

WARHAMMER[®]
40,000



Dan Abnett • Karl Richardson

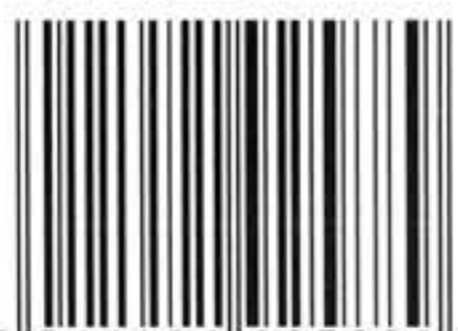
LONE WOLVES

'More atmospheric and intelligent pacing than any Hollywood movie.'

Comics International



GAMES WORKSHOP
PRODUCT CODE
6010 0199 067



5 011921 925889 >



LONE WOLVES

DAN ABNETT  KARL RICHARDSON

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

And then it arrives.

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

Editors **Marc Gascoigne & Christian Dunn** • Graphic Design **Darius Hinks**

A **Black Library** publication

First published in the UK in 2003 by BL Publishing, Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Road, Nottingham NG7 2WS, UK. This paperback edition with extra material published 2004. Copyright © Games Workshop Limited 2003. All rights reserved. Black Library, the Black Library logo, Black Flame, BL Publishing, Games Workshop, Space Marine, Space Wolf, Tyranid, Warhammer 40000, the Warhammer 40,000 logo and all associated marks, names, characters, illustrations and images from the Warhammer 40,000 universe are either ©, TM and/or © Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2004, variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. All rights reserved.

www.blacklibrary.com






FOREWORD

Modern heroes are rubbish. Controversial I know but I'll stand by that assertion. Just look at the heroes of myth and legend, those guys were the real deal. Gods, demi-gods, sons (and daughters) of gods, mortals who lived amongst the gods. None of these mild-mannered janitors or downtrodden schoolboys who think that putting on a brightly coloured costume or cape makes them heroic. No, the heroes of legend would descend into the depths of hell itself, literally carry the weight of the world on their shoulders and embark on great voyages and odysseys that lasted most of their natural lives. Admittedly, they did sometimes dress up as women just to go and rough up some giants – but that didn't happen very often. Nowadays it's all spandex and bright colours and many of the characters held up as heroes in popular culture couldn't hold a candle to Thor or Atlas or Hercules.

The playground of history is likewise littered with great heroes. Generals who, when faced with insurmountable enemy forces, stand and fight to their last breath. Gladiators who led their people in revolt and turned back the tide of their oppressors.





Athletes who stared pure evil straight in the face and walked, head held high, into the lion's den. No leotards and tights for these people – a suit of armour, a sword or even their own sense of righteousness was all they needed to survive and advance.

In Lone Wolves, Skold and his band of Space Wolf Marines are powerful in the classic sense of the word; hulking eight-foot tall warriors whose suits of armour are just as capable of powering a small city as they are of destroying it. Their sole purpose in life is to blindly follow the will of their God-Emperor – the supreme being from whom they are all directly descended – and take to the field of battle to defend his territory and purity. Where His enemies dare to tread, they dare to follow, ready to lay down their very lives and souls in His name.

No capes. No gaudy costumes. No spandex.

Just heroes.

And definitely no dressing up as women.

Christian Dunn, Editor



LONE WOLVES



THE MIRACLE



BLIK
LIPK
whrrrr

ACCESSING...
PERSONAL DATA LOG: SERGEANT POOL MARLIN
3RD COMPANY, XTH SLAVOK REGIMENT
IMPERIAL GUARD...■

DAY 32
CANNOT BELIEVE WE'VE ACTUALLY BEEN HERE ON SHADRAC THIRTY
TWO (32) DAYS NOW. WHY ARE WE STILL ALIVE?

EDIBLES IN SHORT SUPPLY, SO WE'RE RATIONING WHAT WE HAVE.
THE MEN ARE WEAK. FROSTBITE IN SOME. STILL NO VOX-CONTACT
WITH THE FLEET. NO LONGER BELIEVE THERE IS A FLEET TO HEAR
US ANY MORE.

AUSTER!

MEDIC!
MAN
DOWN!

THINK THE SWARMS HAVE TAKEN EVERYTHING. THE REST OF THE
REGIMENT, THE ARMOUR, THE TROOP SHIPS. I THINK WE'RE THE
ONLY ONES LEFT ALIVE.

AUSTER!
YOU WAKE UP,
YOU HEAR ME?
AUSTER!

MEDIC!
BAENS!

ALL RIGHT
ALREADY!



IT'S FATIGUE. HOLD HIM WHILE I GIVE HIM A STIM-SHOT.

OKAY.

BAENS, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR HAND?



ICE-BURN.

OH, EMPEROR'S GRACE!

JUST MY LUCK. IT'S *ROTTING*. SARGE...WHEN BLOOD POISON GETS TO ME, I WANT YOU TO MAKE IT *QUICK* FOR ME. OKAY?



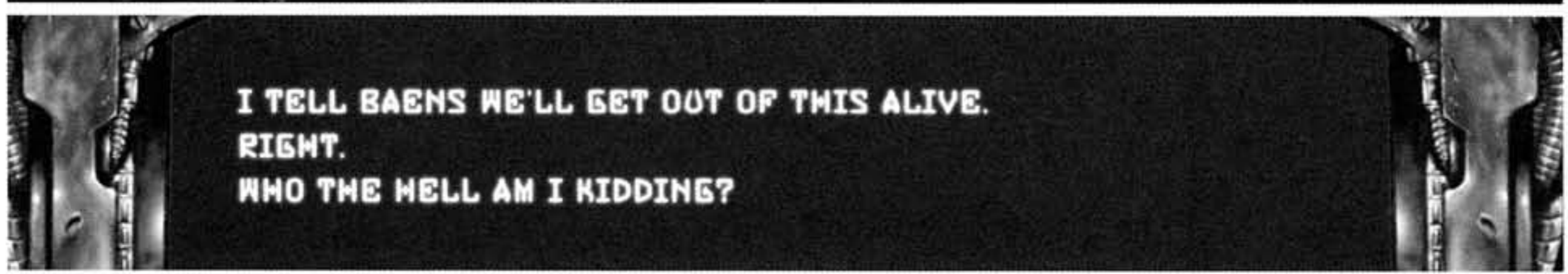
NO MORE TALK LIKE THAT, BAENS! WE'RE ALL GETTING OUT! ALL OF US!

BUT THE SWARMS...



WE'VE KEPT OUT OF THEIR WAY FOR OVER *THIRTY* DAYS! WE CAN DO THIS!

DAMMIT! THE EMPEROR PROTECTS! IF IT COMES TO IT, HE'LL SEND A *MIRACLE!*



I TELL BAENS WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE. RIGHT. WHO THE HELL AM I KIDDING?



NIGHTFALL.

WE PITCH ON A SHELF ABOVE THE ICE-DESERT. ENOUGH CHEMICAL LAMPS AND FLAMER FUEL FOR MAYBE ONE MORE NIGHT.



SMADE?

SEE MUCH?

HEY, SARGE.

ICE AND DARKNESS, SARGE.



WANT A SIP?

ICE AND DARKNESS, HUH?

PRAYSE THE EMPEROR THAT'S ALL YOU SEE TONIGHT.

HEY, THANKS.

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



ULSON?

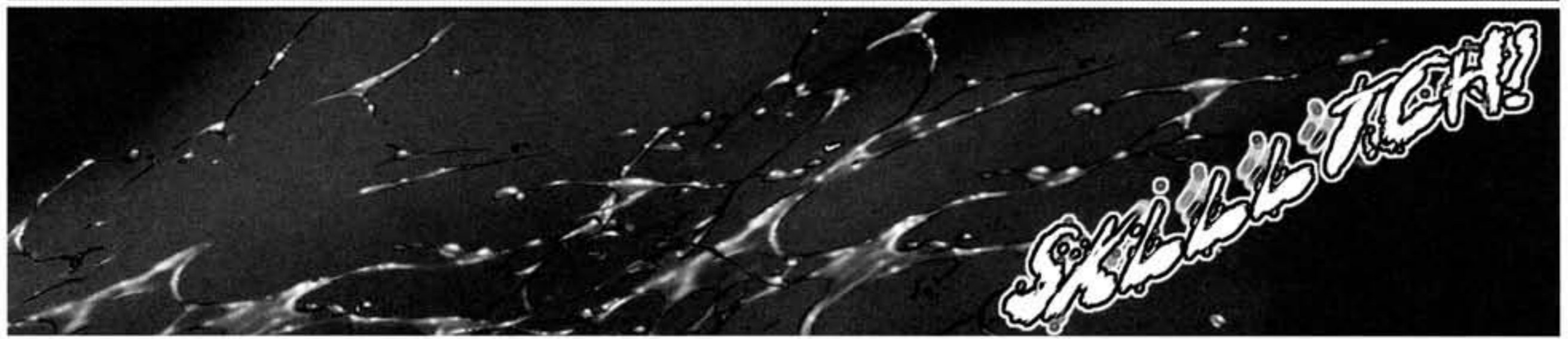
ULSON?
ULSON?

HEY, ULSON!

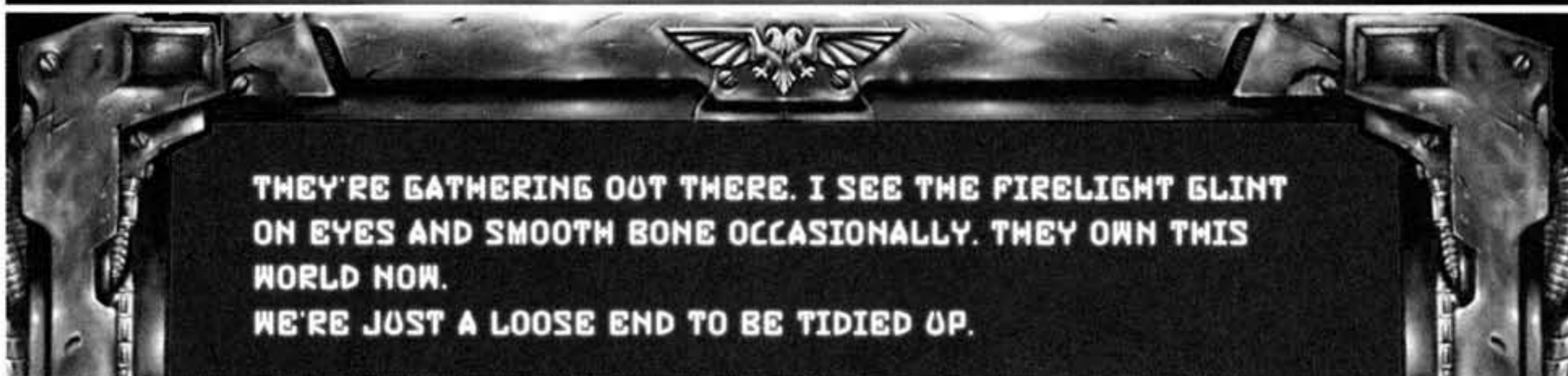
DAY 33.
TROOPERS ELGIN AND FRANCH FIND OLSON JUST BEFORE NOON.







WE DRIVE THEM OFF UNTIL NIGHTFALL. SMADE RECKONS THE LAST OF THE FUEL WILL BURN FOR ABOUT TWO MORE HOURS. I CAN HEAR THEM OUT THERE, CHITTERING IN THE DARK.



THEY'RE GATHERING OUT THERE. I SEE THE FIRELIGHT GLINT
ON EYES AND SMOOTH BONE OCCASIONALLY. THEY OWN THIS
WORLD NOW.
WE'RE JUST A LOOSE END TO BE TIDIED UP.



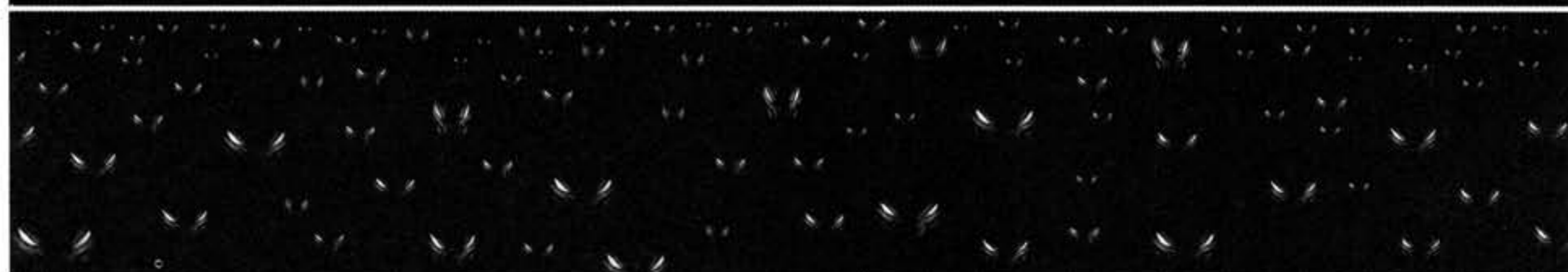
THAT
MIRACLE. YOU THINK
THE EMPEROR MIGHT
SPARE IT NOW,
SERGEANT?

THE
EMPEROR
PROTECTS,
ELGIN.

HUHN!
THE EMPEROR
DOESN'T EVEN
KNOW WE'RE
HERE!

THAT'S
IT, SARGE!
THE FUEL'S
OUT!

STAND
READY! *STAND
READY!*



HERE IT COMES.



WHAT
THE HELL WAS
TH-





**DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA**

**DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA**

SPACE WOLVES. GREAT GODS!
FORWARD COMMAND NEVER TOLD US THAT THE MIGHTY ADEPTUS
ASTARTES WERE HERE ON SHADRAC.
WAS I WRONG, OR AM I DREAMING?



SKLUTCH!!

OR IS THIS THE MIRACLE?



THEY'RE GONE BEFORE I CAN FIND OUT. GONE WITH THE NIGHT,
LEAVING THEIR KILLS COVERING THE ICE.



LET'S
GO.

TO FIND
THEM. TO FIND THE
WOLVES. TURNS OUT, WE'RE
NOT *ALONE* HERE AFTER
ALL.

WHERE?

NOW AT LAST WE HAVE SOMETHING T
BATTERY LOW
BATTERY LOW
BATTERY LOW





Cover to Warhammer Monthly #53 by Clint Langley



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

‘I think we’re the only ones left alive.’

LONE WOLVES

EATERS OF THE SLAIN - PART 1





Personal Log Sergeant Paul Martin 3rd Company Xth Slavok Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 40

When we found this odd ice station yesterday I thought our luck had changed



...walks against the cold a roof even drums of fuel. But no food. Our rations ran out on day 57. No sign of the enemy, no sign of evac. Feels like we're the only things alive of Shadrac and that won't last long



NOTHING
I COULD DO FOR
HIM. FROSTBITE
HYPOTHERMIA.

THREE
DOWN, THIRTY
TO GO.

Medic Baens does his best but without food it's just a matter of time for all of us. Sometimes I just wish that the swarms would come and get this over with - scratch that. I'd rather die of cold and hunger than fall to the Tyrant.



OKAY. I
DUNNO. I CAN'T
FEEL IT.

HOW'S
THE HAND,
BAENS?



I DON'T KNOW. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK WE *IMAGINED* THEM.

THOSE *SPACE WOLVES*, SARGE. THE ONES THAT CAME OUT OF THE NIGHT. D'YOU THINK THEY'RE STILL OUT THERE?



SERGEANT!

AUSTER? WHAT IS IT?

YOU GOTTA SEE THIS! YOU TOO, DOC!



TROOP CARRIERS..!

WE WERE SEARCHING FOR FOOD STORES AND WE FOUND THIS SIDE BARN. I SHOT THE LOCK OFF THE DOOR...

GOOD WORK, SMADE.



THE QUESTION IS... DO THEY RUN?



OH, THEY *WILL*, SIR. THEY *WILL*.



Maybe our luck has changed If Smade can get the chimeras running we can move out once the ice storm has eased maybe find those phantom Space Wolves Find someone at least someone with food



SERGEANT,
SERGEANT MARLIN!
WAKE UP.

SSSSHH!

HUH?
DOC?

WHAT?

I WAS
JUST DOING A WALK-
ROUND CHECK. SOMEONE'S BEEN
IN THOSE FILTHY GRAIN
STORES.

I HAVE NO
IDEA. SOMEONE WITH MORE
APPETITE THAN SENSE. THAT STUFF IS
LOUSY WITH MOULD AND ERGOT POISONS.
MIGHT AS WELL SHOOT YOURSELF
AS EAT IT.

WHAT?
WHO?

FEARRRRR
GGHHH!

WHAT IN
THE EMPEROR'S NAME
WAS THAT?





WHAT'S GOING ON?

COME ON!

GRAB YOUR WEAPONS AND FOLLOW ME!



HELLS' TEETH! SOMETHING'S IN THE MORGUE!



GOD EMPEROR...



SPREAD OUT! COME ON! THERE MUST BE A SWARM-KILLER IN HERE SOMEWHERE-

NO.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'NO'?

NO TYRANID DID THIS. THE FLESH IS GNAWED. CHEWED. THE BITE MARKS ARE HUMAN.

Fungal ergot poisons the mind, takes away reason, promotes hallucinations and insanity. Baens is sure that whoever robbed the grain store did this. Driven by hunger into abominable madness.







LONE WOLVES



EATERS OF THE SLAIN - PART 2



Personal Log Sergeant Paul Martin 3rd Company Xth Slavok Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 4-1

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



Despite orders, Trooper Sorkin ate tainted grain. He ingested ergot poisoning and it drove him feral. He tried to eat the corpses of our dead. Then he killed Trooper Kloff and almost killed me.



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









NNGHFF!



AIGH!



УУУИИИИ!

KRAK K K!



SNNFELLL!





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





Cover to Warhammer Monthly #61 by Karl Richardson

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

‘And a heartbeat from hope.’

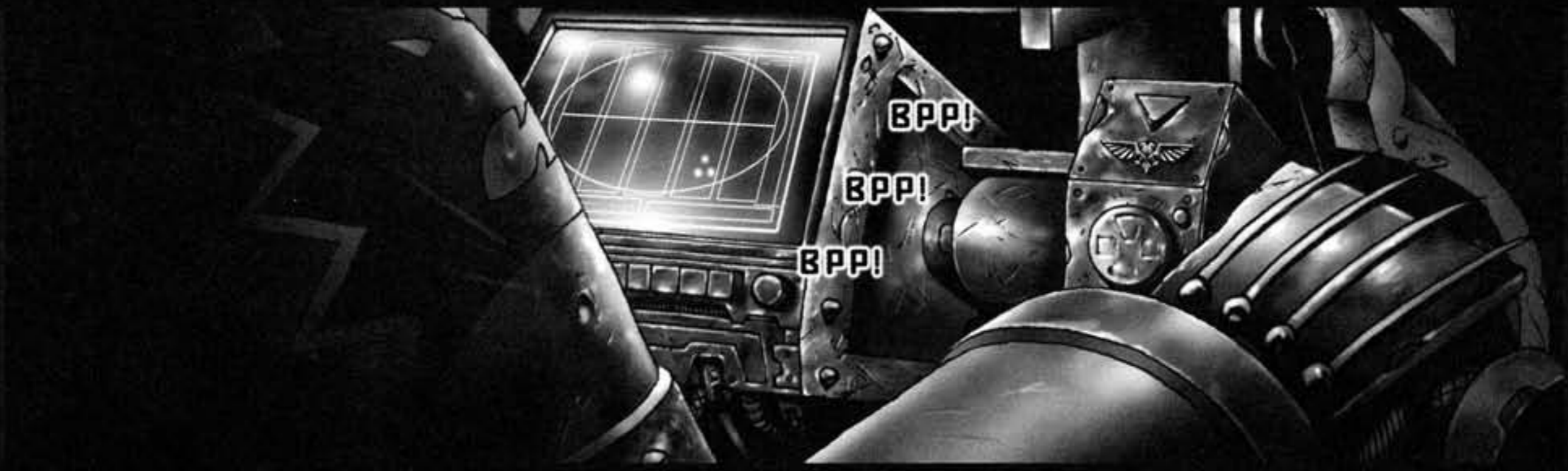




LONE WOLVES



PAYBACK - PART 1





Personal Log Sergeant Paul Marlin 8rd Company Xth Slavok Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 44

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



SERGEANT?

WHAT'S UP,
SMADE?



GETTING A
HARD RETURN ON
THE AUSPEX.

FOUR
KILOMETRES WEST,
COMING THIS WAY. COULD
JUST BE A SENSOR
GHOST.

PASS ME THE
BINOCULARS.



Somewhere out there, there's a squad of Astartes, the legendary Space Wolves. They saved us twice now. Maybe if we could join up with them...



RRM-RRMMMM-R-RMM



It's a big 'maybe'. If we can't find them, it's just us. Twenty-eight men against a world overrun by the most rapacious xenostreed in the galaxy.



UME
LINDVAR
JØR...



SLOW IT
DOWN! *SLOW!* I
SEE SOMETHING...
I SEE...







**SPTCH-
BTCH-
THUK!**

AAAH!

WHAT
THE-?



OJØR VA
RUSS! LEMAN
RUSS!



**F-TOOM
TOOM
TOOM**

THE
WOLVES! THE
WOLVES ARE
WITH US!



FENRYS
HJOLDA!



BLAST 'EM!
BLAST 'EM!



GRRRAAAAAAAAAAH!



WE'RE
CLEAR! WE'RE CLEAR
OF THEM!



HEY!
HEEY!

SKOLD!
JOVA!



SCRR
SCREEE

LEE
EE



WH-WHAT?
I DON'T...

FJA
VO!

GO.
NOW.



GO!

YOU...
YOU ALL HEARD HIM.
THEY'RE GOING TO BUY
US TIME. TO GET
CLEAR.

GOD-
EMPEROR... THEY'RE
GOING TO TAKE THAT
THING ON...



LONE WOLVES



PAYBACK - PART 2

Personal Log Sergeant Paul Martin 8rd Company Xth Slavok Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 4-4

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





OJØR
VA RUSS! LEMAN
RUSS!

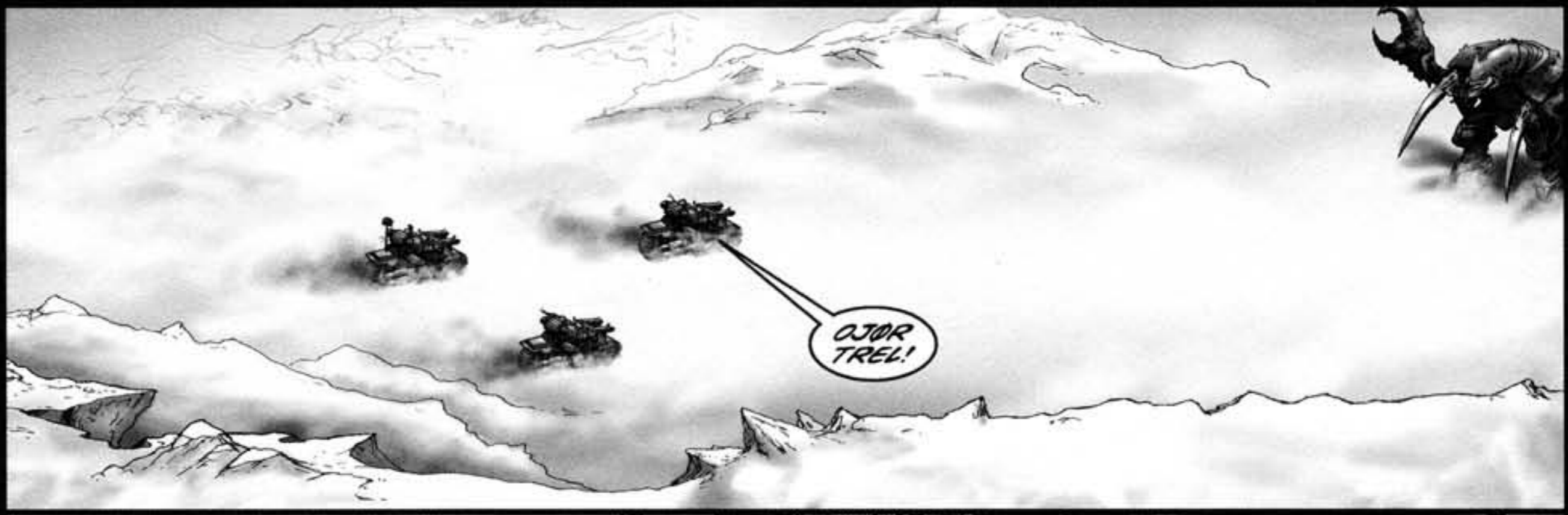
FENRYS
HJØLDA!

JA
HJØLD!

KARL
2002

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







AUSPEX SAYS...

SAYS WHAT?



WHAT, DAMMIT?

ONE OF THEM'S DOWN.



I SEE IT. I SEE IT...

They risked their lives for us. Now they're paying the price for that risk. Emperor bless me, I'm no Space Marine - none of us are - but there's a line, a line of courage and brotherhood and I'll be damned if I cross it.



TURN US AROUND.

WHAT?

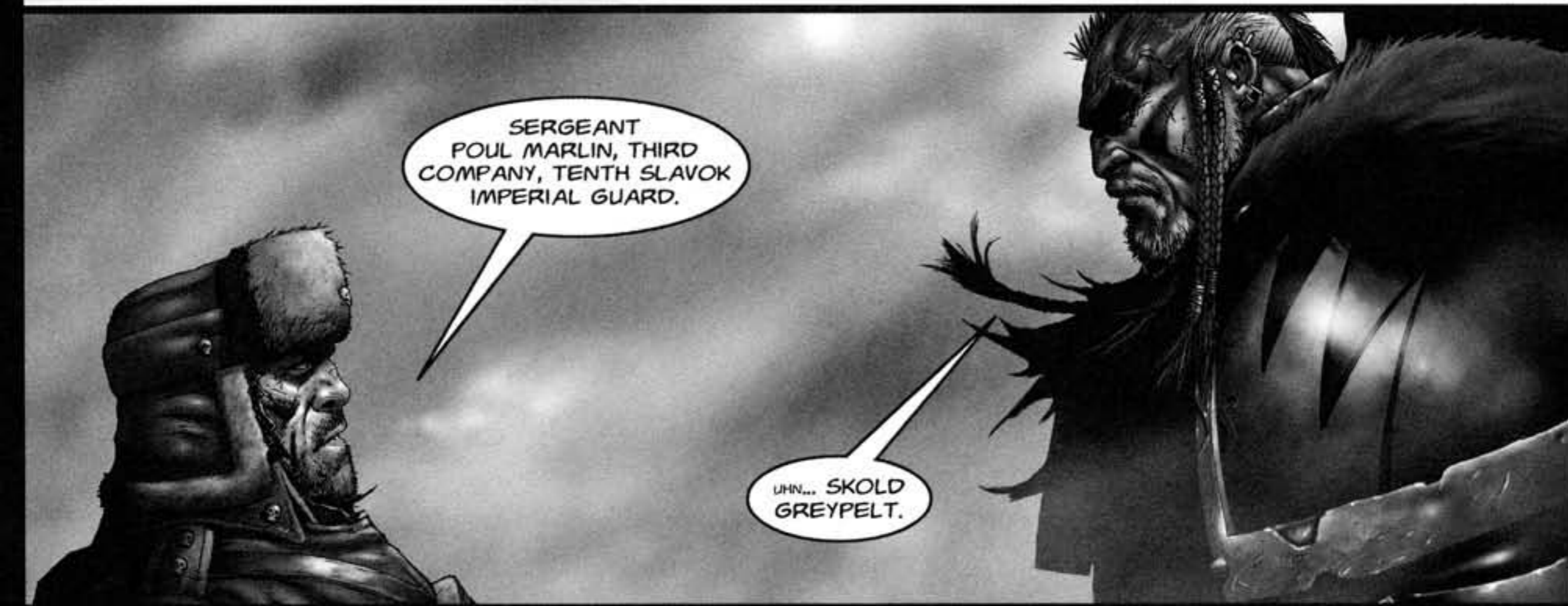
TURN US THE HELL AROUND! AND HAND ME THE ROCKET LAUNCHER.



BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE ROCKET LEFT!

THAT'S ALL I NEED.





SERGEANT
POUL MARLIN, THIRD
COMPANY, TENTH SLAVOK
IMPERIAL GUARD.

UHN... SKOLD
GREYPELT.



GOOD TO
KNOW YOU.



Cover of Warhammer Monthly #66 by John Gravato

‘Drive, Smade. Drive like hell.

‘Don’t even think about what’s
behind us.’





Unused cover artwork by Mark Harrison



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

‘Only when we can
do no more do we
move on.’

BLOODGELD - PART 1

COME HERE.
CLOSER.

GIVE ME
YOUR HAND.



LONE WOLVES



WE ARE...
GRATEFUL
FOR...

...WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
MY HAND..?

Personal Log Sergeant Pad Marlin 3rd Company Xth Slavok Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 45

Our allies have taken us to their war camp, high on one of Shadrac's glaciers. If this is hospitality, I'd honestly rather be facing tyrannids.



TONIGHT
WE SHARE FIRE
AND HONOUR THE
FALLEN!

NOW
GIVE ME YOUR
HAND...



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





THAT
FIRE. AREN'T
YOU AFRAID
THAT-

WOLVES
AFRAID OF
NO THING!

-I MEAN,
WON'T THE LIGHT
ATTRACT THE TYRANIDS?
THAT AND THE SMELL OF
BURNING BLOOD?



JA!

HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!

They start singing and beating war drums. The heat and the noise and the foul liquor they gave us numbs my senses. I wander off to try and clear my head...



GOD
EMPEROR
PROTECT
ME!





A SHIP! THEY'VE GOT A DAMN SHIP!



YOU LEFT THE FIRESIDE.

I-
YOU'VE GOT A SHIP, SKOLD GREYPELT!



JA. A SHIP.

THEN WHY ARE YOU STILL *HERE*? SHADRAC'S ABOUT TO FALL. THE TYRANIDS ARE *EVERYWHERE*! WHY HAVEN'T YOU LEFT?



IT IS THE WAY OF FENRIS. WE STAY AS *LONG* AS WE CAN. FIGHT AS *HARD* AS WE CAN.

KILL AS *MUCH* AS WE CAN. ONLY WHEN WE CAN DO NO *MORE* DO WE MOVE ON.



WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

RAISING A BARROW FOR TRYGVAS. THIS FEAST IS FOR HIM, TO HONOUR HIS PASSING.



THIS IS A FUNERAL FEAST?

BUT TRYGVAS ISN'T DEAD, IS HE? THAT THING HURT HIM BAD, BUT LAST I SAW HE WAS ALIVE.



YOU ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS, MARLIN. YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

I THINK YOU NEED ANOTHER DRINK.



WHY?

BECAUSE
ONCE *THEY* GET
HERE, THERE WON'T
BE *TIME* FOR
DRINKING.





LONE WOLVES



BLOODGELD - PART 2



OJØR
VA RUSS! FENRYS
HJØLDA!

SLAVOK!
SLAVOK! DO
OR DIE!





Personal Log Sergeant Paul Martin 8rd Company Xth Starok Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 45

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



...they're insane.



Tonight, Shadrac dies. So Skold Greyfelt has told me.
Tonight, the entire planet breathes its last and succumbs to the hunger of the Tyrants.



So this is to be our last stand. The 10th Slavok, Skold's pack. Back to back.
The last resistance this planet can offer.





SERGEANT!
AMMO'S NEARLY
OUT!



SKOLD!
WE'RE AT
WEAPONS
OUT!

YES,
IT IS
TIME.

FALL BACK!
CALL IN THE
SHIP!

Skold told me the Wolves only leave a fight when they can do no more. I feel like he's cutting it fine. I have no idea how fine...



GO!
GO! GET
ABOARD!



THE
BLOODGELD! THE
BLOOD PRICE! WE PAID IT
TO LURE THEM HERE IN
NUMBERS!

THE
WHAT!?

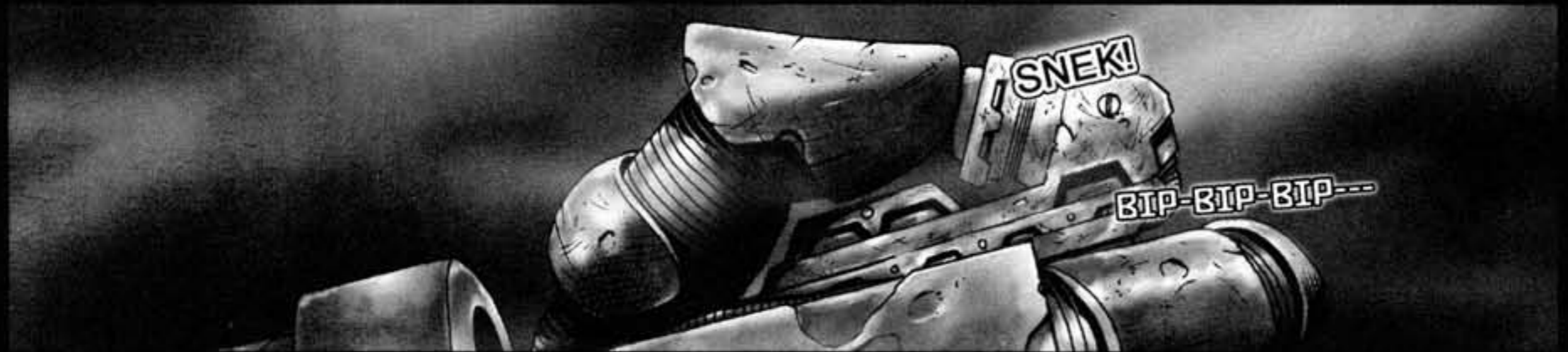


NOW
WE HAVE THEM
WHERE WE WANT
THEM!

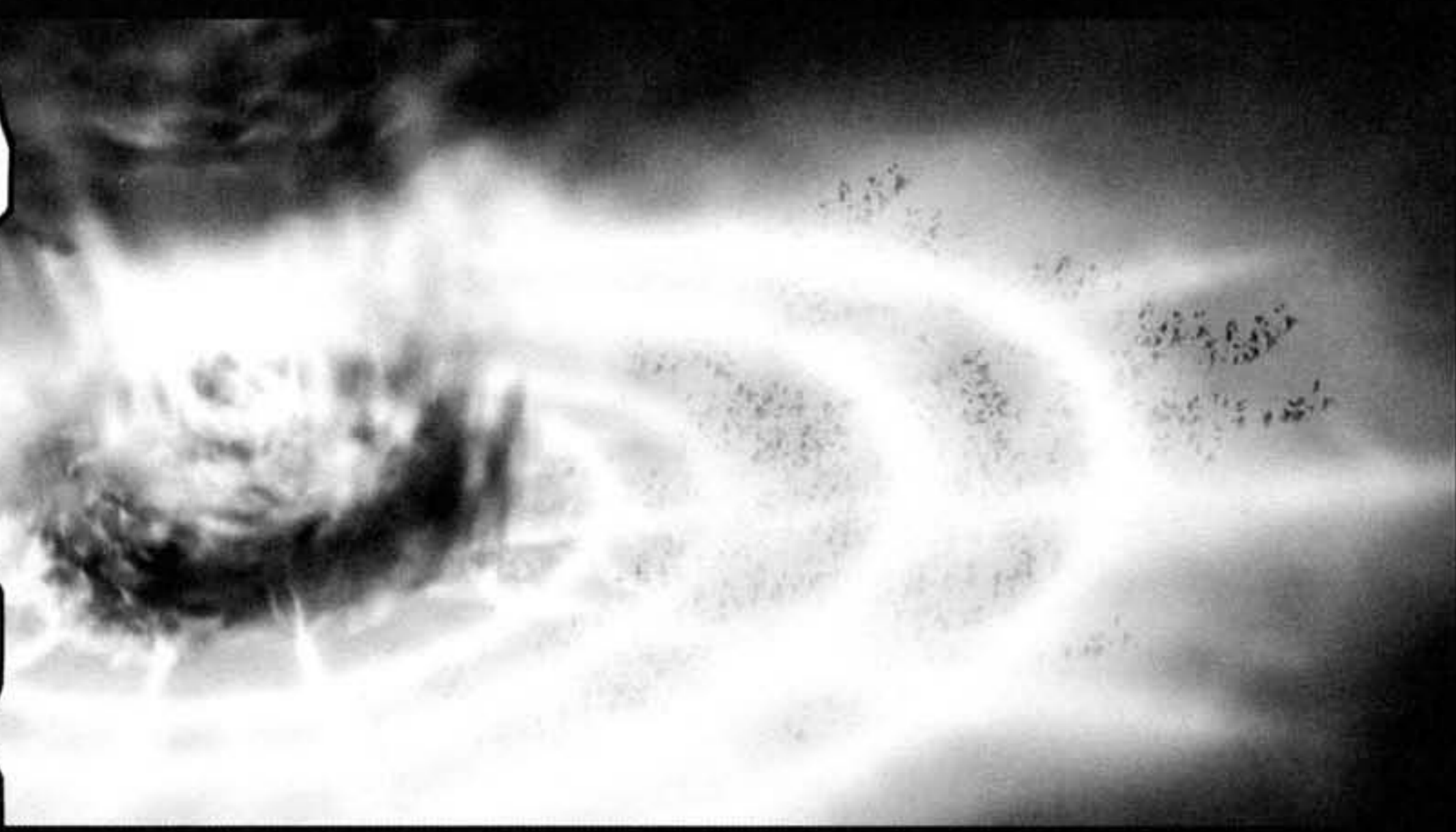


WE'RE
CLEAR!
GO! GO!

It's only once we're airborne that I remember Trygvas, the wolf who, despite his injuries, was still alive last night when we held his funeral feast and built him a barrow grave. I didn't see him come aboard.



K A R T O O N





Shadrac is dead. Lost to the hive. But not before the Wolves inflicted a bruising reminder of Imperial might by entirely vaporising one of its swarms.



Shadrac has redefined certain things for me. Cold. Privation. Pain. Fear... Hope... Courage.



With luck, and if the God Emperor wills it, we'll reach an Imperial Outpost in nineteen weeks.

Personal Log ends.



Artwork by the Sharp Brothers.


LONE WOLVES ONE SHOT

First appeared in issue 76
of Warhammer Monthly.





Cover to Warhammer Monthly #76 by Patrick Goddard



‘Do you ever go into a fight thinking “there’s no point giving my best, I’ll get another chance later?”

‘We only ever get one shot Marlin. Life is one shot.’

IVE
SPOKEN TO
SMADE...

...HE'S
ABOUT THE MOST
TECH-MINDED OF MY BOYS.
HE RECKONS WE CAN
DO IT.

BUT
WE'LL ONLY
GET ONE SHOT
AT IT.

ERN 66-4-24

WAB 93-40

Y7-45ERE2

56TH-543

HT8-688K

STAR CHART 124-65 -IMP .4-FGR56

LONE WOLVES: ONE SHOT

WHAT?
DID I SAY SOMETHING
FUNNY, SKOLD
GREYPELT?

NO,
MARLIN.

SO...

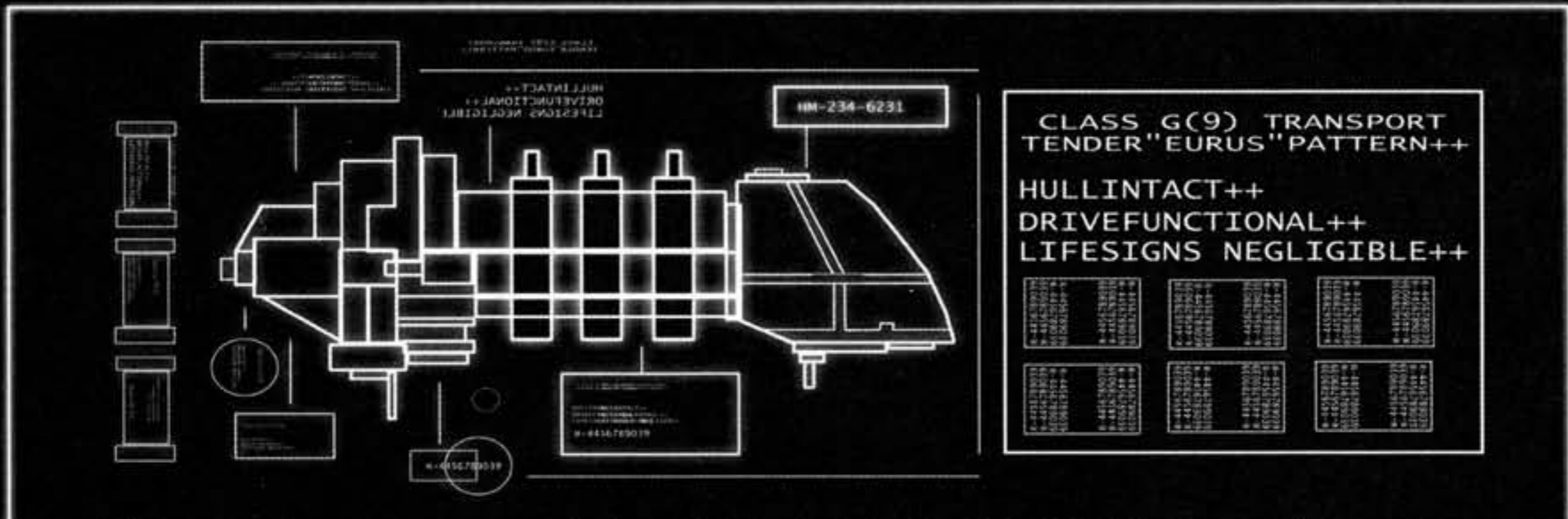
...WHERE
IS IT?

MP .4-FGR56

LET
ME BRING
UP THE PICT
DISPLAY...

...RIGHT
THERE.





THE BEAUTIFUL PART IS, MARLIN RECKONS WE ONLY HAVE TO CUT THAT TUB LOOSE FROM THE REST OF THE SHIP, FIRE ITS DRIVES, AND PRESTO...

KLAKK!

...WE GOT OURSELVES A JUMP-SHIP.

EMPEROR BE PRAISED! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK WE'D ESCAPED SHADRAC ONLY TO DIE OUT HERE INSTEAD.

STILL, WE'RE JUST GRUNTS, ELGIN. WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT SHIP DRIVES?

SMADE'S MECH-SMART. AND YOU'RE FORGETTING, THE WOLVES HAVE THAT IRON PRIEST...

I HAVE GREAT... MISGIVINGS.

MISGIVINGS?

WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN? *WHAT* THE F-

SIR

QUIET, SMADE. I'LL HAVE YOU SHOW IRON PRIEST TRUNGLAS DUE *RESPECT*.

LORD PRIEST... THOUGH THIS THUNDERHAWK GOT US OFF SHADRAC BEFORE IT FELL TO THE TYRANIDS-

RIGHT. BUT NOW WE'RE GOING TO DIE *ANYWAY*.

BY THE GRACE OF THE EMPEROR, *EIGHTEEN* OF YOUR GUARDSMEN AND *NINE* OF MY WOLFPACK LOST, ESCAPING A WORLD *DEVoured*.

THIS IS A *SUB-ORBITAL* ASSAULT SHUTTLE. IT HASN'T GOT THE RANGE *OR* POWER TO GET US *ANYWHERE*.

WE *HOPED* IT WOULD GET US AS FAR AS THE FLEET, BUT *THAT* HOPE HAS BEEN DASHED.

NOT LONG FROM NOW, WE'RE GOING TO RUN OUT OF AIR AND WATER AND FOOD AND POWER.

THE SHIP WE'VE IDENTIFIED OFFERS US THE CHANCE OF A TICKET *HOME*. I'M NOT GOING TO LET MY MEN *STARVE* AND *SUFFOCATE* FOR WANT OF TRYING T-


I SEE THE *SENSE* OF IT, SLAVOK.

JUST NOT THE *PRACTICE*.

THE *PRACTICE*? HOLY THRONE, THE SCANS SHOW *GREEN* ACROSS THE BOARD FOR THE TUB'S SYSTEMS!


SURE, WE'LL HAVE TO WORK TO CUT THE HULL *FREE* WHERE IT'S FUSED TO THE MASS, BUT-

I HAVE REVIEWED THE SCANS. YES, THESE THINGS *ARE* POSSIBLE...



...BUT
THEY WILL COUNT
FOR *NOTHING* UNLESS THE
CORRECT RITES HAVE BEEN
PERFORMED TO *BLESS* THE
MACHINE.

I FEAR
THERE WILL NOT BE
TIME *ENOUGH* FOR
THAT.



TELL
YOU WHAT. *YOU*
WORRY ABOUT THE
RITES.

WE'LL
HANDLE
EVERYTHING
ELSE.



SHAKKAKSKSKSH!

WHHLANGGG!

SMADE
TO MARLIN.

READING
YOU.

WE'RE IN.
MOVING THROUGH
THE WRECKS TO GET
IN UNDER THE TARGET
SHIP NOW.

GOT THAT,
SMADE. MY TEAM'S
IN TOO, HEADING FOR
THE PORT SIDE.
ANYTHING?

IT'S COLD, SERGEANT.
COLDER EVEN THAN
SHADRAC, IF THAT'S
POSSIBLE...

...AND THERE
ARE THESE WEIRD
CREAKING, GROANING
NOISES.

JUST *STRESS*
MOVEMENT IN THE
SHIP ITSELF.



HOPE SO,
SERGEANT.

TRUST
ME, SMADE. NOW
GO ON AND GET THAT
STARBOARD SIDE
FREED.

MARLIN
TO SKOLD.

SKOLD?
MARLIN
TO SK-

I *HEAR*
YOU, MARLIN.
WE ARE IN
THE SHIP...

...EN
ROUTE TO
THE ENGINE
DECK.

GOOD.
MAKE SURE YOU
GET THAT THING
STARTED, YOU
HEAR?

AND
STAY IN TOUCH.
MARLIN
OUT.

RIGHT,
SLAVOKS.
LET'S GET
TO WORK.

NOT GOOD. CRASH MESS. HULL OF SHIP TWISTED BADLY.

I CAN SEE THAT, BROTHER HUNNAR. BUT CAN WE FREE IT?

JA, LITTLE SMADE! WE NEED FIRE BOXES!

RIGHT-

FRANCH! INGMAN! BRING THE CHARGES FRONT AND CENTRE!

ON IT, SMADE!

KRINKKKKK!

WHAT WAS THAT?

LIKE MARLIN SAID, JUST STRESS MOVEMENT IN THE SHIP. COME ON.



MARLIN?

DOC?

THE WOLVES
SAY THE CHARGES ARE SET.
WHEN THE TIME COMES - *POW!*
WE SHOULD BLAST THIS SIDE
OF THE SHIP CLEAR OF
THE WRECKS.

HOPE
SMADE'S LOT
ARE DOING AS GOOD
A JOB ON THE
OTHER SIDE.

WHAT
WERE YOU LOOKING
AT?

DUNNO.
JUST GOT
A...

HAND
ME A FLARE
STICK.



Pow!



Pow!



BOOM!



ZZ-CHOW! CHOW! CHOW! CHOW!

**CONTACT!
CONTACT! THRONE OF
EARTH, THEY'RE ALL
OVER US!**



**ZZ-CHOW!
CHOW!
CHOW!
THKOW!
THKOW!
THKOW!**

**CONTACT!
CONTACT! THRONE OF
EARTH, THEY'RE ALL
OVER US!**



SPUTCH!

FWIP!

PTOW!

CHANG!



**GOD-
EMPEROR!**

AGHH!

RRRUTCHHH

OH SH-

OJØR
VA RUSS!
FENRYS
HJØLDA!

DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA

CLICK
CLICK





FENRYS HJ-
HUKKKRKKK!

LEMAN
RUSS!

SKOLD!
SKOLD!
ANSWER
ME!

WE'RE IN
TROUBLE, SKOLD!
WE'RE IN
TROUBLE!

SKOLD!
SKOLD!

GOD-
EMPEROR'S SAKE!
WE GOTTA DO
S-



SILENCE!

THE BLESSING RITES MUST NOT BE INTERRUPTED!

MY IRON PRIEST WAS DEFINITE ABOUT THIS!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I MEAN... THE ENGINES ARE ON LINE...

BUT THE BLESSING IS NOT FINISHED. WE CANNOT LEAVE UNTIL IT IS COMPLETE.

T-TELL THAT TO SERGEANT MARLIN.

VERY WELL. I *WILL*.

MAKE SURE SMADE'S TEAM IS FINISHED UP AND BOARDED.

FALL
BACK! *FALL BACK!*
WE CAN'T HOLD
THEM!

I SEE
YOU HAVE FOUND
SOME *GLORY*,
MARLIN.

MORE
THAN ENOUGH
TO *SHARE*,
SKOLD.

YOUR
PRIEST FINISHED
HIS RITES YET?

*DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA*

GETTING
THERE. MATTERS
OF THE MACHINE GOD
SHOULD NOT BE
RUSHED.

*DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA*

IT'S GOING
TO BE *TIGHT*, SKOLD!
TOO TIGHT! I *TOLD* YOU
WE HAD JUST ONE
SHOT AT THIS!

DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA

HA
HA HA! *ONE
SHOT?*

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

WHAT?

DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA

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

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

MAKING
IT *COUNT*
IS ALL THAT
MATTERS.



18747



IT IS DONE. THE MACHINES ARE BLESSED.



ABOUT BLOODY TIME!



SERGEANT! PULL OUT! WE'RE CLEAR!



I HEAR THAT!
LET'S GO! LET'S GO!





CLOSE CALL. I ONLY HAD ENOUGH IN THE CLIP FOR ONE MORE SHOT.

ONE SHOT, MARLIN...

'...THAT'S ALL YOU WERE *EVER* GOING TO NEED.'

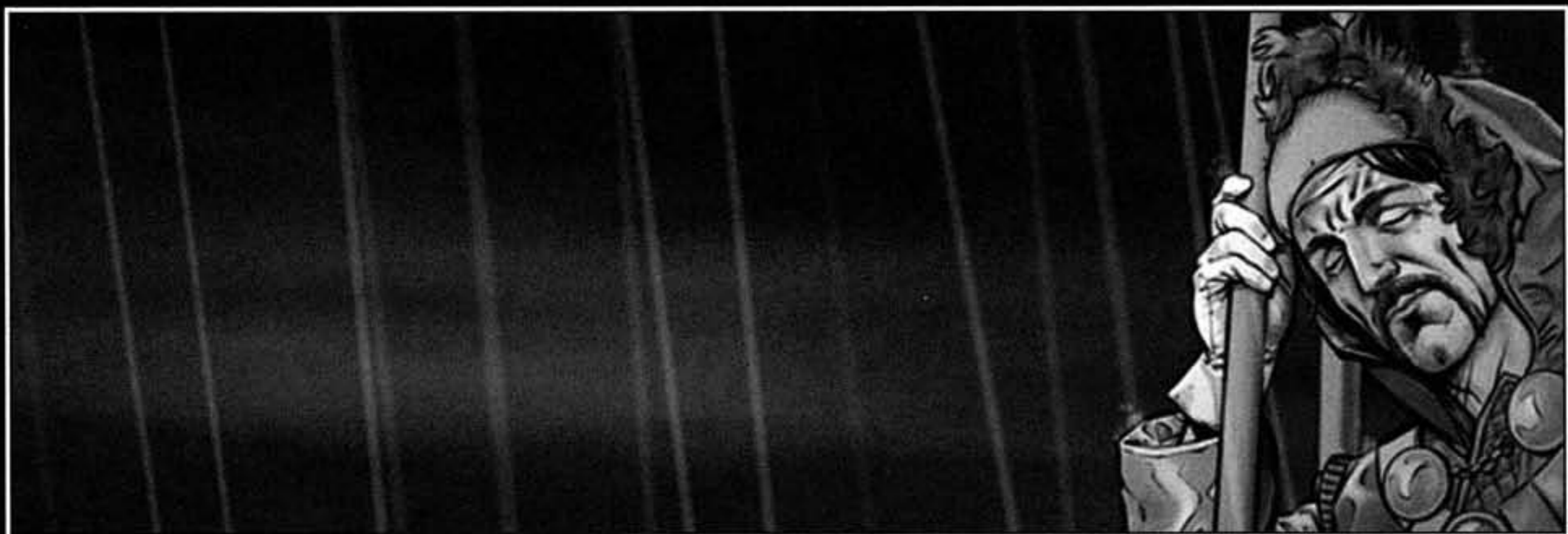
FIN



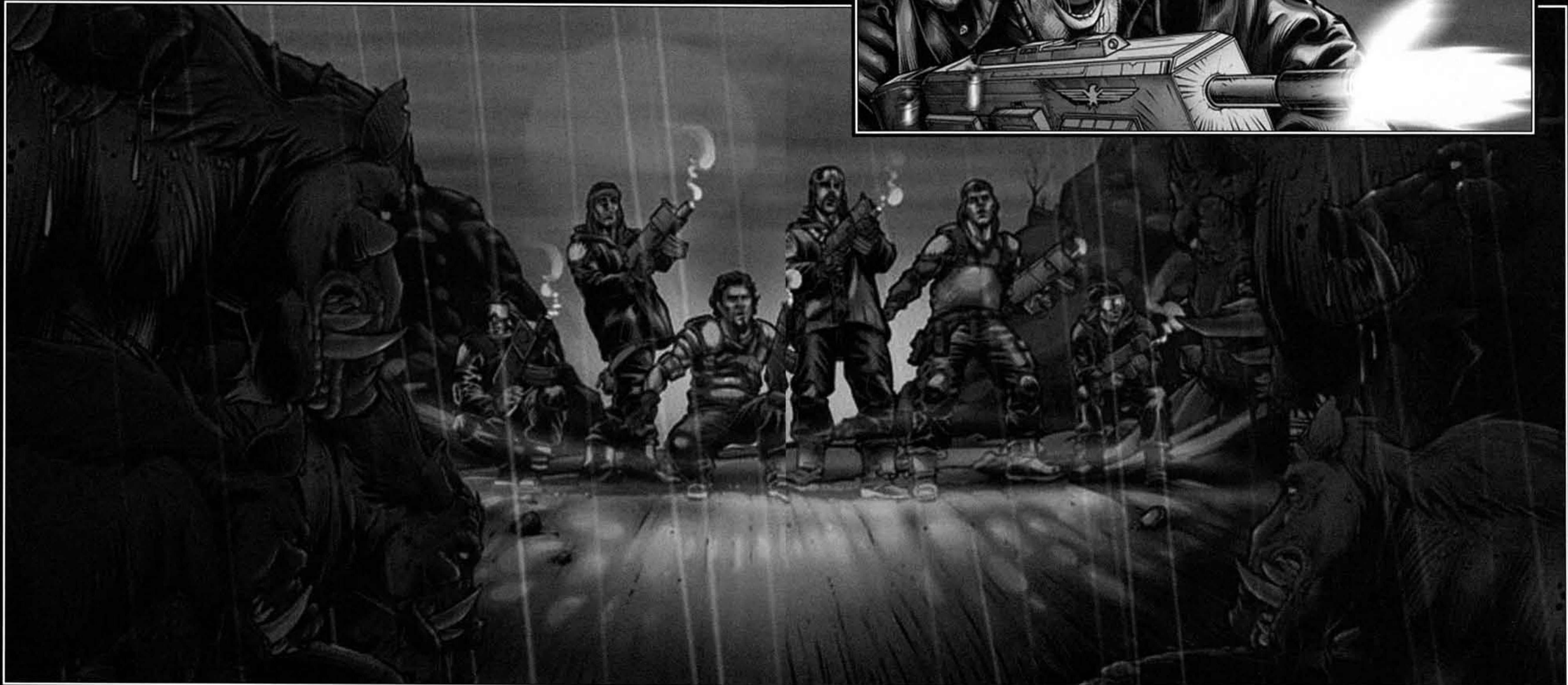
Unused cover artwork by Clint Langley

LONE WOLVES BOOK TWO PREVIEW













SKETCHBOOK SECTION

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



LONE WOLVES

LONE WOLVES

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

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

Page One

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

NO DIALOG

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

TITLE: LONE WOLVES
Bloodgeld - part two

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

NO DIALOG

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

CREDITS

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

NO DIALOG



Page Two

FULL PAGE SPLASH

Reverse angle on what's meeting this charging thing: MARLIN and SKOLD side by side, both raging, battle-temper up, both blasting right at us. The Nid from the previous page was just one of millions charging these two and the guards and wolves around them, but we focus on them. Night. Ice. Firepower. Messily exploding Nids. And above all, the very heroic Marlin and Skold (Skold obviously much bigger than Marlin).

SKOLD: OJØR VA RUSS! FENRYS HJØLDA!

MARLIN: SLAVOK! SLAVOK! DO OR DIE!



Page Three

1. Page wide, big. Pull out and up, and round to show the formation of the battle: the wolves and guards forming a wide defensive semi-circle with their backs to the big fire, blasting in all directions at the huge sea of Nids, small, medium and large that are coming at them like a tidal wave. Huge destruction in the mid ranks, piles of exploded bodies at the front of the attacking wave. The chimera and some of the bikes are also manned and pushing forward amongst the semi-circle of foot troops, hammering the foe. HUGE

NO DIALOG

2. Cut to a page-wide page bar of handwritten paper as we've used before.

WRITTEN COPY: personal log: Sergeant Poul Marlin
3rd Company, Xth Slavok Regiment, Imperial Guard
Day 45

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

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

NO DIALOG

4. Page bar.

WRITTEN COPY: ...they're insane.

GET OFF MY TRAM





Page Four

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

SKOLD: HUNNAR! SERCO! BLOCK THEIR FLANK!

2. Page bar.

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

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

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

4. Page bar.

WRITTEN COPY: So this is to be our last stand. The 10th Slavok. Skold's pack. Back to back. The last resistance this planet can offer.

Page Five

Divide this page, 'Watchman' style, in to nine regular panels, three by three. Each one is a snap-shot of the action, so it forms an impressionistic mosaic.

1. On a Slavok, screaming and shooting in the melee.
2. On a termagaunt exploding in goo as it's hit.
3. On a space wolf fighting a desperate hand to hand with several hormagaunts, a fight he is clearly going to lose.
4. On a gargoyle swooping right at us.
5. On a Slavok shrieking as he stumbles back, lacerated and dying.
6. On a space wolf decapitating a tyranid warrior with a chain axe.
7. On a lictor shredding a space wolf.
8. On a Slavok hurling a grenade.
9. Tight in on the face of a hive tyrant.

NO DIALOG

THE NINE PANEL GRID WOULD HAVE BROKEN THE FLOW OF THE STRIP AND AN EDITORIAL DECISION WAS TAKEN TO RUN A DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD IN ITS PLACE. THE DECISION PAID OFF AND KARL PRODUCED THE BEST TWO PAGES OF THE ENTIRE SERIES.

Page Six

1. Page wide "letterbox". In the thick of the fight, Elgin yells out to Marlin.

ELGIN: SARGE! SARGE! AMMO'S NEARLY OUT!

MARLIN: UNDERSTOOD!

2. Page wide "letterbox" still blasting, Marlin turns and yells to Skold, fighting away alongside him.

MARLIN: SKOLD! WE'RE AT WEAPONS OUT!

SKOLD: YES, IT IS TIME.

JOINED: FALL BACK! BY SQUADS! CALL IN THE SHIP!

3. Page bar.


WRITTEN COPY: Skold told me the Wolves only leave a fight when they can do more. I feel like he's cutting it fine.
I have no idea how fine...!

4. Splash filling the rest of page. As Slavok and wolf alive fall back, firing as they go, the immense shape of the wolves battle barge comes in low overhead from behind them boarding ramp lowered, turret weapons raking the sea of tyrannids and doing hideous damage.

MARLIN: GO! GO! GET ABOARD!



The Wolves Are
COMING!



Page Seven

1. Page wide "letter box". Marlin, Skold and others battle their way to the landing ramp in the thick of the action.

SKOLD: COME, MARLIN! THE GELD IS PAID!

MARLIN: THE WHAT?

SKOLD JND: THE BLOODGELD! THE BLOOD PRICE! WE PAID IT TO LURE THEM HERE IN NUMBERS!

2. Page wide "letterbox". Tight on Skold as he bellows.

SKOLD: NOW WE HAVE THEM WHERE WE WANT THEM!

3. Page wide. Shot at by the swarming nids, the ship lifts up and into the sky, heavy and struggling.

FROM SHIP: WE'RE CLEAR! GO! GO!

4. Page bar.

WRITTEN COPY: It's only once we're airborne that I remember Trygvas, the wolf who, despite injuries, was still alive last night when we held his funeral feast and built him a barrowgrave.
I didn't see him come aboard.





SHIP BURNING ↑ NID CORPSES

Page Eight

1. Page wide, "letterbox". The injured Trygvas, very alone, stands on top of the ice barrow and looks up as the ship burns up in the night sky. The sea of Tyranids is surging towards the barrow.

NO DIALOG

2. Page wide "letterbox". Trygvas sits down on the top of the barrow, preparing to lie flat on his back as the nids surge up.

NO DIALOG

3. Page wide "letterbox". We look down at him lying flat on his back like a carved crusader on top of a crypt. His hands are crossed on his chest. He looks up at us, ignoring the nids that are now swarming up the sides of the barrow all around.

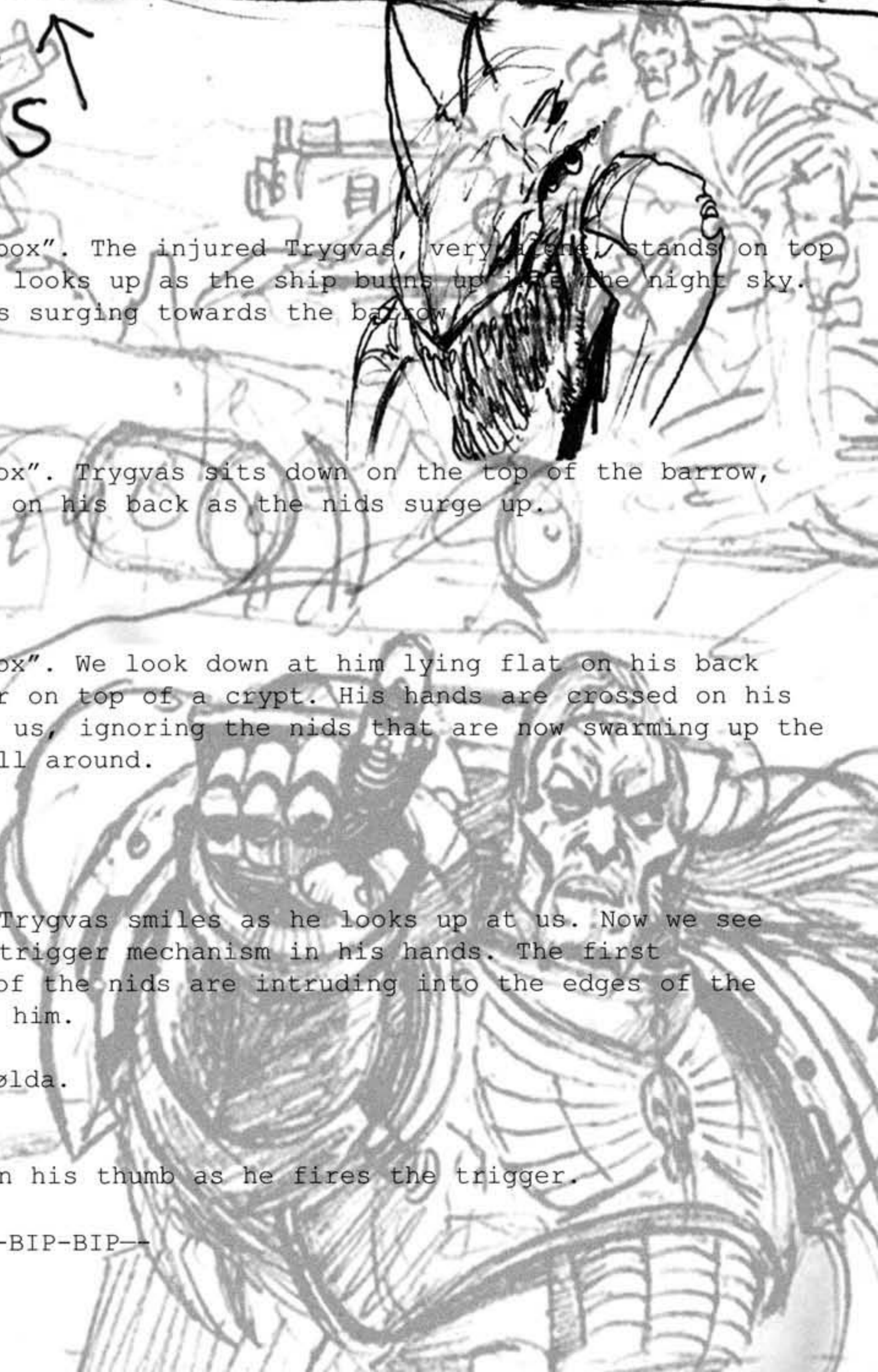
NO DIALOG

4. As 3, but closer. Trygvas smiles as he looks up at us. Now we see that he is holding a trigger mechanism in his hands. The first talons/digits/limbs of the nids are intruding into the edges of the frame, about to reach him.

TRYGVAS: Fenris hjølda.

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

FX: SNEK! BIP-BIP-BIP--





Page Nine

1. Page wide. A blinding white explosion vaporises the barrow and all the Nids in a three hundred metre radius.

NO DIALOG

2. Page wide. Pull back, the blast, nuclear in force, is even bigger. The energy shockwave rips out through the boiling sea of Nids. False dawn.

NO DIALOG

3. Splash. On the ship as it hammers up into space. Below, a large chunk of the thickly atmosphered planet's surface distorts with the circular light/heat/radiation shockwave of the huge blast (big enough to take out a city).

NO DIALOG

Page Ten

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

NO DIALOG

2. Page bar.

WRITTEN COPY: Shadrac is dead. Lost to the hive. But not before the Wolves inflicted a bruising reminder of Imperial might by entirely vaporising one of its swarms.

LONGER WOLVES

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

NO DIALOG

4. Page bar.

WRITTEN COPY: Shadrac has redefined certain things for me. Cold. Privation. Pain. Fear. Hope. Courage.

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

NO DIALOG

6. Page bar.

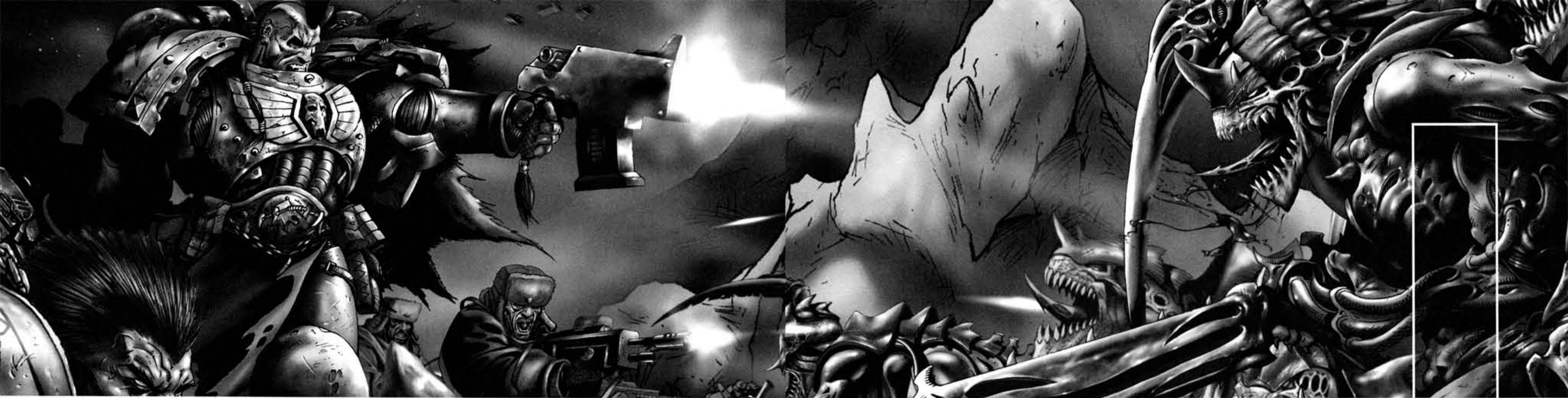
WRITTEN COPY: With luck, and if the God-Emperor wills it, we'll reach an Imperial Outpost in nineteen weeks.
-personal log ends.

CAP: FIN





Uncoloured cover artwork for Warhammer Monthly #76 by Patrick Goddard



DAN ABNETT

lives and works in Maidstone, Kent. Twelve years as a freelance writer has seen him script such varied characters as The Punisher, Batman, Sinister Dexter, Legion of Superheroes, Superman, Aquaman, Green Lantern, Iron Man, Captain Britain, Scooby Doo, Rupert the Bear... as well as such heroes as Gilead and Imperius Dictatio. He is also the author of the best selling Gaunt's Ghosts series of novels and the Eisenhorn trilogy. There is, it appears, no stopping him...





KARL RICHARDSON

was desperate to escape a life of painting greetings cards on the mean streets of Leicester and scaled the fence many years ago to draw Space Wolves.

Unfortunately, the Black Library didn't have a Space Wolves comic strip at the time so he was forced to cut his teeth on the second book of Daemonifuge until the day he received the call from Fenris. Now happily ensconced as the artist on Lone Wolves Karl hasn't looked back since... except for on the occasional rainy afternoon when he can still be found working on the odd Valentines Day or Christmas card.





THE ART OF WAR

Enter the grim darkness of the far-future and get a glimpse of the carnage from ground level!

Packed full of storming tales, Warhammer Monthly throws you headlong into the action with incredible scripts by talents such as Dan Abnett, Gordon Rennie, Kev Hopgood, Anthony Williams and lots more!

Subscribe today by visiting
www.blacklibrary.com

Or order direct from:
(0115) 91 40 000 (UK)
1-800-394-GAME (US)



www.blacklibrary.com



HAVE YOU READ THEM ALL?



TITAN
£4.99 / \$6.95



TITAN II
£7.50 / \$10.95



TITAN III
£7.50 / \$10.95



ETERNAL WAR
£7.50 / \$10.95



ETERNAL DAMNATION
£7.50 / \$10.95



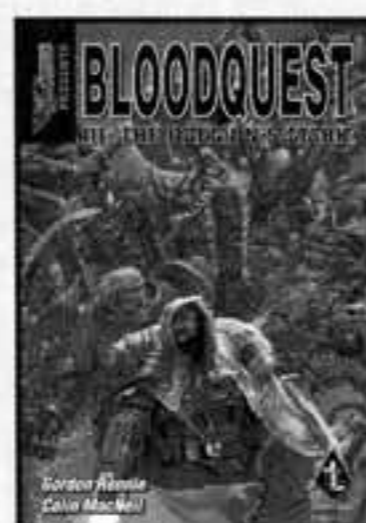
DAEMONIFUGE II
£7.50 / \$10.95



BLOODQUEST
£7.50 / \$10.95



BLOODQUEST II
£7.50 / \$10.95



BLOODQUEST III
£7.50 / \$10.99



DARKBLADE
£4.99 / \$6.95



DARKBLADE II
£7.50 / \$10.95



DARKBLADE III
£7.50 / \$10.95



INQUISITOR ASCENDANT
£7.50 / \$10.95



INQUISITOR ASCENDANT II
£7.50 / \$10.95



KAL JERICO
£4.99 / \$6.95



KAL JERICO II
£4.99 / \$6.95



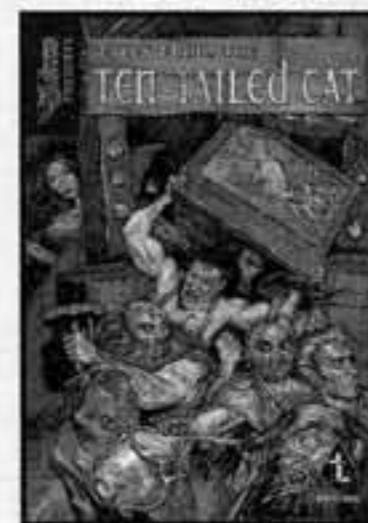
HELLBRANDT GRIMM
£4.99 / \$6.95



HELLBRANDT GRIMM II
£4.99 / \$6.99



THE REDEEMER
£12.95 / \$14.95



TEN-TAILED CAT
£4.99 / \$6.95



TEN-TAILED CAT II
£4.99 / \$6.99



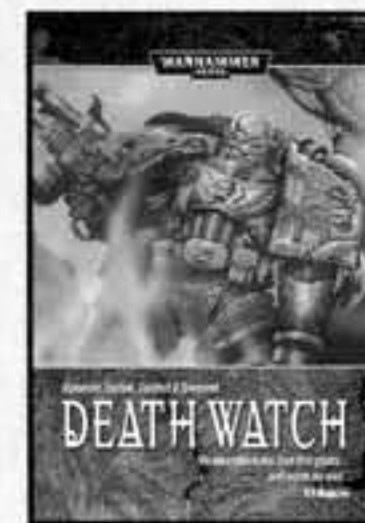
ULLI & MARQUAND
£7.50 / \$10.95



OBVIOUS TACTICS
£4.99 / \$6.95



DEFF SKWADRON
£5.99 / \$6.99



DEATHWATCH
£5.99 / \$6.99



LONE WOLVES HARDCOVER
£15.00 / \$19.99



DAEMONIFUGE HARDCOVER
£15.00 / \$19.95

www.blacklibrary.com

Available from all good bookshops, comic stores and Games Workshop stores. Order direct from: (0115) 91 40000 (UK) 1-800-394-GAME (US)



THE BLACK LIBRARY. READ TILL YOU BLEED

LONE WOLVES



'A successful blend of gritty sci-fi with lashings of action and a bit of something for everybody.'

Comics International

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

And then it arrives.

BL PUBLISHING

ISBN 1-84416-101-3



9 781844 161010 >

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

Graphic Novel

£7.50 UK • \$10.99 US

Product Code
6010 0199 067

www.blacklibrary.com