kingsguard, Sagaborn.**

**First Into the Fray:** On any turn that they disembark from this Formation's Land Raider, the Wolf Guard Terminator unit has the Furious Charge special rule, and can re-roll failed charges.

**Wrath of the Stormfang:** As long as Logan Grimnar is alive, the controlling player can choose whether to pass or fail any Reserve Rolls for this Formation's Stormfang Gunship.





# BRETHREN OF THE FELL-HANDED

*Bjorn the Fell-Handed inspires acts of courage in every Space Wolf that fights in his shadow, the weight of years and glory hanging off the ancient Dreadnought like a warrior's mantle. Logan Grimnar alone has the right to call Bjorn to battle, and does so only sparingly or in times of direst need, such is the effort of rousing the ancient warrior to wakefulness. However, the Great Wolf understands the power that Bjorn possesses. Beyond the awesome strength of his servos or the destructive power of his weapons, Bjorn is a walking embodiment of the long and proud history of the Chapter. Grimnar will often awaken some of the other Dreadnoughts of the Chapter to fight at Bjorn's side, dubbing them the Brethren of the Fell-Handed, knowing that they will fight all the harder in the presence of the first Great Wolf.*



## FORMATION:

Bjorn the Fell-Handed

2 Dreadnoughts

## RESTRICTIONS:

All Dreadnoughts must be upgraded to Venerable Dreadnoughts.

## SPECIAL RULES:

**Adamantium Will, Sagaborn.**

**Blessing of Russ:** As long as a Dreadnought from this Formation remains within 6" of Bjorn the Fell-Handed, it has a 5+ invulnerable save.

**Warriors of Legend:** Whilst Bjorn the Fell-Handed is alive, all units in this Formation re-roll all failed To Hit rolls in close combat.





# WOLF GUARD VOID CLAWS



*Space Wolves, like all Space Marines, are adept at ship-to-ship fighting. Logan's Wolf Guard are especially skilled in this kind of warfare, crossing the cold vacuum of space to raid or cripple enemy vessels. For these kinds of engagements the Old Wolf will often call upon his Void Claws – Wolf Guard Terminators armed with paired wolf claws for brutal close combat engagements. Void Claw Terminators are far from limited to boarding actions, for the Great Wolf often utilises their skills to secure landing zones and forward enemy fortifications before reinforcements arrive to follow up their initial assault. As a result, members of a Void Claw Terminator pack must be willing to make teleportation assaults, despite these methods sitting uncomfortably with the Fenrisian mindset.*



## FORMATION:

1 unit of Wolf Guard Terminators

## RESTRICTIONS:

All models in this Formation's squad of Wolf Guard Terminators must be equipped with one pair of wolf claws.

The squad of Wolf Guard Terminators must include at least 5 models.

## SPECIAL RULES:

**First Among Equals, Kingsguard, Sagaborn.**

**Coordinated Assault:** As long as at least one model from this Formation is still alive and on the table, the controlling player can re-roll any Reserve Rolls.

**If Needs Must:** When units from this Formation arrive by Deep Strike, you can re-roll the scatter dice if you wish.

**Spearhead Strike:** All units from this Formation begin the game in Reserves, and must

arrive by Deep Strike in their controlling player's first turn.





# GRIMNAR'S WAR COUNCIL



*Logan Grimnar is the High King of Fenris and is renowned for his leadership – a skill well learned over centuries of dealing with rival Wolf Lords and courageous but headstrong heroes. While the Great Wolf rules over his warriors with absolute authority, he listens to their counsel and any grievance they bring before his throne. On campaign, Grimnar will often create a War Council of senior members of the Chapter's priesthood, mimicking the old ways of Fenris when a chieftain would gather together his most trusted sea captains. The War Council is made up of the Great Wolf's favoured champions and advisors, such as Ulrik the Slayer and Njal Stormcaller. More than merely a gathering of fearsome warriors, it provides Grimnar with a wealth of wisdom and thousands of years of combined battlefield experience.*



## FORMATION:

Ulrik the Slayer

Njal Stormcaller

1 Rune Priest

1 Iron Priest

## RESTRICTIONS:

Before deployment, the controlling player must decide whether to field this Formation as a number of Independent Characters or as a single unit (see the Conclave of War special rule).



## SPECIAL RULES:

**Fearless, First Among Equals, Sagaborn.**

**Conclave of War:** If deployed as a single unit, all of the models in this Formation lose

the Independent Character special rule, though they remain characters. Furthermore, no Independent Characters can join this unit with the exception of Logan Grimnar (unless he is mounted on *Stormrider*) and Arjac Rockfist. However, the Formation's Fearless special rule is replaced with the Zealot special rule for as long as Logan Grimnar remains with the unit.

**Wise Counsel:** An army that includes this Formation can re-roll the dice when determining who deploys first, and adds 2 to the dice roll when attempting to Seize the Initiative.





# ARJAC'S SHIELDBROTHERS



*Arjac Rockfist is a legend among the Kingsguard, and when not fighting directly at his lord's side can be found accompanying formations of Terminators equipped with with storm shields and thunder hammers. When joined by their High King, the Shieldbrothers, as they are known, close ranks around the Great Wolf to form an impenetrable wall of lightning-wreathed ceramite. Where one blow lands two shields are raised to meet it, while brutal overhead blows come crashing down upon the skulls of those foolish enough to test the strength of these elite Wolf Guard. On the offensive, the Terminators will advance in a tight wedge formation, driving their way through their enemies like the prow of an armoured ship. Those not pulverised by their hammers are crushed by their arcing shields and heavy ceramite boots.*



## FORMATION:

Arjac Rockfist

1 unit of Wolf Guard Terminators

1 Land Raider Crusader

## RESTRICTIONS:

All models in this Formation's unit of Wolf Guard Terminators must be equipped with thunder hammers and storm shields. Arjac Rockfist must be deployed with this unit, and they must take the Formation's Land Raider Crusader as a Dedicated Transport.

## SPECIAL RULES:

**First Among Equals, Hammer of Wrath, Kingsguard, Sagaborn.**

**Protect the King!:** As long as Logan Grimnar is alive and on the battlefield, all models

in this Formation have the Fearless special rule. If Logan Grimnar is slain, the Fearless special rule is replaced with the Zealot special rule.

**Shieldwall:** Any model in this Formation that is in base contact with at least one other model from this Formation has +1 Toughness. Each time a model from this Formation passes an invulnerable save against a close combat attack on the roll of a 6, the unit that made the attack suffers an immediate hit resolved at Strength 8 AP2, using Random Allocation. This hit has the Concussive special rule.





# WOLF GUARD THUNDERSTRIKE



*Speed and surprise are vital to a successful assault, as is the ability to rapidly deploy troops. These tactics leave the enemy reeling from one strike after another. The Wolf Guard Thunderstrike formation turns the lumbering advance of a Terminator squad into a mobile force of destruction born to bedevil the Chapter's foes. Arriving via teleportation and Drop Pod, the combination of Space Wolves in power armour and Terminator armour grants the formation speed and flexibility alongside the hard-hitting might of Wolf Guard Terminators. Logan Grimnar often employs Thunderstrike formations as a shock tactic, to secure a key location or crush a fleeing foe. Few things are as terrifying to behold as Drop Pods hurtling down from above while Terminators appear in blasts of cold light.*



## FORMATION:

1 unit of Wolf Guard Terminators

1 unit of Wolf Guard

1 Drop Pod

## RESTRICTIONS:

The Wolf Guard unit must include 10 models and must take the Formation's Drop Pod as a Dedicated Transport.

## SPECIAL RULES:

**First Among Equals, Kingsguard, Sagaborn.**

**Explosive Arrival:** During the turn in which they arrive from Reserves, the ranged weapons of all Infantry models from this Formation have the Twin-linked special rule.

**Thunderstrike:** When rolling for Reserves, make a single Reserve Roll to see when this

Formation arrives. On a successful roll, all units in this Formation will arrive. These units must deploy by Deep Strike.





# THE CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS

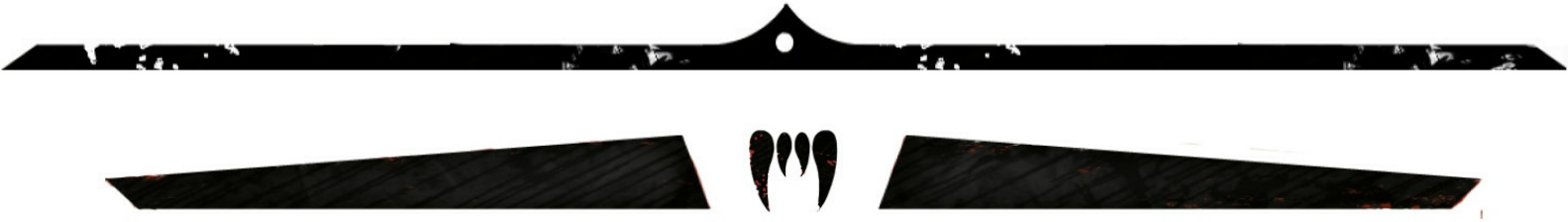


*The Champions of Fenris represent a gathering of the Space Wolves' foremost heroes. They are the finest leaders and deadliest warriors of the Chapter, whose actions on the battlefield can change the fate of an entire warzone. Outside of Logan Grimnar's Great Company, there are but a handful of warriors that would be worthy of a place amongst such a hallowed brotherhood. Equally, few are the generals that can match Logan Grimnar's leadership or tactical mind, nor are there many that have faced the myriad of foes and environments the Great Wolf has overcome. These talents combine with the heroic abilities of his Great Company to make a formidable force indeed.*

*When the Great Wolf musters the Champions of Fenris and leads them to war, he will march in the company of not only his loyal Kingsguard, but the very greatest of the Sons of Russ: the triumvirate of High Priests, a host of revered ancients and even the legendary Bjorn the Fell-Handed. These trusted Space Wolves bring not only centuries of hard-won battlefield skills, but also their collective wisdom and knowledge of war that stretches back to the very founding of the Imperium. So mighty is this league of heroes that no foe of the Imperium can hope to withstand their combined fury.*

*Leifvar Twice-Slain kicked the lifeless Ork body off his wolf claws and snarled through bloody fangs as three more rushed forward to take its place. The Wolf Guard and his brothers fought claw-and-fang against the xenos as the aliens poured into the Space Wolves' Battle Barge from their ragged scrap-ship. With each passing minute the Battle Barge's vast hangar was filling up with greenskins, and soon Leifvar stood three-deep in the dead. Then a great howl went up from the defenders, and Leifvar looked up from the melee to see the Great Wolf leaping into the fray, Ulrik the Slayer and Arjac Rockfist at his side. Leifvar's heart swelled to see such heroes in the flesh, and, letting out a yell to match his brothers, helped push the Orks back toward their boarding bridges. Over the rage-contorted faces of the xenos the Wolf Guard caught glimpses of Grimnar as he faced off against a towering alien warlord. Easily twice the size of the Great Wolf, the great green beast hammered Logan with claw and blade. Yet with practised ease the Great Wolf brought the Axe Morkai up under the monster's jaw, and with a great gout of*

*crimson gore its head was sent tumbling to the deck. As the Ork Warboss fell the Space Wolves surged forward, Leifvar among them. Crackling claw and blade carved a bloody path through the Orks, until the Great Company gathered in Grimnar's shadow. Holding aloft the slain monster's head, the Great Wolf hurled the grisly trophy after the retreating Orks, and then, with a sweep of his axe, led Leifvar and his brothers across the boarding bridges and into the Ork warship.*



## **FORMATION:**

Kingsguard Stormforce

Brethren of the Fell-Handed

Wolf Guard Void Claws

Grimnar's War Council

Arjac's Shieldbrothers

Wolf Guard Thunderstrike

## **RESTRICTIONS:**

The units in this Formation must adhere to all of the restrictions detailed in each of the corresponding Formation datasheets.



## **SPECIAL RULES:**

The units in this Formation retain all of the special rules specified in the corresponding Formation datasheets. In addition, the following special rules apply:

**Fear, Fearless.**

**Great Wolf:** As long as Logan Grimnar is alive, all non-vehicle models in this Formation re-roll failed To Hit rolls in close combat.

**Iron High Priest:** As long as the Iron Priest is alive, all vehicle models in this Formation have the It Will Not Die special rule.

**Rune High Priest:** As long as Njal Stormcaller is alive, all models in this Formation have the Adamantium Will special rule.

**Wolf High Priest:** As long as Ulrik the Slayer is alive, all models in this Formation have

the Preferred Enemy special rule.



*'They are the chosen of the Great Wolf, heroes all, a band of fearless warriors the likes of which the galaxy has seldom seen. I am honoured to fight by their side, even if it is only to bask in their reflected glory.'*

*- Colonel Rygen, Midgardian 17th PDF Regiment*



# MISSIONS



This book includes eight new missions which are themed around the Champions of Fenris and the way they fight. This gives you a chance to discover more about the strategies used by these noble warriors, and then to enact them on the tabletop with your own army. It also means that the composition of the army you command can affect the types of battle you are likely to fight. This is highly appropriate – after all, you would expect to fight a very different sort of battle as a Wolf Lord than you would as any other commander.

The missions in this book are split into two sections: Altar of War missions and Echoes of War missions.



## ALTAR OF WAR MISSIONS

The three Altar of War missions illustrate the different sorts of strategies used by the Champions of Fenris and provide new tests of your tactical ability as a commander.

It is very straightforward to use an Altar of War mission – these can be selected at The Mission step described in Preparing for Battle in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. Like the missions presented there, Altar of War missions are ‘pick up and play’ missions – it is not necessary to know which of these missions you will be playing before selecting an army, only the agreed points value of the two armies.

If you (or your opponent) have a Warlord with the Space Wolves Faction, you can select one of these missions just as you would any other, as explained in the Preparing for Battle section in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## HOW TO USE ALTAR OF WAR MISSIONS

If either you or your opponent wish to use an Altar of War mission, then you must make a ‘Choose a Mission’ roll-off at the start of The Mission step of Preparing for Battle in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

The winner of the roll-off can choose either to roll on the Eternal War or Maelstrom of

War mission tables, or instead roll on the Altar of War mission table for their army. Other supplements also have new types of mission tables, and the winner of the dice roll-off could choose to roll on one of those, if they prefer and are allowed to do so. These rolls will determine which mission is used for the battle. Note that each set of Altar of War missions is linked to a specific Faction; in order to use Altar of War missions, your army's Warlord must have the appropriate Faction. Occasionally, further restrictions may apply. In the case of *Altar of War: Champions of Fenris*, the player rolling on the mission table must choose a Warlord with the Space Wolves Faction.

## THE ENEMY

The player that won the roll-off and rolled on the Altar of War mission table is known as 'the Champions of Fenris player' in the rules and missions that follow; their opponent is known as 'the enemy player', even if they have a Champions of Fenris army too.

## ALTAR OF WAR: CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS MISSION TABLE

D6	MISSION
1-2	The Deeds of Heroes
3-4	Leading from the Front
5-6	Worthy of a Saga

## ECHOES OF WAR MISSIONS

After the Altar of War missions, you will find a selection of Echoes of War missions inspired by the battles fought by the Champions of Fenris. The Armies section of each of these missions provides guidance on the forces present so that you can replay the pivotal events using the armies and characters described in this book. Many of the Echoes of War missions include a map that depicts the battlefield on which the conflicts were fought.

If you wish to fight an Echoes of War mission, you and your opponent must agree which mission you wish to fight, ensuring that you have the appropriate armies and models you will need.

**Designer's Note:** *Whilst the Echoes of War missions have been inspired by specific events, with a little imagination they can easily be repurposed to recreate battles of your own invention. If you choose to go down this route, you can modify these missions so that they can be fought using any combination of forces and terrain in your collection.*





# ALTAR OF WAR: THE DEEDS OF HEROES



Logan Grimnar is renowned and beloved across every segmentum of the Imperium. Worlds beyond counting owe their continued existence to the might of his Space Wolves, the Chapter's history heavy with glorious deeds of populations saved from slaughter and vile foes sent fleeing back into the void. One of the reasons that those Grimnar has saved are so fanatical in their devotion to him is for his unwillingness to let a single citizen die if, through bold action, he can draw the enemy forces away from those who cannot defend themselves. Such are the deeds of heroes.

## THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. The Champions of Fenris player's Warlord must have the Space Wolves Faction.

## THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included with this mission.

## DEPLOYMENT

The Champions of Fenris player deploys first, placing all of his units from the Vanguard in his deployment zone depicted on the map. **The Vanguard comprises all units in the Champions of Fenris player's army with the Deep Strike special rule** (with the exception of Drop Pods and any units embarked within). All other units in the Champions of Fenris player's army must be held back in Reserve. The enemy player then deploys his units anywhere in his deployment zone.

## FIRST TURN

The enemy player has the first turn unless the Champions of Fenris player can Seize the Initiative as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

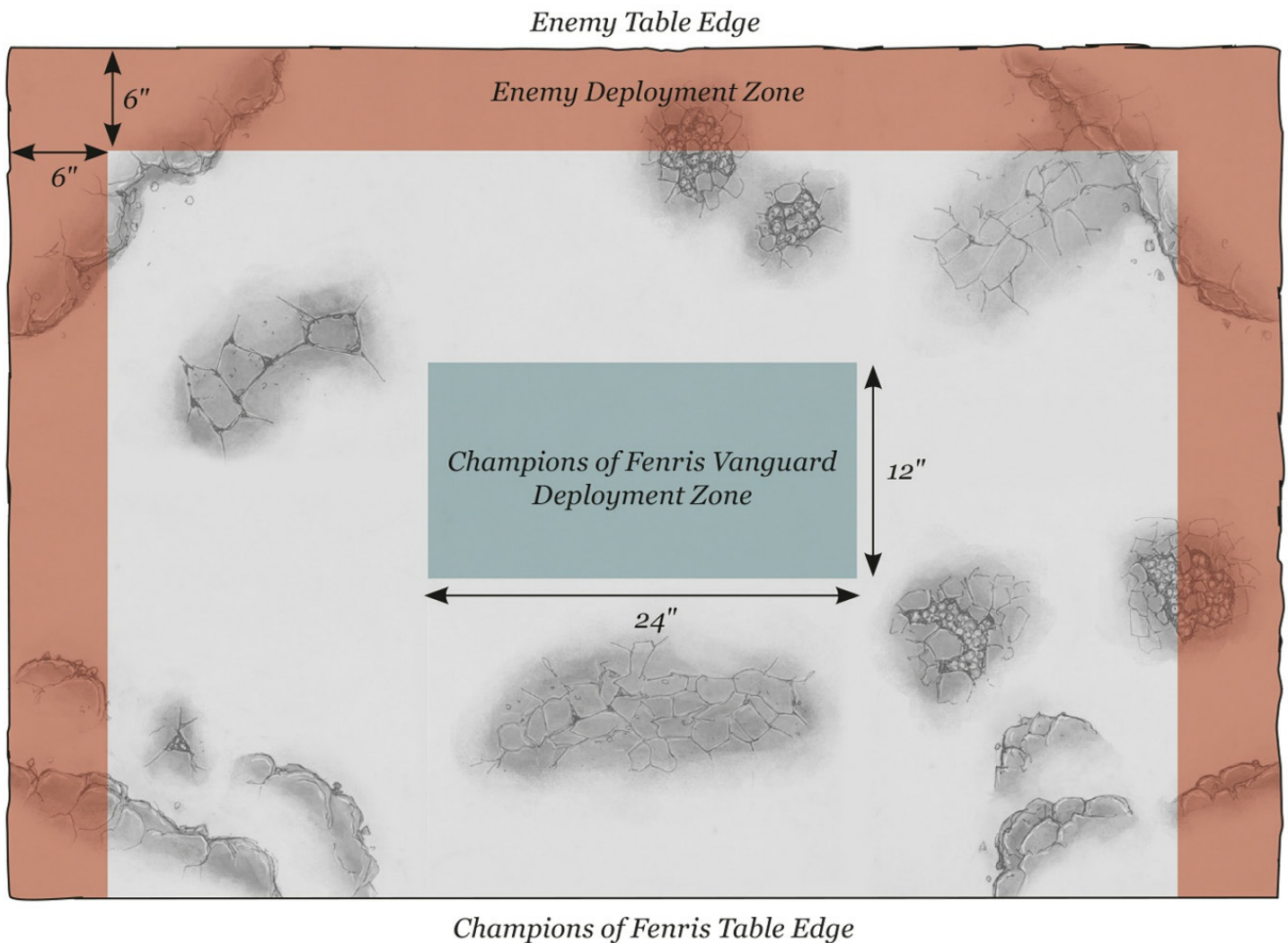
## VICTORY CONDITIONS

**At the end of the game, the enemy player wins if he has completely destroyed all of the Champions of Fenris player's forces. If there are any models belonging to the Champions of Fenris player remaining, including those in units that are Falling Back, the Champions of Fenris player wins.** However, units that are not on the board at the end of the game count as destroyed for the purposes of this mission.


## MISSION SPECIAL RULES

**Night Fighting, Reserves.**

**Heroes Fear Neither Death Nor Pain:** All non-vehicle units belonging to the Champions of Fenris player's Vanguard have the Fearless and Feel No Pain special rules.







*'Logan Grimnar, bloody-handed warrior,  
He piles the skulls of his enemies,  
He builds a mound of the fallen,  
His foes weep rivers of blood.*

*Logan Grimnar, strong wolf of the pack,  
His sword hungers for red flesh,  
His guns thirst for battle,  
He laughs amidst the war-din.*

*Logan Grimnar, father of wolves,  
His sons haunt his enemies,  
Slay them where they falter,  
And bring their pelts to Fenris.'*

- Excerpt from the Saga of the Old Wolf



# ALTAR OF WAR: LEADING FROM THE FRONT



Such is the war-torn nature of life in the 41st Millennium that it is a mighty conflict indeed for the Imperium to spare more than a few companies of any Space Marine Chapter to fight in a single warzone. On these occasions, however, competition is rife between the commanders of each company for the honour of leading the first wave into battle. Unsurprisingly, such an honour is fiercely contested between the glory-hungry Wolf Lords of the Space Wolves, but should Logan Grimnar claim the right to the first kill, none will dispute his worthiness or his authority to do so. So does the Great Wolf gather the Champions of Fenris once more and lead the way to victory.

## THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. The Champions of Fenris player's Warlord must have the Space Wolves Faction.

## THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included with this mission.

## OBJECTIVE MARKERS

After setting up the terrain, the enemy player places 3 Objective Markers anywhere within his deployment zone. No objective can be placed within 6" of any battlefield edge or 12" of another objective.

## DEPLOYMENT

The Champions of Fenris player deploys first, placing all of his units in his deployment zone depicted on the map. The enemy player then deploys his units anywhere in his deployment zone.

## FIRST TURN

The Champions of Fenris player has the first turn unless the enemy player can Seize the Initiative as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the player who has scored the most Victory Points wins the game. If players have the same number of Victory Points, the game is a draw.

## PRIMARY OBJECTIVE

**At the end of the game, each Objective Marker is worth 3 Victory Points to the player that controls it.**

## SECONDARY OBJECTIVES

**First Blood\*, Linebreaker, Slay the Warlord.**

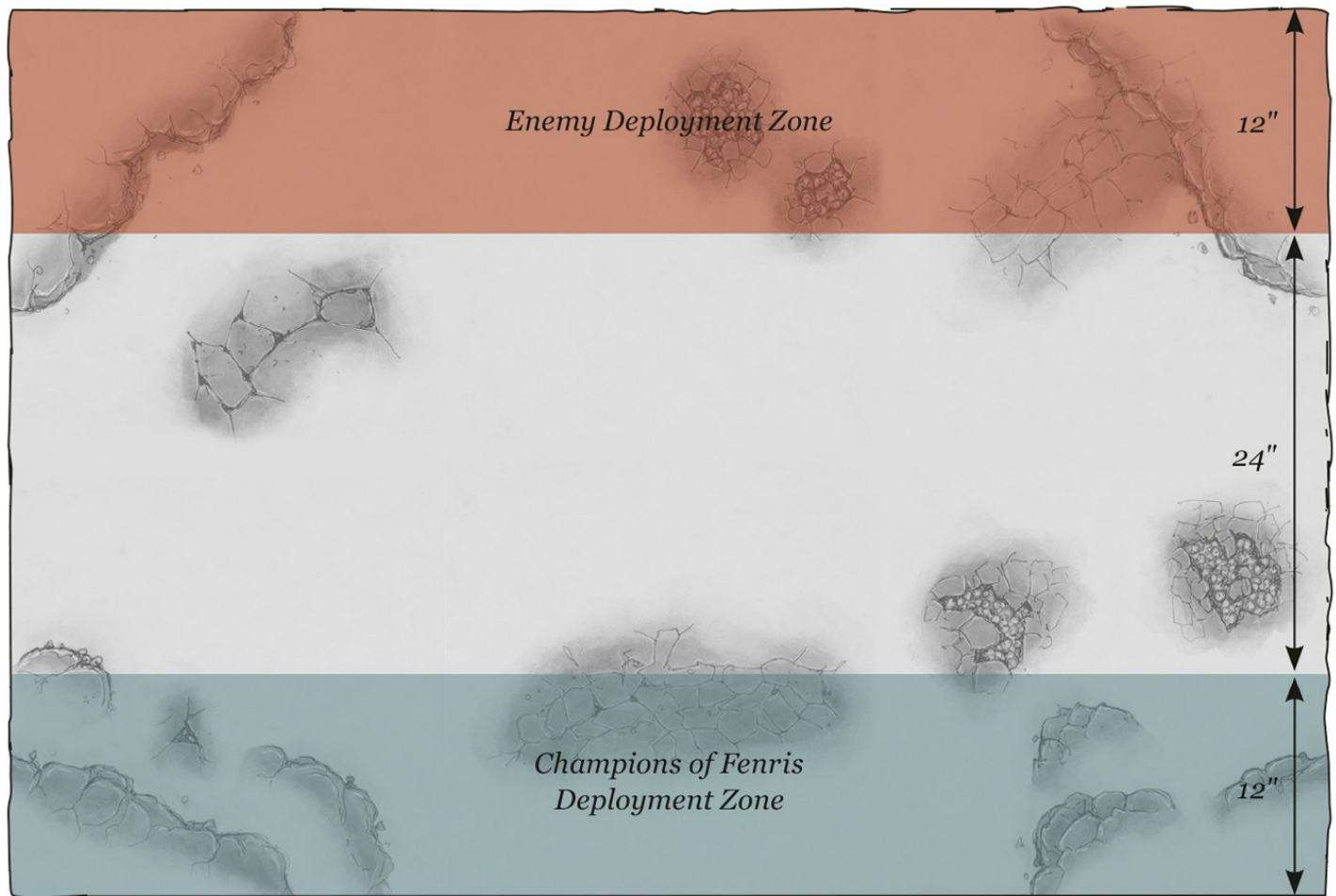
\* In this mission, the First Blood Secondary Objective is worth 3 Victory Points to the Champions of Fenris player.

## MISSION SPECIAL RULES

**Mysterious Objectives, Night Fighting, Reserves.**

**The Wolves Unleashed:** All of the Champions of Fenris player's non-vehicle units have the Crusader special rule.

*Enemy Table Edge*



*Champions of Fenris Table Edge*



*'I will lead the attack,' the Great Wolf told the assembled Wolf Lords, standing to his feet.*

*'But...' Ragnar pleaded, unable to fully articulate his disappointment. Logan began to walk around the table, staring at each of the five Wolf Lords present. They turned to face him as he continued his circuit. As he walked, the Great Wolf spoke to them in a calm, measured voice.*

*'Do any here think that my Great Company is insufficient to deal with this foe?' he asked. 'Have I become so old and weary that I can no longer lead my packs in battle? Does any wolf here challenge my right to do so?'*

*The room was silent, the Wolf Lords staring fixedly at Logan, purposefully avoiding each other's gazes.*

*'No?' Logan continued. 'That is good, for I have dwelt long in the Fang, devising battle plans, organising strategies and mustering our packs for the many conflicts we are fighting in. You are quite willing to follow my lead then, aren't you?'*

*He paused and grinned at them, his huge fangs red in the firelight of the Great Hall.*

*‘Besides,’ he bellowed, ‘I haven’t had a decent fight in weeks!’*

*The roar of approval from the Wolf Lords could be heard halfway across the Fang.*



# ALTAR OF WAR: WORTHY OF A SAGA



For the warriors of Fenris, there is no greater joy than engaging a worthy adversary in combat and striking him down with blade in hand, so that all may know their glory. The Sons of Russ hold true to many of their planet's native traditions, and seeking out enemy champions to defeat in glorious battle is certainly one of them. The mightier the foe a hero slays, the more likely it is that his deeds will earn him a place in the sagas of the Chapter. Competition to claim such glory becomes all the fiercer as a Space Wolf grows in fame and skill. To witness the Champions of Fenris engage in such contests is to behold what legends are made of.

## THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. The Champions of Fenris player's Warlord must have the Space Wolves Faction.

## THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included with this mission.

## DEPLOYMENT

Players must deploy using the Standard Deployment Method as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## FIRST TURN

The player that deployed first has the first turn unless their opponent can Seize the Initiative as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length (see *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*).

## VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the player who has scored the most Victory Points wins the game. If players have the same number of Victory Points, the game is a draw.

## PRIMARY OBJECTIVE

At the end of the game, each player receives 1 Victory Point for each enemy

**unit that has been completely destroyed.** Units that are Falling Back at the end of the game, and units that are not on the board at the end of the game count as destroyed for the purposes of this mission. Remember that Independent Characters and Dedicated Transports are individual units and award Victory Points if they are destroyed.

**Furthermore, both players can earn additional Victory Points as follows:**

- Every time you slay an enemy character in a challenge, you score 1 Victory Point.
- Every time you slay an enemy Independent Character in a challenge, you instead score 2 Victory Points.
- If you slay the enemy Warlord in a challenge, you instead score 3 Victory Points.
- If your Warlord slays the enemy Warlord in a challenge, you instead score 5 Victory Points.

## **SECONDARY OBJECTIVES**

**First Blood, Linebreaker, Slay the Warlord\*.**

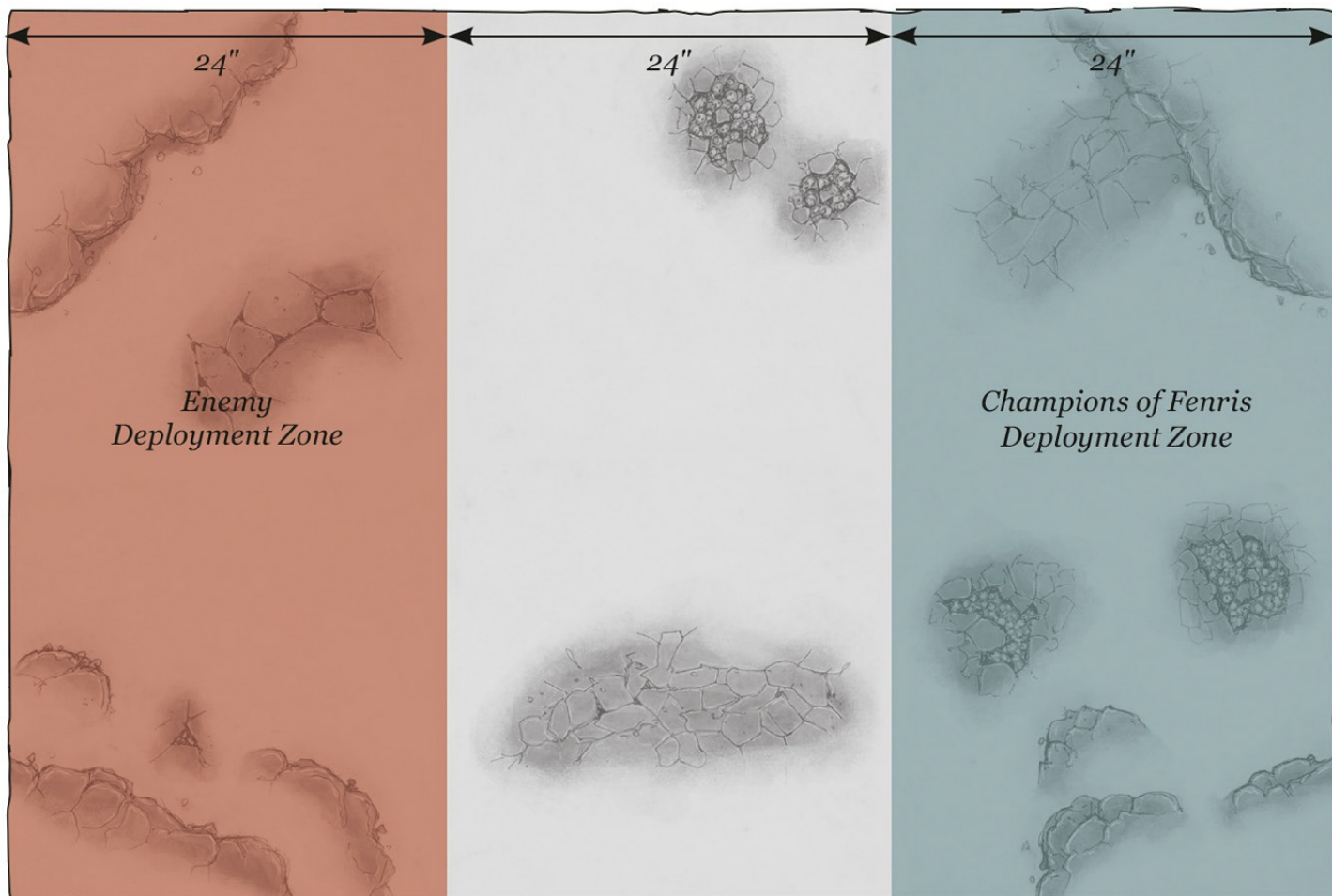
\* Players do not score this Secondary Objective if they killed the enemy Warlord in a challenge (see above).

## **MISSION SPECIAL RULES**

**Night Fighting, Reserves.**

**Rising to the Challenge:** All characters and Independent Characters must always issue and accept a challenge whenever possible. If you have several models in a combat with a special rule to this effect, you can choose which model issues or accepts the challenge.

Enemy Table Edge



Champions of Fenris Table Edge



*‘As the mountain is Arjac, a snow-capped peak.  
His rage overshadows the wounded bear.  
The Rockfist endures when all seems lost.’*

*- The Saga of Arjac Rockfist*

# ECHOES OF WAR: TRAPPED UNDER ICE



Having crippled the mighty warship, *Well of Souls*, and fought their way into the heart of the vessel buried beneath the icy tundra of Lumerius, Logan Grimnar and his embattled Wolf Guard have finally reached their goal. Only the self-styled ‘Primogenitor’, Fabius Bile, stands in their way, surrounded by an honour guard of Black Legion. If the Wolf Brother’s stasis capsule can be correctly identified from amongst the manifold others scattered throughout the enormous vault, the prize will be theirs for the taking, but which side will discover its location first and gain the upper hand?

## THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. All units in the Champions of Fenris player’s army must have the Space Wolves Faction. He must include Logan Grimnar in his army to be his Warlord. All units in the enemy player’s army must have the Chaos Space Marines Faction. He must include Fabius Bile in his army to be his Warlord.

Vehicles with the Flyer unit type cannot be used in this mission.

## THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included with this mission.

## OBJECTIVE MARKERS

After setting up the terrain, the players take it in turns to place a total of 6 Objective Markers as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## DEPLOYMENT

The enemy player should first roll to determine his Warlord Trait. Players then deploy using the Standard Deployment Method as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## FIRST TURN

The player who deployed his army first has the first turn unless his opponent can Seize the Initiative as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

# GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

# VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the player who has scored the most Victory Points wins the game. If players have the same number of Victory Points, the game is a draw.

# PRIMARY OBJECTIVE

**At the end of the game, the Wolf Brother's Stasis Capsule** (see Mission Special Rules, below) **is worth 3 Victory Points to the player that controls it.**

# SECONDARY OBJECTIVES

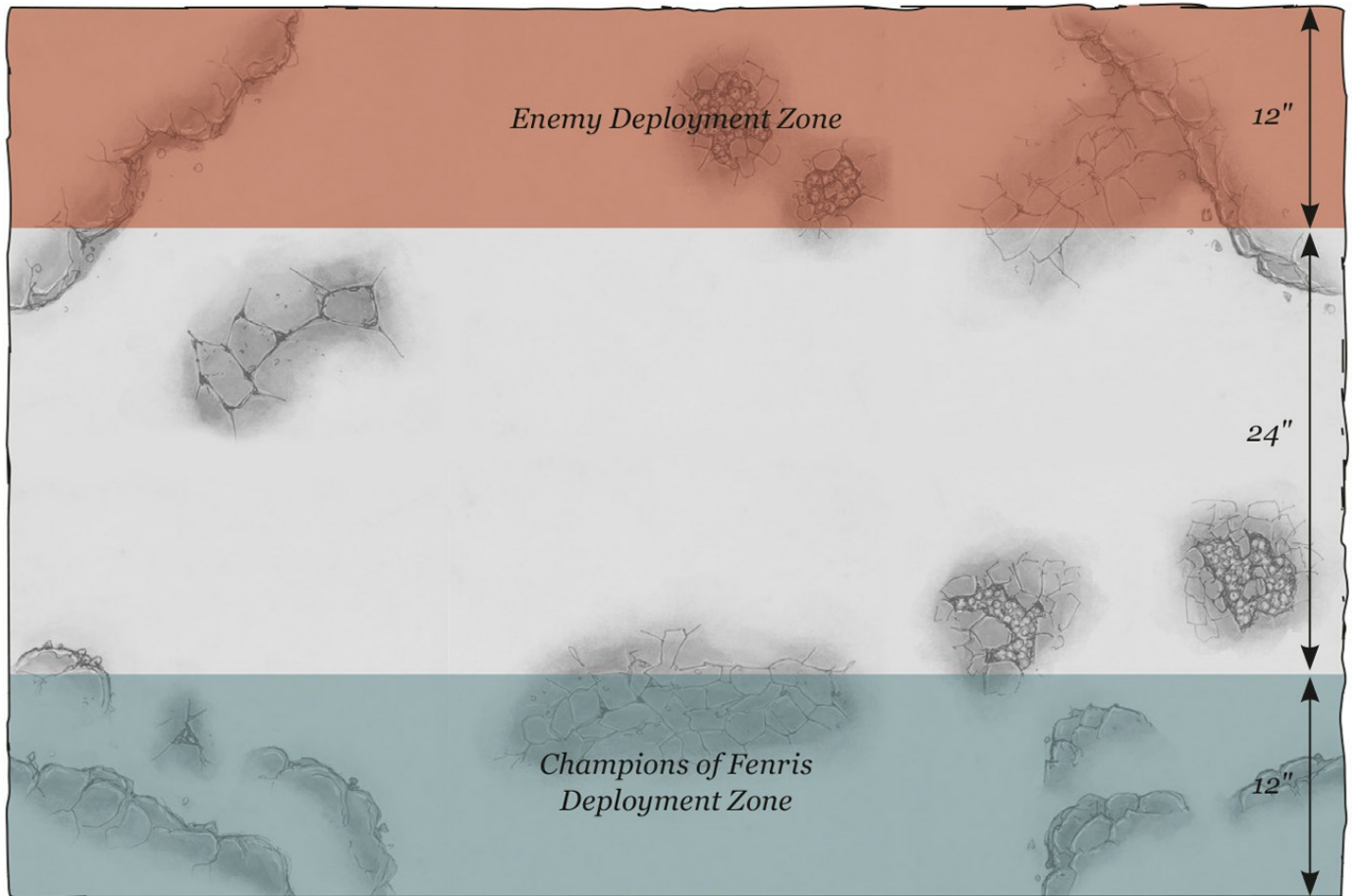
**First Blood, Linebreaker, Slay the Warlord.**

# MISSION SPECIAL RULES

**Wolf Brother's Stasis Capsule:** Only one of the Objective Markers represents the stasis capsule that both sides have been seeking. The following rules apply:

- Each time a model (friend or foe) ends its Movement phase within 1" of an Objective Marker, roll a D6. On the roll of a 1-5, remove the Objective Marker from play – this capsule is either empty or contains some other, nameless individual locked in stasis. On the roll of a 6, that model has found the Wolf Brother's Stasis Capsule. You can re-roll this result if the model that discovered the Objective Marker has the Acute Senses special rule.
- As soon as the Wolf Brother's Stasis Capsule is found, all other Objective Markers are immediately removed from play.
- If five Objective Markers have been searched unsuccessfully, the sixth Objective Marker is the Wolf Brother's Stasis Capsule by default.
- The Wolf Brother's Stasis Capsule cannot be moved by any means.

*Enemy Table Edge*



*Champions of Fenris Table Edge*



# ECHOES OF WAR: THE WEB OF DEATH



Despite their superstitious misgivings about the arcane technology of teleportation, Logan Grimnar and a Wolf Guard spearhead have arrived on the surface of Gnosis Secundus in a bid to draw the Eldar forces attacking the planet away from what is left of its hapless inhabitants. However, Grimnar's bold and selfless strategy has left his vanguard force woefully outnumbered. As an Eldar host from Craftworld Saim-Hann swiftly moves in to close the jaws of their carefully-laid trap, can the Champions of Fenris hold out long enough for reinforcements to arrive from orbit?

## THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. All units in the Champions of Fenris player's army must have the Space Wolves Faction. He must include Logan Grimnar in his army to be his Warlord. He must also include the Arjac's Shieldbrothers Formation in his army. The Champions of Fenris player must also include an Imperial Strongpoint (see *Warhammer 40,000: Stronghold Assault*) in his army to represent the abandoned defences on the battlefield, though this fortification does not cost any points. Neither player may include any other fortifications in their army.

All units in the enemy player's army must have the Eldar Faction.

## THE BATTLEFIELD

The Champions of Fenris player first places his Imperial Strongpoint anywhere on the battlefield. Players then set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included with this mission.

## DEPLOYMENT

The enemy player should first roll to determine his Warlord Trait. Then, the Champions of Fenris player deploys first, placing Logan Grimnar and Arjac's Shieldbrothers anywhere on the battlefield. All other units in his army start as Reserves. The enemy player does not deploy any units at this point – his forces arrive during the first turn.

## FIRST TURN

The enemy player has the first turn. All of the enemy player's units arrive on the battlefield during his first turn. These units enter play from any point along the enemy player's table edge, as depicted on the map.

# GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

# VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the player who has scored the most Victory Points wins the game. If players have the same number of Victory Points, the game is a draw.

# PRIMARY OBJECTIVE

**At the end of the game, each player receives 1 Victory Point for each enemy unit that has been completely destroyed.** Units that are Falling Back at the end of the game, and units that are not on the board at the end of the game, count as destroyed for the purposes of this mission. Remember that Independent Characters and Dedicated Transports are individual units and award Victory Points if they are destroyed.

# SECONDARY OBJECTIVES

**First Blood, Slay the Warlord.**

# MISSION SPECIAL RULES

**Night Fighting, Reserves.**

**Attacking in Force:** Each time a unit with the Troops Battlefield Role belonging to the enemy player is completely destroyed, remove it from play and place it into Ongoing Reserves, where it will be available to return to the battle at the start of the enemy player’s next turn. These units enter play from any point along the enemy player’s table edge, as depicted on the map.

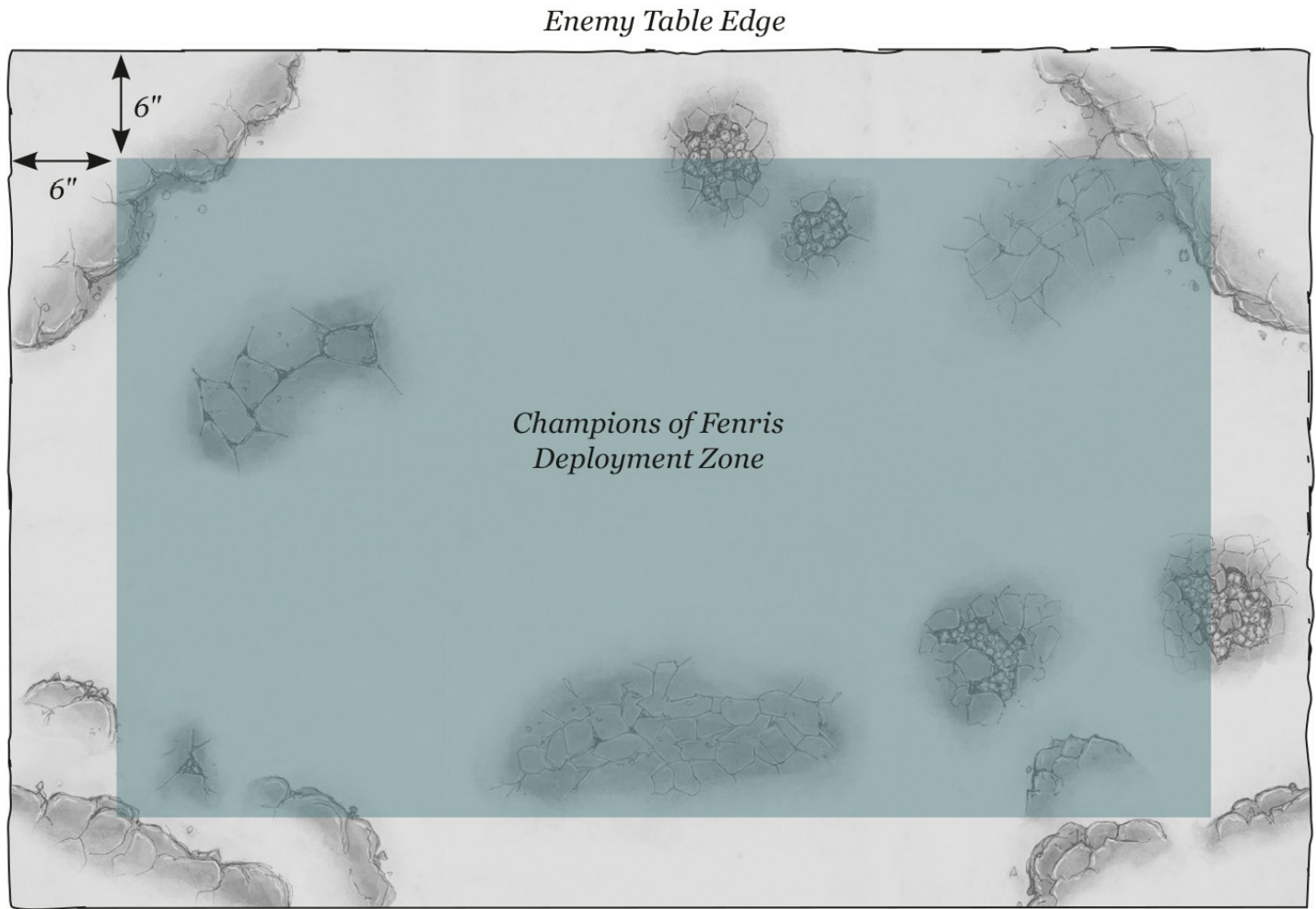
**Backup Inbound:** All units belonging to the Champions of Fenris player arriving from Reserve (but not deploying by Deep Strike) enter play from any point along the Champions of Fenris player’s table edge.

**Incendiary Bombardment:** The Champions of Fenris player makes Reserve Rolls for the Incendiary Bombardment exactly as if it were a unit in Reserve. When he makes a successful Reserve Roll for the Incendiary Bombardment, he resolves the bombardment in an out of sequence shooting phase using the following profile:

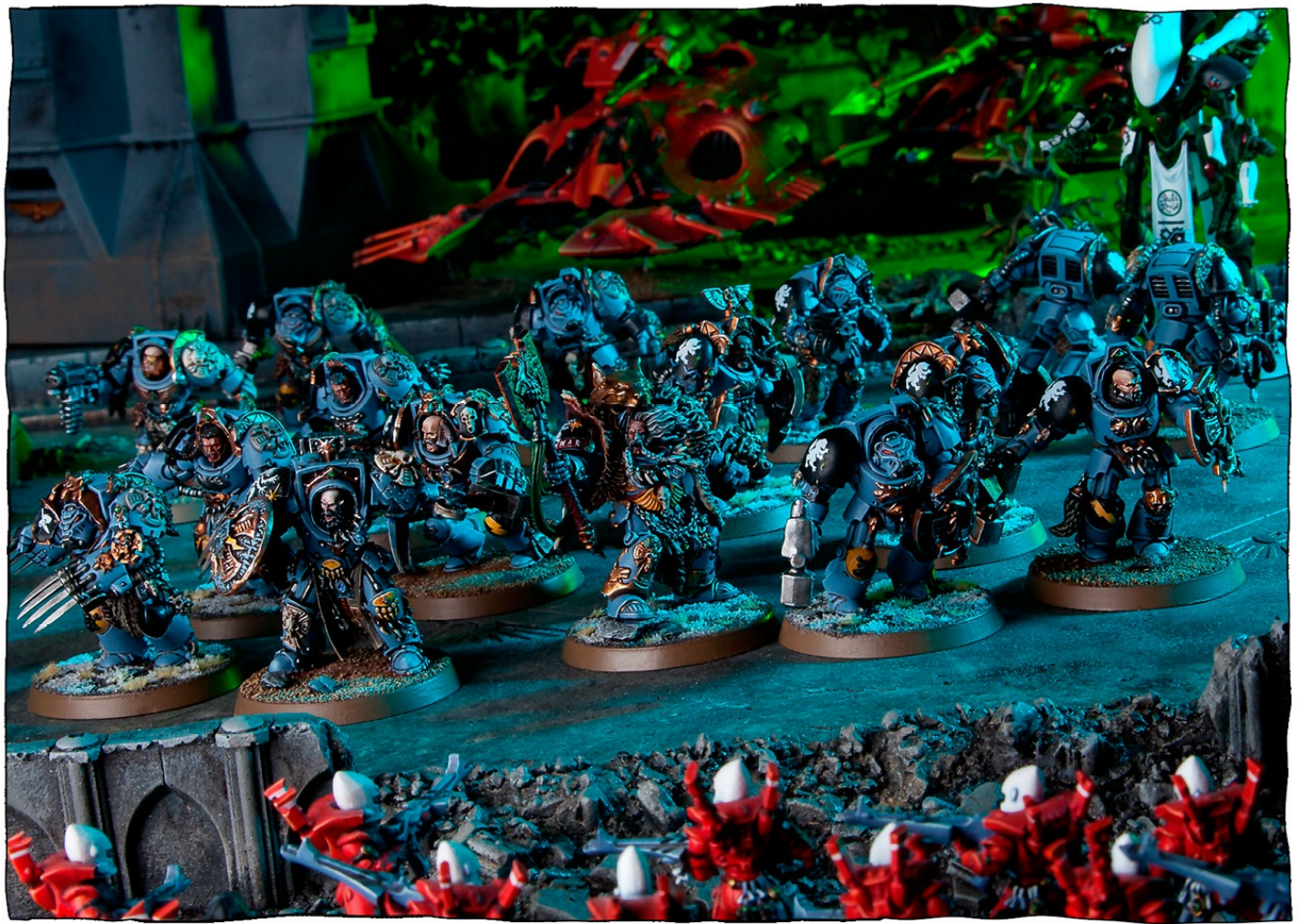
Range	S	AP	Type
N/A	8	3	Ordnance D3+3, Barrage, Ignores Cover, Incendiary, Large Blast

**Incendiary:** As soon as this attack has been resolved, the Tangled special rule (see below) ceases to apply.

**Tangled:** All units belonging to the Champions of Fenris player with the Infantry and Walker unit type treat Citadel Woods as Dangerous Terrain, and roll one less dice when making Difficult Terrain tests to move into or through Citadel Woods.



*Champions of Fenris Table Edge*



# ECHOES OF WAR: AVENGING WOLVES



Gnosis Prime lies in ruins, and Gnosis Secundus fares little better. Such an affront to the Allfather's realm and its people is not something that Logan Grimnar is prepared to forgive. Mounting up on his war chariot, *Stormrider*, the Great Wolf swears a solemn vow to see the Eldar destroyed once and for all in payment for their murderous actions. Tracking their scent to an ancient webway portal, Grimnar at last uncovers the source of the xenos' strength on the planet. He vows to see the Eldar and the general who led their atrocities slain before the day is done.

## THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

All units in the Champions of Fenris player's army must have the Space Wolves Faction. He must include the Kingsguard Stormforce Formation in his army. Logan Grimnar must be equipped with *Stormrider*, and must be the Champions of Fenris player's Warlord.

All units in the enemy player's army (except fortifications) must have the Eldar Faction. He must include an Autarch (representing Eliac Zephyrblade) in his army to be his Warlord.

## THE BATTLEFIELD

First, the enemy player places two markers approximately 6" apart (or a suitable terrain piece if you have one in your collection) centred on his table edge to represent the Eldar webway gate. Then players set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included with this mission.

## DEPLOYMENT

The enemy player should first roll to determine his Warlord Trait. The Champions of Fenris player deploys his army first, anywhere in his deployment zone depicted on the map. The enemy player then deploys his army anywhere in his deployment zone.

## FIRST TURN

The Champions of Fenris player has the first turn unless the enemy player can Seize the Initiative as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

# GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

# VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the player who has scored the most Victory Points wins the game. If players have the same number of Victory Points, the game is a draw.

# PRIMARY OBJECTIVE

**At the end of the game, each player receives 1 Victory Point for each enemy unit that has been completely destroyed.** Units that are Falling Back at the end of the game, and units that are not on the board at the end of the game, count as destroyed for the purposes of this mission. Remember that Independent Characters and Dedicated Transports are individual units and award Victory Points if they are destroyed.

In addition, at the end of the game, the enemy player scores 3 Victory Points if there are no Champions of Fenris models within 6" of the webway gate.

# SECONDARY OBJECTIVES

**First Blood, Slay the Warlord\*.**

\* In this mission, the Slay the Warlord Secondary Objective is worth 3 Victory Points to the Champions of Fenris player. However, if Logan Grimnar slays Zephyrblade in a challenge, the Champions of Fenris player instead scores 5 Victory Points.

# MISSION SPECIAL RULES

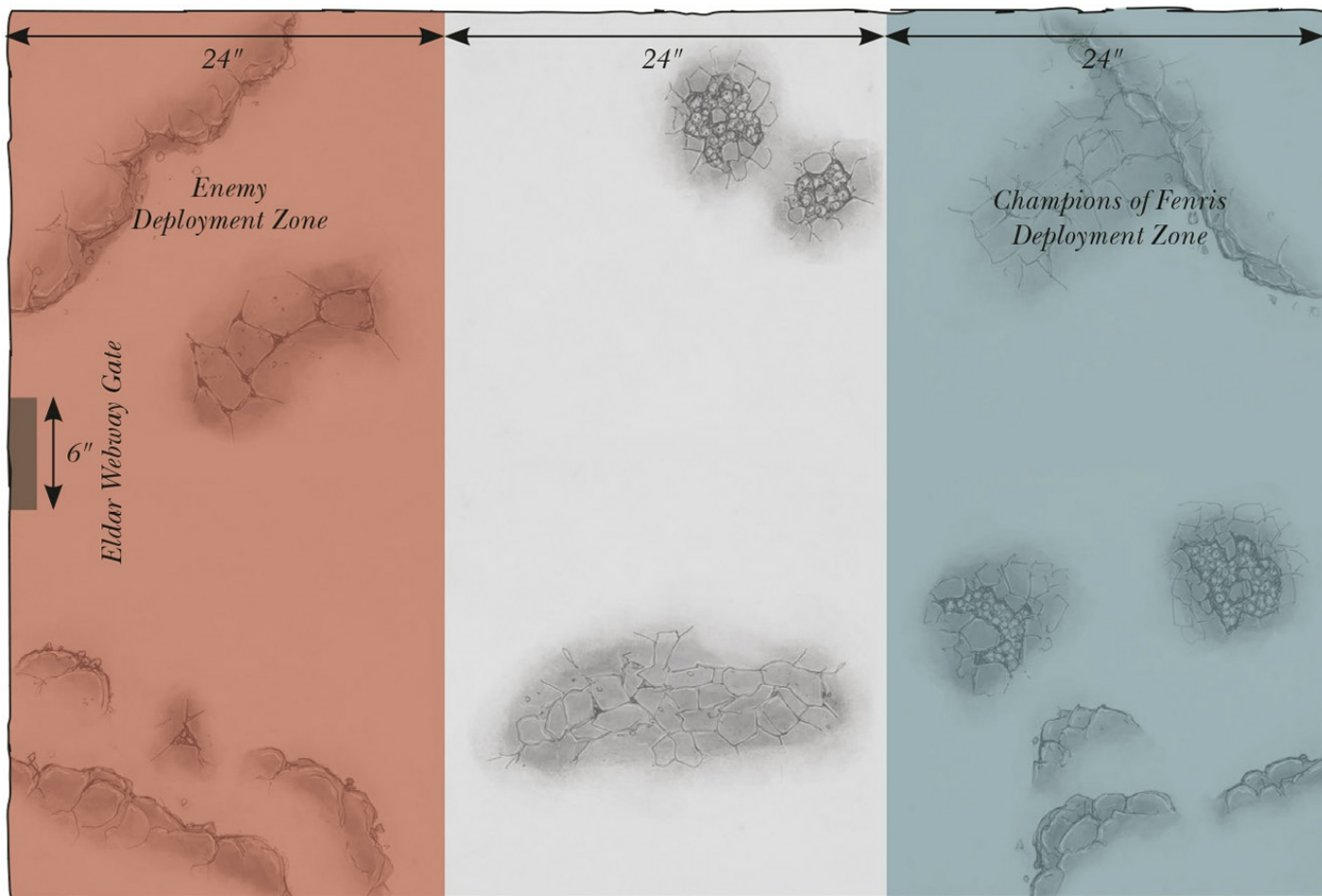
**Reserves.**

**Guardians of the Gate:** Enemy units within 12" of the webway gate have the Fearless special rule.

**Stormclouds Gather:** The Night Fighting special rule is in effect for the entire duration of the battle.

**Vengeance Made Manifest:** Logan Grimnar has the Hatred (Eliac Zephyrblade) special rule.

*Enemy Table Edge*



*Champions of Fenris Table Edge*



# ECHOES OF WAR: INTO THE INFERNO



After driving back the mighty Necron Tomb Ship that was raining so much death and destruction on Midgardia, Logan Grimnar oversees the ongoing conflict from his improvised command post inside the *Emperor's Judgement*. Following his warrior instincts, Ulrik the Slayer meanwhile leads the Champions of Fenris under his command into a wyrdgate created by High Rune Priest Njal Stormcaller, in search of Trazyn the Infinite. Upon emerging from the portal, the Space Wolves encounter the Necron Overlord on the slopes of the underground mountain of Infernus Peak, on the verge of reclaiming his prize. Trazyn, however, cannot afford for the Champions of Fenris to interfere with his plans, and immediately orders their destruction.

## THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

All units in the Champions of Fenris player's army must have the Space Wolves Faction. He cannot include Logan Grimnar, and must include Ulrik the Slayer to be his Warlord.

All units in the enemy player's army must have the Necron Faction. He must include Trazyn the Infinite in his army to be his Warlord. He must also include a C'tan Shard (representing the Shard of the Burning One) in his army. The C'tan Shard does not cost any points (see The Burning One Awakened mission special rule, below).

Vehicles with the Flyer unit type cannot be used in this mission.

## THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included with this mission.

## DEPLOYMENT

The enemy player should first roll to determine his Warlord Trait. The enemy player deploys his army first, placing all of his units anywhere in his deployment zone. The Champions of Fenris player then places a wyrdgate marker anywhere on the battlefield, but does not deploy his army.

## FIRST TURN

The Champions of Fenris player has the first turn. All of his units immediately arrive by

Deep Strike. The first model placed in each unit must, however, be placed within 12" of the wyrdgate marker.

## GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## VICTORY CONDITIONS

**At the end of the game, the enemy player wins if he has completely destroyed all of the Champions of Fenris player's forces. If there are any Champions of Fenris models remaining, including those in units that are Falling Back, the Champions of Fenris player wins.** However, units that are not on the board at the end of the game count as destroyed for the purposes of this mission.

## MISSION SPECIAL RULES

**Fresh From Victory:** All units belonging to the Champions of Fenris player have the Preferred Enemy (Necrons) special rule.

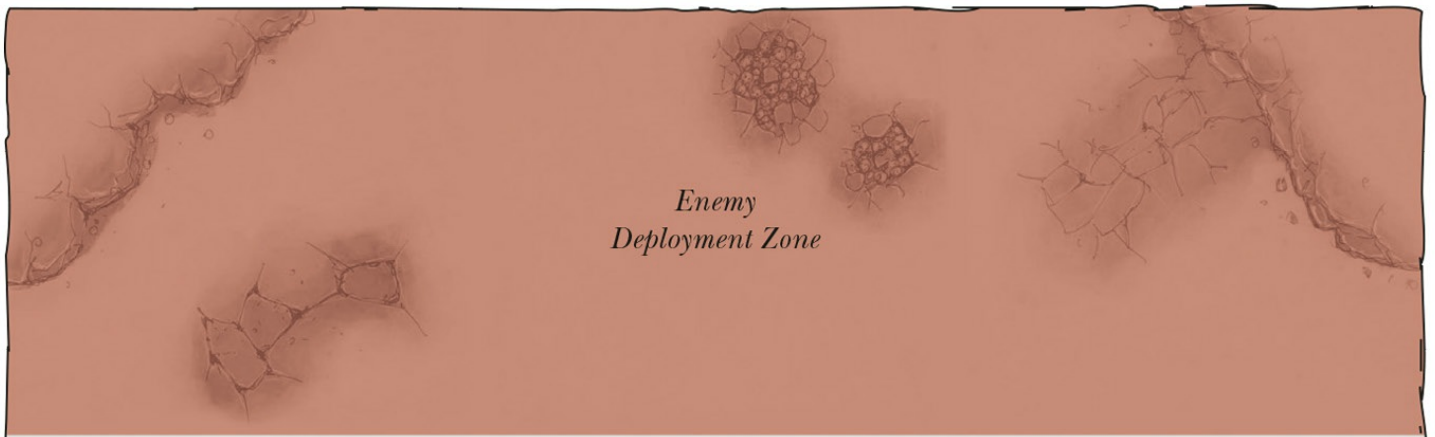
**The Burning One Awakened:** At the start of his fifth turn, the enemy player must roll to see if Nyadra'zatha, the Burning One has been unleashed from his prison by Trazyn's servants. Roll a D6 and add the current turn number. If the total equals 7 or less, roll again next turn. On a roll of 8 or more, the Burning One has been freed. The Burning One enters play using the rules for Reserves from any point along the enemy player's table edge, as depicted on the Deployment Map included with this mission.

**Nyadra'zatha, the Burning One:** Nyadra'zatha's close combat attacks have the Soul Blaze special rule. Furthermore, Nyadra'zatha has the following unique power:

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	5	4	Assault 2D6, Ignores Cover, Soul Blaze, Wall of Fire

**Wall of Fire:** This ranged attack automatically targets and hits all enemy units (including Flyers and Flying Monstrous Creatures) within the attack's maximum range, regardless of line of sight, being locked in combat, intervening models/terrain and so on.

*Enemy Table Edge*



*Champions of Fenris Table Edge*



# ECHOES OF WAR: STORMING THE STAR CRYPT



**Logan Grimnar has mustered all of his available forces to storm the mysterious Necron pyramid and the seat of Trazyn's power on Midgardia. Inside the pyramid the Overlord is gathering the full force of his Necron host against the Fenrisians, ready to strike from the shadows of the tomb. Logan Grimnar's experienced eye knows a difficult challenge when he sees one, but to this day, has never shirked from his duty – this is simply another battle to be fought and won, another enemy to be engaged and defeated. Calling together his brothers, the Great Wolf howls his defiance at the Necron host and sweeps his axe forwards to signal the charge.**

## THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

All units in the Champions of Fenris player's army must have the Space Wolves Faction. He must include the Arjac's Shieldbrothers and Kingsguard Stormforce Formations in his army, as well as Logan Grimnar to be his Warlord.

All units in the enemy player's army (except fortifications) must have the Necrons Faction. The enemy player must include Trazyn the Infinite in his army to be his Warlord. He must also include a C'tan Shard (representing the Shard of the Burning One) in his army. The C'tan Shard does not cost any points (see the Weapon of Last Resort mission special rule, below).

## THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the Deployment Map included with this mission.

## DEPLOYMENT

The enemy player should first roll to determine his Warlord Trait. The Champions of Fenris player deploys first, placing all of his units anywhere in his deployment zone depicted on the map. The enemy player then places all of his units anywhere in his deployment zone.

## FIRST TURN

The Champions of Fenris player has the first turn unless the enemy player can Seize the

Initiative as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

## VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the player who has scored the most Victory Points wins the game. If players have the same number of Victory Points, the game is a draw.

## PRIMARY OBJECTIVE

At the end of the game, each player receives 1 Victory Point for each enemy unit that has been completely destroyed. However, if Trazyn the Infinite unleashes Nyadra'zatha, Burning One (see Mission Special Rules, below), the Champions of Fenris player will instead score 3 Victory Points for completely destroying him. Units that are Falling Back at the end of the game, and units that are not on the board at the end of the game, count as destroyed for the purposes of this mission. Remember that Independent Characters and Dedicated Transports are individual units and award Victory Points if they are destroyed.

## SECONDARY OBJECTIVES

**First Blood, Slay the Warlord\*.**

\* If either Logan Grimnar or Bjorn the Fell-Handed slays Trazyn the Infinite in a challenge, the Champions of Fenris player instead scores 3 Victory Points for the Slay the Warlord Secondary Objective.

## MISSION SPECIAL RULES

**Night Fighting, Reserves.**

**Discretion is the Better Part of Valour:** Trazyn the Infinite cannot use his Surrogate Hosts special rule in this mission.

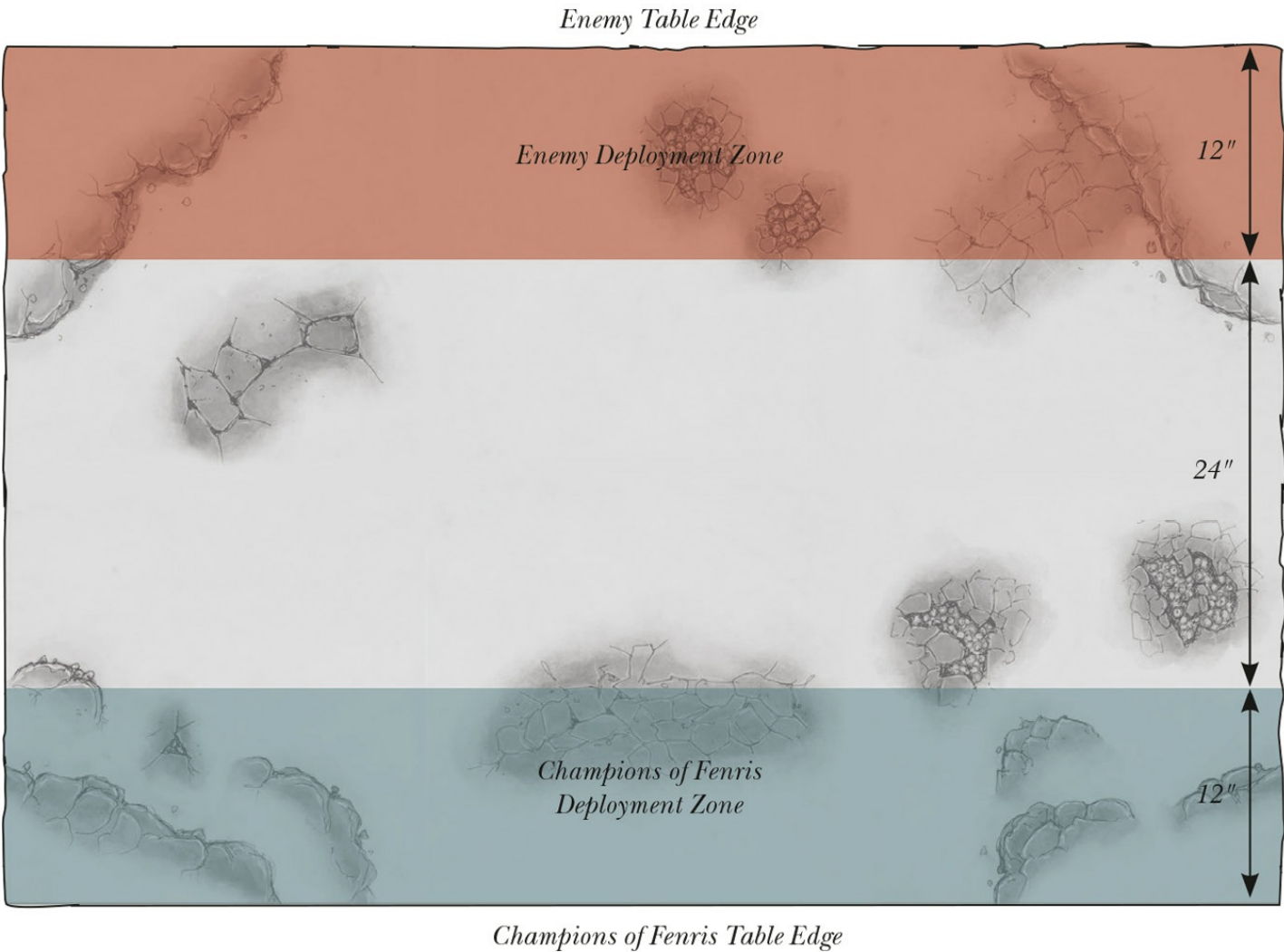
**Howl of the Great Wolf:** On any turn in which Logan Grimnar makes a successful charge, all units in the Champions of Fenris army (including Logan Grimnar himself) have the Fear, Furious Charge and Hatred special rules.

**Nyadra'zatha, the Burning One:** Nyadra'zatha's close combat attacks have the Soul Blaze special rule. Furthermore, Nyadra'zatha has the following unique power:

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	5	4	Assault 2D6, Ignores Cover, Soul Blaze, Wall of Fire

**Wall of Fire:** This ranged attack automatically targets and hits all enemy units (including Flyers and Flying Monstrous Creatures) within the attack’s maximum range, regardless of line of sight, being locked in combat, intervening models/terrain and so on.

**Weapon of Last Resort:** If Trazyn the Infinite is still alive at the start of the enemy player’s fifth turn, he will attempt to unleash Nyadra’zatha, the Burning One, once more. Nyadra’zatha immediately enters play by Deep Strike, though he must be placed within 6" of Trazyn the Infinite before rolling for scatter.



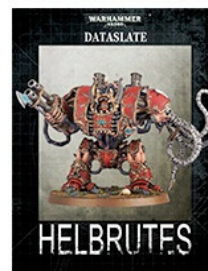
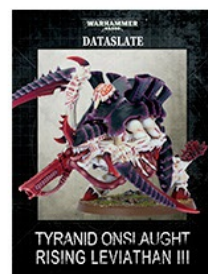
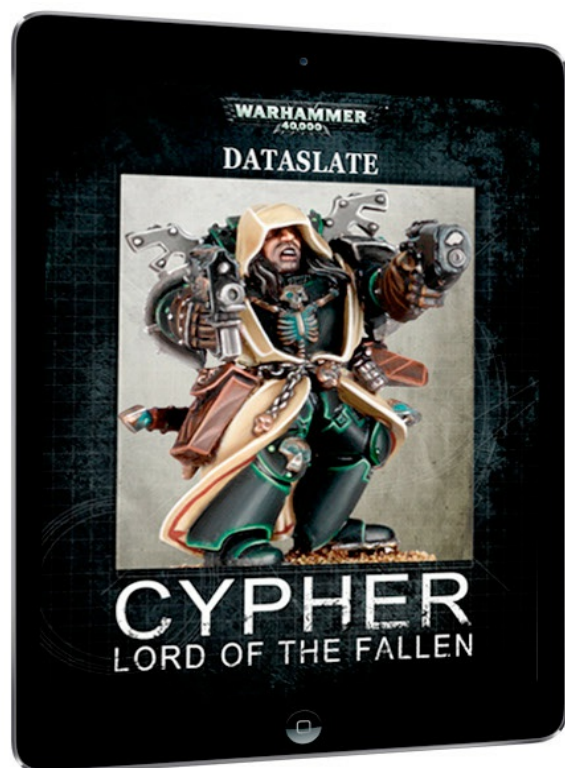








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