

WARHAMMER

40,000

CODEX



SPACE
WOLVES

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SPACE WOLVES



THE SONS OF RUSS

INTRODUCTION



The Space Wolves are amongst Humanity's greatest defenders. Where they prowl, the enemies the Allfather cower in fear, for the Sons of Russ are mighty warriors all, ever hungry to earn glory in battle and a place in the sagas of Fenris.

In an age of war, where the galaxy burns and the Imperium is assailed from every side, the Space Marines are Mankind's last hope for survival. The Space Wolves are one of the first and mightiest Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, and live to deliver the Allfather's wrath with axe and boltgun. Forged from a race of ferocious warriors raised on the death world of Fenris, the Space Wolves are deadly adversaries. Ten millennia of war has seen them win victories uncounted and earn a reputation for uncompromising determination, courage and sacrifice. This book tells their tale, and within its pages lies the strength to take up their mantle and carve your own legend into the pages of history.



WARHAMMER 40,000

If you are reading this codex, 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, and every army has its own codex that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the battlefields of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. This codex allows you to turn your collection of Space Wolves into a band of heroes worthy of a saga.

SPACE WOLVES

The Primarch of the Space Wolves, Lemar Russ, was created to be the greatest warrior ever to stride the galaxy. Long after their gene-sire passed into legend, his sons continue to fight in his name, honouring their primogenitor's vow to defend Humanity against any and all of its enemies. In battle, surrounded by packs of their howling warrior-kinsmen, the Sons of Russ are all but unstoppable. The heroes of the Space Wolves are amongst the mightiest in the galaxy, and they lead armies of ferocious warriors and deadly vehicles into battle.

HOW THIS CODEX WORKS

Codex: Space Wolves contains everything you need to collect a mighty force of Space Wolves and unleash them on the tabletop battlefields of the 41st Millennium.

Within these pages you can learn of their ancient history, and how the icy death world of Fenris shaped both their ancient Primarch and the Space Wolves themselves. This book not only provides a stunning showcase of the Citadel miniatures that bring these characters and units to life, but also presents a complete set of rules for using them in your own games of Warhammer 40,000.



THE SONS OF RUSS



The history of the Space Wolves is an epic tale of honour and glory. Since their founding more than ten millennia ago, they have been at the forefront of Humanity's defence on countless battlefields across the Imperium. The native tribes of their home world, Fenris, know them only as the Sky Warriors, but they are the Sons of Russ, warriors without peer.

There are over a thousand Chapters of Space Marines that maintain the age-long vigil against the enemies of Mankind. The Space Wolves are one of the greatest of these Chapters, their name and honours known throughout the galaxy. As one of the original twenty Space Marine Legions, the Space Wolves were founded by the Emperor himself over ten thousand years ago.

The Legions were created to take part in the Great Crusade, the Emperor's reconquest of the galaxy that established the Imperium as it is today. Before the Great Crusade, Terra had endured thousands of years of isolation whilst impenetrable Warp storms seethed and howled throughout the western part of the galaxy. Even the Emperor was trapped upon Terra by the Warp's tumult, and could do little other than secure Humanity's birth planet and prepare his armies for the reconquest to come. Without the Emperor to guide them through this terrible age, the rest of the human worlds throughout the galaxy

were left helpless against the predations of aliens and the dread creatures of the Warp. One by one, they fell into anarchy and despair. Humanity, it seemed, was doomed.

THE PRIMARCHS

During Terra's isolation, the Emperor had striven to create twenty superhuman beings. These Primarchs, as he called them, were genetically engineered creatures, artificial humanoids with astounding abilities. Each was created differently and with his own unique skills, powers, and in some cases, incredible psychic potential. The Primarchs were made to resemble Humankind, but many were mighty in appearance. Yet the Primarch experiment never reached its conclusion. In a disastrous incident, the nascent creatures were swept up by terrible forces that dwelt within the Warp and scattered across the stars.

Rather than trying to duplicate the long and arduous work through which he had created the Primarchs, the Emperor instead used the raw material developed during the Primarch project to create the Space Marines. After much toil, the Emperor created a number of artificially cultured organs, each re-engineered from the gene-banks of the Primarchs. These organs were designed so that they could be implanted into the body of an ordinary adolescent human. Once implanted, the organs would take root and develop within the host's human tissues, becoming an integrated part of his body. Many of these organs were designed to interact with natural body tissues as they developed, enhancing muscle growth, stimulating mental processes, and transforming the recipient into a superhuman warrior. Compared to the Primarchs whose incredible power they had inherited, the Space Marines were but pale shadows, but they still became the mightiest of men and the greatest of the Emperor's warriors.

THE LEGIONES ASTARTES

The Emperor created twenty Space Marine Legions, each utilising residual genetic material derived from one of the Primarchs. Most of the implants were common in type and function to all twenty Legions, but there were also subtle variances in the genetic structure that developed as a result of the different gene-fathers. Thus the warriors of the twenty Space Marine Legions echoed to some degree the particular strengths of the Primarch whose genes were used to develop their own implants. The implants of the Space Wolves were developed from the genetic helix – later to be known as the Canis Helix – of Lemman Russ.

At this time, the Emperor had no idea where the Primarchs were or if they had even survived their ordeal. Only later, during the Great Crusade itself, was the Emperor able to recover the Primarchs, one by one. By then they had grown to adulthood amongst whatever civilisations existed on the worlds on which their incubation pods had landed. Many Primarchs crashed upon uncivilised worlds or grew up amongst deadly and inhospitable environments.



THE WOLF-CHILD COMES TO FENRIS

The Primarch of the Space Wolves had landed upon the icy death world of Fenris, his incubation pod plummeting down into the flank of a vast mountain. Emerging from his smoking capsule, the infant Primarch soon encountered a deadly mother Thunderwolf. He was doomed, yet fate, it seemed, had other ideas. Sensing in the feral youth a kindred spirit, the giant she-wolf did not kill the child, but instead raised him alongside her cubs as one of her own.

A few years later, the young wolf-child was discovered by a hunting party of Fenrisian tribesmen. In a vicious confrontation, the wolf-mother was slain by their spears and arrows, along with many of her cubs. The Primarch fought with terrible fury, slaying a dozen warriors with naught but his bare hands to protect his two surviving packmates, Freki and Geri. It was then that fate intervened once more. One of the tribesmen at last recognised the Primarch for what he was – human, not wolf – and called for his fellow huntsmen to lower their weapons. The bloodied youth stood his ground, fangs bared, but understood their peaceful gesture and stayed his wrath. Unsure quite what to do, the tribesmen brought the young Primarch and his wolf-kin – for he would not be parted from them – before the court of King Thengir of the Russ tribe. The aging chieftain saw the undeniable potential in the young man and ordered that he be given a place within his household, there to be raised as a true Fenrisian – as a warrior. Though many were left dumbfounded by the King’s decision, time certainly proved Thengir wise.

As the Primarch grew to maturity, he became the greatest of their number by far, leading the tribe’s warriors to a thousand victories and more. Upon King Thengir’s death, Leman of the Russ took his place upon the throne. So did the Wolf-King become a living legend across Fenris. It was only a matter of time before word of his fame reached the ears of one who desperately sought news of his lost sons.

THE GREAT CRUSADE

During the Great Crusade, the Emperor’s all-conquering Space Marine Legions liberated thousands of human worlds across the galaxy as Mankind was drawn into a single mighty Imperium. The world of Fenris was discovered early in the advance, lying as it does in the north-western part of the galaxy. The legend of the Wolf-King was quickly identified as the work of a missing Primarch, and the Emperor descended to the planet. Legend has it that, upon meeting the barbaric Primarch, the Emperor knew that the only way to win such a warrior’s fealty would be to best him in single combat. After a mighty contest between the two godlike beings, the Primarch accepted his first ever defeat with a smile and a handshake. Soon after the duel, the Emperor bequeathed unto Russ leadership of the Space Marine Legion that bore his genes.

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



THE HORUS HERESY

The Space Wolves were not the only Space Marine Legion to be reconciled with their genetic forebear. Gradually, all twenty Primarchs were reunited with the Emperor and went on to lead their own Legion of Space Marines. Horus was hailed as the greatest of all the Primarchs, and the Emperor chose him to be his Warmaster – his most trusted commander and first amongst his sons. As Warmaster, Horus was tasked with the overall leadership of the Great Crusade in his father's absence, but it was Horus who was to betray the Emperor in the vilest and most treacherous way.

The rebellion of Horus tore the Imperium apart at its very birth and set Space Marine against Space Marine as the Primarchs and their Legions sided either for or against the Warmaster. At first, few suspected the heinous evil that had taken root within Horus, and some Legions stood aside from the conflict, unsure of what to do. Some of the Legions that sided with Horus did so out of a sense of comradeship with their old Warmaster. It was only later that some had cause to regret their decision, but by then it was too late, for Horus had become corrupted in mind, body and soul. Indeed, Horus had pledged allegiance to the Dark Gods of Chaos in return for powers unimaginable to mortals – even such mortals as the Primarchs.

Despite the treachery of many of his brothers, Leman Russ held true to the oath of fealty he swore to the Emperor on the day they first met. So did the Space Wolves remain fiercely loyal to the Emperor throughout the Horus Heresy. They took part in some of its most renowned actions, but from these dark times, more than ten thousand years ago, come few details of any certainty. It was a time of legends. It was an age of war. Such records as were made have not survived, and only many centuries later did chroniclers begin to describe the bloody events of those days.

PROSPERO BURNS

The Space Wolves were pivotal in one of the early campaigns of the war, when the entire Legion attacked and devastated the Thousand Sons Space Marines on their home world of Prospero. At the battle's height, Leman Russ fought the Primarch of the Thousand Sons, the cyclopean giant Magnus the Red, in personal combat. Though Magnus was a psyker of terrible magnitude, he could not withstand the strength and ferocity of the Wolf-King. After a short but fierce duel, Russ struck Magnus down, though the Prosperine Sorcerer used fell magicks to escape before Russ could deliver the killing blow. With the loss of their Primarch, the Thousand Sons faced annihilation. In their desperation, they fled the field of battle through a portal that led to the daemoniac realm known as the Eye of Terror. It was whilst pursuing the Thousand Sons that the Space Wolves lost the Thirteenth Company. These ferocious warriors, their ranks riddled with a bestial genetic curse, were known as the Wulfen-kind. Since its loss that day, the Space Wolves have never again had a Thirteenth Company, nor has any Wolf Lord borne the badge of the Wulfen.

THE CODEX ASTARTES

The Space Wolves were not present during the final battle for Terra that ended the Heresy and doomed the Emperor to a living death in the stasis field of his Golden Throne. Afterwards, Leman Russ was torn in rage against the events that had kept him from his beloved sire. With the permanent enthrone-ment of the Emperor came a different age for Mankind. The Primarchs were warriors, generals and leaders of men, not bureaucrats and politicians, so the responsibility of ruling the Imperium in the Emperor's name passed to the High Lords of Terra.

Both the High Lords and the surviving Primarchs dreaded the resurgence of Chaos. Many worlds were purged during a time of great retribution known as the Scouring. Throughout the galaxy, the tainted were sought out and destroyed. Never again could the Imperium tolerate the possibility of Space Marine armies falling under the influence of an enemy of Mankind. In accordance with Primarch Roboute Guilliman's seminal treatise, the Codex Astartes, the original Space Marine Legions were broken up into smaller Chapters and a code was drawn up to redefine their role and jurisdiction within the Imperium. Before the Heresy, a Legion had numbered Space Marines in their tens of thousands; under the new order each Chapter's size was limited to ten companies of approximately one hundred battle-brothers. The Legions still loyal to the Emperor would live on as 'First Founding' Chapters, keeping their original names, colours and iconography. The remaining Space Marines from each loyalist Legion were then reorganised into a number of new Chapters. In each case, these Second Founding Chapters all shared a genetic brotherhood with their First Founding Chapter and their Primarch.

The Space Wolves were officially divided only once, creating the ill-fated Wolf Brothers Chapter. Leman Russ cared little for formal military organisation and tactics, ever relying on the strength and courage of his warriors to win the day. He had no intention of breaking apart his mighty Legion further in accordance with his brother's wishes. Though Guilliman ostensibly agreed to the Space Wolves retaining their twelve remaining Great Companies, each one still comprised many hundreds of Space Wolves, for the Wolf-King would have them fight in the manner of the native tribes of Fenris as an army of battle-hungry warriors, not a small contingent of disciplined and well-ordered troops. Thus did the Space Wolves largely ignore the Codex Astartes, instead holding to the teachings of Russ, which still define their fighting methods to this day.

To those that witness them in battle, the Space Wolves represent the very elite of Humanity, the pinnacle of the Imperium's strength. The harsh conditions of Fenris breed the very strongest and most resilient of men, excellent raw material for new Space Marine recruits. The culture of each tribe encourages loyalty to one another and above all to the tribe's warrior king – a model that gels perfectly with the hierarchical ideals of the Adeptus Astartes. Only the greatest champions make it to the vaunted halls of the Sky Warriors, yet despite having spent their lives fighting to reach that sacred ascent, their journey has barely begun.



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF RUSS

No one knows what happened to Lemman Russ. Some say he disappeared in the Eye of Terror whilst searching for his old friend and rival, the Primarch Lion El'Jonson. Others say that, to this day, he walks disguised among Mankind, watching over the people of his Emperor and guarding them from the powers of Chaos. All that is known for sure is that Lemman Russ vanished on the Feast of the Emperor's Ascension almost two hundred years after the Emperor was entombed within the Golden Throne. It is said that his eyes glazed over and that he had the look of a man who was overcome with a vision. He rose from the great table, put down his drinking horn, and summoned his most favoured retainers. Of these, only Bjorn the Fell-Handed, youngest of Russ' Wolf Guard, was left behind.

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

After seven years, the surviving Wolf Lords gathered and elected Bjorn their leader, awarding him the title Great Wolf. Bjorn gathered all his warriors together in the Hall of the Fang, and announced the first Great Hunt. Russ' people would seek out their master if it took the rest of time to do it. So did the twelve Great Companies take to their ships and sail forth in separate directions across the Sea of Stars.

The tale of their deeds is too long to recount in full save on Allwinter's Eve, when the Rune Priests gather to chant the sagas. They sought Russ on many worlds and in many places. They fought intense battles against aliens and overcame voidspawn and raging Daemon alike. The Space Wolves hunted in this dimension and the next, but of Russ they found no sign, until eventually they were recalled to Fenris bearing naught but tales of their adventures. Thus the first Great Hunt ended in failure.

Since that day there have been many other Great Hunts – on occasion, Russ has appeared to a Great Wolf or Rune Priest in a vision and told him it is time. These are periods of daring deeds and high adventure, when the Chapter takes to the Sea of Stars to seek their lost leader. Though they have never been successful in their goal, each Great Hunt has struck a decisive blow against the enemies of Mankind: the second Great Hunt led to the recovery of an artefact believed to be the armour of Russ; the fourth uncovered the Corellian Conspiracy and foiled its efforts to overthrow the Administratum in a bloody coup; the ninth Great Hunt led to the destruction of the Genestealer-infested worlds of the Gehenna System; whilst the thirteenth saw the annihilation of a warband of traitor Space Marines, the Lost.

It would seem that whenever the spirit of Russ appears to his people, he has some mighty task for them. Who knows what, or when, the next one will be.

THE FORGING OF A LEGEND

In order to survive the dangers that face the hardy tribesmen of Fenris on a daily basis, each and every one of them must become a highly skilled and ferocious warrior. Having fought with axe and shield against ice trolls, sea drakes, Fenrisian Wolves and even rival tribes, a single Fenrisian warrior would be more than a match for several normal men. However, a single Space Wolf could overcome a dozen

such Fenrisian tribesmen with ease, even if unarmed. Such is the scale of the changes wrought upon each aspirant during his transformation into one of the Sons of Russ, and such is the magnificence of the Sky Warrior when his metamorphosis is finally complete.

The aspirants undergo the complex physical and mental processes necessary to produce a Space Marine without so much as a word of complaint. They know that no matter the agonies they endure, the searing pain is only temporary, whereas the power granted unto them by their transformation will be theirs for eternity. After all, Fenrisians know that nothing worth having is won without expending a great deal of blood and sweat.

Once the augmentative surgery is complete, where once stood a heavily muscled but still human warrior now stands a huge, genetically enhanced killer, halfway to becoming the perfect tool of war. The alterations made to his body comprise a series of extraordinary organ implantations that grant him superhuman abilities. Regardless of his Chapter, each Space Marine has a secondary heart and an auxiliary multi-lung, allowing him to survive massive damage to the torso and fight on regardless. He can sustain and swiftly recover from wounds that would cripple or kill a mortal man, hibernate for decades, breathe water or poison with no ill effects, spit acid at his foes and even absorb an enemy's memories and thoughts by eating and assimilating their flesh. Space Marines are the creations of the Emperor himself, and they share a measure of his power.

As incredible as it may sound, Space Wolves have uncanny abilities above and beyond even the superhuman Space Marines of the other Chapters. As genetic descendants of Russ, whose own lupine senses were as razor-sharp as an apex predator, every Space Wolf has incredible eyesight combined with a sense of smell that can detect the scent of his prey in a snowstorm, and acute hearing that can pick out his quarry's breathing pattern in the midst of a raging battle. During his life, his teeth will lengthen and stretch into vicious-looking fangs that are capable of denting plasteel, and his skin becomes as resilient as cured leather.

By some quirk of fate, a genetic flaw took root deep within the Canis Helix very early in the Chapter's history, and it affects each and every one of the Sons of Russ. For most, this manifests in a berserk battle-fury when their inner beast takes over. Some Space Wolves, however, carry the genetic heritage of the Canis Helix even deeper within them, and there are dark tales of the horrific transformations that these warriors undergo in battle.



THE TOOLS OF THE WARRIOR

Mighty as he is, a Space Marine unclad is nothing compared to the warrior he becomes when he is girded for war. Every Space Marine bears upon the upper layers of his torso a complex interface known as the black carapace. This allows him to wear power armour, a miracle of technology that gives the distinctive silhouette of a Space Marine. Power armour is made from adamantium and ceramite, two of the hardest substances known to Mankind. Inbuilt servo-motors and fibre bundles serve to augment the massive strength of the wearer further still, until he is capable of crushing skulls with a single punch and tearing out throats with the swipe of a hooked hand. Clad in power armour, a Space Wolf can punch through walls, run headlong through a storm of enemy firepower, jump over yawning crevasses, resist the pressure of the deep ocean or even fight in the depths of the cold void. Each suit of power armour is painstakingly maintained by the Space Wolves' Iron Priests and artificers, for it is a priceless artefact almost as old as the Chapter itself.

But this is far from the only weapon entrusted to the warriors of the Space Wolves. Well versed in the bloody arts of swordsmanship, each new recruit is given a deadly chainsword that is capable of chewing through pack ice as easily as it mangles and severs human flesh, or an axe finely balanced and keen enough to cut a man in two with one swing. Such blades are often used in conjunction with bolt pistols, compact but lethal versions of the holy boltgun, enabling them to fire at point blank range. The boltgun is as deadly a weapon as a warrior could wish for – able to visit a storm of mass-reactive shells upon the foe with a single squeeze of the trigger – and thus is only entrusted to those Space Wolves who have already proven themselves in battle. These and more besides are the weapons of the Space Wolves, the epitome of the Adeptus Mechanicus' war-craft wielded by the most natural, ferocious and aggressive warriors in the Imperium. Such a perfect collusion of science and natural ability has proven unstoppable on more than a million battlefields.

For all this, that which the Space Wolves count as their most powerful and dependable weapon is the indomitable spirit. Space Wolves are immune to the insidious tendrils of despair, apathy or discontent for they live the warrior's dream; an existence of daily warfare waged alongside their brothers, punctuated by regular feasts and drinking competitions. There is little that can corrupt or sway them, for they already have all that a true warrior could ask for, and their loyalty to one another and to their Chapter is absolute. Better still, each of the Space Wolves has faith not in some distant and silent deity, but in himself and his fellows. They know the true path to glory in their hearts, and they know that at its end lies a valourous death in battle and an eternity of feasting in the Halls of Russ. It is for this reason above all that the Space Wolves are such indefatigable warriors, for they know neither fear nor doubt, holding their heads high as they fight on towards their destiny.



THE MYTHOLOGY OF FENRIS

The warriors of Fenris are raised on tales of monsters and heroes, sky-straddling wolves and world-spanning sea beasts. They have a proud tradition of storytelling, and value a good tale

almost as much as a good fight. The mythology of Fenris is crowded with the deeds of heroes, and many of these tales feature the legendary wolves of Fenris.

According to ancient legend, Leman Russ fought and tamed the great wolf packs of Asaheim. He cast down the two-headed wolf-god, Morkai, and made him the guardian of the gates of death – a task that Morkai has endured ever since. Russ then fought Morkai's lieutenants, banishing each in turn to an appointed place. The most fearsome of all was Blackmane, a terrifying ebon-furred creature whose long, howling cry could call the souls of dead warriors from their graves. Russ challenged Blackmane and slew him, making his pelt into a magic cloak that allowed him to pass into the realm of the dead.

These beliefs are looked upon with scorn by the Ecclesiarchy, but the Sons of Russ refuse to give up their traditions, even when their fangs are long. Superstition is rife amongst the Space Wolves, and they enter battle festooned with totems and talismans to bring luck and ward off evil spirits. Revered above all are Leman Russ and the Emperor, whom they call the Allfather. They look upon Russ as more than a man, and attribute to him the deeds of a god. Heroes are held in the highest esteem, and none more so than their Primarch, who they believe will return to fight with them at the end of all things, for the Wofltime.

THE FANG

The Space Wolves make their home in the monumental fortress-citadel known as the Fang. Like a dagger driven into the belly of the sky, the Fang pierces the atmosphere of Fenris. Built upon and within the largest and most majestic of a range of mountains whose peaks are said to scrape the very firmament above, the titanic peak of the Fang dwarfs its fellows, and rises like a single gnarled tooth above the continent of Asaheim around it. It is one of the mightiest bastions of the Imperium, reckoned by many the greatest outside of the Emperor's Palace on Terra.

Many times during its long history, the Fang has stood inviolable whilst the forces of disorder dashed themselves against it. The stone flanks of the mountainside are clad in armour of immense thickness and strength and are cloaked by void shields more powerful than those found on even the mightiest of the Emperor's warships. Dark shafts cut miles into the mountainside conceal defence lasers of truly terrifying potency, each one of them capable of blasting apart even the most heavily armoured spacecraft. These huge weapons are as ancient as the Chapter itself, relics of a long-lost age of supremacy. The thermal reactors that power them are fed by the energy of the planet's molten core, and are a testament to Mankind's ancient mastery of technology, for the secret of their construction has long since been lost.

The dark tunnels that twist and wind through the mountain's heart are prowled by numberless thralls and allies of the Space Wolves. These thralls may be man, wolf, machine, or a horrible fusion of all three, but even though many are terrible to behold they are each noble of purpose. It is said that the tunnels of the Fang are more numerous than the hairs on a troll's back, and that they extend for thousands of leagues across Asaheim, much as the roots of the world tree extend throughout space and time.

Deep within the Fang lie a series of vaulted chambers. These ancient crypts are labyrinthine in construction, sprawling many miles underground. Here there is no light and few of the living Space Wolves ever venture into the darkness, for this is the resting place of fallen warriors. This is where th

Chapter's Dreadnoughts slumber, awaiting the call to arms from the Great Wolf. The Space Wolf Dreadnoughts spend most of their time in sleep beneath the Fang, and are only roused from their torpor when they are needed in battle. The older a Dreadnought is, the harder it is to awaken, and the longer it takes to recover before it is ready for another battle. Although there are as many as a hundred or more Dreadnoughts beneath the Fang, the Great Wolf must be careful how he uses them. To commit more than a handful at once would be a rare and momentous event indeed.

Upon the very tip of the Fang is the Space Wolves' fleet dock, where hundreds of space-capable craft are maintained in armoured hangers inside the mountain. Each warship is able to carry enough Space Wolves to alter the course of a war within a single day, or to cripple a city with a bombardment from above. It is from here that the Space Wolves journey to distant battlefields across the stars, and to here that they return with tales of yet more victories for the Sons of Russ.

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