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The Space Wolves are a heroic brotherhood of savage warriors hailing from the icy death world of Fenris. Lauded as one of the fiercest Space Marine Chapters, they are the heirs of the tempestuous Primarch Leman Russ. The Space Wolves are hunters who stalk the stars, laughing in the face of death and howling their defiance to all enemies of the Imperium.

SPACE WOLVES

Inheritors of Russ

By Colin Cubbon and James Gallagher

For ten thousand years, the Space Wolves have been resolute defenders of the Imperium, ferocious guardians of Humanity's countless worlds. They are a fiercely independent Chapter of Space Marines and among Mankind's greatest warriors. As a First Founding Chapter, the Space Wolves were one of the original twenty Legions of Space Marines that fought alongside the Emperor during the Great Crusade. For hundreds of years, they battled under their Primarch, Leman Russ: the Lord of Winter and War, the Wolf King. Russ and their home world of Fenris have both had a great impact on the Space Wolves' character, genetics and culture, as well as their indomitable spirit.

The Space Wolves proclaim their culture through their barbaric finery, wearing the savage hues of storm and sea, blood and bone. Their warriors wear wolf pelts, runic talismans and necklaces of oversized fangs, while upon their armour and leathery, weather-beaten skins are jagged icons, tribal tattoos and curse-warding sigils. They are ferocious and terrifying fur-clad warlords who howl like beasts. To some of their wary allies, who baulk at the Space Wolves' frightening appearance and seeming lack of discipline, they appear uncivilised and uncouth.

The Space Wolves' image of the savage barbarian, however, is far from the truth. The Chapter is a highly efficient and effective martial brotherhood, possessing warp-capable ships, thunderous tanks and ancient arcane devices far beyond many Imperial worlds' capacity to maintain or utilise. Already a mountain of gene-crafted muscle and sinew, these heroes wield some of the most powerful and technologically advanced weapons in the Imperium, adorned with masterfully crafted snarling wolf heads and laser-etched runes. Hypno-indoctrinated with cunning strategies and decisive tactics, even relatively compact strike forces of Space Wolves dissect columns of enemy tanks, mobs of frothing mutants or ineffable strains of xenos with the honed instincts of true hunters. Each Space Wolf is blessed with the enhanced senses of an apex predator, gifted to them by the special organs they are implanted with upon induction, but also refined by their harsh lives upon the murderously inhospitable world of Fenris.



FENRIS

Many of the Space Wolves' values and practices stem directly from the tribal culture that persists among Fenris' hardy and nomadic peoples. Fenris is a world of ice and fire. Vast frigid oceans cover most of the planet, with scattered islands and wandering ice floes on which are built temporary settlements. The single permanent landmass is the polar realm of Asaheim, atop which towers the mountainous fortress monastery of the Space Wolves, The Fang.

The planet's long, elliptical orbit in the frozen void periodically brings it close to its star, the Wolf's Eye, when during the Season of Fire titanic forces crack the surface, releasing plumes of lava, creating or destroying fragile islands and stirring the many horrors in the seas' depths. The indigenous people live in nomadic semi-feral tribes, sailing the frozen seas and scaling ice-covered cliffs in hunting groups through the long winter, desperately seeking new havens during the upheavals of fire and rock.

Fenris is an extremely harsh world, flayed by fierce storms that freeze and rend the unprepared, and death finds many – whether beneath its grey waves or upon its icy plains. As the tribes stalk giant prey-beasts, immense predators stalk the Fenrisians in turn, and savage inter-tribal warfare is fought over resources, hunting grounds and slaves. These Humans know nothing of the Imperium and consider the Space Wolves themselves as semi-mythic deities, referring to them as the Sky Warriors.

Planet Signifier: Fenris

Designation: Adeptus Astartes Chapter Planet, Death World, Feral World

Gravity: var 0.9x – 1.21x Terran standard [cf. Fenris, Orbital Eccentricity]

Temperature / Climate: var Hypo-arctos, Tundric – Volcanic, Tempestor

Population: pre-Siege of Fenris <3.4 million Current estimates <information refused>

Planetary Governor: Logan Grimnar, Great Wolf and High King of Fenris [note for diplomacy, excise all reference to 'Chapter Master': unaccountable

and violent exception is taken to such ancient and noble epithets, in favour of cruder, more hidebound nomenclature]

System: Fenris System [ref Lupus Nebula]

Sub-sector: Svarteldari Sub-Sector

Sector: Fenris Sector

Segmentum: Segmentum Solar

Tithe Grade: Solutio Exceptius – append // REDACTED/+

Aestimare: <under re-assessment>



HATRED UNDIMMED

The Space Wolves' memories are as keen as their senses, and tales are still told on Fenris of events that have been expunged from many Imperial records. Their history is largely oral, kept alive as sagas of heroism and villainy by the Chapter's skjalds – lore-keepers and orators – and spoken during feasts around immense braziers as fiery Fenrisian ale flows. Among the hatred reserved for their enemies, a special place is kept for the Traitor Legion of the Thousand Sons. One of the Space Wolves' most enduring legends concerns the charge they believe came from the Emperor to bring the treacherous Sorcerers of the Thousand Sons to heel ten millennia years ago. The Thousand Sons and their Primarch, Magnus the Red, had persisted in using fell magic, so the tales tell. Though they are mired in exaggeration through the millennia of re-telling, the story fragments describe how the Space Wolves attacked the Thousand Sons' world of Prospero and how that cursed Legion unleashed its powers upon the sons of Lemn Russ. The Space Wolves ultimately broke them and razed their world, and the surviving heretics fled into the warp. Russ' Legion lost thousands of brave warriors to the Thousand Sons' curses and witchery, and the

Space Wolves' entire 13th Great Company was swallowed up pursuing the fleeing Thousand Sons into the mutating warp. The traitors' actions during that confrontation further fuelled the fierce hatred held by the Space Wolves for all forms of sorcery.

Since then, the Space Wolves have fought with bloodcurdling ferocity wherever they have faced the Traitor Legion. On more than one occasion over the millennia, the Thousand Sons have struck back viciously, using deception and lethal battle-sorcery to exact vengeance, even upon the Space Wolves' home world. In the dying embers of the 41st Millennium, the Thousand Sons began the Siege of Fenris. Their Daemon Primarch, Magnus the Red, swollen with daemonic power, ravaged the system and came close to ripping Fenris apart with an immensely powerful ritual. Selfless bravery and legendary deeds that will never be forgotten saw the Space Wolves and their allies finally drive Magnus and his Thousand Sons back, banishing them from Fenris. The cost was high. Some of the Space Wolves' greatest champions lay dead, and untold devastation had been unleashed throughout the system.



THE TRAP OF GREED

The Siege of Fenris is felt still, a stain upon the Space Wolves' honour and within the fabric of their world, and the Chapter has hunted any trace of Magnus' minions since the opening of the Great Rift. Guided by an increasing number of visions and prophecies, the Chapter's Rune Priests led the Sons of Morkai Great Company to lay a great trap for the Sorcerers on the dead world of Pluus-Kambor. In the Rune Priests' dreams a laughing, prancing jackalwolf revealed a horrific treasure beneath the planet's dry surface and the Thousand Sons' intent to seize it. The Rune Priests directed Erik Morkai's packs to steal silently among its cliffs and desiccated temples. When the Sorcerers arrived, hooked by greed, the trap was sprung. Stealthy

packs of Infiltrators hammered the traitors' warriors, disrupting their purposeful lines. Reivers scaled ancient walls at the Thousand Sons' flanks and tore apart the Sorcerers' braying mutant slaves. Magically imbued boltfire spat back, the Thousand Sons' commander weaving magical defences as well as whorls of fire that savaged and flensed the Space Wolves.

But the Sorcerers' glittering barriers could not hold off the Eliminators' deadly sniper fire forever and, one by one, they were executed. Pluus-Kambor was one of many worlds on which the Thousand Sons suffered at the Space Wolves' hands, but the Sons of Russ will never rest while Magnus and his traitorous sons blight the galaxy.

A GATHERING OF HEROES

The Space Wolves' individuality extends through the Chapter's hierarchy, and through their refusal to adopt the majority of the tenets of the Codex Astartes. Each of the Chapter's twelve Great Companies is a near-autonomous institution. They comprise a fluid and fluctuating cadre of warriors that at times may be far larger than the companies of Codex-compliant Chapters. Though filled with warriors fighting in what adepts of the Codex Astartes would recognise as every strategic designation, there is little to no correlation to other Chapters' standards.

Each Great Company has access to its own forges, engines of war and spacecraft. Together, its warriors have the skills to undertake any form of battle – night hunts through the twisting maze of gutted cities, sieges of traitor citadels, thunderous drop craft attacks, or vicious boarding actions in the depths of space. Each Wolf Lord rules his Great Company like a tribal warrior-king, attended by favoured warriors and advisors. The Space Wolves do not utilise the titles of many common Chapter officers. Instead, they maintain priesthoods whose practitioners are bearers of unique wisdom and skills, each avowed to one of the Great Companies. In this way, the Wolf Lord can call on the prophetic storm-wisdom of the psychic Rune Priests, the shamanic techno-mysticism of the Iron Priests and the spiritual guidance and chirurgy of the Wolf Priests. The Wolf Lords are answerable only to the Great Wolf, the master of the Chapter, who also commands his own Great Company, a gathering of the greatest champions of the Space Wolves.

A Great Company's warriors are divided amongst squad-like units known as packs. Depending on the pack's experience, temperament and character, it commonly fights in one of several unit types. All of a Great Company's fiery-tempered and often reckless warriors fight in claw packs marked with jagged sigils in yellow

and red. These commonly fight as Blood Claws or Incursors, Swiftclaws or Inceptors, or in similarly aggressive roles. Once their Wolf Lord is satisfied that they have been sufficiently blooded, that their choler has been tempered by maturity, they become a hunter pack and re-dedicate their pack markings in red and black. Such packs form the majority of most Great Companies, and their Wolf Lord may direct them to fight as adaptable Grey Hunters or Intercessors, Suppressors or the skilled crew of swift anti-grav vehicles. When a pack has survived countless campaigns, their remaining members unperturbed and disciplined, they form a fang pack, and their markings are the white and black of Asaheim's mountains. With calculated patience, these enduring packs wield the fury of destructive ranged weaponry as Long Fangs, Aggressors or Hellblasters.

Most Space Wolves remain with their pack until a valorous death claims them, but some are singled out for their great deeds and individual skills, assigned to other packs where their talents can best be used. Taciturn loners spurning the hearty camaraderie of the Space Wolves and more at home in the blasted wildernesses are sometimes reassigned to the Wolf Scouts. These packs fight as prey-stalkers and shadow-walkers. Grizzled, brooding and murderous, they often fight as Scout and Reiver packs or in smaller groups as Eliminators. Warriors of all temperaments and characters – if their valiant deeds match their hunger for glory – may be appointed to the Wolf Lord's elite companions, his Wolf Guard. They are his greatest warriors, heroes who guide and inspire the other packs in his command. They fight in many different roles. Some Wolf Guard are gifted hulking suits of ancient Terminator armour, and some become Battle Leaders in their own right, leading strike forces of their lord's forces. Some Wolf Lords, like Logan Grimnar and Krom Dragongaze, maintain many packs of these highly skilled warriors.

The character and favoured tactics of individual Wolf Lords mean their packs will fight in some roles more than others. In Gunnar Red Moon's Great Company, the roaring, laughing bear of a Wolf Lord favours his experienced fang packs and the destruction they unleash. Many of his hunter packs defy convention and also fight as Aggressors, eager to secure his notice. By contrast, the taciturn Erik Morkai commands large numbers of Phobos-armoured packs and demands many of his claw packs fight with such wargear, even in roles commonly reserved for hunter packs and Wolf Scouts. So embedded is this way of war in the Sons of Morkai Great Company that some packs have fought as Reivers for decades. They darken their armour to the hue of a midwinter hurricane and embrace the grim nature of Morkai – the Fenrisian mythic being who guards the underworld – even more closely. This growing sect's renown has spread through the Chapter, and the practice is now found in every Great Company.

The Space Wolves' strongly held independence and maintenance of their traditional organisation has held true for ten millennia. They have vanquished some of the Imperium's most terrible foes on countless worlds, in the void of space and even in the crushing depths at ocean floors. Yet their Rune Priests are troubled by disturbing portents and visions that have assailed them ever more furiously since the opening of the Great Rift. There is great and malefic power seeping out of that crack in reality, they say, but even their psychic dream-sight cannot see where all threads of the Space Wolves' fate lead.

THE BEAST WITHIN

Within every Space Wolves battle-brother, deep in his blood, rages the feral heart of the Chapter. The snarling beast that gives its warriors their ferocity must be tamed, for to allow such feelings free reign is to lose all they are to the savagery within. The Space Wolves refer to this as the Curse of the Wulfen.

The Wulfen is said to take its name from a jarl of Leman Russ, in the days when the Primarch first left Fenris to bestride the stars. Wulfen was reputedly the first Fenrisian to be invited to become a Space Marine, though some evil in his heart caused him to devolve into a beast-like half-man. The Wulfen is both allegory and reality. It is the term by which Space Wolves refer to the inner beast that each must control, and also to the twisted bestial monster they risk becoming if control is lost.

As part of the rites by which a Human becomes a Space Marine of the Chapter, he undergoes a series of harsh and deadly trials – physical, mental and spiritual. The final trial is the Test of Morkai.

The initiate is taken deep into the frozen wastes of Asaheim before drinking from the Cup of Wulfen and imbibing the first and fiercest component of the Space Wolves' gene-seed, the Canis Helix. As his body absorbs the genetic material, his bones twist, snap and reform. His body sprouts a shaggy mane, his teeth become fangs and his nails lengthen into claws. In this Wulfen form, the aspirant must make the perilous journey back to the Fang, holding on to his sanity lest he devolve into a beast completely. For those who fail, Fenris' murderous elements and its horrific predators await. Yet rumours persist that some eke out a predatory existence in the wild, becoming a feared reminder of the consequences of weakness.

In the events leading up to the Siege of Fenris, Wolf Lord Harald Deathwolf encountered Wulfen bearing scraps of power armour and broken weapons on the hive world of Nurades. The giant bestial figures saved his warriors from an ambush before kneeling before him. Harald returned with them to Fenris, and the Chapter was shocked to discover that they bore the sigils and heraldry of the 13th Great Company, thought lost in the warp ten thousand years earlier. Could these be those same ancient warriors? Whatever horrors they had endured within the warp, where the passage of time is meaningless, they had retained something of their Humanity alongside an unbreakable loyalty to the Space Wolves. The Chapter located other surviving Wulfen during a Great Hunt, the sites of their discovery heralded by growing warp storms that presaged the opening of the Great Rift. Many Rune Priests see the appearance of these Wulfen as yet another sign of prophesied events set in motion millennia ago, while others continue to argue that the creatures – thus changed – can no longer be thought of as the 13th.

GUILLIMAN'S ARRIVAL ON FENRIS

The Space Wolves fought many epic battles throughout the shattered and dark Imperium before elements of the Indomitus Crusade reached them. Their proud Great Companies had suffered deeply, warring across many sectors and still replacing the losses taken during Magnus' siege. Logan Grimnar, the Great Wolf, recalled as many forces as he could back to Fenris when word reached the planet of a battlegroup's approach and the legendary being who commanded it.

Roboute Guilliman, Primarch of the Ultramarines and Lord Commander of the Imperium, brought tidings both fell and unexpected. He informed the Space Wolves of worlds that had fallen to Chaos, to xenos and to fates yet unknown, of how the Cicatrix Maledictum had almost entirely cut off one half of the galaxy, but also of his plans for defence and reconquest. He presented them with the Primaris Space Marines created from Leman Russ' truest genetic stock as well as arms

and battle tanks with which they might replenish their depleted Chapter.

The Chapter's brotherhood of Wolf Priests undertook long conclaves with Magos Cawl's representatives. Arcane devices and sealed canisters that chilled even Fenris' air were borne into the depths of the Fang. These were the genetic technologies that would allow the Space Wolves to create Primaris battle-brothers from fresh Fenrisian aspirants. Initially, the Wolf Priests bore grave concerns about how Cawl had stabilised the new organs with the Canis Helix and whether these Space Marines bore that most potent part of Russ' tempestuous genetics at all. Yet it was soon discovered that however Cawl had created them, however he had drawn upon the genetic stock of the Primarch, the Primaris Space Marines brought by Guilliman did possess the Canis Helix. Thus did those who later voluntarily undertook the Test of Morkai have no need to drink from the Cup of Wulfen beforehand. Their gene-seed was indeed fully of the Wolf King, as much as any battle-brother of the Chapter – for good and ill.

This discovery, relayed to Logan Grimnar, went an enormous way to informing the Great Wolf's final decision on the acceptance of the warriors. He listened, his grey brows knitted in thought, as his Wolf Lords debated loudly and fiercely

the implications of the Primarch's gift. Grimnar had received dataslates from Guilliman detailing the performance of these warriors as they had fought during the voyage to Fenris. Their conduct was not just fierce and coordinated; there was also much honour and savage heroism on display. These warriors, clad in varieties of the new Mk X war plate, had faced down and defeated daemonic beasts and towering warp-spawned monstrosities. With a finality that brooked no dissent, Grimnar made his decision to accept the warriors.

PRIMARIS FENRYKA

Like many Chapters, the Space Wolves did not adopt the creation of Primaris battle-brothers exclusively. For some of Fenris, this was out of political mistrust, either of Guilliman and the High Lords or of Cawl and the Adeptus Mechanicus. For many it was practicality and tradition; there were a great many aspirants already undergoing the established arcane processes of gene-augmentation. Who, some asked, had the right to demand the Space Wolves abandon long-trusted practises?

At first, some believed that the bio-technologies brought by Guilliman could mean an end to introducing the Canis Helix before all other parts of their gene-seed. Could it instead be introduced to the body subtly and without the horrendous

'I have witnessed these warriors fight tooth and nail. No, they have not yet torn the throat from a cave bear or fought through Asaheim's storms. But in their hearts is the ice-fire blood of the Wolf King! We will show these brothers what it means to fight and die for Fenris. Or would you rather turn our kin away – OUR KIN – and have them taught to march and parade with polished arms for Macragge's honour?'

– Logan Grimnar, the Great Wolf



transformation; might it even lessen the persistence of the Wulfen Curse? Many Wolf Priests rejected this notion. Such trials were the meat and mead of a true warrior, weeding out the weak. Regardless, something had happened during Guilliman's voyage to Fenris. Whether it was some flaw in the warded canisters, something withheld by the Archmagos Dominus or simply the nature of Leman Russ's unpredictable genetic material, the bio-samples were not complete, and the Wolf Priests could not fully replicate Cawl's work. The full truth may never be known, but the ragged howls of Fenrisian aspirants and the screech of claws on metal that echoed through the Fang dashed any hope of chaining the inner beast. Thus did the Wolf Priests return to the Cup of Wulfen. Only the Canis Helix, harvested from Space Wolves gene-seed and imbibed before the other components, could stabilise the new organs, just as it had for thousands of years. Those Space Wolves created with the Primaris technology would not be free of the Curse of the Wulfen. Like every scion of Russ, they would have to learn to tame their savage heart, or it would consume them.

The presence of Fenrisian-born Space Marines created through the Primaris technology has smoothed the final misgivings any in the Chapter harboured for Guilliman's gift. The organic and adaptable organisation of the Space Wolves has made the advancement of those Space Marines and the integration of new combat roles far swifter than among some other Chapters. Sagas await each of them and, after a lifetime slaughtering Mankind's enemies, so too does a warrior's death worthy of true sons of Russ.

CHAPTER ICONOGRAPHY

In place of a Chapter emblem, each Space Wolves battle-brother bears the marking of his Great Company. More correctly, each Great Company bears the marking of their Wolf Lord, such as the double-headed icon used by the grim Erik Morkai and borne by his Great Company, the Sons of Morkai. Although there are icons which represent Fenris, the Great Wolf and the Wolf King, it is telling of their independent streak that the Space Wolves refuse this noose of convention.



'We know who we are. I do not need to see the same rune upon one of Grimblood's packs, upon one of Ragnar's, to know that we are all Sons of Russ. Do you doubt your other companies so much?'

- Kjongul Throat-taker, of the Stormwolves Great Company, precipitates tense confrontation with the Imperial Fists Chapter at Regaddar Rimfort



Isulf Bladegaze's Saga – Verse Three (extract, Mnemo-wafers of Fleet Secundus, Colonel Perren-Dhos, 1102nd Yesparti Bombardiers)

Engir Krakendoom was then Wolf Lord over the Seawolves. It came that Isulf was blooded many times and was of Jorin Firefist's pack. At Dhorravar, slaying as Intercessor against the Orks, Isulf took much pleasure in the trials of the Black Glass Plain. The green-foe heard the wild roar of his bolt rifle, for it was as the snarl of Drekan, the Thunderwolf. The Orks' black hearts burst with the howling fire of Isulf's bolts, and they gave great shouts of misery. Yet there came from the Orks' midst a giant. Its arms bore great knots of muscle and in its claws was an axe larger than an ice troll's tooth. The beast cut down Torfin the Steeleye, and Brun Who Laughs also fell. Yet Isulf drove his fists together as one upon the Ork champion's skull and did crack the beast's head. But the Ork was not felled. With the calm of the helwinter flocs did Isulf fire his bolt rifle into the beast.

Once, and the creature stepped back and raised its axe.

And did Isulf step forward.

Twice, and the beast roared in pain. Its axe slipped from bloody claws.

And did Isulf step forward.

Thrice, and the Ork fell.

And did Isulf howl his triumph to the skies.



Isulf Bladegaze's Saga – Verse Seventeen (extract, Mnemo-wafers of Fleet Secundus, Colonel Perren-Dhos, 1102nd Yesparti Bombardiers)

In the Falx-blade Stars did Isulf follow Jorin Firefist through the black innards of the traitors' ship Gjelblade, to end forever the wyrd of heretics. Flicker-lumen and poisonous fumes sought to deceive their pack, but Isulf's fever-yellow lenses cut the gloom. Many servants of the Dark Spirits were death-marked by Isulf before hunt's end, whereupon the Witch-Lord of the Gjelblade was found in his lair.

The Witch-Lord was a son of the Cyclops and spake curses. From the dark burst foul [what followed was a Fenrisian word spoken too low and swift to catch – Perren-Dhos], swift as the arms of ghul-kraken do strike a ship from blackwater. Mouths and claws and hooked blades threshed – the Dark Spirits' childer-serfs taking a blood tithe – and Fin Sturmgrim was lost in the unpeace. But did Isulf and the rest of Jorin's pack shout back warding curses of their own with each shot. The Witch-Lord's creatures stumbled and

cowered, their blisterskin searing where it touched talismans gifted by Engir's Rune Priest, Bodrek Blackhammer. Isulf fired at the Witch-Lord, but soul-winds caught each shot and swept them away.

Then Isulf drew his blade.

He leapt, and the names of wolf spirits on his lips,

frit the soul-winds back into the beyond.

With fury that rose from the heart of Fenris did Isulf drive his blade with two hands into the brow of the Witch-Lord.

So end all sons of the Cyclops.



Isulf Bladegaze's Saga – Verse Sixty-Two (extract, Mnemo-wafers of Fleet Secundus, Colonel Perren-Dhos, 1102nd Yesparti Bombardiers)

Isulf fought for many seasons in Engir Krakendoom's packs of Wolf Guard, yet were his fangs not then long and the plaits of his mane still black as the sea-deep. Isulf led his pack through the mist-mere on Vur Te Mann when Engir came to shrive that moon of the Tyranid.

Each of the pack held much glory, but Isulf's legend was the greater. Othar saw his patience before Isulf sent an oculus round through the Cultist Magus on Itriska. Hrothgar had witnessed Isulf's rampages in the cloud forts above Quernt Betaris, butchering the blade-draped Aeldari Wyches. Isulf had defended Forskoll and Torrvall through the siege of the Dojen's Palace on Bron – heretics from the Arch Traitor's Legion burning under his Invictor's fiery wrath.

Isulf's pack sailed within the Impulsor, Truepelt, over the mist until whip-coils of flesh twisted around its keel and held it fast. Isulf and his brothers leapt from its deck, feeling through the wet ground the thunder of a mighty beast's titanic tread, heavy as the Iron Wolf's heartbeats. The creature parted the mist and bellow-screed.

Its limbs were the buttresses of the Fang. Its gravid belly churning with movement was the hold of a Thunderhawk. Its deadly maw was the Promise of Morkai.

Isulf roared with laughter at such ugliness, and the pack howled with him.

He grinned and his fangs shone.

His blade-gaze fixed upon the unwholesome beast.

And did he leap for its throat.

THE EVACUATION OF SORILIA

The spires of Sorilia burned. Squadrons of Imperial Thunderbolts and Valkyries weaved between them. They exchanged ferocious volleys with hundreds of Ork aircraft. It was a desperate effort to keep the predacious xenos from targeting the mass-conveyors peeling off from the ruined city and heading for orbit. The ships' holds were packed full of civilians fleeing the green hordes that swamped their world.

Sorilia was a colossal, man-made island built around vast promethium extracto-factorums that pumped the vital resource up from beneath the seabed hundreds of metres below. Only one of four bridges connecting it to the mainland remained, the others had been destroyed by demolition teams of the Sorilian extracto-korps to stall the Orks.

The Space Wolves of Lord Engir's company made battle on the mainland side of the bridge, keeping the greenskins away from the vital crossing. They had fought for weeks without pause. They maintained a fluid defence, utilising their armoured vehicles and gunships to push into Ork positions, constantly slashing at the greenskins and refusing to be pinned to a single point of battle. Wherever the Orks attacked, the Space Wolves launched a vicious counterattack at the edge of the Ork assault, cutting off hundreds of greenskins and slaughtering them in isolated pockets. Predator squadrons smashed pollution-belching trucks with precision heavy fire as Stormfangs strafed hordes of charging Orks, saturating them with helfrost and heavy bolter fire. Bounding from Rhinos, Land Raiders and Impulsors, Seawolves infantry launched quick-thrust assaults to break up Ork movements, slaughter hulking greenskin alpha-brutes or clear avenues for trapped civilians to extract themselves. The Space Wolves laughed as they fought, revelling in the pure aggression of the ferocious fighting. It was but one battle among dozens the sons of Russ were fighting all over the galaxy against the rising green threat.

For all this, however, the Seawolves were losing. The Orks were numberless, and slowly but surely the Space Marines were being ground down and pushed back. Stormtalons erupted into fireballs as they were blown out of the skies. Battle-brothers were dragged down and cut apart by savage Ork Boyz. Battle Leader Hingrir Icemountain gave a simple instruction to Imperial forces garrisoning the bridge itself: destroy it. The Space Wolves would buy as much time as possible to ensure those still crossing the bridge could reach Sorilia safely, but he knew they could not hold the far side of the bridge for much longer. Dropships would see to the Space Wolves' redeployment. The garrisoning troops informed him it would take at least a day longer to clear the bridge and ready it for demolition. If the Space Wolves failed, the Orks would slaughter millions. Icemountain's warriors were battered and exhausted, and a quarter of their number had fallen. Not one son of Russ doubted they would succeed, though the thought of inevitable retreat rankled the sensibilities of all.

The Seawolves launched more attacks. Swiftclaws struck again and again, raking Orks with fire before pulling away under the cover of supporting missile barrages. The Whirlwinds fired salvo after salvo of incendiary missiles into densely built-on areas to deny the Orks space and to funnel the greenskins into kill zones that the diminishing Space Wolves could defend more securely. Gunship attack runs doubled. For all the Seawolves' efforts, the Ork rampages were relentless. The creatures seemed to sense the change in tactics, seeing it as weakness to be exploited. They roared in bestial triumph each time they hacked down a Space Wolf warrior or crippled a Seawolf tank. As Icemountain's warriors were pushed back, their numbers depleting with each passing hour, the Battle Leader wondered how his brothers in the other Great



Companies fared. He knew the greenskins were surging all over the galaxy. If they were as powerful as those he faced here, he could only imagine what horrific damage they were inflicting.

Even when the Seawolves were pushed within sight of the bridge itself, they had not yet received word that the evacuation was complete. They fought fang and claw, many reduced to fighting with their fists after ammunition ran dry and blades were blunted. Brave Seawolves fell. The Orks split Space Wolf skulls and lopped off limbs with heavy-bladed choppas. Space Wolf blood flowed, but the Space Marines refused to yield. It was many more hours before they received word that the last civilians had crossed the bridge. With heavy hearts, Icemountain ordered his dropships to begin extracting his warriors, and Stormhawk Interceptors to ensure air superiority to cover the Space Wolves' escape. Spent shell casings from the gunships fell like hail on the Space Wolves. Many dropships didn't land, saving time by instead hovering as Space Wolves leapt into the holds before launching into orbit. Icemountain was determined to be the last off the field, and he fought with berserk fury. He hacked down Ork after Ork, moving from pack to pack, exhorting his brothers to deeds of incredible heroism or ordering them to withdraw. Some were so eager to fight by his side he had to threaten them with bared fangs to goad them into

retreat. Icemountain held to the last before throwing himself into the final dropship, firing at the Orks even as the gunship's ramp closed. He felt defeated, but knew the Seawolves would take their vengeance.

THE LAST BRIDGE

Hundreds of thousands of panic-stricken refugees clogged the final bridge to Sorilia, desperate to flee the Ork onslaught. Almost every strata of society was represented in the heaving mass. Pleasure-cabs of planetary nobility pushed through throngs of the destitute, many of whom tried to jump onto these rich vehicles to be dragged to safety. Local militiamen hurried and shoved all along as fast as possible. Families were broken up in the morass, and the chorus of those crying out for loved ones added to the din of furious battle that raged all around. The loudest of these were the quad autocannons built into the bridge itself. They fired torrents of anti-air fire into the sky to ward off and destroy Ork bombers. The air was filled with shot. Rounds that missed targets fell like rain into the icy depths, the mainland and even on to the bridge itself. Hundreds of civilians were killed. Such was the scale of the panic that these unfortunate souls were barely given a second glance by those around them.



CRUCIBLE OF WAR STAND FIRM

Sometimes orders or honour will force an army to dig its heels in and prepare to resist an onrushing superior foe with everything that they can muster. Whether this is to the death or until a specific objective is achieved matters little. All that is required is that the position is held.

THE ARMIES

Each player must first muster an army from their collection. A player can include any models in their army, but this mission is most suited to armies that contain numerous units of **Infantry** and few, if any, **Aircraft** and **Titanic** units. If a player's army is Battle-forged they will also be able to use the appropriate Stratagems included with this mission (see opposite). Once the armies have been chosen, the players must decide who will be the Attacker and who will be the Defender.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Create the battlefield using the deployment map below and set up terrain. There should be cover across the battlefield, in particular within the Defender's frontline deployment zone, but none in the rearguard deployment zone.

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender deploys their army first. They can split their army however they wish between their frontline and rearguard deployment zones. However, any **Titanic** units must be set up in the rearguard deployment zone. The Defender cannot set up any models in other locations on the battlefield, but can set up units in locations other than the battlefield, such as teleportarium chambers, riding round the

flanks, embarked upon **Transport Vehicles**, etc. The Defender should also make a note of how many units they have set up in their frontline deployment zone. The Attacker must set up every unit from their army on the battlefield and wholly within their deployment zone. They cannot use any abilities that allow them to deploy in other locations (other than embarked upon **Transport Vehicles**).

FIRST TURN

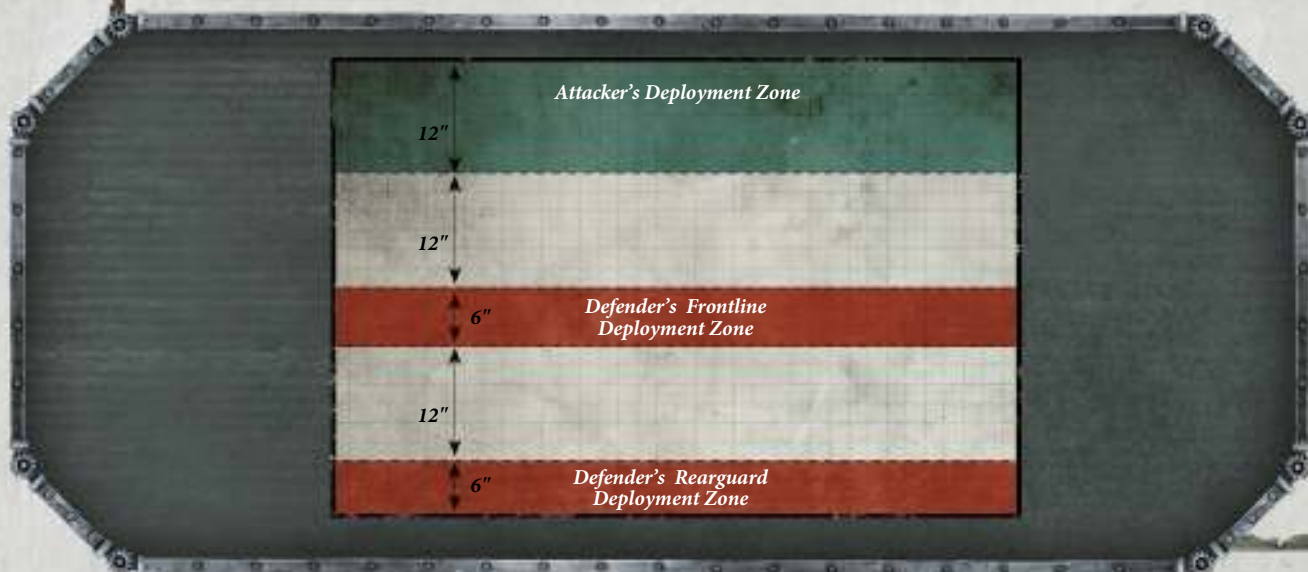
The Attacker has the first turn.

OVERWHELMING NUMBERS

At the end of each of their Movement phases, the Attacker can roll one D6 for each unit from their army that has been destroyed (other than named characters); on a 5+, they can set that unit up again wholly within 8" of the Attacker's battlefield edge and more than 1" away from any enemy units. If the unit does not fit wholly within this area, it cannot be set up.

SUPPORTING GUNS

At the start of each battle round, the Defender can pick one enemy unit and roll one D6 for each model in that unit. For each result of 6, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound. If the selected unit is an **Aircraft**, roll 6D6 instead. For each 5+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.



STRATAGEMS

In this mission, the players can use Command Points (CPs) to use the following bonus Stratagems:

2CP

THE COMING HORDE

Attacker Stratagem

A constant flow of fresh forces arrives at the battlefield, helping to push back the defenders.

Use this Stratagem at the end of your Movement phase, before rolling to see if any destroyed units return. You can select up to three **Infantry** units that have been destroyed. When rolling to see if these units can be set up again, you can re-roll the result.

2CP

INCENDIARY SHELLS

Defender Stratagem

Burning explosions bloom among the attacking army, incinerating whole swathes of troops.

Use this Stratagem before resolving the Supporting Fire rule at the start of any battle round. If a unit from the Attacker's army suffers any mortal wounds as a result of this rule during this turn it suffers an additional D3 mortal wounds.

1CP

OVERRUN THE LINES

Attacker Stratagem

The attackers crash into the defensive lines, eager to crush the first foe to come within reach.

Use this Stratagem after a unit finishes a charge move. For each model in this unit you can select one enemy unit within 1" of that model and roll one D6; on a 6, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

2CP

NOT ONE STEP BACKWARDS

Defender Stratagem

Orders have come through. This position is not to be abandoned under any circumstances. Fight and die to hold it.

Use this Stratagem at the start of any battle round. Select one unit from your army. Until the end of the battle round models in that unit cannot move, other than to pile in, but you can re-roll failed wound rolls for attacks made with Melee weapons by models in that unit. In addition, this unit automatically passes any morale tests it is required to take.

1CP

HEADLONG RUSH

Attacker Stratagem

Sometimes the best tactic to get to where you've been ordered to be is to put your head down and run as fast as your legs can carry you.

Use this Stratagem at the start of the Movement phase. Select one **Infantry** unit from your army that is not within the Defender's rearguard deployment zone. When this unit Advances, add 6" to the Move characteristic of its models until the end of the Movement phase instead of making an Advance roll.

1CP

LACK OF CAUTION

Defender Stratagem

The enemy are making themselves vulnerable in their haste. Punish them accordingly!

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Shooting phase. Select one enemy unit that Advanced in your opponent's last turn. That unit does not receive the benefit of cover to its saving throws.

BREAKTHROUGH

At the end of the battle round, if any units (excluding **Aircraft**) from the Attacker's army are within 1" of the Defender's battlefield edge, and not within 1" of any enemy units, the Attacker can remove any of those units. Each unit removed in this way is said to have 'broken through'. Units that are removed because they have broken through do not count as having been destroyed.

BATTLE LENGTH

At the end of battle round 5, the player who had the first turn must roll a D6. On a roll of 3+ the game continues, otherwise the game is over. At the end of battle round 6, the player who had the second turn must roll a D6. This time, on a roll of 4+ the game continues, otherwise the game is over. The battle automatically ends at the end of battle round 7.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Hold them back: At the end of each battle round the Defender scores 1 victory point if more than 50% of the units from their army that were set up in the frontline deployment zone have not been destroyed.

Overrun: At the end of the battle, the Defender scores 1 victory point for each unit they have remaining on the battlefield. The Attacker scores a number of victory points equal to the number of units they have wholly within the Defender's rearguard deployment zone.

Wreaking Havoc: The Attacker scores 2 victory points for each unit from their army that has broken through.

SPACE WOLVES INTERCESSORS

The Space Wolves are one of the first founding Chapters of Space Marines, their history stretching back to the time of the Great Crusade. Now, with Primaris Marines joining their ranks, we hounded painter James Perry to create a couple of painting guides for them.

CLASSIC STYLE

James: Space Wolves are one of the most iconic Space Marine Chapters around, and their distinctive blue-grey power armour and colourful squad markings really make them stand out on the battlefield.

The colour traditionally used for Space Wolves armour is Russ Grey, so I decided to undercoat my first Intercessor

with Grey Seer to make applying the blue-grey paint easier. I then used Agrax Earthshade as a recess shade to help add a little warmth to the armour colour. If you use black or blue, it can make the armour look too dark. It's worth noting at this stage that I normally apply all the basecoats and shades, then go back and do any tidying up that's required on the model. There are two reasons for

BATTLE READY

Using the stages to the right, James was able to get this Space Wolves model to a standard that most people would be happy to play games with.



POWER ARMOUR



BARE METAL



WEAPON CASINGS



LEATHER POUCHES



PARADE READY

With a couple of extra highlights to each area of the model, James took the Battle Ready Intercessor and made him Parade Ready.



this. Shade paints can cover up a multitude of sins, so why bother fixing something if it's likely to be hidden by a shade anyway? Also, if you tidy up the basecoat, then get a fleck of wash on an area you didn't expect, you'll have to tidy it up a second time. Better to wait until you're done with both, and then assess the whole model.

HIGHLIGHTING POWER ARMOUR

When it comes to highlighting power armour, It's worth applying at least two highlights: a chunky edge highlight around every armour panel, then a really thin one right on the very edges. This helps to emphasise the hard edge of the armour and make it look like solid ceramite rather than something soft like cloth. While there are a lot of armour panels to highlight on a Space Marine, try to take your time and be as neat as possible. Remember, once you're done with the highlights, you'll actually have about 90% of the model finished!

BASE WOLVES

James painted these Space Wolves with traditional snow-covered bases. He created the texture on the base using Stirland Mud, then drybrushed it with Balor Brown to give it definition. He painted the rim with Steel Legion Drab. Once these colours were dry, James applied patches of Mordheim Turf to the base, then covered them in a layer of Valhallan Blizzard to represent fresh snow.



Basecoat: Stirland Mud

Drybrush: Balor Brown

Layer: Steel Legion Drab

Layer: Valhallan Blizzard

GOLD DETAILS



WOLF PELTS



RUNIC STONE



SKIN



RED HAIR



SHOULDER PAD



CONTRAST STYLE

James: Painting Space Wolves using Contrast paints is just as easy, if not easier, than using the classic method. Again I undercoated the model with Grey Seer, and I kept the head separate to make painting it easier. I used a Citadel Drill to make a small hole in the bottom of the head. Then I glued in a paper clip so that I could hold it without having my fingers touch the head itself. I also undercoated it with Grey Seer spray.

As the name of the paint suggests, I used Space Wolves Grey for the power armour, which I then highlighted using regular Layer paints. The advantage of using such a dark Contrast paint over such a light undercoat is that you get great shading really easily. Most of the work is done for you with one coat, and you can easily leave the armour at the Battle Ready stage if you so wish.

TOP TIP

Contrast paints are designed for painting large areas of models quickly, but they really can be used on any area of a model. On the face, for example, I used my S Layer brush to make sure I had control of where the paint was going. I then used the same brush to apply the Gryphhound Orange to the hair and an even smaller brush – my XS Artificer Layer brush – for the beard and moustache. This ensured that the face – the focal part of the model – was kept nice and neat. No self-respecting Space Wolf would go into battle with an unkempt beard!

TOP TIP

Use two coats of Black Templar to get a really solid black on the gun casing and armour ribbing. You can highlight it as normal using Layer paints.

BATTLE READY

Following the stages to the right, James used Contrast paints to paint this Intercessor so that he's ready for the battlefield.



POWER ARMOUR



BARE METAL



WEAPON CASINGS

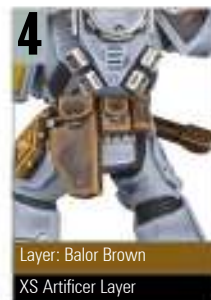


LEATHER POUCHES



PARADE READY

James applied one or two highlights to each area of the Intercessor to get him up to a Parade Ready standard that Russ himself would be proud of.

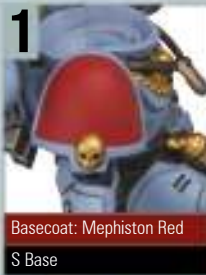


PACK MARKINGS

Space Wolves Intercessors wear the red and black squad markings of the hunter packs.

For the classic paint scheme, James first painted the shoulder pad Mephiston Red. Next, he placed a dot of Abaddon Black in the centre of the pad, which would become the apex of the middle triangle. He then painted two thin lines of Abaddon Black from the dot down to the bottom rim of the pad. James repeated the process twice more, then filled in the triangles.

With the Contrast method, James painted the whole pad with Black Templar, then used Grey Seer to create the markings, this time making the claw marks smaller as they rise up the pad.



Basecoat: Mephiston Red
S Base



Layer: Abaddon Black
S Layer



Wash: Agrax Earthshade
M Shade



Basecoat: Black Templar
S Base



Layer: Grey Seer
S Layer



Layer: Blood Angels Red
S Layer

WARHAMMER TV PAINTING GUIDES

Before starting any new painting project, it's worth checking out Warhammer TV on YouTube. The channel includes several painting guides for Space Wolves, including ones for Haldor Icepelt and the Stormfang Gunship.



GOLD DETAILS



Basecoat: Retributor Armour
S Base



Wash: Reikland Fleshshade
M Glaze



Layer: Stormhost Silver
XS Artificer Layer

WOLF PELTS



Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Gore-grunta Fur
M Glaze



Layer: Tau Light Ochre
S Layer



Layer: Ushabti Bone
XS Artificer Layer

RUNIC STONE



Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Basilicanum Grey
M Glaze



Layer: Administratum Grey
XS Artificer Layer

SKIN



Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Guilliman Flesh
S Layer



Layer: Flayed One Flesh
S Layer



Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh
XS Artificer Layer

RED HAIR



Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Gryph-hound Orange
S Layer



Layer: Jokaero Orange
S Layer



Layer: Ungor Flesh
XS Artificer Layer

SHOULDER PAD



Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Abaddon Black
Basecoat: Iyanden Yellow
M Base



Layer: Mechanicus Standard Grey
S Layer



Layer: Administratum Grey
XS Artificer Layer

SONS OF THE WOLF

You've read all about the Primaris Space Marines joining the ranks of the Space Wolves Chapter. Now you get to see a load of painted examples! Here's a selection of our favourite Primaris Space Wolves models painted and converted by members of the studio team.

SIGVALD DEATHGRANTER'S COMPANY BY SIMON GRANT

Simon: I've collected Space Wolves for years, but I only just got around to painting some Primaris Marines for my collection. The first models I painted were a kill team made up of two Intercessors, a Wolf Guard and three Reivers. I then painted another couple of Reivers to complete the squad, each of them armed with unique close combat weapons that they forged themselves on Fenris. I used heads from the Space Wolves Pack to help give each of these warriors their own personality. I've also painted a trio of characters for my force – Haldor Icepelt; a Wolf Lord based on the Space Marine Captain model, but with a frost blade taken from the upgrade set; and a new rendition (the third, in fact) of Sigvald Deathgranter, who's armed with a Wulfen shield and the fabled Black Death axe.



1
'I've also finished my first Eliminator for my Space Wolves army,' says Simon. 'I swapped his head for a Long Fang head and painted his camo cloak (1) so that it will blend in with a snowy environment. I just need to paint the other two now.'





2



3



4



'My latest creation is an Invictor Warsuit. I converted it to hold a hand axe, which I made from the Fenrisian great axe (2) that comes in the Space Wolves Venerable Dreadnought kit. I carefully cut the rear blade off the axe, then carefully tidied up the cut marks with a hobby knife. I also added a wolf pelt and shield from the same set to the model's other shoulder (3). I considered changing the pilot's head, too, but he's already got a wolfy-looking haircut (4), so I kept the one that comes in the kit.'

'When painting the Warsuit, I used the traditional 'Eavy Metal colours for the grey armour, but painted the metal on the model a bit darker than usual to represent the fact that this is meant to be a stealthy vehicle.'



RAGNAR'S COMPANY BY JAMES KARCH

James: I didn't feel that I'd painted enough Space Marines recently (*James basically painted a demi-company of Raven Guard for A Tale of Four Warlords.* – Ed), so I painted some Space Wolves! I've always liked Space Wolves, but I was mostly inspired by the new Ragnar Blackmane model. I painted him and my other models in quite a clean, 'Eavy metal style, using Russ Grey as the basecoat colour, with a thinned-down wash of The Fang mixed with Rhinox Hide painted carefully into the recesses. I then highlighted all the armour panels with Fenrisian Grey and Blue Horror. The bases are painted in sandy colours that are kind of reminiscent of Prospero, with broken tiles and bricks made from pieces of plastic card cut to shape.

'I actually painted the Reivers a while back for Kill team, but didn't really have any vision for them at the time,' says James. 'When I painted the rest of my models, I repainted their shoulder pads and added transfers for Ragnar's Great Company. I also changed their bases at the same time. Like most people, I've upgraded my Intercessors with wolf tails, helmets and icons from the Space Wolves Upgrade packs, and bare heads taken from the classic Wolf Pack.'



1

'Ragnar's rubble-strewn base inspired the way I built the bases of my other models,' says James. 'As is traditional, I painted his wolf pelt black (1) to match his moniker. He's not called Blackmane for nothing!'



BLOOD BROTHERS KILL TEAM BY EMMA TURNER

Emma: I recently finished work on a Space Wolves kill team, which I converted from a bunch of Intercessors and Reivers. The key defining feature of my unit is that they all wear (or have about their person) a wolf-shaped helm taken from the Space Wolves Pack set. I've also added wolf-tail talismans, trinkets and runic stones to the models' belts, and icons to a few of their backpacks. To show that the battle-brothers have been formed into a new kill team pack, all of them have blood-red shoulder pads and orange knee pads. This shows that they've been taken from their regular packs and formed up into a new force. I've also just finished painting a Primaris Librarian (well, Rune Priest) to act as my kill team commander.



WOLF GUARD BATTLE LEADER BY ANDY BARLOW

Andy: I created a Primaris Wolf Guard Battle Leader for Logan Grimnar's Great Company. I converted the rider using Hellblaster legs so that I'd have the extra armour plates on the thighs. The model's torso, head, right arm and shoulder pad come from the Grey Slayers upgrade frame from Forge World, albeit with the axe head replaced with a hammer taken from an Aberrant. The Thunderwolf is one of Lemman Russ' Wolf-kin from Forge World, which I painted with Dryad Bark drybrushed with Baneblade Brown on the underside and Abaddon Black along the mane.

