



WARHAMMER[®]

40,000

THE FANGS OF THE WOLF

By Andy Chambers and Jervis Johnson

This month's battle is a deadly combat between the Space Wolves Space Marines and a fanatical Ork warband led by the infamous Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka.

"My head hurts," muttered Brother Hendriksen of the Blood Claws. His bolt pistol clicked as he checked the action. "I should never have eaten that curried goat."

"Quiet, boy," said Ragnar Blackmane softly. His commanding voice cut through the chuckles of the other Blood Claws and they fell silent. "I think I can see movement over there by the Predator."

Ragnar gazed bleakly into the distance. The last of the morning mist shimmered over the rubble of the old colony town. In moments it would vanish like a ghost in the dawn's warming light. The Predator armoured vehicle was just visible. Good, he could reclaim the vital plans and be back in camp before breakfast. And let the heavens help any green-skinned scum that got in his way. Ragnar was not in a good mood.

His head hurt. His tongue felt furry. His nose was blocked. If only the command to move out had not come during the Great Toasting of Russ. Normally no amount of ale would have made him feel this bad but the Great Toasting required the Wolf Lord to quaff a barrel of Madjack ale in celebration of the day the Emperor found his lost son and reclaimed their Primarch. The ale was potent as a virus bomb. Ragnar had not enjoyed the bouncing ride of the Rhino that had brought them to this remote, demon-cursed spot.

Slowly his bio-engineered body dealt with the last of the vast quantity of alcohol he had consumed, just as it would any other poison. Even Ragnar's mighty system seemed stunned by the sheer quantity of it. Ragnar was consoled by the fact that none of his men could feel any better.

"Wolf Lord, there is a strong force of Orks headed this way. They are in many vehicles and my pet recognises the personal banner of Ghazghkull Thraka himself!" Ragnar recognised Brother Njal Stormcaller's voice on the comm-net. The Rune-priest's high flying cyber-raven had spotted the incoming enemy. It had been a good idea to put him on that hill on the far flank where he could guide the Long Fangs' fire.

"Look to your weapons, brothers. Give thanks to Russ for this opportunity to show your courage. Mighty is Ghazghkull. Great is his infamy. We have been given a

chance to end this scourge forever." The rasping voice of Brother Ulrik, the Wolf-priest, carried clear over the comm-net. Just the sound of it was reassuring. Ulrik had survived a thousand battles. It seemed to Ragnar that he had known the old man for his entire life. With Ulrik present, he believed nothing could go wrong. Ragnar knew that the Blood Claws and Grey Hunters who would follow Ulrik into the ruins of the old Imperial temple would feel the same way.

The sound of Ghazghkull's name brought Ragnar to full alertness. Ghazghkull was an evil legend throughout this part of the galaxy, as infamous a villain as had ever led an Ork army. He had been responsible for the devastation on Hive World Armageddon. He had welded together the massive Orkish coalition that had conquered most of this dry desert world of Golgotha. He was the fiercest and mightiest of all Ork warlords, worshipped like a god by his savage followers. He was said to be one of the deadliest hand-to-hand combatants that had ever lived, a crack shot with any weapon, a ruthless slayer of innumerable foes.

Ragnar almost howled with joy. Long had he wished to measure himself against this legendary conqueror. Ghazghkull was a foe worthy of him. Slaying Ghazghkull would ensure Ragnar's name lived forever in the Sagas.

Now, in the distance, Ragnar could hear the thunder of engines. Two, maybe three bikes, he thought. An Ork war buggy and something bigger. He could picture the mad bouncing progress of the Ork vehicles in his mind's eye.

A huge force of Goffs came into view near the ruined temple. It was possible they might even reach the Predator first. The chatter of unleashed bolter fire filled the air, echoing through the rubble of the buildings.

"What's that?" asked Brother Hendriksen. "Are they shooting at us?"

"No, boy," said Ragnar. "They are just letting off some rounds out of high spirits!" He patched himself into the comm-net.

"Get ready, brother-wolves. This will be a mighty fray. The head of Ghazghkull Thraka is mine."

INTRODUCTION

It's been a long time since we've printed a Warhammer 40,000 battle report in White Dwarf. In fact the last one was in issue 141 when we featured a struggle between the Blood Angels Space Marines and Eldar of the Alaitoc Craftworld.

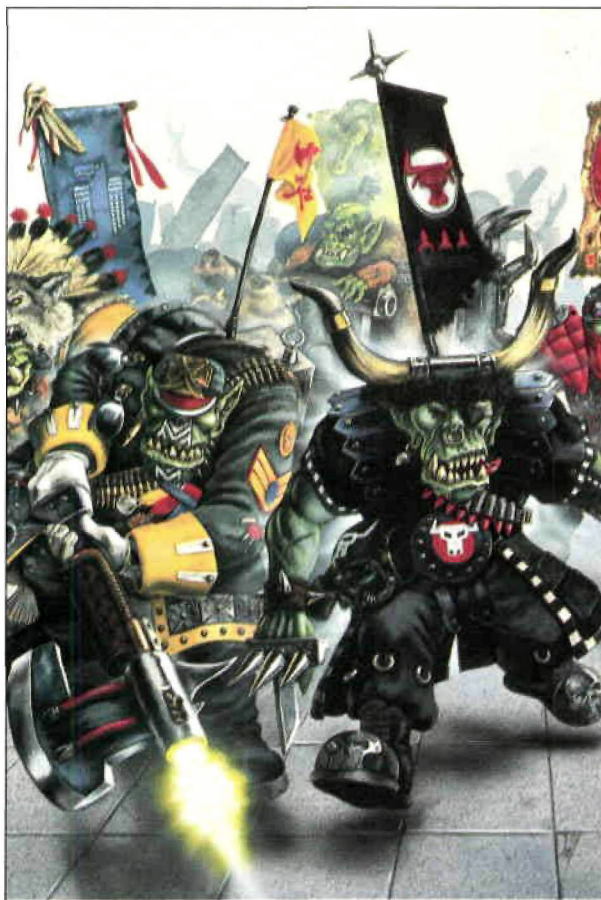
The recent publication of the Space Wolf army list provided us with an excellent opportunity to get out our newly painted Space Wolf army and pit it against our growing Ork horde. Adrian Wild, our modelling expert, has also been busily constructing a number of brand new terrain pieces to add to our Warhammer 40,000 collection and this battle would give us our first chance to set them out on the tabletop. Jervis Johnson, long time foe of the Imperium, volunteered to play the Orks and I took command of the renowned Wolf brethren.

We played the game on one of our 8'x4' tables here at the studio. After setting up the table, we played the game over the course of an afternoon. We kept notes of moves and casualties as we went for later reference. Due to the difficulties of taking decent pictures of a game in progress we took a few polaroids of the action and re-shot the photos for this article some time later, with proper lighting and cameras. This technique allows us to have an uninterrupted game and still get the best pictures. We decided to play this game with some simple victory conditions to liven it up and these are detailed below.

Of course, the first thing we needed to do was set up the terrain for our battle. Most people have their own favourite ways of setting up terrain. One of the most common is to allow one player to set up all the terrain and the other player to choose which table edge he wants to deploy on. This time, Jervis and I had lots of great new ruined buildings and rocky columns built by Adrian, so we set up the terrain together, using our common sense to create an interesting battlefield. We've found that it's best to make the terrain as dense as possible in Warhammer 40,000 games. This is so that heavy weapons don't dominate the battle and turn every area of open ground into a death trap. It's a lot more fun to have your squads dashing from cover to cover exchanging bolter fire than having to stand back and pick off the enemy at long range.

If you don't have lots of pieces of terrain yourself, you can still create a close battlefield by placing what you've got towards the middle of the table. It's all too easy to leave a big open space in the middle of the table by placing all the terrain along the edges. A good terrain set-up can ensure you have a splendidly aggressive battle with infiltrations and outflanking moves, rather than a protracted long-range duel from either side of the table. In the case of our set-up, most of Adrian's new terrain is taller than the models and quite a lot of is actually the same height as the hills. By placing it towards the middle of the table, we blocked off most of the lines of sight from one edge of the battlefield to the other. This ensured we would have to advance to get to grips with each other. We then rolled dice to see who got the choice of table edge. Jervis won and picked the less hilly side shown on the map, this left me with the craters and swamp to contend with.

Once we'd sorted out the terrain, we both drew maps and noted our deployment positions on them. We normally allow troops to be placed up to 12" onto the table but not within 12" of the edges. This means you don't end up in opposite corners but should start close enough to get stuck in right away. Finally, we rolled dice to determine who got the first turn. Jervis won this roll as well and I started to get the feeling that I was going to have a bad day. To prevent too much advantage going to the player who moves first, we allow



troops to start the game in overwatch (as per the overwatch rules in Battle Manual) or hidden if they are in cover. The disadvantage of this tactic is that you have to decide whether to place troops in hiding or overwatch when you deploy. If you then get the first turn, any troops that are in overwatch aren't allowed to move!

THE SCENARIO

A Dark Angels' Predator carrying vital plans and maps of troop dispositions has been lost in no-man's-land between the Ork and Space Marine forces on the world of Golgotha. It has been located by some looting Death Skulls' Gretchin from the Ork war host and news of what it contains has reached Warlord Ghazghkull Uruk Thraka's ears.

Realising that such information falling into the hands of the notorious Ghazghkull would be tantamount to disaster, Ragnar Blackmane has been dispatched with a strike force of Space Wolves to retrieve the plans. Meanwhile Ghazghkull has also arrived in the vicinity, leading his own warband to secure the plans for himself.

To win the game, one side or the other will have to get the plans off their own table edge by either moving a model inside the Predator to get the plans and then running off with them on foot, or by moving a crew inside the Predator and driving it away. Any models which climbed aboard the Predator would forfeit their shooting phase while they either picked up the plans or got into their crew positions. The Predator is fully operational, the crew had been killed by a rogue swarm of buzz-squigs. We decided that the Orks would need to have a Mekboy or a Speed Freek onboard to supervise driving the 'oomans tank but any Space Marine could act as a crewman.



WAA GHAZGHKULL! (Jervis Johnson)

Veteran Ork commanders will probably find my Ork warband remarkably familiar. The reason for this is that I based it upon Waa Ghazghkull, Andy's Goff warband in the 'Ere We Go rule book. There are, however, a number of important differences between the two forces. The first and most obvious change is the upgrading of Ghazghkull from a simple Ork Warboss to the special character described in White Dwarf 152. At 250 points he is quite expensive, but it would have been unthinkable for Waa Ghazghkull to enter battle without their renowned leader, and his special abilities were bound to prove useful over the course of the game. He was also the only character I could have who would be able to fight Ragnar or Ulrik on anything like even terms. Ghazghkull's faithful retinue has stayed pretty much as it was in 'Ere We Go, except that in this battle I split off Gorbog (the Mekaniak) and Grotslag (the Runtherd) to form a Shokk Attack Team. I'd never used a Shokk Attack Gun before so I was looking forward to giving it a try.

The Ork Boyz mobz had undergone a fairly radical re-organisation from the ones in 'Ere We Go. This was because our experiences here at the studio showed us that small mobs of Orks are simply not as effective as large mobs. There are two reasons for this. First of all it is much cheaper to buy Orks in bulk, because each extra model bought for a mob costs only 7 points instead of the normal 10, a hefty 30% discount! Secondly, large mobs are harder to break and rout than small ones. Based on this line of reasoning the Bigmob has doubled in size from ten models in 'Ere We Go, to twenty in my warband, while all of the other mobz have at least eight models instead of only five. Admittedly the number of mobs in the warband has been drastically reduced (though this is partially due to the increased cost of Ghazghkull) but I feel that the loss in tactical flexibility is more than compensated for by the warband's increased staying power.

The final major change was the inclusion of some renegade Speed Freeks and the subsequent re-organisation of the warband's vehicles. Mechanical breakdowns are the bane of any Ork player's life, so if there is anything you can do to reduce the chances of them occurring it is well worth taking advantage of. The Speed Freeks get a 3+ saving throw against any breakdown that affects their vehicles, so they are a must for any Ork warband that doesn't want to leave a trail of defunct vehicles across the battlefield. I also took the opportunity to use a Super Heavy Ork Dreadnought from the Vehicle Manual rather than the smaller dreadnought included in the warband in 'Ere We Go.

DA PLAN

Unlike many of the Warhammer 40,000 games I had played in the past, where the objective was simply to wipe out the enemy, this game had a very specific set of victory conditions. Some how or other I had to get the plans that were in the wrecked Predator off my edge of the table in order to win the game. An added problem for my Orks was that only Mekaniaks or Speed Freeks could drive the Predator, unlike the superbly trained Space Marines who were allowed to use any of their models to perform the same action.

Bearing this in mind I decided to set up the vast bulk of my force as close to the Predator as I could get them. My largest single unit was the Goffs, so I set these up first right opposite the Predator and the full 12" in from my table edge that I was

allowed. I hoped that the Goffs would be able to overwhelm any Space Marines near the Predator, but I also wanted to use them to draw fire away from my other mobz. The Goffs, being a big unit, were perfectly capable of sustaining a large number of casualties without breaking. As they also had a lower proportion of heavy weapons than my other mobz, they would also act as a good 'skirmish' screen to lead the attack.

The next unit I set up was the Evil Sunz. These went to the left of the Goffs, partially to support their flank, but mainly because the mob included a Mekaniak, one of the few models I had who could drive the Predator. As the Evil Sunz had relatively few heavy weapons I wouldn't mind keeping them moving to support the Goffs, and if I could get the Mek into the Predator I would have the game sewn up.

By now I had set up over 30 miniatures – almost as many models as in the entire Space Marine force – and was rapidly running out of room on my left flank for further 'front line' units to take part in the attack on the Predator. Because of this I decided to use my remaining assault units – namely Ghazghkull, his retinue and the Speed Freeks – to launch a flank attack on my right. I was fairly certain that Andy would place his heavy weapons on the large hill facing the right hand side of my table, where they would have a good line of sight to the Predator and I hoped that my fast moving mechanised units would be able to overrun this position. Then they could sweep on round behind the Space Marines who would be attacking the Predator and fall on them from behind.

The next two units I set up were my Death Skulls and the Shokk Attack Gun team. These units were equipped with heavy weapons and would provide almost all of the supporting fire for the attack. I therefore placed them on the two hills on my edge of the table where they could see as much of the battlefield as possible. The Gretchin joined the Shokk Attack Gun Team on the hill on my left to act as a screen for that weapon (we used the optional rule about choosing a target on page 19 of the Battle Manual, which meant that Andy would have to fire on the closer Gretchin before he could shoot at the Shokk Attack Gun itself) while the Death Skulls were set up in cover on the rocky hill that they occupied. I hoped that neither unit would have to move at all over the course of the battle from these dominating and well protected positions. This meant that they would be able to keep up a constant barrage of fire with their heavy weapons.

This left me with the Bad Moons and the dreadnought to set up. As I didn't have enough room to fit them in the front line with my Evil Sunz and Goffs, I decided to place them in support, just behind the main attacking mobz. The Bad Moons heavy weapons were placed on the same hill as the Shokk Attack Gun so they could provide extra supporting fire. This meant that my Weirdboy was at the back of my warband rather than near the front, where he would be most useful, but I didn't really have much choice in the matter as there simply wasn't anywhere else useful to put him.

My overall plan, then, was a simple and direct one, as befits a large but unwieldy army like the Orks. My Goffs and Evil Sunz, supported by the Bad Moons, would rush forward and swamp any Space Marines near the Predator. The Evil Sunz Mekaniak would then grab the plans and either drive or run with them for my edge of the table. On the right Ghazghkull, his retinue and the Speed Freeks would overrun the large hill opposite my right and then swing round in support of the attack on the Predator. Finally, the Shokk Attack Gun and Death Skulls would lay down heavy weapons fire in support of these two attacks and try to force the Space Marines to keep their heads down.



GHAZGHKULL THRAKA'S ORK WARBAND



GROTNOB'S MOB

Grotnob – Drillboss, plasma pistol, power armour, bolt pistol. **3 Death Skulls** – flak armour bolters. **2 Death Skulls** – flak armour, heavy bolters, bolt pistols. **2 Death Skulls** – flak armour, heavy stubbers, bolt pistols. **1 Death Skull** – flak armour, heavy plasma gun, bolt pistol.



BIGMOB

15 Goffs – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistol & frag stikk bomz. **5 Skarboyz** – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistols & frag stikk bomz (1 with a heavy plasma gun and 1 with a heavy bolter)



GROG'S MOB

Grog – Drillboss, flak armour, bolt pistol, power fist. **7 Evil Sunz** – flak armour, bolters, bolt pistols. **1 Evil Sun** – flak armour, multi-melta, bolt pistol. **Mekaniak** – flak armour, kustom meltagun, bolt pistol, refraktor



MORGOG'S MOB



Weirdboy – flak armour. **2 Minderz** – flak armour bolters.



Morgog – Bigboss, power armour, kombi-weapon. **6 Bad Moons** – flak armour, bolters. **1 Bad Moon** – flak armour, lascannon, bolt pistol. **1 Bad Moon** – flak armour, autocannon, bolt pistol.



SHOKK ATTACK TEAM



Mekaniak – flak armour, Shokk Attack Gun, bolt pistol.



Runtherd: flak armour, bolt pistol, whip. **4 Snotling bases**



Gretchin: **5 Goff Gretchin** – blunderbusses

SPEED FREEKS

Kaptain – flak armour, bolt pistol. **5 Speed Freeks** – flak armour, bolt pistols.

1 Warbuggy

2 Warbikes

1 Wartrak

GHAZGHKULL'S RETINUE

Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka and **Makari** – kustom meltagun, kustom bolter, power sword.

Nobz Retinue: **6 Goff Nobz** – power armour, boltguns, bolt pistols, power fists, bionik bitz, frag and krak stikkbomz, buzz bombs, knives clubs and swords etc. **1 Painboy**.

Ghazghkull's Battlewagon

1 Super Heavy Dreadnought

Total Army Value

1998

THE SPACE WOLF BATTLEPLAN (Andy Chambers)

**"Give them death in the name of Russ! Feed the Wolf!"
(Brother Ulrik's battle cry.)**

This would be the first time for ages that I'd fought a Warhammer 40,000 battle against the Orks. I knew that Jervis's Ork force was very numerous, and would include a bigmob of about twenty Goffs and several other large mobz! of boyz, Warbikes and Wartraks would doubtless also be in evidence, as well as a Dreadnought or two. Against this major force of Orks I could muster only a handful of Space Wolf squads, one of Blood Claws, one of Grey Hunters and one of Long Fangs. Fortunately, I could call upon the not inconsiderable prowess of Ragnar Blackmane, Brother Ulrik, Njal Storm Caller and the Wolf Guard to toughen up the wolf brothers. I was tempted to include some brother marines from the Ultramarines or the Blood Angels to increase my firepower. However, the number of troops the Orks would field and the closeness of the terrain meant close combat was inevitable and I decided that a purely Space Wolf force would be better suited to fighting its way to the objective and back.

After totalling up the value of my three squads I began to add on the extra points for weapon upgrades and changes to my units. I equipped the Blood Claws with a particularly deadly combination of close combat weapons such as power fists, plasma pistols, hand flamers, power swords and the like. I also equipped five of my Grey Hunters with assorted close combat weapons. The Long Fangs' sergeant was armed with a power axe and one of their heavy bolters was upgraded to a lascannon to give them some extra punch against any Ork vehicles or Dreadnoughts. The additional cost of these weapon upgrades meant that I'd spent over half of my 2000 points on squads but I thought that it was well worth the cost. I toyed with the idea of using some vehicle support such as our Blood Angel Land Speeder or Dreadnought but I had a feeling the terrain was a bit too tight to risk running into Orks at close quarters. If they were equipped with Krak stikkbomz the results would be very painful.

Next I added on the points for Ragnar, Ulrik and Njal – it cost another 550 points for these personalities but I felt confident that they would pay for themselves once battle was joined. Ragnar in particular is very tough in hand-to-hand combat and very difficult to shoot because of his special ability which allows him to dodge incoming fire. Brother Ulrik would ensure I had no morale problems and he came equipped with deadly virus and toxin grenades – particularly potent weapons against Orks. Njal's powerful psychic abilities would also hopefully help to redress the balance against the Orkish hordes. His Wind Blast ability would be especially useful against closely-packed boyz mobz!. I spent the bulk of my remaining points on four Wolf Guard in Terminator armour, arming one with a heavy flamer and one with the rightly feared assault cannon.

I couldn't quite afford the Wolf Guard sergeant, so I used my remaining points to buy extra equipment. I bought the Long Fangs a supply of plasma missiles and supplied Krak grenades to five of the Grey Hunters. I gave Photon Flash Flares to the Blood Claws (these are particularly useful for close combat troops as they can be used at close quarters without fear of accidentally blinding the Space Marines) and finally grenade harnesses loaded with Frag grenades for two of the Wolf Guard. I reckoned the grenade harnesses would be highly effective for clearing away swarms of Ork boyz at close quarters. This gobbled up my remaining points nicely, so now I just had to organise my troops for the task in hand.

I decided to break the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws down into battle squads which would supply me with a total of 5 five-man squads. I also divided the squads so as to ensure that I obtained the best mixture of weapons. For example, the Grey Hunters were split into one battle squad armed with bolters and Krak grenades led by a veteran and the other armed with bolters and close combat weapons led by the sergeant. I decided to divide the Wolf Guard amongst the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws so that one would accompany each battle squad. This would give each squad, in effect, a small Dreadnought to support them!

THE BATTLE PLAN

I didn't have too much time to think about my plan and deployment, so I decided to take a direct approach to the problem. I wanted to start the game with as large a part of my force hidden as possible. This would enable me to avoid taking too many casualties if the Orks won the first turn. This strictly limited where I could deploy because the hidden units have to be placed in cover.

I knew that because the Orks vastly outnumbered me, I would need to avoid big attritional gun battles at all costs and use plenty of cover to cut down on the effectiveness of the Orks' fire. Of course, the Space Wolves truly excel at close combat, so I had no fears about getting to grips with the Orks at close quarters, even though sheer weight in numbers can sometimes bring down the toughest individual.

I placed Ragnar with a battle squad of Blood Claws in hiding behind the low hill next to the swamp. They were supported by Wolf Guard Olaf, armed with the heavy flamer. I reasoned that this squad would be the one most likely to get into close combat with the Orks, hence the placement of Ragnar and Olaf here. Also hidden amongst the craters behind the ruined temple, I placed the Grey Hunter battle squad armed with close combat weapons and the other Blood Claw battle squad. These were accompanied by Brother Ulrik plus Thorolf and Gunnar.

I placed the Long Fangs on overwatch up on the rocky hill on my left flank. From here they would have a good field of fire across the battlefield and also some cover against enemy fire. I placed the other battle squad of Grey Hunters (also in overwatch) on the slopes behind them to guard the Long Fangs' flank against any Orks who tried to sweep round the rocks. I also reinforced this group with Njal Storm Caller and Wolf Guard Egil because they were rather out on a limb.

The plan was for Ragnar and the Blood Claws to rush forward and seize the Predator and either drive off in it or grab the plans and run. In either case they would first head off behind the ruins (because they afforded more cover) and then off the edge of the table. The two squads in the craters behind the ruined temple would first move into the temple itself and supply covering fire for Ragnar. From there they could then either charge out to help Ragnar get to the plans or fight a rearguard action as Ragnar and the Blood Claws pulled back after seizing the plans.

The Long Fangs had a reasonable line of fire through the ruins and to the rocky hill in the centre of the Orks line, so they could supply long range fire support by shooting at any Orks loitering around with heavy weapons and pick off any vehicles they could see. I had bought plasma missiles for the two Long Fangs missile launchers, so I also had the option of dropping a curtain of plasma in front of the Orks if they massed in one area.

RAGNAR BLACKMANE'S SPACE WOLVES



Ragnar Blackmane: Space Wolf Lord – power armor, bolt pistol, chainsword, frag and krak grenades.



Ulrik the Slayer: Wolf Priest – bolt pistol, plasma pistol, crozius, frag, krak and virus and toxin grenades.



Njal Stormcaller: Rune Priest – power armour, bolt pistol, force rod, frag and krak grenades.

GREY HUNTER PACK

Power armour, communicator, respirator, autosenses, bolt pistol, frag grenades



Grey Hunter Sergeant – power sword, plasma pistol, bio scanner.



Grey Hunter Veteran – power fist, bolt pistol, krak grenades.



5 Grey Hunters – bolt gun, krak grenades.

3 Grey Hunters – bolt gun, (1 with power sword, 1 with chainsword, 1 with power axe).

LONG FANG PACK

Power armour, communicator, respirator, autosenses, bolt pistol, frag grenades.



Long Fang Sergeant – power axe, bolt gun (targeter).



2 Long Fangs – missile launcher (targeter and suspensors, frag, super krak and plasma missiles)

1 Long Fang – heavy bolter (targeter and suspensors, hellfire shells)

1 Long Fang – lascannon (targeter and suspensors).

BLOOD CLAW PACK

Power armour, communicator, respirator, autosenses, bolt pistol, frag, krak, and photon flare grenades



Blood Claw Sergeant – chainsword, power fist, bio scanner.



Blood Claw Veteran – hand flamer, power fist.



2 Blood Claws – hand flamer, (1 with a power sword and 1 with a chainsword)

3 Blood Claws – plasma pistol, (1 with a power sword, 1 with a chainsword and 1 with a power fist)

3 Blood Claws – 1 with a power sword, 1 with a power axe and 1 with a power fist

WOLF GUARD

Terminator armour, targeter suspensors.



Brother Olaf – heavy flamer, power fist.



Brother Egil – storm bolter, power fist, grenade harness (frag grenades).



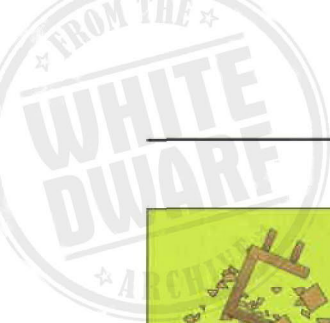
Brother Gunnar – assault cannon, chain fist.



Brother Thorolf – storm bolter, chain fist, grenade harness (frag grenades).

Total Army Value

1998



DEPLOYMENT



GHAZGHKULL THRAKA'S ORK WARBAND

	Death Skulls		Speed Freeks Warbuggy
	Grotnob's Mob		Speed Freeks Warbike
	Bigmob		Speed Freeks Wartrak
	Evil Sunz		
	Grog's Mob		
	Weirdboy & Minderz		Ghazghkull's battlewagon, Nobz retinue and Painboy.
	Bad Moons		
	Morgog's Mob		
	Shokk Attack Gun		
	Runtherd & Snotlings		Super Heavy Dreadnought
	Gretchin		

RAGNAR BLACKMANE'S SPACE WOLVES

	Ragnar Blackmane Wolf Lord		BLOOD CLAWS
	Ulrik the Slayer Wolf Priest		Sergeant
	Njal Stormcaller Rune Priest		Veteran
			Blood Claw
	Grey Hunter		
	Veteran		
	Sergeant		
	Wolf Guard		
	Brother Olaf		
	Brother Egil		
	Brother Gunnar		
	Brother Thorolf		
	Long Fang		
	Sergeant		
	Long Fang		





ORK TURN 1

ORK TURN 1

The Ork attack began as soon as the first pale light of dawn illuminated the horizon. Bellowing fearsome battle cries, the Goff bigmob surged forward, supported on their left by Grog and his Evil Sunz. Farther to the right, the Speed Freeks joyfully kick-started the engines of their vehicles into life and with a screech of burning rubber accelerated away to sweep round the Space Wolves' flank. The deeper rumble of Ghazghkull's battlewagon added to the cacophony of sound on the Orks' right flank as it rolled forward in support of the Speed Freeks. As the battlewagon began to gather speed, Mad Dok Grotznik suddenly leapt to his feet, "No! No!" he cried, "Not that way Boyz! Quick, follow meeeee!" And with that he jumped off the battlewagon and charged off towards the Orks' camp to the rear of the battlefield. Ghazghkull and the rest of his retinue, well used to Grotznik's antics, watched him head off with not a little relief. At least he wouldn't get in the way now.

Ghazghkull's attention was wrenched back to the battlefield as a hail of fire erupted from the Long Fangs and Grey Hunters hidden on the rocky hill ahead. The wartrak leading the Speed Freeks' attack swerved and flipped over, its driver torn apart by a hail of bolter shells. Frag missiles and lascannon fire tore into the Death Skulls and the advancing Goffs, killing several of them as the boyz dived for cover. These opening shots were quickly answered by the Death Skulls and Bad Moons who had been waiting in support and two of the Long

Fangs went down as autocannon shells, stubber fire and the flickering light of lascannon beams thudded into their position. The Shokk Attack Gun also whirred up to full power and launched an attack at the Long Fangs but was off-target, spilling frenzied Snotlings just short of the hill.

Even though everything was going to plan, Ghazghkull had nagging doubts. The Long Fangs and Grey Hunters were only a third of the Space Wolves force. Where were the rest of them hidden? To his left, Ghazghkull could see that the Death Skulls

were also firing towards the Predator as explosions lit the ruins as plasma bolts and heavy bolter shells snacked into the area.

SPACE WOLF TURN 1

A great howl went up as the Grey Hunters and Blood Claws leapt up from concealed positions amongst the craters and rushed forward into the ruined temple led by the Wolf Guard and Brother Ulrik. On the right, Ragnar and the other battle squad of Blood Claws sprinted towards the armoured bulk of the Predator. Almost immediately, the Space Wolves came under fire from an Ork super heavy Dreadnought directly ahead of them. Brother Thorolf took a lascannon hit which melted through his armour but miraculously failed to vapourise his flesh. One of the Blood Claws was equally lucky, his armour barely deflecting a heavy plasma blast that would have burned him to cinders. Brother Gunnar turned his assault cannon on the great metal beast, the torrent of shells



SPACE WOLVES TURN 1



THE ORKS CHARGE FORWARD TOWARDS THE PREDATOR AS RAGNAR, EGIL AND THE BLOOD CLAWS EMERGE FROM COVER.

ripped ragged gashes across its midriff until green blood spurted amongst the oil and the Dreadnought fell silent.

The Blood Claws hurled grenades at the nearby Snotlings but they all flew wide and the little gremlins scurried on madly towards them. The Long Fangs sergeant cut down several of them with bolter fire from his position on the hill but the screaming creatures seemed not to notice. Behind the sergeant the Long Fangs unleashed another volley of missiles into the Ork horde. A plasma missile exploded amongst rocks where the Death Skulls lurked, the incandescent flash making them flinch but caused no casualties.

A second plasma missile struck home amongst the Bad Moons, blossoming into a ball of fire where their heavy weapons boyz stood. One of them came staggering out of the fire but the other Ork fried where he stood. The Grey Hunters on the left flank blasted long range shots at a distant Speed Freek's warbike, but failed to hit the rider, their bolter shells ringing off the bike's sturdy frame instead.

Unnoticed by Ghazghkull and the hurtling Speed Freeks a black winged shape swooped between the rocks. Njal Storm Caller gazed down through the eyes of Night Wing, his psyber-raven, at the rapidly approaching Ork column. Realizing that he had to slow them down before they broke through onto the Long Fangs' flank, he concentrated his mind. A nimbus of crackling light grew around him as he exerted his powers to summon a great wind storm. A tumultuous blast suddenly engulfed the warbikes, clogging their engines and blinding their riders with flying dust. Caught in the elemental power of the blast, the Orks could do little more than cling onto their stalled bikes in the teeth of the howling gale.





ORK TURN 2

ORK TURN 2

Enraged at the sight of the hated Space Wolves and incensed by the death of their companions, the Goff bigmob went into the dreaded Goff Battle Rage. With a great howl, they bounded forward firing their bolters in a deadly explosive arc. Grog and the Evil Sunz approached more cautiously, attempting to pin down Ragnar and his bodyguard of Blood Claws with their bolter fire. The Bad Moons rushed forward to

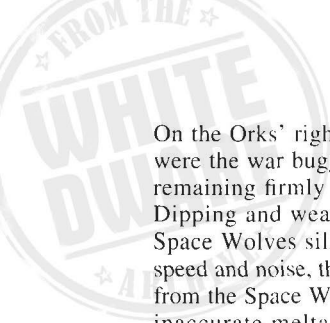
support the Goffs, dragging their protesting and struggling Weirdboy with them as they went. Hauled forward and surrounded on all sides by frenzied Goffs and Bad Moons, the Weirdboy started to shake and gibber as he sucked up the psychic energy of the Orks like a sponge. Sparks and weird lights began to shoot out of his mouth and ears, but his minders held him fast and gripped him tight. There were too many Orks in between the Weirdboy and the Space Wolves to allow him to unleash one of his strange and powerful attacks just yet.

Behind the ruined temple, the frenzied Snotlings pounced on a nearby Blood Claw, who kept them at bay with sweeps of his chainsword and sprayed them with liquid fire from his hand flamer.

Ragnar also found himself engulfed by another horde of Snotlings launched at him by the Shokk Attack Gun, but the tiny creatures proved no match for his battle skills and he cut his way through them without breaking his stride.

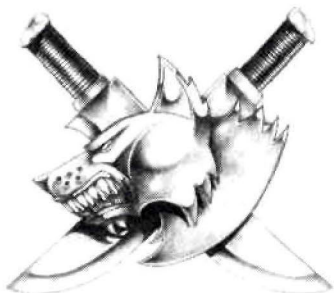


GHAZGHKULL'S RETINUE NOBZ ATTEMPT TO DISLODGE THE LONG FANGS FROM THEIR POSITION ON TOP OF THE HILL.



On the Orks' right flank the only vehicles that could move were the war buggy and the battlewagon, the two warbikes remaining firmly in place, paralysed by Njal's wind blast. Dipping and weaving, the war buggy hurtled towards the Space Wolves silhouetted up on the hill. Ecstatic from the speed and noise, the driver expertly avoided the incoming fire from the Space Wolves before his gunner unleashed a wildly inaccurate melta blast over the heads of his tormentors. Meanwhile, Ghazghkull's battlewagon roared up beside the war buggy and came screeching to a halt as the retinue Nobz piled out and started to blaze away at the Grey Hunters on the hill. It seemed impossible that anyone could survive the hail of bolter shells and heavy weapons fire that rained down on the Space Wolves as the entire Ork battleline let fly with every weapon they had. However, the Orks were gripped by a battle rage and their fire, never very accurate, was even wilder than usual.

Expertly taking advantage of every scrap of cover, their lightning fast reactions allowing them to dodge and weave away from danger, the Space Wolves took everything the Orks could throw at them and came through it almost unscathed. Only two Wolf brothers fell to the massed fire of the Orks. The tide of battle was starting to turn in the Space Wolves' favour.



SPACE WOLF TURN 2

Ragnar weaved forward through the chaos of explosions and bolter fire to reach the Predator, from where he paused to hurl a frag grenade into the advancing Goffs, blowing three of them to pieces. Behind him two of the Blood Claws leapt into the Predator to retrieve the plans, their brothers rushing forward to throw photon flares amongst the nearby Evil Sunz Orks. The grenades flashed blinding white like miniature suns and sent the Orks stumbling back clutching at their eyes. Brother Olaf advanced with the Blood Claws, hosing liquid fire over the Goffs that had made it to the rubble, turning two into guttering torches.

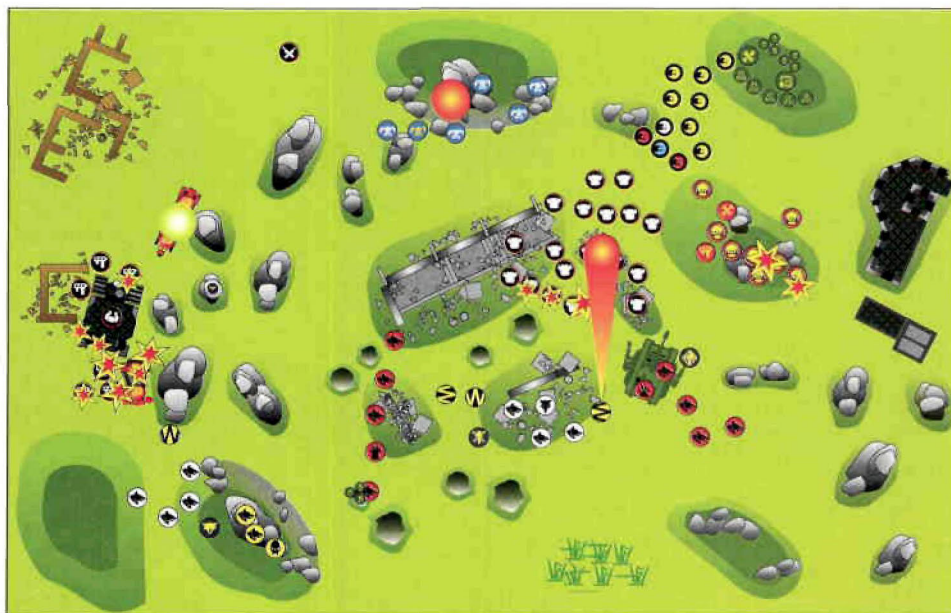
The squads in the ruined temple took up positions in the rubble and blasted the advancing Goffs with bolter fire and frag grenades to support Ragnar's advance. Brother Ulrik hurled his virus bomb into the battle-maddened Orks as

they spilled into the ruins. However, the normally deadly bacillus proved weak and only one of the Orks succumbed to it. Thorolf and Gunnar stepped forward into the breach and carved bloody arcs through the horde with their storm bolter and assault cannon to keep the Orks back. The Blood Claw fighting the Snotlings behind the ruins finally cut down the last of the tiny burning figures with his chainsword.



On the left the Long Fangs hit the Death Skulls Orks with another plasma missile, the incandescent flames burning through both Orks and rocks with equal abandon. The Grey Hunters guarding their flank, advanced to attack Ghazghkull and his Nobz head on. As they moved forward, Brother Egil stepped around one of the rock columns and tripped his grenade harness to send three frag grenades looping into the Nobz with deceptive grace. The frag grenades exploded with shocking violence, slaying two of the Nobz instantly and almost decapitating the Ork gunner on the war buggy as he tried to bring his multi melta to bear on Egil's hulking, armoured figure. The staccato bark of Egil's stormbolter cut through the roaring explosions as he cut down another Nob and the buggy driver.

It was all too much for the surviving Nobz. Ignoring Ghazghkull's bellowed threats, they ran for cover behind the battlewagon. The triumphant Grey Hunters shot down another Nob as he fled and hurled Krak grenades at the battlewagon, but the grenades did little more than gouge chunks out of the vehicle's thick armour. The battlewagon driver briefly gunned his engine in anticipation of running down these annoying humies before a Krak missile from the Long Fangs tore off the battlewagon's front wheel, sending it slewing sideways before it skidded to a halt. Brows knitted with concentration, Njal maintained his stormwind against the warbikes, holding them fast amidst a swirling vortex of dust.



SPACE WOLVES TURN 2



BATTLE ERUPTS AROUND THE PREDATOR AS THE POWER OF THE WAAARGH! SENDS THE ORKS INTO A FRENZY.

ORK TURN 3

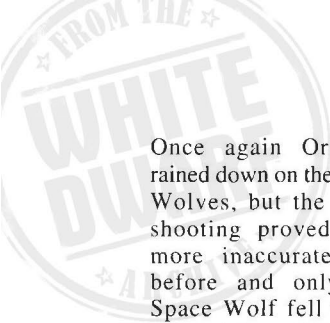
Ghazghkull knew that he had to do something soon otherwise the battle would be lost. Raising his eyes skyward, he concentrated his mental energies and called on Mork and Gork to aid him. They answered his call as they had done so many times before. Filled with the strange energy of the savage Ork gods, Ghazghkull bellowed his defiance at the Space Wolves, his cry being taken up by Ork after Ork, until the shouted WAAARGH! resounded all over the battlefield. Well, maybe not quite all of the battlefield. At the back of the Ork army, Grotnob and his Death Skulls grabbed the opportunity to shoulder their weapons and start scavenging for loot now that no-one was watching them. They would play no further part in the battle.

The rest of the Orks carried on with the attack. The Goffs and the Evil Sunz charged the Space Wolves around the Predator, Grog and two

Goffs engaging Ragnar in deadly hand-to-hand combat. Morgog and the rest of his Bad Moons followed up in support, the Weirdboy dragged along by his two minders. On the right, Ghazghkull and Makari leapt from the wrecked battlewagon and rushed towards the Space Wolves on the hill. Their places in the battlewagon were taken by Ghazghkull's shame-faced Nobz, who did their best to provide supporting fire for Ghazghkull as he advanced.



ORK TURN 3



Once again Ork fire rained down on the Space Wolves, but the Orks' shooting proved even more inaccurate than before and only one Space Wolf fell to the massed fire of the Ork army. The Shokk Attack Gun once again went haywire, and the last two groups of Snotlings materialised in the centre of the ruined temple rather than inside the Predator as intended. The battle would be decided by the hand-to-hand combat between the Orks and Space Wolves around the stranded tank.

Filled with divinely inspired battle fury, the Orks hurled themselves at the Space Wolves.

Frothing and yelling they slashed and cut at the Space Marines with berserk frenzy. Ragnar quickly dispatched the two Goffs as they charged at him, but was then smashed to the ground by Grog's mighty powerfist. Towering over the prone figure, Grog prepared to deliver the killing blow that could still turn the tide in favour of the Orks. Then, with a loud "SNIK!", the battle claws in Ragnar's boots slashed out, eviscerating the surprised Ork Nob before driving into his heart. Grog was dead before he hit the ground. Inspired by the example set by their Lord, the Space Wolves redoubled their efforts. The Orks' wild attacks proved no match for the equally savage battle skills of the Space Wolves. Ork after Ork went down in a welter of green blood without the Space Wolves taking a single casualty.

Ragnar bounded to his feet just in time to see the Orks make their last desperate bid to capture the Predator and the vital plans it contained. Grabbing an arm and a leg each, the two Bad Moon minders grabbed the Weirdboy and pointed him head first at the vehicle, like a living cannon. The Weirdboy vomited forth the terrible energies that coursed through his body and a tidal wave of deadly, incandescent psychic energy rolled towards the Predator.

Hurling himself to one side, Ragnar dodged out of the way of the death wave, but the Blood Claws in and around the Predator were not so lucky. Bowled over by the sheer force of the psychic attack the young Blood Claws fell to the ground, clutching their heads in agony. Two died as the wave passed over them, and the survivors lay stunned, unable to do anything.

SPACE WOLF TURN 3

With a howl the Grey Hunters in the ruined temple leapt into combat with the Goffs around the Predator. Ahead of them, Ragnar stormed up the hill in a battle rage. He cut down an Evil Sunz Ork encumbered with a multi melta before leaping forward to attack the Minderz surrounding the cringing Weirdboy. Inspired by their Wolf Lord's example the Grey Hunters hacked down three Goffs for no loss, their power axes and chainswords cleaving through the Orks like knives through butter.



SPACE WOLVES TURN 3

Gunnar and Thorolf advanced through the ruins, illuminated by the strobing gun flashes as they cut down another pair of Orks. The chatter of Gunnar's assault cannon echoed across the battlefield until it was silenced by a jam. Rushing up behind them, the Blood Claws hurled Photon flares amongst the yelling Snotlings, blinding them with actinic flashes until the little creatures' screeching became almost unbearable.

Around the Predator, the surviving Blood Claws slowly recovered from the devastating psychic attack, saved from being butchered where they lay only by the fierce counter-charge of Ragnar and the rest of the Space Wolves. The Orks had been beaten off and now the Predator and its vital cargo lay firmly in the Space Wolves' grasp.

Missiles leapt out from the Long Fangs' positions. A super Krak missile ricocheted off the armoured fuel tank of Ghazghkull's battlegroup, much to the relief of the Nobz inside it. Another missile burst at the feet of the Bad Moons Nob, Morgog, instantly engulfing him in unquenchable plasma fire. Egil slipped away behind the rock spire and gunned down one of the stalled warbikers with a long burst of storm bolter fire. A sharp-eyed Grey Hunter in the rocks behind Egil caught sight of the other warbike and killed its rider with a neat bolter shot between the eyes. The rest of the Grey Hunters backed away from Ghazghkull, their bolter shells bouncing off his glowing form. The psychic power of the Waaargh! still coursed through him, making him invulnerable to the Grey Hunters' weapons.

Njal allowed the wind blast slowly die down. It had served its purpose and now the only real threat was Ghazghkull himself. The old Rune Priest marshalled his strength and prepared to meet Ghazghkull's deadly powers head on. He would finally stop the rampages of this brutal Ork Warlord or die trying. As he gazed down from the hill, he realized that Ghazghkull was gone. Hidden by the smoke and flames, Ghazghkull had made good his escape. He'd realized that this battle was lost, but there would be others, many others. The galaxy would hear of Ghazghkull Uruk Thraka again. With their leader gone, the remaining Orks withdrew and faded back into the rocky hills like wraiths, thwarted for the present but still as dangerous as ever.



THE BLOOD CLAWS AND THE GREY HUNTERS ENGAGE THE ORKS IN BITTER HAND-TO-COMBAT.

SPACE WOLF DEBRIEFING (Andy Chambers)



Well, everything went more or less according to plan, mainly because Jervis set up his Orks pretty much where I thought he would, even down to putting a force out on his flank to take the hill with the Long Fangs on it. Under the circumstances, it was just as well I put Njal and a battle squad of Grey Hunters over there to support the Long Fangs, otherwise Ghazghkull and his merry Speed Freeks

would have been all over them like a rash. It was a bit of a gamble on Jervis's part to undertake such a bold outflanking move, but if it had come off it would have thrown my plans into complete confusion by cutting me off from my own table edge. In the event, it was stopped mostly by the combined efforts of Njal Storm Caller living up to his name and the Wolf Guard Egil, who singlehandedly rampaged through three Nobz, a war buggy and a warbike!

But self congratulations aside, it was pretty dumb of me to dedicate a third of my forces to one remote corner of the table which was nowhere near my objective. If Jervis had not gone for the flank attack, or had dedicated a smaller force to it, my meagre three squads in the centre would have been overrun. As it was, I think that the Orks in the centre badly lacked the kind of hardness that Ghazghkull and his retinue could have supplied. Unimpeded, Ragnar and his squads ran riot through

the Orks and there was little they could do to stop him. Even in the round when Ghazghkull unleashed the Waaargh!! the Goffs which actually made it into close combat suffered badly for no loss to the Space Wolves. The only severe losses I suffered in the centre were from the Weirdboy's death wave, which gave me a nasty fright but came at a time when the Orks were just about running out of momentum. I was incredibly lucky to avoid taking more casualties than I did, though I did take care to use whatever cover I could to minimise Jervis's chances of hitting

The other slight spanner in the works was the Snotlings pinning down the Blood Claws in the ruins for a turn, an annoying incident, but not too damaging overall. A minor point which had struck me about the deployment of the Blood Claws in the ruins was that I should have placed them closer to the Predator, in effect swapping their place with the Grey Hunters. This was because the Blood Claws were out of range with their bolt pistols and grenades until turn three, whereas the bolter-armed Grey Hunters wouldn't have had such problems. This is a minor point, but little details often add up to victory or defeat in a close-run battle. On the whole, I also think I used the Long Fangs in a rather disorganised manner, tending to snipe at available targets instead of concentrating on crippling one mob of boyz per turn.

Of my three characters Brother Ulrik never made it into close combat so he didn't make much impression, even his virus bomb failed abysmally. Njal did sterling service where he was, but was a little bit surplus to requirements there. Placing Egil and all of the Grey Hunters on overwatch on turn one probably would have done just as good a job of keeping the Speed Freeks at bay. If Njal had been somewhere in the centre his powers would have made life a lot easier – the Weirdboy

certainly wouldn't have lived long enough to get off his death wave! Ragnar was every bit as unstoppable as I'd hoped he would be and his ability to dodge saved him from being hit numerous times – a truly inspirational character!

Overall, I think that in the rush to deploy my forces and get playing I overlooked the main objective of the game. Fortunately, Jervis also made the same mistake and deployed more for a normal knock down and drag out kind of a battle. Unfortunately for him, Jervis compounded his problems by spreading his efforts across his whole front, trying to inflict casualties here and there and then making a half-hearted stab at taking the Predator with the Goffs after they had already suffered a horrendous beating. For once, the Breakdowns/Orky events cards didn't totally disrupt all the Ork heavy weapons and vehicles, though they did cause the Death Skulls to stop firing and start looting as well as sending the Goffs into a battle rage. The Goffs going into battle rage was something of a double-edged sword: while it stopped them firing their heavy weapons, it also made them immune to rout tests, so I ended up having to kill just about all of them.

WAAARGH! (Jervis Johnson)



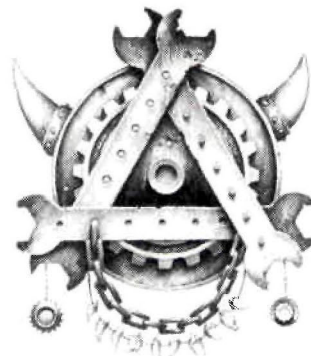
Well then, that was a bit of a disaster, wasn't it! Although I do have to say that the dice were not kind in the way they rolled for me in this game. I can't really use that as an excuse to hide the fact that my set-up and execution of my plan were both fatally flawed. One of the good things about writing a battle report is that it forces you to study what happened in a game very carefully. If I hadn't

had to write this report I would probably have done my best to forget about this game, which would have been a shame, because it actually had a number of important lessons to teach me.

If you've had a game where nothing seems to work out right it's very easy to end up blaming your defeat on all kinds of things other than the way you played the game. I've lost count of the number of times I've heard players (including myself!) bemoaning their bad luck or saying that, thanks to the army lists, their opponent's army is unbeatable, while their own army is rubbish. However, if you want to learn from your defeats and go on to become a better player, you must attempt to see through these excuses to what really happened. Even more importantly, you should try to do this while the game is in progress.

Part of the reason that I lost so badly is because I became completely demoralised with the way my troops couldn't hit the side of a barn door, while the Space Wolves were merrily gunning down my boyz in droves! As I suffered over 30 casualties to the Space Marines' 7 (a kill ratio of over 4-1!) this is somewhat understandable. Anyway, by about midway through the game I felt that my bad dice rolling, the Orks' low ballistic skill and their lack of targeters meant that I never really stood a chance of winning. Mentally I had given up and was thinking "If only I was a bit luckier and had a Space Marine army I could easily win." But in actual fact, as I will explain below, I did have a very good chance to win, I just didn't see it!

When you are playing a game you must always keep your main objective clearly in your mind. This may seem obvious, but it is actually quite easy to forget. In this game all I had to do to win was grab the plans from the Predator, nothing else mattered and all of my attentions should have been focused on achieving that objective. From this point of view setting up Ghazghkull and his retinue so far to the right was a bad mistake. As my single most powerful unit Ghazghkull should have been leading the attack on the Predator, as Ragnar did for the Space Wolves. The attack on the hill would have been a sensible tactic in a game using the normal Warhammer 40,000 victory conditions (ie: defeat the opposing army), but this game had a different set of objectives which made it no more than a diversionary attack that could have been handled perfectly well by the Speed Freaks on their own.



But if my set up was flawed, it was nowhere near as bad as my execution of my plan. Studying what happened during the game for this report, I realised that as soon as I started to play the game I forgot about the victory conditions all together! My attack on the Predator was halfhearted and slow, mainly because I had become sidetracked into trying to wipe out the Space Wolves rather than grab the plans from the Predator. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the way I directed the firing. The ranged attacks that I made and therefore the casualties I caused, few though they may have been, were spread all over the battlefield rather than being concentrated around the Predator.

What I did was attack Andy's most powerful models whenever I could, no matter where they were. This is a sensible tactic in a normal Warhammer 40,000 game, but it proved disastrous here. Imagine the situation on turn three if all seven casualties that I inflicted had all been around the Predator. Instead of Andy having an overwhelming superiority, the odds would have been about even and if Ghazghkull and the Nobz had been there, the odds would have been strongly in my favour. And I could have achieved this with the same army and the same luck that I had in the game which I actually lost so disastrously.

Turning my attentions to the other side of the table I do have to say that Andy's set-up was, if anything, even worse than mine. Although he placed Ragnar in a sensible position, the vast bulk of the Space Wolves were way off to my right, and played very little part in the battle in and around the Predator. The main reason for this is because Andy likes to make sure that all of his models are set-up in cover, and that they start the game hiding in case the other side gets the first turn. This is a sensible tactic in a normal game, but in this case it forced him to spread his troops around and place them too far away from the main objective to be useful. However, once the game started there is little I can fault in Andy's execution. All of his moves were directed to getting the plans out of the Predator and winning the game, something which I singularly failed to do, and so he earned a well-deserved victory.