

WARHAMMER
HIGH ELVES



WARHAMMER ARMIES





HIGH ELVES



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.4



CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	7	THE GLITTERING HOST.....(CONT.)	
THE LORDS OF ULTHUAN.....	9	Swordmasters of Hoeth.....	158
The High Elves.....	10	White Lions of Chrace.....	160
The Pantheon of the Asur.....	24	Lion Chariots of Chrace.....	162
The Land of Ulthuan.....	29	Tiranoc Chariots.....	163
The Kingdoms of Ulthuan.....	33	Dragon Princes of Caledor.....	165
Aenarion the Defender.....	49	Shadow Warriors.....	167
Bel-Shanaar the Explorer.....	57	Sisters of Avelorn.....	169
Caledor the Conqueror.....	61	Handmaidens of the Everqueen.....	170
Caledor II the Warrior.....	67	Phoenix Guard.....	172
Caradryel the Peacemaker.....	71	Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers.....	174
Tethlis the Slayer.....	75	Phoenixes.....	176
Bel-Korhadris the Scholar.....	78	Merwyrrms.....	178
Aethis the Poet.....	81	Elven Mounts.....	179
Morvael The Impetous.....	82	Great Eagles.....	180
Bel-Hathor the Sage.....	85	Griffons.....	181
Finubar the Seafarer.....	88	Tyrion.....	182
The Reign of Finubar.....	90	Teclis.....	184
The Book of Days.....	97	Alarielle the Radiant.....	186
The Saga of Alith Anar.....	102	Eltharion the Grim.....	188
The Saga of Tyrion and Teclis.....	109	Alith Anar.....	190
The Saga of Imrik.....	117	Imrik.....	192
The Saga of Eltharion.....	120	Belannaer the Wise.....	194
Battle for the Island of Blood.....	129	Sea Lord Aislinn.....	196
THE GLITTERING HOST.....	137	Caradryan.....	197
Army Special Rules.....	138	Korhil.....	198
Commanders.....	139	Selafyn.....	200
Mages.....	140	The Lore of High Magic.....	201
Dragon Mages.....	142	Vaul's Forge.....	202
Mistweavers.....	143	HIGH ELVES ARMY LIST.....	207
Lords of Aenarion.....	144	Lords.....	209
Dragons.....	146	Heroes.....	213
Citizen Levy.....	149	Core Units.....	216
Lothorn Sea Guard.....	152	Special Units.....	218
Silver Helms.....	154	Rare Units.....	220
Reaver Knights.....	156	SUMMARY.....	222



www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com

Compiled & Edited by: Mathias Eliasson

Cover Art: Paul Dainton

Art: Paul Dainton, Nuala Kinrade, Neil Hodgson, Karl Kopinski, John Blanche, Geoff Taylor, Dave Gallagher, Adrian Smith, Jon Sullivan, Clint Langley, Jonathan Kirtz, Chris Dien, Sandara, Magali Villeneuve, Adam Lane, Sam Wood, Thomas Wievegg, Radojavor, Andrea Uderzo, J. Wimberly. **Book Design:** Mathias Eliasson. **Additional Material:** Bill King, Anthony Reynolds, Jes Goodwin. **Previous Editions by:** Mat Ward, Adam Troke, Jake, Thornton, Space McQuirk, Andy Chambers, Jes Goodwin, Bill King, Tuomas Pirinen, Rick Priestley.

Special Thanks To: All the players that have contributed with feedback and ideas.

This book is completely unofficial and in no way endorsed by Games Workshop Limited.

The Chaos devices, the Chaos logo, Citadel, Citadel Device, the Double-Headed/Imperial Eagle device, Eavy Metal, Forge World, Games Workshop, Games Workshop logo, Golden Demon, Great Unclean One, the Hammer of Sigmar logo, Horned Rat logo, Keeper of Secrets, Khemri, Khorne, Lord of Change, Nurgle, Skaven, the Skaven symbol devices, Slaanesh, Tomb Kings, Trio of Warriors, Twin Tailed Comet Logo, Tzeentch, Warhammer, Warhammer Online, Warhammer World logo, White Dwarf, the White Dwarf logo, and all associated marks, names, races, race insignia, characters, vehicles, locations, units, illustrations and images from the Warhammer world are either ®, TM and/or © Copyright Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2017, variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. Used without permission. No challenge to their status intended. All Rights Reserved to their respective owners.





INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: High Elves*, your indispensable guide to the ancient defenders of the world. This book provides all the information you'll require to collect and play with a High Elves army in games of Warhammer.

WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

If you are reading this book, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer hobby. The Warhammer rulebook contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your miniatures, and every army has its own army book that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the tabletop battlefields of the Warhammer world. This book allows you to turn your collection of High Elves into a host of proud warriors ready to fight to the last against the evils of the world.

HIGH ELVES

From the ten kingdoms of Ulthuan, the High Elves march to war. They have stood guard over this world for millennia, defending it from the predations of Daemons, the worshippers of unholy gods and the unthinking meddling of lesser races.

The High Elves are the most skilled warriors in the known world. Every Elf in the force is blessed with dexterity and agility enough to strike a charging knight from his saddle before his lance can hit home. The mainstay of the High Elf army are the citizen warriors who form the Archer and Spear regiments, in turn these are bolstered by elite fighters such as the legendary Sword Masters and the proud Dragon Princes of Caledor.

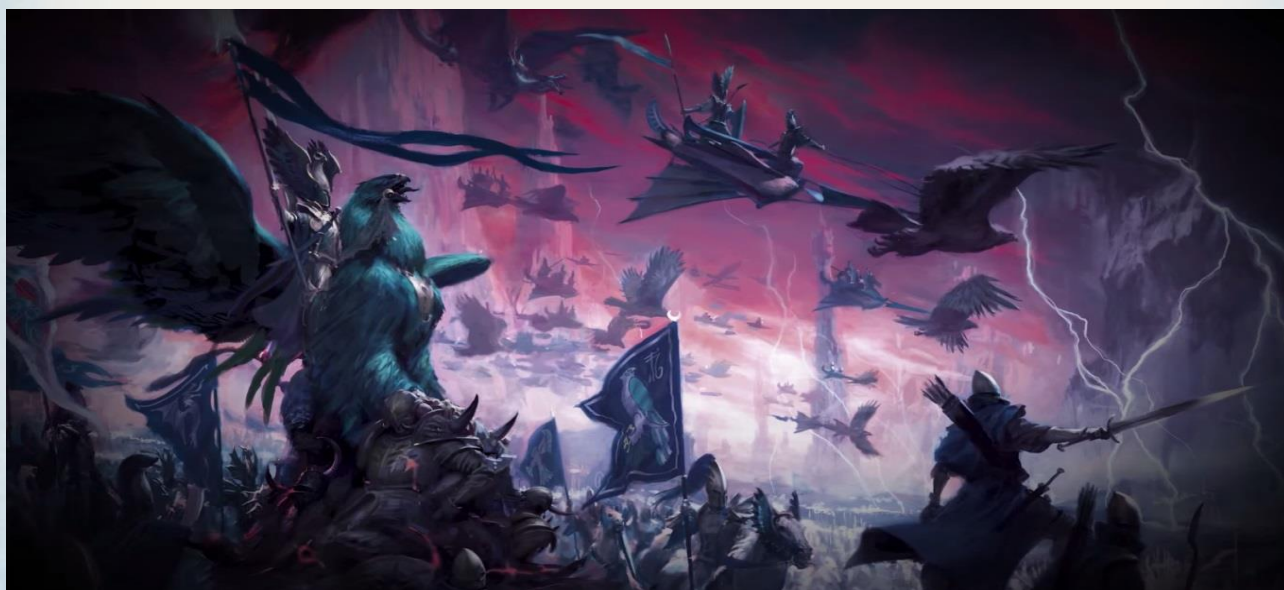
There are few sights more glorious than an army of High Elves. Serried ranks of white-garbed soldiers take to the field alongside proud knights, mighty mages and ancient creatures of legend. The High Elves are an elite force who, warrior-for-warrior, can overmatch almost

any other race in the Warhammer world. Over the long millennia of their existence, they have mastered every style of fighting – whether you seek phalanxes of spears, unstoppable cavalrymen, dead-eyed archers or peerless charioteers, you will find them here.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: High Elves contains the following sections:

- **Lords of Ulthuan.** The first section introduces the High Elves, detailing their ancestral kingdoms and the epochs of their Phoenix Kings. Herein you will find detailed the Sundering of the Elven peoples, the great wars the High Elves have waged and the terrible sacrifices they have made for the good of the world.
- **The Glittering Host.** All the characters, regiments and monsters available to the High Elves are examined in this section. You will find a full description of each unit that covers its role upon the battlefield and its specialised combat abilities, as well as the unit's rules and any unique skills it has. This section also includes the formidable Lore of High Magic, and Vaul's Forge – magic items unique to the High Elves.
- **High Elves Army List.** The army list takes all of the units presented in the Glittering Host section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as either characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing







THE LORDS OF ULTHUAN

The High Elves' existence is one of eternal battle, fought with a courage and skill that only they possess. But it is a war that, little by little, is being lost. The High Elves fade, whilst their enemies multiply, and each death is a loss the soldiers of Ulthuan can ill afford. Yet it is not in the High Elves' proud nature to pass peacefully from history. When the Phoenix King issues the call to war, his people gladly answer. Disciplined spearmen form up in silence, their brilliant banners of lion, horse and eagle fluttering in the wind. Haughty knights ride alongside, their steeds reacting instantly to unspoken command. Mages prepare intricate spells, archers gauge the gusting wind and, in the skies above, Dragons and Phoenixes wheel and soar, ready to fight to the last alongside their Elven allies. Let the servants of destruction beware.

THE HIGH ELVES

The origins of the High Elves are rooted in the nativity of the world, when they were birthed onto the island paradise of Ulthuan, which has a recorded history going back over 8000 years. Long before the crude townships of men took shape the Elves were building glittering cities in the island-continent of Ulthuan. Soon more cities arose in their colonies throughout the world. After millennia of habitation many of these cities still exist. They are graced by fantastical towers, sweeping arches, and a thousand other wonders undreamed of by mankind. Within soaring spires the High Elves pursue their age-long studies of art, sorcery and the world both natural and otherwise.

Among the oldest and greatest of all the civilised races, the High Elves are graceful where lesser mortals are clumsy, noble where they are crude. When the ancestors of humans still fought each other with clubs and wicker shields, the High Elves had mastered the fiery steeds of Ellyrion and their mailed knights practiced with lances and longswords. Haughty and proud, the High Elves are steeped in ancient magics, and their martial skills are unsurpassed. For thousands of years they have ruled over the vast island continent of Ulthuan, sometimes vying for power against each other, but always uniting as one if their realm is invaded. Such is their prowess that no single enemy has ever truly defeated them. Beyond their borders

their elegant fleets dominate the sea-lanes from the Old World to Cathay, carrying the armies of Ulthuan to every corner of the world, and command grudging respect from even their most bitter foes.

The history of the High Elves of Ulthuan is the history of the world. They were once the masters of the mortal realm, and their actions have shaped the fates of many lands. Alas, the High Elves are now passing into twilight, their works and deeds fading alongside them. Long and bitter wars have ravaged their once great empire and the High Elf race has begun to dwindle. The empire of the Phoenix Kings, which once ruled entire continents, is now confined to the kingdoms of Ulthuan and scattered outposts overseas. The beautiful alabaster cities of Ulthuan that once bustled with vibrancy and life become quieter each year, and are now naught but empty echoes of a bygone age. Lands

"Ah, there you are young master! I thought I might find you here among the many weapons of the training rooms. And yes, I know that you cannot be a general and cower at the rear, but you must understand the strategy of the whole army, as well as the detail of individual swordplay.

You will destroy the enemies of Ulthuan by crushing them with your armies, not with your own sword. But crush them you shall, of that I have no doubt, for you will lead an army of noble High Elves. For five thousand years we have defended our shores from all who would conquer us. Even in our darkest hour, when our own kin rose up and betrayed us, we fought with such determination and martial skill that they were vanquished.

But before you do this you must understand how to command your army. To conduct its many diverse parts into a symphony of destruction. To weave the potent sorceries of your battle mages with the rain of deadly shafts from our archers. To form an impregnable line of spears from which the armoured might of your cavalry can leap to smash the foe.

And if you learn all these things then, and only then, will you be a true prince."





that knew nothing but beauty and nobility now reek with the blood and fury of unrelenting war. Facing this steady decline, the High Elves remain resolute and unbowed. The time of the High Elves has passed, or so it is said, yet such is their pride that they fight on nonetheless. If oblivion is indeed to be their fate, they have chosen to face it with arrow nocked and sword held high, defending the world they have loved to the last.

So do the white-garbed hosts of Ulthuan march to war, banners streaming in the wind and every warrior reconciled to death in service of a greater cause. Ranks of spearmen advance across the plains, scaled armour glittering like diamonds in the sun. Archers rain death upon the enemy, each arrow aimed with a speed and precision far beyond the ability of lesser mortals. The ground trembles as Silver Helms, the flower of Ulthuan's dwindling nobility, spur their steeds to the charge. Swordmasters of Hoeth wield their greatswords with uncanny speed, cleaving armour and severing limbs with each graceful stroke. Mages unleash spells of incredible potency, summoning tempests and deflecting cannonballs with shields of magical force. Dragons and Phoenixes dive from the skies, their flames immolating flesh and melting steel. At the heart of every embattled spearwall, at the head of every cavalry charge and in the forefront of every magical duel, there can be found vaunted heroes of Ulthuan, princes of ancient bloodline whose fell-handed valour lends strength to all who fight at their side.

Since the time of the Sundering, the High Elves have been a besieged and embattled people. Their cursed Dark Elf cousins are bent on nothing short of complete dominion over them, and their treacherous leader, Malekith, will not rest until he sits on the Phoenix Throne. To repel this unending barrage of piracy and raids, they must train constantly for war, and remember the Golden Age before this hellish time of strife.



MASTERS OF MAGIC

When the Old Ones came to the world, they first created the Slann and the Lizardmen as custodians of their new domain. The next race they raised up were the Elves, the descendents of whom call themselves the Asur, but who are known to man as the High Elves. Confident in their own superiority, the High Elves consider themselves to be the rightful inheritors of the world now that the Old Ones are no more. At best, the High Elves view the younger races with condescension, and at worst with outright contempt.

Perhaps because of their hubris, the history of the Elves is one of near constant war. At first, however, the Elves were mystics and scholars rather than warriors. Of all the races introduced to the world, the Elves had the greatest affinity for the primal energy known as Magic. The Old Ones created a kingdom for the Elves, raising the isle of Ulthuan up from the ocean floor. It was in this verdant realm that the Elves first learned the art of manipulating magic from the Old Ones, and here, millennia later, they rule still.

CHILDREN OF ULTHUAN

All Elves are fair to behold and of them all the High Elves are the most handsome. High Elves are pale skinned with fine, aesthetically beautiful features and hair as fine as flax. Elves resemble men but are more elegantly proportioned with long athletic limbs. High

THE WARRIOR'S MARK

For the High Elves, long hair is a symbol of strength, power and nobility – the clearest token of a real warrior. Because of this, locks of hair are also important talismans for the Elves. This ancient custom stems from the greatest heroes of Elf legend, who have always been depicted with long flowing hair, and it is said that it is from here that their might springs. The White Lions of Chrace, who are renowned for their prodigious strength, take great pride in their hair, which grows golden or jet-black. They weave delicate iron cords into their long plaits so they will not be cut in the heat of the battle, as this would mean that the warrior so divested would become weakened in the midst of war.

All High Elves decorate their hair with combs made of silver or gold, and embellished with bright gems. Each jewel has a different meaning, and reflects the Elf's role in his family, his rank in battle, or can even be a token of favour granted by a betrothed. Woe betide a battlefield scavenger who takes one of these adornments from a fallen Elf; the High Elves consider this deed to be an insult almost beyond reckoning, and pursue it as such. The Bretonnian town of Brigadine's fire-blackened ruins stand as grim reminder that, no matter how pretty an Elf-wrought comb might look amidst the curls of a knight's chosen lady, the suitor would have done far better to trade in gold than pluck one from the battlefield dead.



Elves are tall and proud in their bearing, indeed it is not uncommon for an Elf to stand a whole head taller than a man. They have lean, intelligent and handsome faces with delicately pointed ears and entrancing almond shaped eyes. They have a slim build, which has led to the common misconception that Elves are weak or fragile. In fact, the opposite is true, for Elves are surprisingly strong, and though they are not as robust as the races of Orcs or Dwarfs. They more than compensate for that with their dexterity and amazing agility. It has been said that their swift precise movements make the most graceful human seem oafish in comparison. Their armies too move with fluid grace as do their warships and their steeds. These qualities make them dangerous warriors as well as unparalleled craftsmen and sorcerers. All they touch is elegant and finely crafted, for they will not surround themselves with ugliness and discord. Be it poetry, writing, music or warfare, the High Elves have few equals. During



their long lives they are able to perfect many skills and are known for their highly skilled artisans, their fine craftsmen, the beauty of their art and the melodious grace of their songs. All in all they are a race that loves beauty and treasures skill. Elves are not warlike by nature as are, for example, Orcs and even Dwarfs and men to some extent. However they are proud – some say arrogant – and ultimately confident in their purpose.

Elves are long-lived, some say immortal, and less vulnerable to disease than humans. Every movement that an Elf makes is graceful and controlled, their minds are quick and clever with an intensity and depth of insight which makes them seem fey and strange to other races. High Elves convey meaning into the slightest gesture, perceiving a wealth of information in the slightest nod of a head, or narrowing of eyes. More than once the Lords of Ulthuan have made war amongst themselves or upon other races for some real or imagined slight, for though they are a noble people the High Elves can be cold and haughty, unreasoning in the view of other races.



Elven minds are subtle and clever, possessing an intensity and depth of insight that lies far beyond the ability of other creatures – a single word or gesture, however small, conveys a wealth of information to an attentive Elf. It is said, of the High Elves in particular, that their minds are their finest weapons. This is certainly true, but they are dangerous weapons indeed, and can require a lifetime to safely master. Unless he knows discipline, a High Elf's interests can sickly become obsessions – and set his feet on a path that ultimately see his soul delivered to a thirsting god. Due to this, Ulthuan's society has become tightly structured, rigidly bound by convention and precedent, ritual and ceremony. For a High Elf to behave out of keeping with tradition is considered a truly shameful matter, able to break the power of a family overnight if proven before the Phoenix Court. Thus, its mere implication is one of the chief gambits in Ulthuan's interminable politics.

On the battlefield, it is the combined alacrity of mind and body that makes each Elf so deadly an opponent. His mind is keen enough to read an opponent's intent in the slightest shift of stance, and his body swift enough to deliver a lethal counterblow a heartbeat thereafter. There is no weapon nor form of fighting an Elf cannot master and, even untrained, his skills are formidable. Once properly tutored in his chosen way of war an Elf soldier is lethal grace given form, able to match a hero of lesser blood blow for blow.





THE ELVEN RACES

The High Elves of Ulthuan – the Asur as they name themselves – are not the only race of Elves to walk the world. The truth of the matter depends on who is telling the story; however, they do hold the honour of being the one true civilisation from which all other Elven realms have sprung. West of Ulthuan, amidst the crags and spires of Naggaroth, dwell the cruel Dark Elves, the Druchii. There is no peace to be had between the courts of Ulthuan and Naggaroth, for the millennia of their shared history have been of endless blood and betrayal. No enmity in all the world is so bitter, no war so savagely fought. By contrast, the Wood Elves of Athel Loren hold no enmity for either their High or Dark Elf cousins, but then neither do they nurture any great trust of them. These Asrai possess a manner and outlook that is utterly alien to other Elves, and want no part of the ancestral hatred that has brought only ruin to the world.

Since the time of the Sundering the Elven kindreds have lived apart; the Wood Elves in the Old World, the Dark Elves in Naggaroth, and the High Elves in Ulthuan. Whilst the relationship between High Elves and Wood Elves has been merely distant, that of the High Elves and Dark Elves has been marked by centuries of animosity.

The Dark Elves hate their kinsfolk with an intensity borne of their own self-loathing. Deep in his elven soul every Dark Elf despises the twisted, black-hearted creature that he is. His hatred for his untainted High Elf brother burns all the stronger because there could be no

more poignant reminder of his own failings. Dark Elves are desperate and self-destructive creatures, and for this reason their hatred is met with the pity of the High Elves.

High Elves do not hate their kin, for hatred would debase and corrupt them as surely as it brought low the Dark Elves themselves. Hatred is what separates the two races. Dark Elves embrace it whilst High Elves reject it, cultivating instead the high and noble ideals that are their race's greatest achievements.

Though it is not part of the High Elves' character to hate even their most bitter enemies, centuries of destruction and bloodshed by the Dark Elves have certainly left their mark. The High Elves have become resolute in the face of evil. When they take arms against the Dark Elves they know that they are confronting their race's greatest folly, and that it is their duty to oppose the evil that they themselves have spawned.

It is hardly surprising that the wars between the High Elves and Dark Elves have always been extremely bloody affairs. On the one side is the bitter hatred that the Dark Elves feel towards their uncorrupted kin and on the other side the steely determination of the High Elves. Neither Elven kindred will abandon a battle against their cousins unless the circumstances are truly desperate. No quarter is asked and none given. If the price of victory is certain destruction then so be it – better that all Elvenkind should perish than let the enemy gain ascendancy.

The enmity between the High Elves and the Dark Elves stems from the ancient feud between the two Elf kindreds. There can never be peace between Naggaroth and Ulthuan, only a war to the death where one Elven culture will emerge superior and the other faces extinction. The Elven legends are rife with tales of desperate defences and battles where one side or the other has fought until slain to the last Elf.

Such is the tragedy of the Sundering.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHAOS

The Elves have always believed themselves immune to the warping influence of Chaos and, whilst it is true that they are less ravaged by its effects than other mortals, they have not been left entirely unmarked. Even before the advent of Chaos, Elves were given to pride and arrogance. Now, with the influence of the Dark Gods having long gnawed at their souls, this sense of paramountcy has greatly increased, and with it has come a careless ambivalence concerning the fate of those considered inferior. This has come to manifest itself in different ways amongst the Elven races. In the Dark Elves, it has developed into selfishness, a belief that the world exists solely for their pleasure. It has driven the Wood Elves to isolationism, and they now concern themselves little with the fate of the wider world. In the High Elves, superiority has reinforced their stubborn pride and hubristic certainty. With the

passing centuries, they have become ever more assured that the world will only endure if the sons and daughters of Ulthuan give themselves over to its protection from the dread powers of Chaos.

The Elven Kingdoms remain eternally alert to the threat of Chaos. They are the undisputed masters of the seas and have fortresses situated all over the globe at strategic positions. There they wait and watch the lights of magic playing upon the northern skies, and prepare for the next battle against the forces of Chaos.

However, their numbers are fewer now than ever, and the burden of defence grows ever more heavy. For this reason the Elves regard the human realms as vital to the eternal battle against Chaos, for if the human realms fell it would be only a question of time before Ulthuan itself would be overwhelmed by the tides of Chaos. When the need of the Emperor or the Bretonnian King is great, Elven armies sail to the lands of Men to support their struggle against the many great evils that beset the world of Elves and Men alike.

NOBILITY AND RULERSHIP

Ulthuan is ruled by the Twin Thrones of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen, a tradition of leadership that has been unbroken for many thousands of years. Beneath the King and Queen are Ulthuan's noble families, a collection of princes, princesses and mages, who take up much of the burden of ruling the island continent. Rival noble houses strive constantly with one another for dominance within the courts of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen, eager to improve their personal standing, along with the status and perception of their realm. The relationship between these rulers and the princes of Ulthuan is not as simple as the titles would suggest. The kingship is not hereditary and the King and Queen maintain separate courts.

The Queen of Ulthuan is always the Queen of Avelorn. Her realm is the site of the principle shrine of the Earth Mother and she is regarded as the spiritual leader of the whole Elf realm. The High Elves place many of their



greatest hopes upon her. The position of Everqueen is always taken up by the firstborn daughter of the previous queen, conceived during her year-long ritual marriage to the Phoenix King. After this formal marriage, they are free to take new consorts, but only the daughter conceived from the marriage of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen can be the new Everqueen. Hence the Queens of Avelorn have always been the Everqueens of Ulthuan, forming an unbroken chain from ages past. By contrast, the Phoenix King is chosen from among the princes of Ulthuan, one year after the death of the previous incumbent. Each is crowned during a holy ceremony, held at the massive pyramidal Shrine of Asuryan and attended by the legions of the Phoenix Guard and the princes of Ulthuan.

THE ECLIPSE WARS

Every tenth year, the court of the Everqueen goes forth upon a seaborne pilgrimage to the hidden Tower of the Sun south of the equator. The Queen alone can hold back the slow encroachment of the gravid orb Morrslieb that occurs with every eclipse. With her goes the Royal Fleet of Ulthuan, carrying an immense host of her finest troops, a score of Moon Dragons flying alongside. The Royal Warhost fights its way through the bizarre denizens of the Land of a Thousand Gods, barding against tribes of tiger-headed warriors, prides of winged lions and troops of six-armed monkey warriors who resent the Elves' intrusion into their domain. Upon reaching the Tower, the Everqueen gives up her own moonblood in a great ritual that ensures Morrslieb is held at bay for another decade. Such is the Elven way; to save the world and expect nothing in return.

The position of Phoenix King is elective. He is chosen from among the Princes of Ulthuan on the death of the previous Phoenix King and crowned at the massive pyramid Shrine of Asuryan located on an island in the Sea of Dreams, outside the borders of any of the kingdoms. Naturally, since having their ruler become the Phoenix King enhances the prestige of a kingdom, the selection of the new ruler of Ulthuan is a process fraught with diplomatic manoeuvring and intrigue as the interests of various political factions have to be juggled. Emotions often run hot during this fraught and delicate event. Traditionally, the last thirty days of the year of mourning are set aside for the election to take place; however, in practice the debate starts much sooner than that. Often, the politicking starts long before the reigning Phoenix King has died. High Elves love intrigue, and never is the prize greater than when a new Phoenix King is chosen.

The grandest of Ulthuan's noble families each look for their candidate to be chosen, and they vie for the support of their peers for their choice. Further to this, each realm in Ulthuan desires the new Phoenix King to be chosen from their land. So it is that rivalries are set aside – or created – to ensure that the agendas of the noble houses are met.



For all the deception, manipulation and chicanery employed during the election process, it is almost unheard of for the tactics employed to escalate to violence or outright sabotage. Such actions are considered heretical, for the Phoenix King is the anointed servant of Asuryan. Few High Elf nobles are so consumed with victory that they could believe, even for a moment, that the Creator God would ever approve of a King selected by the ruling council under such dubious and destructive circumstances.

The ceremony in which the new Phoenix King is crowned is a secret, mystical and dangerous affair, and it is only thanks to the ministrations of the Sapherian wizards that the new Phoenix King survives it at all. As the powerful mages utter incantations that will protect the supplicant, he is ushered into the fires of rebirth and there he faces his sternest test. Alone, the candidate must pass through the flames of Asuryan and in so doing he is reborn as the Phoenix King.



Only twice in the history of the High Elves have persons attempted to pass through the Flames of Asuryan without the consenting vote of the Council of Ulthuan and lived. The first was Aenarion the Defender, who emerged the first Phoenix King, while the second was Malekith the Great Betrayer, who in his insolence tempted the wrath of Asuryan. Malekith, unlike his father Aenarion, crawled forth from the flames burned and maimed and near to death. The cleansing fires of the Creator God left Malekith's body ruined and his mind broken. Such a fate awaits any who would presume to pass through the Flames of Asuryan without both the council's approval and the blessing of Asuryan, the Emperor of the Heavens.

Since the king controls the foreign policy of Ulthuan the character of the various Phoenix Kings defines periods of Elf history. An isolationist king means that the land of Ulthuan can rum in on itself for a thousand years or more. The current king, Finubar the Seafarer, is from the trading state of Eataine which accounts for Ulthuan's renewed and vigorous interest in distant lands. Since most foreigners know only of the Phoenix King and the pre-eminence of Eataine they tend to assume that Ulthuan is a far more homogeneous bloc than in fact it is.

THE ISLES OF FLAME AND REBIRTH

Once a year, the sacred white barges of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen ply the waters of the Inner Sea to their respective shrines upon the Isle of Flame and the Isle of Rebirth. Each ship is built for the coronation of the ruler and, on his or her death, bears them off to the Isle of the Dead to rest with the ancient rulers of Ulthuan. As the barges plough the waters, nothing slows their stately progress; no wind fills their sails, no hand guides their tiller. They follow the lines of power that run through the Inner Sea to their destination.

The Shrine of Asuryan, destination of the Phoenix King, is located on the Island of the Flame due north of Lothorn. Within this ancient pyramid's central chamber burns the eternal fire of the phoenix. When anew king is crowned, he bathes in these white-hot flames, passing miraculously unscathed through the inferno before emerging to be clad in ceremonial robes and the great feathered cloak of kingship. Both these ceremonies are overseen by the Phoenix Guard, the silent sentinels of Asuryan. Just as they attend the king on his journey to the flame, so too do they bear his lifeless body to the funerary White Ship when his mortal existence finally ends.

Further north, off the shores of Avelorn, lies the Island of Rebirth, site of the Earth Mother's shrine. Here, in the depths of the beautiful Gaen valley, lies the cavern-temple of the Mother Goddess, where the Everqueen is crowned. Herein dwell the priestesses of Isha, an oracular order whose origins lie shrouded in the mists of time. Within the underground complex, many mysterious rites take place which no male Elf is allowed to witness. Every female Elf is expected to make a pilgrimage here at least once in her life.



Beneath the twin thrones serve the countless princes of the ten kingdoms. In the fleeting moments of peace, these nobles set their minds to politicking, ever seeking the blessing of their monarchs amid preferment over their fellows. Intrigue has ever been a cornerstone of Ulthuan, but it seldom interferes with the grim business of war. When baffle's trumpet sounds, rivalries vanish in the noonday sun – despite their domestic squabbles, the princes of Ulthuan will always stand united against outsiders.

THE ART OF WAR

The glittering hosts is perhaps the most appropriate moniker that can be used to describe the armies of the High Elves - but such an accolade serves only to conjure images of their glorious visage, and speaks not at all of their formidable martial prowess.

For their diminishing race to survive, the High Elves must possess an army of unequalled skill to fend off their many enemies. To this end all High Elves are taught the arts of war from an early age and swiftly master the sword, spear and bow. It is said they learn how to shoot a bow before they can read, and how to wield a sword before they can write. The skills they learn in their youth mean that the High Elves are expert warriors by the time they reach maturity. High Elves have a strong sense of order and discipline, tempered by loyalty to kin and homeland. It is not surprising, then, to find that the military organisation of the High Elves closely parallels their social structure.

The Lord of each realm maintains his own forces, and is always ready to answer the call to arms of the Phoenix King. At any one time, a proportion of the citizens of every town and city are drafted into military service, and these citizens are seasonally rotated so that the entire population becomes trained to a high degree,

with every High Elf knowing his place in his community's regiment. Thus the High Elves who dwell in remote parts of Ulthuan that are exposed to raids, or who journey overseas to found a new colony are always ready to defend themselves.

This strict policy of service means that Ulthuan can boast armies far larger than her diminished population would suggest. These citizen soldiers form the core of Ulthuan's armies, expertly trained warriors, resplendent in white robes and shining armour. All Elves able to bear arms are honour bound to spend time serving as warriors in the levies of their cities, towns and villages. Some towns and cities are so large that they are able to maintain several regiments at a time.

In times of great danger, a general raising of the citizen levy will swell the forces of each realm many times over. At other times the regiments undertake patrols, guard important shrines and public places, act as watchmen at night, and form escorts for local officials, members of the ruling house and other important dignitaries.

In the coastal cities, warriors spend much of their time at sea as marines, or travelling to the Old and New Worlds (as men insist on calling the western and eastern lands already known to the Elves for thousands of years).

Those of noble birth learn to ride with exceptional skill, and are taught to bear the arms of the Silver Helms, the magnificent Elven knights who fight in the vanguard of the High Elf army. Cavalrymen almost without peer, they are renowned for crashing through enemy shield walls, their sharp lances striking down their foes.

Equipped with finely wrought armour, armed with bow or spear and shield, the glittering hosts of Ulthuan are possessed of a preternatural deadliness that makes the men of the Old World look like clumsy and barbaric apes in comparison. High Elf generals must take great care with the lives of their warriors though, for the population of Ulthuan diminishes each year, and every loss is hard to bear.

Yet for all their prowess, these citizen soldiers are but the rank and file of a High Elf army. Complementing them are an array of elite formations whose martial skill is truly exceptional. While other races may boast fighters that are physically superior in terms of raw strength, there are none that can match the dextrous elegance and lightning-fast reactions of the High Elves. A High Elf warrior is so attuned to his blade that he can decapitate a charging Orc with a single well-placed blow, stepping aside with a disdainful sneer to let the corpse tumble past, his razor-sharp weapon clean and readied before the brute's headless corpse has even fallen to the ground.

Ulthuan's greatest strength lies in a military both skilled and diverse. If his land is threatened, an Elven



lord can count upon aid from all corners of the High Elf kingdoms. First to answer the call are the Archer and Spearman regiments of the lord's own domain and the nobles of his court – these are the bedrock upon which the armies of Ulthuan are built. As word spreads and the true extent of the danger becomes known, phalanxes of Sea Guard answer the call with the uncomplaining determination of true veterans. Hard upon their heels come swift horsemen from Ellyrion and charioteers from Tiranoc, considered brash by the standards of the High Elves, but with valourous hearts all.

While all Elves make effective warriors, those who completely devote their lives to the martial arts can be measured among the most deadly fighters in the world. Other High Elves choose to make warfare their way of life for different reasons, driven to violence through despair and sorrow or in pursuit of wisdom.

Most numerous of these elite troops are the famous Silver Helms, the noble Elven knights who fight in the vanguard of every High Elf army. The sight of sunlight gleaming from their lances and highly-polished armour brings hope where all seemed lost. Faster still are the graceful Reaver cavalry that guard the shores of Ellyrion, riding on bonded Elven steeds as swift and capricious as the lightest zephyr. Riding alongside these cavalry formations are charioteers from Chrace, drawn not by Elven steeds but by the ferocious white lions that prowl the mountains of that mystical realm. Beast-taming is a respected art in Ulthuan, for the Elves have a natural bond with the noble creatures of that island; lion, eagle, and drake are loyal allies, and they bear the Asur to war gladly. Above each High Elf warhost soars a flight of huge, majestic Dragons that have accompanied the High Elves to war since the time of the Great Cataclysm. It is said that in recent years even elder drakes have been roused from their slumbers by the clamour of war.

THE HIGH ELF NAVY

The High Elves are a seafaring race, and their navy is the most powerful in the world. Even the Dark Elves are unable to match the expertise of the High Elf fleets. The individual ships that make up the fleets are superb examples of Elven craftsmanship. Each ship is made by artisan shipwrights that have studied their art not for decades, but for centuries. The resulting vessels are sleek, agile and fast, yet incredibly durable and strong, able to withstand the most terrible of storms and hideous amounts of battle damage. They are crewed by sailors who are no less skilled or dedicated than the craftsmen that built them and protected by contingents of Lothorn Sea Guard, as adept at fighting at sea as they are on land. The ships are organised into fleets that range across the whole of the world, imposing the will of the Elves from the shores of Ulthuan to far-flung Cathay.

Of the many legendary factions the fabled Sword Masters of Hoeth are the swiftest to lend their support to a growing warhost. Dozens of Sword Masters travel Ulthuan, performing the bidding of their Loremasters. When the rallying cry goes out, all nearby Sword Masters able to put aside their current burdens will do so, and forge themselves into a regiment for the duration of the campaign. The supremely skilled Swordmasters strike as swift as lightning, even with the two-handed swords with which they endlessly hone their martial form. Should one of the Loremasters of Hoeth choose to lend his mystical might to the cause, the number of Sword Masters in the warhost can rise quite steeply, as such revered mages rarely appear on the field of battle without an escort of the quicksilver warriors.

The ever-silent Phoenix Guard, granted visions by Asuryan himself, each know the manner of their own demise and yet defend the Elven lords with their lives. They take the battlefield in Asuryan's name whenever they are called to do so. However, so few are the Phoenix Guard when compared with other forces, they can rarely be present in the numbers a general might wish for.

As regal bodyguards, the White Lions of Chrace are loathe to leave their assignments for ought but the direst of tragedies – duty to their charge comes before all. If an Elven lord seeks the presence of the White Lions upon the field, he is well advised to request the aid of the one they protect, and thus gain the service of their bodyguard. Every bit as ferocious as their namesakes, the White Lions wield elegantly curved axes that can hew necks as easily as the birches of their homelands.





Amongst the most prized of potential allies are the Dragon Princes and Dragon Mages of ancient Caledor – nobles, lords and proud warriors every one. The Dragon Princes cannot be counted upon to muster for the mundane drudgeries of sentry and patrol work – such tasks are for the common folk, not the inheritors of Caledor the Great. They live for the glory of besting dread and mighty foes. But if the leader of an assembling host is wise he will peak the Dragon Princes' interest with the promise of a battle worthy of gods, or perhaps confess that a particular foe is beyond his own humble talents. Lured by such glories, the sons of Caledor would gladly ride to a battle on the far side of the world. Their magical armour ensuring they can gallop through a raging firestorm without so much as singeing a perfectly arched eyebrow.

Last, and most secretive of all, are the bitter Shadow Warriors of Nagarythe. Marked forever by lives of constant and bitter struggle, they stand apart from High Elf society and never directly respond to a cry for aid. Nevertheless, many a battle has been swung by an unlooked-for volley of blackletched arrows, or the silent slaughter of an enemy wizard thought safe amongst his own lines. Though they be shunned and distrusted by their own folk, the bleak wardens of Nagarythe know full well where their loyalties lie.

Thus does a foe who petitions the wrath of the High Elves make war not against one land, but against ten kingdoms united under the Phoenix King. As the battlelines assemble, the banners of the High Elves flutter and snap in the wind, their rich folds heavy with gemstones and proudly blazoned with the colours of their homelands. Shields bear the heraldry of honoured bloodlines, of mighty gods and of Ulthuan's ancient protectors. There are few sights so glorious in all the known world.



High Elf armies are led to battle by the greatest heroes of the age. The general of a High Elf army will have studied the art of war from infancy, committing to memory the essays and treatises laid down by the greatest High Elf commanders that came before him.

These works, written by the likes of Caledor the First and Bel-Korhadris, mean that a High Elf general can call on a store of military wisdom undreamt of by lesser tacticians. Furthermore, the military acumen of each commander will be bolstered by the spell lore and magical abilities of the finest Mages. Even the youngest Dragon Mage can summon a storm of pyrotechnics, for the High Elves are true masters of magic.

It is this combination of exceptionally skilled troops, expert leadership and consummate sorcery that make a High Elf army such a deadly force. With these finely honed warhosts the High Elves impose their will upon all corners of the world, be they on land or sea, for their fleets are unmatched in speed and power. Conceited and proud, supremely confident and skilled in all the manifold arts of war, the High Elves have no compunction about using unstoppable force to achieve their ends. They know it is their destiny to shape the fate of the world, and woe betide any that stand in their way.

HIGH ELF FORTRESSES

High Elf forts are built on the craggy sea coast and often have outlying bastions added to their design to protect ships at anchor from high seas, and as causeways down to the local quays. Construction techniques involve the cunning use of masonry so that smaller towers and lofty balconies can be added which seem to defy gravity.

The majority of High Elf fortresses feature a cluster of tall towers that are linked by walls or raised causeways. Such castles are very resistant to attack. Being primarily redundant except as watchtowers for scanning the surrounding landscape for intruders, the towers allow High Elf nobles to create raised observatories for one of their greatest interests: astronomy. Although this common aspect of all High Elf castles now has very little purpose, in ancient times nobles used the towers to keep Dragons in. From these high vantage points these marvellous creatures could swoop down upon approaching invaders, gathering speed as they silently descended before letting loose their fiery breath on their master's foes.

The principle building stone of High Elf castles is the white marble of Ulthuan as its smooth surface provides little purchase for those attempting to climb up past the castle's outer defences. To defend the entrance to the castle the Elves tend to rely on thick, tall gates made of solid bronze or hardwood decorated with gold and silver.



High Elves bring their finely honed aesthetic not only to martial prowess, but to the very arms and armour they use. All High Elf weaponry and accoutrements of war are meticulously and elegantly crafted. Swords are often passed down from father to son, and may be ancient family heirlooms that have drawn blood in thousands of battles. The armour worn by High Elves is beautifully fashioned from a myriad of tiny metal scales making it lightweight and flexible, but stronger than steel, allowing the wearer to maintain their natural swiftness and agility. High Elves decorate their armour and weapons, making each a fantastic work of art. Their tall shapely helms glitter in the sunlight and are often intricately carved and encrusted in precious gems, for Elves love gemstones and use them to decorate their wargear. Clothes are sheer and finely made of clean white cloth embroidered with patterns of many colours. When an Elf warrior hears the description of his distant forbears arrayed for battle in an ancient saga, he recognises the very same uniform that he wears.

THE FATE OF THE BODY

As with all else in Ulthuan, the funerary traditions of High Elves are bound tight by millennia of precedent, protocol and, above all, seamliness. That said, the precise rituals vary greatly with different realms and families holding fast to different traditions.

In Lothern, it is customary to lay a great hero in a funerary ship, which is then set adrift upon the Sea of Dreams to meet whatever fate may claim it. In Caledor, bodies are put to the flame, in order to more quickly free the spirit within. In Tiranoc and Ellyrion, realms where the connection to the land is strongest felt, great stone sepulchres are sunk into the ground, with whole generations of families laid out in silent repose upon slabs of marble and serpentine. The Elves of Cothique are of a more practical mind.

Seeing the bodies of the slain as naught but empty vessels, they cast cadavers into the waves. Thus are Cothique's halls not only kept untainted by the dead, but the megalodons and Sea Dragons of the Cothiquan coast kept accustomed to a hunger for fresh meat. It is even said that in the heart of Avelorn there is a subterranean labyrinth of amber and jade. There, or so the legend tells, the empty shells that once belonged to Handmaidens of the Everqueens sit upon thrones of ivory, their silken robes adorned with enough gemstones to drive a mortal mad with avarice.

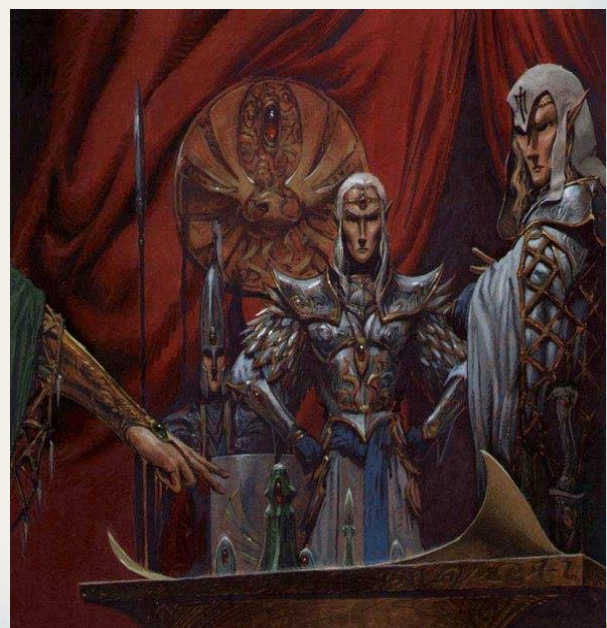
Yet such is the extreme lifespan of Elves that it is not always easy to determine when death has occurred. Some nobles lie in state for hundreds of years, their families convinced they have merely slipped into a long sleep, and will awaken in their own good time. Some Elven princesses have 'slept' for centuries, with fresh flowers – and sometimes even suitors – brought to their bedside each day by servants or relatives.

High Elves favour imagery which depicts fantastic creatures, such as dragons, the phoenix, and sea serpents, to name but a few. Many of these images appear in fully rendered scenes, such as a night sky, or stormy sea, rather than just sitting on plain, single coloured backgrounds. This is not to say that High Elves do not also produce simple designs, just that the more complicated the imagery, the more ancient and valued the shield or banner is likely to be.

The image of a High Elf army at war presents a very distinctive and striking impression. Serried ranks of tall spears, silver-steel gleaming in the sunlight, white robes fluttering in the breeze. Across the length and breadth of Ulthuan, however, there is incredible variety amongst the different regiments of warriors. Some regiments will equip themselves with shields, banners and robes that denote their allegiance to their homeland, while others will be armed and supplied by a noble benefactor such as a Prince or even the Phoenix King himself. Other bands of warriors will adopt shared heraldry that proclaims their joint service – perhaps proclaiming a famous battle, campaign or even a mighty leader they have fought alongside.

The High Elves have developed sorcery far beyond the accomplishments of any other race. They were the first to study magic and remain the greatest masters of it in the known world. Through magic the High Elves protect their island home of Ulthuan, for without the conjurations of the High Elf mages the entire island would sink beneath the waves forever. High Elf mages are mighty spell casters whose fiery blasts and awesome energies have won many a battle. It is the Elves who in years past taught magic to men, although the Elf mages far surpass the human wizards of the Old World in both skill and knowledge.

An army, once gathered, will serve for the duration of a specific task, which can often have wildly variable lengths. The campaign to ravage the coastline of Norsca, led by Sea Lord Aislinn, has so far lasted three



years and shows no sign of abatement. Prince Enrith's blood-soaked quest to recover the stolen waystone of Tor larae has spanned more than a decade, with his battered and weary warriors constantly on the heels of the ebullient Goblins of Waaagh! Grobnocker. Sometimes martial service is quickly discharged, however it is not uncommon for such duty to a very long time. It is a matter of some pride for the Elves garrisoning the Gates of Calith that they have thus far maintained more than ninety years of continuous service.

ENDLESS WAR

The history of the High Elves since that time has been one of almost constant battle and warfare. Only three of the Phoenix Kings that have ruled the High Elves have died peacefully; the rest have slain in battle, killed themselves in despair, or been the victim of an assassin's blade. Many of the wars the High Elves have fought have been valiant and noble, for they have always been the mightiest opponent of the Chaos powers, but almost as many have been brought about by pride arrogance. Most insidious of these were the civil wars that gave birth to the Dark Elf kingdom, an ongoing struggle that has raged for thousands of years and consumed countless legions across history.

These wars have forged a race very different to the mystics and scholars known to the Old Ones. Although the High Elves are still the supreme exponents of the magical arts, their armies have become the most professional and disciplined of all in this new age of war.

To this day, the High Elves are constantly at war. The Dark Elves raid Ulthuan on an almost daily basis. These despoilers hate their High Elf cousins to a degree incomprehensible to outsiders. The Naggarothi still consider the ten kingdoms of Ulthuan to be theirs by right, and probe ceaselessly for any weakness in its defences, spreading terror and destruction in their wake. Almost as bad are the rising realms of lesser



aces. Those that do not appear to be deliberately wicked or destructive are, at the very least, ignorant of their rightful place in the world, and with a few thoughtless acts can undo the labours of a dozen generations of High Elves. Thus must the armies of Ulthuan march upon other lands, ensuring that the careful balance they have nurtured is not undone by the foolishness of primitives.

THE ELVEN LANGUAGE

The High Elf language was developed many millennia ago, whilst humans were still uttering guttural exchanges. It has remained largely unchanged for several thousand years, evolving only slightly to adapt to the changing times, much like the Elves themselves.

At the heart of the Elven language, called Eltharin by the Elves, are a few basic root-words, or concepts. These words, and combinations of them, form the basis of most Elven communication, other words being derived from the basic concept that underlies the word. These underlying concepts are known as Asai, or Greater Words, while derivative words are called the Onai or Lesser Words. The Asai and Onai relate to the runic alphabets of Ulthuan, as detailed later.

THE FATE OF THE SPIRIT

To hungry gods, Eloen spirit-stuff is the most delectable of all prizes. Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, is rapacious in all his appetites, but thirsts for Elven souls beyond all others. Those few who escape his maw must then wade the grasp of Ereth Khial, the Pale Queen. Such fates are truly worse than death, ending either in total obliteration of the soul, or torment without end.

To guard against such fates, all High Elves are spiritually bound to the waystones of their ancestral lands. From the moment of binding onwards, each Elf feels a powerful connection to the land upon which his waystone rests, though he may spend a lifetime wandering other lands. Many High Elves carry wayshards, small gemstones attuned to the network of waystones that allow their bearers to feel the position of individual stones, and thus navigate the world.

When an Elf dies, his soul is drawn to his bound waystone, and becomes part of the ritual that sustains the Great Vortex. In this way, the folk of Ulthuan continue to protect, in death, the world they defended in life. It is even said that, at midnight, the hills and fields about a waystone tremble to the gallop of invisible hooves and ring with the din of a battle that lies beyond mortal sight.

Thus is the loss of even a single waystone a terrible tragedy. Not only does its fall diminish the magics of the Great Vortex, but with its destruction, the spirits within lose their anchor, and are left defenceless before the gaze of predatory gods.



The Asai form the cornerstone of all Elven communication, stemming from the most basic concepts of the world and Elven culture. A single word has a variety of meanings, depending on the context in which it is written or spoken. The exact context is defined by the Onai in the same sentence, honing down the broad concept into a more practical definition.

For example, one of the oldest Asai in the Elven language is Asur. This represents the highest of the Elven gods, the creator of Ulthuan. The god himself is named Asuryan, but the word itself can also mean the Eternal Flame (the greatest temple to Asuryan in Ulthuan), rebirth, lordship, and is often used to define the High Elf people themselves. We can see the commonality between all of these concepts – the Phoenix King, the chosen of Asuryan must pass through the Sacred Flame in the temple and receive the god's blessing, being re-born into his new role as ruler of the Elves, who see themselves as the children of Asuryan.

The speech of Ulthuan is highly melodic, impossible for any other race to imitate without the heaviest of accents and losing much of the subtlety of meaning implicit in variations of tone, stress and timbre. Thus the language, while at its most fundamental level is very simple in theory, in practice is near incomprehensible to non-Elven minds and ears.

THE RUNES OF THE ELVES

The ancient runescript of the High Elves is the most refined form of writing in the known world. For eight thousand years the High Elves have developed their runes and signs so that they could be used to store their accumulated knowledge and safeguard their history and songs for future generations.

High Elves possess a great deal of respect for the world about them and their runescript largely duplicates the shapes and forms found in nature, or are based upon the complex patterns of the stars in the night sky. The shapes of the High Elf runes are flowing and pleasing to the eye, well-suited to represent their music-like language Eltharin. Most Eltharin runes can be written in several ways or, like the words they represent, can mean different things in different contexts. For inferior races, these double-meanings can often appear contradictory and confusing, but the children of Asur, whose sensibilities and aesthetics are far advanced compared to the other races, know that all things in life are a matter of perspective and interpretation.

In written form, the Elven language is a flowing text, an unbroken stream of runes combined with needle-thin traces and weaving lines that mark subtle nuances and hidden meanings. Like the words themselves, these runes are split into Asun (Greater Runes) and Onun (Lesser Runes). Indeed, it is virtually impossible for humans to decipher High Elf writings, and it is claimed by many scholars who have tried that the runes themselves appear to change shape in the eyes of an untrained reader. Thus most of the translations of Elven

text are woefully lacking, being full of inconsistencies, errors and swathes of garbled nonsense and can't represent the depth and complexity of the original Elf manuscripts.

The most intricate works of the High Elves are the texts that cover their vast magical knowledge. Of all Elven texts, the most elegant and dangerous are their tomes and scrolls of magic. The runes in such books and scrolls are filled with enchantments and wards to deter those who seek power for power's sake. The words themselves have power, and are written in the most arcane of scripts to deter those who seek such knowledge easily, even amongst Elvenkind. These magical tomes are infinitely complex and are virtually incomprehensible to the scholars of other races.

High Elves often decorate their panoply of war with runes – on their banners, armour and weapons. The runes used in war often represent the pride and might of the High Elves, but also remind them of the noble principles of Elven warfare. Many High Elf standards are magical and their enchanted runes form a glowing, swirling pattern that creates otherworldly visions to encourage the High Elves and frighten their enemies. Many standards display runes which depict the unit's role, history or the personality of its commander.

Each banner and taken to war by the High Elves is an intricately designed masterpiece, crafted with years of care and attention. The battle standards of the High Elves are truly magnificent, decorated with beautiful heraldry and woven from the golden hair of the Elf maidens that is finer than the most expensive silks of





Cathay. The battle standards are covered with runes that tell of the history of the Elf Kingdoms, their many victories on the battlefield and glorious future. Once a High Elf army has arrayed for war, it is traditional for all banners upon the field of battle to be lowered, showing fealty to the Phoenix King. No banner bearer would dare to let his standard touch the floor however, for that is considered an act of grave dishonour. Likewise, shields and even the robes of individual warriors or makes are frequently adorned with runes, either magical or mundane. Every High Elf warrior who carries a shield into battle hears the responsibility for decorating it in accordance with the traditions of his regiment. They vary from ornate designs to simple runes. The High Elf nobility typically bear shields with designs that are entirely unique to them, each an individually crafted masterpiece. For a High Elf there is great spiritual value in bearing a rune that proclaims loyalty or threatens death to the enemies of Ulthuan.

GUARDIANS OF ORDER

Whilst the High Elves consider themselves to be the defenders of the world, that calling doesn't necessarily extend to the protection of other races. Only a relative handful of High Elves see the lesser races as something worth protecting – and even they believe that these races must occasionally be saved from themselves. The rest, at their most generous, consider foreigners an additional set of defences with which to preserve Ulthuan, living fortress walls to be reinforced or abandoned as the larger scheme of battle dictates. This is not to say that the High Elves never fight alongside other races, but it is true that such alliances seldom come about save through the intervention of exceptional and foresighted individuals.



Few amongst the other races see the High Elves' mission for what it is, so blinded are they by their own petty concerns and suspicions. To them, the folk of Ulthuan are merely another power jockeying for pre-eminence through the channels of trade, diplomacy and war. They have not the wit to see that if the High Elves choose to trade with another race, it is not out of a desire for coin or armaments. There are treasures beyond the dreams of avarice in the vaults of even Ulthuan's meanest mansion, and the armouries of its kingdoms contain ten times as many enchanted weapons than there are Elves to wield them. However, the High Elves know trade to be something that others welcome and understand, and so use it to gather information and position spies. Likewise, the High Elves find the tongues of other races to be leaden and boorish, and so only engage in overseas politicking if it factors into their wider goals.



Even in matters of war, the High Elves seldom commit themselves unless it will substantially benefit their cause. The armies of Ulthuan are amongst the mightiest weapons any ruler could hope to wield, but the world is vast, and they cannot be everywhere at once. Every battle, whether it be a skirmish between warbands, a clash of armies or the siege of a great city, is fought because it will shift the balance between the order the High Elves seek to maintain and the destruction caused by the onset of Chaos. Not all such battles are fought directly with the forces of the Dark Gods. Though they know it not, rampaging greenskins, meddling Men and needlessly stubborn Dwarfs can undermine the High Elves' quest for order, simply through their unthinking deeds. As a consequence, the blades of Ulthuan must be carried against the warriors of many lands – if the ignorant must be slaughtered to deny the truly wicked, then so be it.

The war that the High Elves fight is a desperate one, with no ultimate victory in sight. The forces of Chaos are endless and eternal, whilst the High Elves dwindle daily. There may yet come a time when all of Ulthuan's blood has been spent, and the world is left bare before the predations of hungry gods. That day may yet be long away, but every battle, won or lost, brings it closer.

TOL UMHAR
*Recall the pale tall towers!
 See now the age-old carvings of ancient Elven gods!
 Behold once more the myriad lamps of varied colours!
 Forget not the one hundred silver mailed spearmen
 striding upon the proud walls!
 Remember the echo of the silver warhorns calling the
 warriors to the defence of Tol Umhar.*





Lord Elodain grimaced in disgust as the stench of the foe drifted towards him on the wind. It was the dry acrid odour of the tomb that haunted the air of the valley and made the steeds of the Elves stamp their hooves and bite nervously upon their bits. The Elven Lord steadied Snowmane with a soothing word and the horse quietened at once, such was the trust between rider and the mount he had raised from a foal in the land of Ellyrion.

At his back a hundred riders waited for his command. He turned to watch as each steadied his own horse much as he had done. They were the finest of the Elven cavalry. Each wore a coat of keenly wrought chain and over this a breast plate embellished with all the marvellous skill of Elven craftsmanship. Upon his arm each bore a tapering shield whose surface shone with Elven runes of wonderful delicacy. In a mailed glove each warrior carried a long lance tipped with a deadly sparkling point. At his side each carried a long sword whose edge was keener than any razor. Finally, each wore the tall helm for which they were named the Silver Helms, the pride of the Elves kingdoms.

Lord Elodain watched as the enemy's tattered ranks stumbled down the valley, neither hurrying nor delaying, but shuffling onwards as if directed clumsily by some malign will. He knew these were but corpse soldiers, ragged bone and rotted cloth, blunted swords and crumbling shields. They were as nothing compared to the majesty of the Elves - yet there were a great many, and they were utterly without fear.

As Lord Elodain watched the distant horde of the dead, a warrior reined his horse beside his own. It was Aeol, one of the young Elves whose swift horses, keen eyes and exceptional riding skills had earned him the task of scouting in advance of the army.

"My Lord. I see a messenger approaching from the east." he announced as he pointed towards the distant hilltop that marked the edge of the valley.

Lord Elodain strained to see the tiny dot that seemed hardly distinguishable from the jagged rocks and the battered trees that struggled for life in that desolate place.

"Your eyes are keen indeed Aeol," declared Elodain. "I see only dust rising from the ground."

"That is the horde of dead riders that follows in his wake. He is flagging. I think his horse is lame for the cadavers are gaining which otherwise they could never do."

"Quickly, Aeol! Take a company of Silver Helms and save him, for he must be upon some vital errand to merit such a dangerous ride." But even as Elodain spoke a shadow passed over Aeol's face and he spoke without hope.

"It is too late my Lord, even now they snap upon his heels, curse them! He draws his bow and looses arrow after arrow between their bony ribs but they are too many. He has but one arrow left. No wait! He turns towards us and

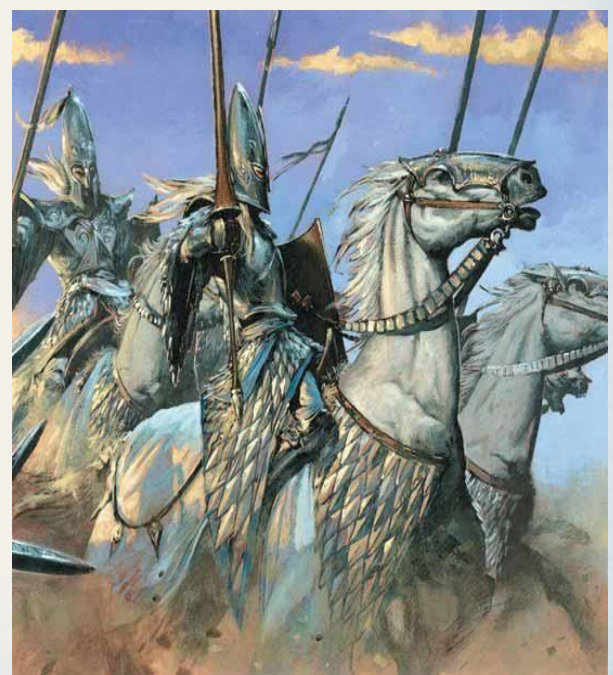
shoots! Now they are upon him" With those words Aeol fell silent and Lord Elodain knew that the valiant rider was no more.

The Elves bowed their heads sorrowfully and mourned the loss of one so brave, wondering what message could be so important that its bearer should die so horribly attempting to deliver it. Lord Elodain wondered also what he should do - to advance or retreat, to move or stand his ground, for who could guess how the battle progressed beyond the narrow confines of the valley. For all he knew the battle hung in the balance awaiting the critical intervention of his warriors. But when? And where?

With a soft thud the arrow landed a score of feet in front of Snowmane. It had been shot with the strength of desperation and carried upon the air as far as any arrow ever flew. It fell harmlessly, its impetus exhausted, so that even if it had struck naked flesh it would have stung no more than a twig thrown by an infant, it was a white arrow fletched with the feathers of eagles and its shining point was polished to such a degree that it had parted the sky as a scythe mows the tender grass of spring. Tied to its shaft and written upon the thinnest parchment was the message.

Aeol dismounted at once and hurried to recover the arrow which he bore to Lord Elodain without hesitation. The Elven Lord took it carefully, removed the parchment and in a moment all sign of doubt was cast from his face. The Silver Helms would not be drawn into what he now understood to be an invidious trap. He knew the enemy would be defeated thanks to the brave rider from the east. He looked upon the fine white arrow, the polished tip and delicately feathered flight.

"Take this Aeol," he said as he presented the arrow to the young Elf. "It will make a fine tale to tell your great-grandchildren one day when your eyes grow dim and your limbs are stiff with age. Treasure it in memory of the rider whose courage once saved your life."





THE PANTHEON OF THE ASUR

The deities of the Elves are divided into the Cadai, the gods of the Heavens, and the Cytharai, the gods of the Underworld. In Ulthuan, worship is given most freely to the Cadai, for the High Elves consider that these gods and goddesses represent the nobler side of their natures. Accordingly, representations of the Pantheon Mandala as used in Ulthuan place Asuryan as the centre of things, with an inner circle of Cadai arrayed around him. The outer circle is reserved for those gods of which the High Elves disapprove, or else court warily. The Dark Elves and Wood Elves also represent their deities using the Pantheon Mandala, but they place the gods differently within its circles.

ASURYAN, THE CREATOR

The symbol of Asuryan is the Phoenix, the firebird of legend. He is the Emperor of the Heavens; the oldest and greatest of all the gods. He is the Creator, and the Flame Eternal – the giver of life – rests in his hand. The High Elves believe that it is Asuryan's purpose and plan that they follow in mortal life and beyond. Whether this is true or not is impossible to say, for Asuryan speaks seldom to his fellow gods, and hardly ever to the Elves.

Asuryan dwells alone in a great pyramid atop the heavens, and observes the world from his diamond throne. No mortal has ever seen his face, and thus the statues of him always bear a mask. The mask is divided in two halves, one white and the other black, symbolising Asuryan's role as the Keeper of Balance.

Asuryan is the judge between the disputes of the gods and rarely meddles in the affairs of the Elves – indeed, few mortal deeds or plights are significant enough to attract his attention. However, legend tells that it is Asuryan who touches the mind of each new Phoenix King of Ulthuan when he passes through the Flames of Asuryan, in order to better judge their worthiness for the task ahead.

VAUL, THE MAKER

Vaul is armourer to the hosts of heaven and patron to blacksmiths and artisans. He is both crippled and blind, wounded in the ancient wars of the gods when he challenged Khaine. Enslaved to Khaine's will, Vaul is forced to make weapons of extraordinary power for the War God's eternal battle against the great enemy. Vaul has thus laboured for time untold, but his hatred for Khaine has never slackened. Even so, the Maker nurtures no seed of rebellion, but bears his shame in silence; he knows that the Elves will need Khaine's fire and fury if they are to survive the great darkness that is coming, and even a god's pride is a little thing when set against the extinction of an entire race. So does Vaul's desire for revenge go unfulfilled – just one more burden for his twisted body to bear.

Mightiest of the blades forged at Vaul's hand was the Widomaker, and it was Draugnir, father of Dragons, who provided the fire that tempered that steel. Alas, the weapon thirsted, even then, and stole from Draugnir more than he sought to give. Thereafter, the fate of Draugnir's line was eternally bound to that of the Elves.

ISHA, THE MOTHER

Isha is the goddess of harvest and nature. It was she who first taught the Elves how to care for the land and gain a plentiful harvest. She is depicted as an Elf woman full of life and beauty and is considered to be the mother of the whole Elven race. Isha is the patron goddess of the Everqueen, blessing her with wisdom and beauty, and it is through Isha that the Everqueen draws much of her power. Isha blesses the eternal glades and fields of Avelom so that winter never blemishes the domain of the Everqueen.

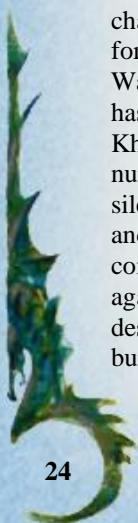
The symbol of Isha is the All Seeing Eye, shedding a single tear for her mortal children, the Elves. At the dawn of time Asuryan decided that while the Elves would be prodigiously long-lived, they would still grow weary of the world and die. Isha, who loved her children the Elves above all her creations, despaired and cried in anguish, her tears falling like rain onto the mortal world below, providing the waters of lift that transformed Ulthuan into such a rich and bountiful land.

Thereafter, Isha has ever watched her mortal children keenly, ever alert to ways in which she might aid them. Whilst direct contact has long been forbidden by Asuryan, Isha sometimes pleads with Lileath to send tidings through dreams and nightmares, so that the Elves might not confront the perils of the world without some measure of warning and guidance. Only when the Creator's attention is elsewhere does Isha dare intervene personally, spreading her magics across Ulthuan to shrivel the Daemons and evildoers that threaten her children.

KURNOUS, THE HUNTER

Kurnous the Hunter is the lord of both forest and beasts; the spirit of the untouched forests, wild animals and trackless wilderness. He is the husband of Isha, and all Elves are his children. Wherever Kurnous travels, he is followed by a pack of baying hounds, and when he sounds his horn the Wild Hunt follows him, their hearts filled with unrestrained joy.

All hunters venerate Kurnous, for he watches over them in the wilds. He requires that a hunter never kills animals for sport, but slays only dangerous beasts, and hunts only enough game to eat. To offend Kurnous is to invite disaster, for his vengeance is swift and brutal. Those that transgress his laws are well served not to enter those places where the natural world is at its





wildest; few that do so emerge from the untamed lands, and those that do escape are invariably ashen-faced, scarred and silent for the remainder of their lives.

Ellyrion is considered by many to be Kurnous' chosen kingdom in Ulthuan, for its wide plains and dense forests are home to many wild beasts against which a hunter can test his skill. Many a hollow conceals an altar of horn, bone and briar where Kurnous' adherents make their observances away from the prying eyes of more civilised Elves. Sometimes, the wind on plains carries the echo of the Hunter God's horn. If heard at dawn, it is considered to be a good omen for that day's hunt. If heard at dusk, it is Kurnous' warning that evil stalks the land, and that all hunters must ready their bows for two-legged prey.

HOETH, LORD OF WISDOM

Hoeth is the embodiment of erudition, and patron of all who search for greater understanding; the Ekes believe it was he who gifted their race with much of the knowledge they now take for granted. Opinion is divided on precisely why Hoeth did so. Most Elves believe Hoeth's actions were founded in generosity, but some mutter darkly of how knowledge leads to progress, and progress inevitably leads to the ruin of tradition. Whatever the motivation, legend tells that when Asuryan learned of Hoeth's actions, he rebuked the Lord of Wisdom and, in punishment, set much of Hoeth's great library ablaze.

LILEATH, THE MAIDEN

Lileath is the goddess of the moon, a radiant vision of purity. She is the goddess of dreams and fortune, and commonly revered by the seers, Loremasters and mages of Ulthuan. Indeed, no High Elf can truly master the arts of magic without receiving Lileath's Messing. Indeed, it is even said that this divine favour – as much as scholarly discipline – is what grants the mages of Ulthuan their incomparable aptitude for abjuration and counterspell.

Lileath is also the Elven goddess associated with innocence and forgiveness. It is claimed that she reads the intent written upon the heart of an Elf and thus judges his actions not by what he does, but by what he seeks to do.

What is less well known is the special relationship that the Shadow Warriors share with Lileath. She alone is their hope for salvation. If the ill-fated warriors of Nagarythe can finally defeat Malekith's followers and fulfil the oath sworn by their ancestors centuries ago, they believe that the Maiden will forgive them the grievous wrongs they have committed while carrying out their grisly shadow war.

LOEC, THE SHADOW DANCER

Loec, the Shadow Dancer, is the Elf god of laughter. He is the trickster, patron of dances, songs and plays. The Elf legends tell that he often saves the souls of the dead from Slaanesh by tricking the Dark Prince out of

his prize. And such is true, though no rescue is guaranteed, and even successes cost the Shadow Dancer more of his strength than he would care to admit.

Loec appears to the Elves as a lithe youth who dances across the void, and his laughter stirs the souls and spirits that dwell there. Without him, it is said, the heavens would grow dull and cold, for the stars of the night sky would no longer have reason to remain wakeful. The Chaos Gods hunt Loec as he dances, but the Shadow Dancer is tireless and cunning, and can never be caught.

There is a darker side to Loec as well. He is the god of shadows, malicious trickery, vengeance and dark deeds. The Elves of lost Nagarythe worship him, for they use stealth and darkness to enact their revenge.

MATHLANN, LORD OF THE DEEPS

Mathlann is a fickle god, distrusted by many of Ulthuan's folk. He is the King of Storm and Sea, ruler of all those creatures who dwell below the waves, and has little love for any of dry land's creatures. Only the mariners of Cothique and Lothorn have any love for the Lord of the Deeps, and they embrace him as patriarch far more willingly than they do Kurnous or Asuryan. Such behavior is disapproved of in other corners of Ulthuan, where tradition portrays Mathlann as a destructive deity, but such scorn has little impact on those Elves whose lives and livelihoods rely on safe passage of the open seas.





KHAINE, THE BLOODY-HANDED GOD

Khaine is the Elf god of war, murder, hatred and destruction. He is the destroyer, who represents to the Elves the fact that in order for there to be life there must also be death; in order to have peace there must also be war; in order to have happiness there must be suffering; in order to have love there must be hatred and murder. Without Khaine, and his ruthless arts, life would be utterly without meaning, for no living being appreciates life's bounty without the prospect of it being torn asunder.

Unlike the Dark Elves, the High Elves balance the destructive nature of Khaine among the other gods, each representing a part of their character. Khaine is the god of unleashed violence – the High Elves may use his murder-lust when danger threatens, but it must be controlled and used wisely. The nobility of Nagarythe in particular are wary of the lure of Khaine's glories, for they are born of a lineage that thirsts for vengeance and know the seductive call of the Bloody-Handed God better than any. For a warrior of Nagarythe, every day is lived in perfect balance, drawing upon Khaine when he is needed, but countering his baleful influence with that of more merciful gods, lest his influence overwhelm.

Once you have fallen into Khaine's shadow, the High Elves say, you will never rest easy in the light. The history of Ulthuan contains many stark reminders of this singular truth, but none carry more weight than the fate of Aenarion. Once the Phoenix King seized the Widowmaker, he invited Khaine into his heart, and thereafter knew peace only in death.



ERETH KHIAL, THE PALE QUEEN

Ereth Khial is the supreme goddess of the Underworld. Long ago, she attempted to seduce Asuryan and, when he resisted her, she grew enraged, stole the souls of the dead and hid them in the black pit, Mirai. The Pale Queen has never forgotten Asuryan's slight. Whilst he lies beyond her power, the Elves do not, so it is they who suffer Ereth Khial's wrath. Should a waystone be destroyed, Ereth Khial sends the wraith-like repfallim to seize what souls they may, and bear them away to dwell in Mirai in eternal torment. Such thievery must be quick, for Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, suffers no one – not even the Pale Queen – to take even the meanest of scraps from his table.

Ereth Khial's deeds may have made her outcast from Asuryan's court, but many of the Elves' darker deities acknowledge her as their mistress. Even so, she is seldom worshipped in Ulthuan. Most folk do not

entreat Ereth Khial's blessings, but hope to avoid her attention altogether, wearing sprigs of wyrdroot or blackhame to avert her vengeful gaze. Some Elves, however, think it better for their spirits to endure eternity in torment, rather than meet oblivion through Slaanesh's hunger, and thus secretly court the Pale Queen's fickle favour.

Such observances must perforce be kept secret, for the worship of Ereth Khial is widely considered the sign of a diseased or ill-adjusted mind. Those marked by the Pale Queen's touch are inevitably exiled or imprisoned should their terrible secrets be laid bare, yet her priests and celebrants have never been entirely eradicated from Ulthuan's shores.

MORAI-HEG, THE CRONE

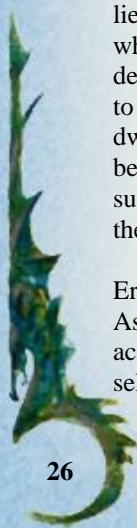
Morai-Heg the Crone is the Elf goddess of the underworld. She is an ancient and withered creature, the Keeper of the Souls and the Weaver of Prophecy. She, and she alone, knows the future and reads the patterns of time. She sets the stars of the heavens, and thus the future can be read from the night sky. The High Elves believe that Morai-Heg knows the fate of all, and that every death – no matter how trivial – is foretold by the Crone.

Morai-Heg is a vexsome and shifting being, and commonly stands apart from the quarrels of the other gods. Hers is not the distant aloofness practiced by Asuryan, however, but a scheming neutrality that exploits any heavenly discord to her own advantage. Thus, there is not a god of the Elves who does not owe Morai-Heg thanks and retribution in equal measure.

Ravens are said to be Morai-Heg's messengers. They soar across Ulthuan and the barbaric lands of the younger races, bearing snippets of the Crone Goddess' wisdom to those that have the wit to interpret the signs. Thus, Ulthuan's archer regiments hark at every coarse raven song, and mourn the passing of each member of the chorus. Such actions are thought to be the obsessions of simple minds by some of the nobility, but the archers care not. It does not do to mock Morai-Heg, they say. She knows whether the arrows they loose will find their mark or not, and such knowledge grants a power that should not be offended.

LADRIELLE, LADY OF MISTS

Ladrielle is the protectress of all things that are hidden or lost, and patron of travellers in the wilderness. By tradition, she is the only goddess to any longer walk the mortal world, and there are tales of her coming to the aid of those lost amidst the mists of Yvresse or upon the trackless ocean. Her worship is therefore chiefly observed in those cities, such as Lothorn and Tor Yoresse, where Elven wanderlust has never faded. Ladrielle's face is always hidden by a veil, but many Elves assume she is the most beautiful of goddesses. Others, however, suspect she is merely a guise adopted by another deity, one whose true aspect is concealed behind the ashen silk.





From the hilltop Lord Criseinur observed the horde of living dead emerging from the woods. Soon the enemy would be in range of the bolt thrower and the machine's crew were already loading it. The Elven general could smell the stench of death filling the air and felt the shivers down his spine that always accompanied the presence of these unnatural opponents. The runes on his ancient sword gleamed with an intensifying white light, as the blade was growing more and more eager to cut through the foul enemy. Criseinur walked towards his bodyguard of White Lions and saw the great mage Eronel sitting, immobile, among them. He greeted his old friend: "Any news of the reinforcements. Eronel? Where is Giladas?"

The wizard did not answer and Criseinur noticed his empty eyes staring into infinity. He realized that the mage's mind had left his body and was now somewhere else. No surprise then that he had chosen the mighty White Lions to protect his defenseless body! After a few minutes Eronel woke from the trance and stood up: "Sorry my Lord, but Giladas' detachment has been ambushed by a large group of the corrupted corpse-eaters that always follow the living dead. Our spearmen routed them, but were considerably delayed. I'm afraid we will have to hold on for at least four hours

Four hours! That was not going to be easy, thought Criseinur. They were seriously outnumbered, but at least the enemy was slow and had no missile weapons.

He would have given his right arm for a squadron of Silver Helms on his flank, but all the cavalry had been left behind, to defend the plains in front of the Citadel of Dusk. Everything led to the same conclusion - it would be a defensive battle, and he didn't like it. It was the way Dwarfs fought! They would have to defend this hill, relying on their bows to weaken the foul multitude before it fell upon them. Then it would be down to the courage and strength of the 'White Lions.


Still, not even that would be enough if the reinforcements did not make it in time. If they arrived too late, they would face enemies that were not tired from the battle and whose ranks had been replenished with Elven casualties. Giladas' warriors would have to fight the animated bodies of their former comrades... and that would mean defeat.


"People of Ulthuan!" resounded Criseinur's voice, not a trace in it of the concerns that occupied his mind. "Ready your weapons, but remember that the greatest weapon of our enemy is the fear that hides in our hearts. Fight that fear, don't let it overwhelm you and we will stand our ground and send them back whence they came!" A roaring battle cry answered Criseinur's words and the mage Eronel nodded his approval.


"Now it begins." thought Criseinur, then raised his shining sword and ordered, "Archers, prepare to loose! Ballista, open fire!"



KEY






City 

Fortress 






Shrine 



THE OUTER KINGDOMS

TIRANOC	NAGARYTHE	CHRACE	COTHIQUE	YVRESSE
				

THE INNER KINGDOMS

EATAINE	CALEDOR	ELLYRION	AVELORN	SAPHERY
				



THE LAND OF ULTHUAN

The High Elf civilisation was born on the immense island-continent of Ulthuan, an island paradise created specifically for the High Elves by the Old Ones who first shaped the world. It is a place of incredible magic, where unthinkable power is harnessed and borne upon gentle winds. Situated in the Great Western Ocean, between the Old and New Worlds, Ulthuan resembles a hollow ring of land, surrounded by scattered archipelagos. The ring is broken only at its southern point by the Straits of Lothem. These provide the only sea route between the island's Inner Sea and the ocean beyond.

Ulthuan is comprised of the ten realms of the Outer and Inner Kingdoms. The former being those whose shores touch the ocean, while the latter are those that surround the Inner Sea. The Inner Kingdoms lie on the shores of the Inner Sea, and the Outer Kingdoms lie on the wild ocean shores and the island chains. Here lie the northern Kingdom of Cothique and the mountainous realm of Chrace. To the west and east lie the fertile but sparsely populated kingdoms of Tiranoc and Yvresse. In the south lies Eataine with its fortress city of Lothem glittering like the gemstone in a giant ring.

The Inner and Outer Kingdoms are divided by a range of titanic cloud-piercing mountains known as the Annulii. The highest valleys and plateaux of this region disappear into a strange, glittering mist of raw magic so strong it becomes visible even to those without the wizard sight. No Elf has ever scaled to the very summit of one of the Annulii and spoken of it, but legends abound of an otherworldly realm beyond the clouds, where ancient gods hold court. Within this realm the stuff of dreams and nightmares can coalesce from the very air. The sun is never visible: it is eternal twilight. Time flows strangely and travellers become lost for years although they think they have been walking only hours. Even the use of magic becomes unpredictable in the mountains. This unstable region of Ulthuan has a strange other-worldly quality more akin to the realms of Chaos than to mortal lands.

The mountains are riven with magic because Ulthuan itself acts as focal point for the winds of magical energy which blow across the known world from the Northern Wastes. These drifting energies are drawn to Ulthuan, like water in a whirlpool, forming a vortex of magic. In this way Ulthuan drains magic out of the known world and prevents the tide of magic overwhelming everything and turning it into a seething realm of Chaos. The creation of this magical vortex was one of the first and greatest acts of the High Elf mages of Ulthuan.

The Annulii are almost impossible to cross, save by certain passes and tunnels and these are guarded by massive fortified gates and watched over by companies of grim Elven warriors. Even then, travellers must

contend with the perilous beasts that shelter amidst the crags and catacombs. Many wild and evil creatures are spawned in the mountains or drawn there on the winds of magic. For the most part they are confined there by the same spell which draws the magic to Ulthuan, but some things manage to find their way down to ravage the lands below. Griffons, chimera and other monsters find their way into the hinterlands of the Inner Kingdoms where they are hunted for sport or captured as war mounts by the High Elves.

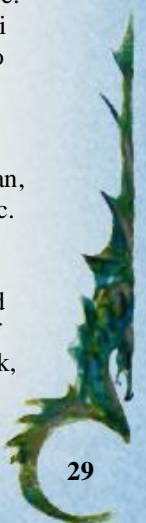
So few that most communication between the inner and outer realms takes place by sea. So few are the passages that breach the near impenetrable mountains between the Inner and Outer Kingdoms, that most communication between them takes place by sea, for the Elves are masters of the waves and the journey is often faster aboard a swift Elven ship. Thus the Inner Kingdoms are unspoilt wildernesses for the most part, covered by huge, ancient forests or grassy, rolling plains, utterly free of the stamp of habitation.

In contrast to the storm-lashed Outer Kingdoms and the twilight Annulii the Inner Kingdoms bask in eternal summer, filled with a dazzling selection of exotic plants and animals unknown in other lands. Even near the settlements of the Elves the land is unscarred by the mark of hoe or plough for Elf agriculture is magically efficient and their diet is supplemented by hunting and fishing. The high Elves possess a great respect for their land and build their cities in harmony with nature as much as possible. Using sorcerous building techniques they craft mighty cities of tall white towers that blend into the surrounding landscape like groves of great pale trees.

In ancient days the Kingdom of Nagarythe was the most prestigious of all the Elven realms, but in later days, such glory has passed instead to the Inner Kingdoms, specifically Caledor and Saphery and most recently Eataine.

THE VORTEX OF MAGIC

Ulthuan is a place of incredible magic, where unthinkable power is harnessed and borne upon gentle winds. The raw power of the land is clear for all to see. From the multi-coloured skies high above the Annulii Mountains, that shift and swirl with roiling energy, to the lush and verdant inner lands that know no winter, the majesty and splendour of Ulthuan is undeniable. The drifting energies of magic which permeate the world are all drawn eventually to the centre of Ulthuan, like water into a whirlpool, forming a vortex of magic. In this way Ulthuan drains magic out of the Warhammer World preventing the tide of magic overpowering everything and turning the entire world into a seething realm of Chaos. The very existence of Ulthuan therefore keeps the powers of Chaos in check, and acts as a counterbalance to the Realm of Chaos





which lies to the north of the Old World. The creation of this magical vortex was one of the first and greatest acts of the High Elf mages of Ulthuan – keeping the entire world safe from destruction.

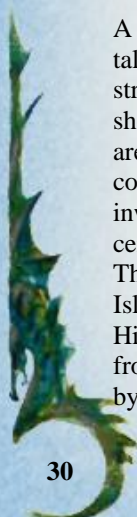
All magic is dangerous and the titanic forces drawn into the realm of Ulthuan are more dangerous than any other. In ancient days, in a time known as The Sundering, the continent was literally torn apart, riven by terrible magic that wracked the land and threatened to sink it beneath the waves. Only at the last moment was Ulthuan saved, and only the most powerful spells and wards keep Ulthuan afloat. The High Elf Mages chose to anchor their spell in the Isle of the Dead, in the exact centre of the inner sea of Ulthuan. So great was the power required to harness the raw magic that a system of magic standing stones was built to contain and direct the flow of energy towards the Isle of the Dead.

A network of great menhirs, each more than twice as tall as a man and engraved with potent magical runes, stretches across the continent of Ulthuan from shore to shore, channelling and calming the dread magics that are drawn towards Ulthuan. Each standing stone collects and absorbs the raw power and directs it to its inward neighbour, ever closer to the Inner Sea and the centre of the magical vortex at the heart of Ulthuan. Thus the magic is gathered and passed inwards to the Isle of the Dead where the ancient conjuration of the High Elves drains it back into the dimension of magic from whence it came. Without the vast power drawn in by the menhirs, these protective wards would fail and

the whole continent would be swallowed up by the sea. Should the network of stones be damaged the fine balance of energies could collapse in upon itself and consume Ulthuan in a holocaust of raw power, turning it into another Realm of Chaos which the Dark Elves would return to claim for their Chaos Gods at last.

The stones are arranged around Ulthuan in a vast web, forming a pattern around the Isle of the Dead that extended right to the very edge of the outer sea. Many mages build their dwellings along these channels and many places of power occur where the lines intersect. The Elves have been known to bury their dead at these points in great high mounds or barrows. This pins the souls of the dead to these places, letting the ghosts guard the lands they love and saving their spirits from the terrible prospect of being devoured by the Gods of Chaos.

All magic is dangerous, and magic of such cosmic potency is more dangerous than any other. The Isle of the Dead itself is so suffused with sorcerous energy that time has been destroyed in that place, so that it exists out of time, and beyond the reach of the physical world. If an Elf were to sail to that island today they could find the High Elf Mages of old, caught like flies in amber, still chanting their spells, doomed to an eternity of conjuration to preserve the balance of the world. Few Elves make that journey, and those that do never return. It is said that when the end of the world comes at last the ancient Mages of Ulthuan will emerge from the Isle of the Dead accompanied by an army of all the lost souls of Ulthuan to reclaim their thrones.





THE GREAT GATES

The mountain range to the north-west of Ulthuan face the Dark Elves' kingdom of Naggaroth. It is no coincidence, then, that each of the mountain passes is guarded by a massive fortress, built around equally the massive gates through which the High Elves control access to Ulthuan's interior – Dragon Gate, Griffon Gate, Phoenix Gate, Unicorn Gate, and Eagle Gate. Each fortress maintains a sizeable garrison whose duty it is to defend their gate to the very last Elf should the Druchii – or indeed anything else – come calling with host in tow and an aggressive intent. The Gate Guards populating its garrison are highly skilled in the operation of the various traps and war engines positioned at strategic choke points around the battlements and atop the gates themselves, adept at all forms of hand-held missile weaponry, and masters of hand-to-hand combat, lest any attackers achieve the unthinkable and begin to break through the extensive fortifications.



Eagle gate

The Eagle Gate is one of five great fortresses that bar the mountain passes between the Shadowlands of Nagarythe and the Inner Kingdoms. It was built during the reign of Caledor the Conqueror, who was determined that the Dark Elves would never again find Ulthuan so unprepared and vulnerable as they had in the first days of his rule. As with the other fortresses, the garrison of the Eagle Gate is a permanent body of standing troops, drawn from the finest warriors across Ulthuan. To perform such service is one of the highest honours to which an Elf can aspire, and should a soldier survive his duty, he will thereafter be treated with respect by commoner and noble alike. Alas, surviving such an assignment is a luxury given to only a few. Between the Dark Elves of Naggaroth and the monsters of the Annulii, a soldier will have to best many foes if he is to return home.

Griffon gate

The Griffon Gate is the oldest of Ulthuan's great mountain fortresses. It is also held to be unlucky by those who serve within it, for it always seems that foes besiege the Griffon Gate long before they consider carrying their blades against its sister fortresses. Yet the Griffon Gate's defenders forgive their fortress its odd fortunes, for there is still honour to be earned upon its walls. Furthermore, there are few more glorious sights than when the first rays of sun strike the colossal golden statues that stand watch over the gate. To be present upon the walls of the Griffon Gate at sunrise, it is said, is to be reminded of the Golden Age of the Elves, and to know one's hope reborn. Perhaps this is why, despite many hundreds of sieges over thousands of years, the Griffon Gate has never once fallen to its attackers. No matter how overmatched its defenders, the golden fortress of the western mountains has always held true.

Unicorn gate

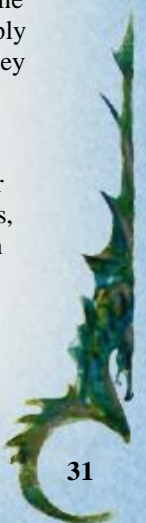
The Unicorn Gate guards the longest and most treacherous of the mountain passes. As a result, it has seen less conflict than its sister fortresses – even the most determined of Dark Elf attackers see little purpose in breaching the Unicorn Gate simply to fight their way through the Harpy- and Cockatrice-haunted ravines that lie beyond. For all this, the garrison of the Unicorn Gate are no less tested than those of other strongholds, for they are under constant attack by the denizens of the very pass they guard. Thus have their archers earned a reputation for quick eyes and quicker wits. After all, walls are of little defence against winged adversaries and, once a Harpy is within a spear's length, the battle's outcome is already in doubt. It is for this reason that the Unicorn Gate underwent substantial modification during the reign of Bel-Korhadris, adding several dozen outrigger towers from which keen-eyed archers could scour the walls in the event of a Harpy attack.

Dragon gate

The Dragon Gate is the largest and grandest of all Ulthuan's fortresses. When Caledor the Conqueror laid down the foundations for the great gates, he knew he would be unable to spend much time at court in Lothorn, so enshrined the Dragon Gate as his war capital. He ordered a great palace be built into the heart of the fortress, and that provision be set aside for Ulthuan's highest families to take up residence there in times of strife. The Dragon Gate's garrison too was established on a suitably grand scale, with near twice as many soldiers under arms as any two of the other great gates combined. Such an obvious display of martial pride soon proved an irresistible lure to the Dark Elves, and within a decade of the Dragon Gate's completion, no fewer than six of Malekith's armies broke themselves upon its walls. Now, like much of Ulthuan, the Dragon Gate is only sparsely occupied, but its grim reputation is said to be worth ten thousand spears.

Phoenix Gate

The Phoenix Gate was well named, for over the course of its existence it has been reduced to rubble and rebuilt on several occasions. Yet its garrison are little worried by this seemingly grim record. A great many of the Phoenix Gate's soldiers are drawn from the Kingdom of Eataine, and they simply assume such woes to be part of Asuryan's ineffable plan. 'Should the enemy topple our walls,' they say, 'then we shall simply build them higher and grander than before: And so they have, many times. Indeed, the towers of the Phoenix Gate now stand so tall that their spires are lost within the clouds that hang heavy about the Annulii Mountains. This stubborn pride in the face of disaster has become famous throughout Ulthuan – despite this, few warriors from other realms seek out service upon the Phoenix Gate. It takes a very deliberate kind of madness to seek guardianship over a fortress whose walls seem almost predestined to fall.



THE BATTLE OF ANURELL'S TOMB

Eldril drew his cloak around him and turned his gaze towards the eastern horizon. As the stars faded into the azure tint of daybreak he wondered whether he too was destined to die in this barren and forsaken land.

Behind him, a sheer cliff rose dark and craggy into the sky to tower over his small band of warriors. At its base, shrouded in vines, as with some ancient tapestry stood the granite pillar of Anurell's Tomb. He stretched out his fingers to touch the cold stone. Centuries ago, Anurell the great High Elf mariner and explorer had been laid to rest here when he and his crew had been shipwrecked on this coast. Now Eldril had come in the vanguard of Lord Dramalliel's army to recover Anurell's remains and recover that ancient jewel of power known as the Navigator Stone.

His mind drifted back to the arduous journey from the coast. They had marched relentlessly for three days, following the treacherous path of the dark river as it snaked its way through the shadowy mountain peaks. As they'd moved inland, Imrallion, Lord Dramalliel's chosen hero had flown above them on his war eagle silently scouting the land to warn them of approaching dangers.

When they reached the valley of Anurell's tomb, Imrallion had turned back to guide the main body of the army forward to join them – and it was then that disaster struck. As the small group of Elves approached the tomb, they had been attacked by a savage pack of wolves ridden by spiteful, leering creatures that Eldril recognised as Hobgoblins. They had driven the foul creatures of but not before many of his men had fallen under a rain of black arrows or been cut down by the surprise and ferocity of the attack.

Eldril had immediately sent a messenger back to Lord Dramalliel to urge haste before the Hobgoblins regrouped to attack again. All day they had scoured the skies waiting for Imrallion's return, but there had been no sign of the mighty warrior and his eagle Deathwing. Then in the late afternoon, the hills around their position had echoed to the thunder of drums and the braying of trumpets. His scouts informed him that a large army of Chaos Dwarfs was marching towards their position, alerted no doubt by the sneering tales of the Hobgoblins, and just before nightfall he had seen two great winged beasts flying high over the tomb. At first he thought that it was Imrallion and Lord Dramalliel returned to aid them but as the creatures descended he realised that both of the monsters were wreathed in smoke and flame and now he did indeed fear the worst.

He knew that the dark Dwarfs would have little idea of his real strength and would be unlikely to trust the

tales of the Hobgoblins. He also knew that if he could hold his position, the main High Elf force led by the Silver Helms and Beaver Knights would soon come to their aid. With a heavy heart, he posted sentries and settled down for the night to wait for dawn...

"My Lord?" Eldril looked up, torn from his thoughts. Before him stood a young Elf His bright features marked him from a noble family, but there was a hint of fear in his voice. Eldril nodded. "The sentries report movements to the north and west. They fear the dark ones are here and are preparing for battle." From where he stood at the centre of the clearing Eldril could just make out the silhouetted forms of the sentries standing guard at the edge of the trees. He turned back to the messenger. "Go my lad, have no fear and prepare your weapons."

As the sun crept higher, the chill mist that had filled the valley and all night long seeped into the bones and hearts of Eldril warriors slowly burned away. To the west the broad valley stretched away, dipping gently to where it touched the dark ribbon of the river. From the edge of their camp, one of the sentries came running. My lord, the enemy is once again upon us. I can see their fiendish war machines being set up on yonder hill.

Eldril was silent. He gazed at the messenger and remembered yesterday's battle, the blood, the fear and the comrades who had fallen. As he strapped on his sword and prepared to sell his life, he heard a great shout come from the south. The triumphant yell echoed up the length of the valley. It was the war cry of Dramalliel, the High Elf army had arrived...



THE KINGDOMS OF ULTHUAN

THE INNER KINGDOMS

The Elven Kingdoms can be divided into two groups, the Outer Kingdoms and the Inner Kingdoms. The Inner Kingdoms are set within the twilight ring of the Annulii, shielded from contact with the outer world by the mountains and buffer states of the Outer Kingdoms. The inhabitants of many of the inner lands tend to be introverted and dreamy. They are scholars, mystics and sorcerers without peer, but are affected by a languor that means they rarely bestir themselves except for the most pressing and dire of circumstances.

EATAINE

As the realm from which the current Phoenix King comes Eataine (pronounced Ay-a-tain) is considered first among the Elf Kingdoms. However, Eataine is simply the hinterland of the vast city-state of Lothem. Its lands are dotted with vineyards, villas and summer estates to which the noble families of the city retire. The city is the real centre of power and source of Eataine's prosperity. Many merchants dwell here and send forth colonists to the four corners of the known world. It is one of the wonders of the known world and no-one who has ever visited it can forget it. In these days of dwindling, Lothem is as much a foreign city as an Elven one, for the many merchants who bustle through its streets now seem as numerous as the High Elves with whom they trade.

Approaching Lothem the first thing a manner sees is the Glittering Tower, a great lighthouse filled with thousands of lamps, situated on a rocky isle in the mouth of the treacherous waters of the Straits of

Lothem. This titanic fortress guards the approach to the Emerald Gate, the first sea-gate of Lothem. Any attackers approaching the Emerald Gate can easily be caught in a crossfire between the great war-engines in the Glittering Tower and those on the Gate. The sight of these great bastions gives any would-be attacker just pause for thought, and is enough to turn all but the most insane attackers away.

Guided by an Elf pilot the ship then passes through the Emerald Gate, a great fortified arch filled with war machines and the cloaked spearmen and archers of the Lothem Sea Guard. Two gigantic valves of carved bronze set with monstrous emeralds bar the way but as the ship approaches they smoothly swing back through the churning waters to reveal the Straits of Lothem. The craft passes down a wide channel between sheer cliffs lined with castles, ramparts and defences, before passing through the second portal, a gate of shining silver set with sapphires the size of a man's head. Beyond the Sapphire Gate lies a huge lagoon ringed around with the shining towers of Lothem.

The city fans upwards from the coast, its white towers climbing gracefully into the foothills of the distant mountains. Bobbing at anchor are thousands of vessels ranging from the trading ships of the merchant princes to the fanciful pleasure barges of the people of Lothem and the sleek, deadly warships of the High Elf fleet. The city of Lothem is not simply built around the lagoon; at some points artificial islands have been built within its waters. On these rest great palaces, temples and storehouses forming an intricate network of canals.





Towering two hundred foot-high statues of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen face each other across the mouth of the bay and around the harbour are other great statues of the Elf Gods: Asuryan, Lileath, Kurnous and Isha and many others. As dusk falls, the statues blaze briefly with white flame: all save that of Khaine, whose eyes and hands glow blood-red.

This is as far as any non-Elf can go. He is free to sample the delights of the city but is forbidden to pass through the third gate of ruby and gold into the Inner Seas. The two most sacred shrines in all Ulthuan lie in the Inner Seas to the north of Lothem, as well as the strange and terrible area known as the Isle of the Dead.

Eataine is the mightiest of the Kingdoms of Ulthuan, centred around the Emerald gate and the city of Lothem. This is a populous region which maintains a large number of troops. Its warriors are skilled with either the bow or the spear and are always excellently equipped with the finest armour and weapons. The nobles dress in splendid robes and often wear ornate armour decorated with precious gemstones and valuable metals. These warriors fight on land and sea and have detachments skilled in the use of the repeater bolt thrower, which can be either mounted onboard or removed for use on land. The best warriors serve in the Sea Guard, a large body of troops whose regiments are based in Lothem, but who also travel throughout the world with the Phoenix King's armies.

Even in the waning days of the Elves, Eataine is a land rich beyond even Dwarfen avarice. Its merchants and emissaries visit many foreign shores, and its fleets of swiftplowed warships dominate the great oceans of the

world. There is a great pride in these lands, even by the standards of the High Elves. Many of Eataine's nobles believe it to be Asurvan's chosen land, the blessed realm of the Creator. They point as proof to the Frostheart Phoenixes that nest about their coastline's clifftops and, more significantly, that Eataine has suffered considerably less than other kingdoms during the six millennia of near-constant war. Thus do all princes of Eataine consider themselves touched by the divine, in one way or another – a state of affairs only exacerbated by the fact that the Phoenix King's court is based in Eataine's capital, Lothem.

THE INNER SEA

The area known as the Inner Sea is divided into the eastern Sea of Dreams and the western Sea of Dusk. The waters here are magically calm and peaceful. Trading ships from the Inner Kingdoms ply these placid waters bearing horses from Ellyrion and the magical wares of Saphery to Lothem and returning laden with the wares of half the world. Many pilgrims take passage on these seas en route to the Shrine of Asuryan in the Sea of Dreams and the Earth Mother in the Sea of Dusk.

Once a year the sacred white barges of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen ply the waters to their respective shrines. These stately craft are an awe-inspiring sight, each carved from the bole of single great ironwood tree. Each ship is built for the coronation of the ruler and on his or her death bears them off to the Isle of the Dead to rest at last with the ancient rulers of Ulthuan. As the barges plough the blue waters nothing slows their stately progress, no wind fills their sails, no hand guides their tiller. They follow the lines of power that run through the Inner Sea to their destination. In times of great trouble, the ghostly outlines of the White Ships can be seen sailing the waters of the Inner Sea.

The shrine of Asuryan, the Phoenix King, is located on the Island of the Flame due north of Lothem. Within this ancient pyramid the eternal fire of the phoenix burns. This pure white flame leaps from a great fountain of fire in the central chamber of the pyramid. The new king bathes in the fires when he is crowned passing miraculously unscathed through the inferno before emerging to be clad in ceremonial white and gold coronation robes and to have the great feathered cloak of kingship draped around his shoulders. The shrine of Asuryan is guarded by the formidable warriors of the Phoenix Guard. During their term of service these warriors take a vow to speak no word. They fight in a silence that is terrifying to their foes. After their term they never speak of the mysteries they have witnessed.

To the north of the Shrine of Asuryan, at the centre of the Sea, indeed at the centre of Ulthuan, is the Isle of the Dead. This is the secret heart of Ulthuan, the nexus of the great spells of the ancient High Elf sorcerers to which all the magical power drawn into the vortex eventually flows.





North of the Isle of the Dead is the shrine of the Earth Mother. Here is located the great cavern-temple of the Mother Goddess within which dwells her oracular priestesses. The Temple is located in the Gaeon Vale, a long and beautiful valley, lined with wild apple trees and nourished by waterfalls and clear springs. Within the underground complex many mysterious rites take place which it is forbidden for any male to witness. Every Elf woman is expected to make a pilgrimage here once in her life. It is here that the Everqueen is crowned in a weeklong ceremony.

CALEDOR

Caledor is a thinly populated, mountainous realm to the west of Eataine. In elder clays several of the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan came from here and the kingdom enjoyed a power far beyond its sparse population would suggest. In ancient days when the Elves were at the height of their power, before the great split amongst the Elven race and even before the great wars against Chaos, Caledor was the mightiest of all the kingdoms of Ulthuan. Many of the early Phoenix Kings came from Caledor and enjoyed great power and influence, reigning unopposed for almost four thousand years. The reason for this can be summed up in one word – dragons.

These mighty creatures made their lairs beneath the blazing peaks of the Dragon Spine Mountains. Nestled within these bleak volcanic highlands are fertile valleys filled with game plentiful enough to satisfy even the appetites of dragons. In those times, dragons were a common sight over Caledor, and there was food aplenty to sustain their population. Larger, more powerful and more intelligent than the dragons of today, the Caledorian dragons enjoyed absolute supremacy of the skies. Their breath could melt the

hardest metals, their claws could crush stone, and some of the mightiest of their number were versed in the magic arts. The dragons were the strength behind the line of Caledor.

It was the legendary Caledor Dragontamer who first earned the respect of the great wyrms. The most powerful Elven Mage of the time, Caledor travelled up into the dangerous, sulphurous mountains alone. He was gone for many days, and most feared that he had departed this world unto the next. Over a week later, a dragon of enormous proportions was seen in the skies, and the Elves cowered before it. It was Indraguir the most powerful and oldest of the dragons and on its back rode the weary Caledor. Tales differ about what occurred on the unstable volcanic mountainside. Many believe that Caledor bound the dragon to his will with his powerful magical arts and his natural affinity with the creatures. Others maintain that Caledor travelled to Vaul the Maker, the Elven god of smithing, and entreated him to create a magical metallic harness which he used to tame the ferocious creature.

The more conventional view that is favoured by modern scholars is that Caledor matched his strength against that of Indraguir. Their meeting was said to have been an intense confrontation of wills, and in the end neither was able to overcome the other. It is said that Indraguir was impressed with the considerable spirit of the mighty Elven mage, and that Caledor respected the dragon's noble heart. With mutual respect, the two agreed to aid each other in times of trial. Caledor's descendants named the desolate landscape Caledor in honour of their mighty forebear.

In the centuries that followed, great granite fortresses sprang up in the misty vales and from them Dragon





Princes rode the thermals over sullen volcanoes. The nobles who lived there dwelt in close contact with the dragons of the region, the alliance benefiting both races.

Thus the line of the Dragon Princes was born, and Elf and dragon existed alongside each other in mutual respect. Together, they rode the hot thermal air currents thrown up by the volcanic landscape. Though there were but few Dragon Princes, riding atop their fearsome dragon steeds, they were unmatched amongst all Elves in the arts of war. The line of Caledor gained great political power, for none of the other Elven regions dared challenge them. These first Dragon Princes were not only mighty warriors but also powerful mages, and they would descend on their enemies from the clouds with fire, magic and lance. In battle none could stand against them, for the Dragon Princes of Caledor were fearsome mages as well as mighty warriors, and their steeds were terrible to behold. Though the Dragon Princes were few the destruction they could wreak was unmatched then as it is now and few dared the wrath of Caledor.

Eventually the mountains cooled, and the volcanoes erupted less. Even as the peaks lost their fire so did the dragons lose theirs. One by one, they drifted into slumber, becoming ever more difficult to rouse. More often than not this ends in disappointment. When a dragon does wake, it is usually one of the younger creatures, and will generally return to its lair to sleep within a matter of weeks. Those that remained awake became sluggish and temperamental, and their riders

became reluctant to use their mounts save in times of direst need. As the strength of the dragons waned so did the power of the Dragon Princes. The long reign of the Dragon Princes ended and their grip on the throne of the Phoenix King was lost. The old realm of Caledor was eclipsed by other realms including the fast rising mercantile city-state of Lothem.

Even in their weakened state the Dragon Princes are still formidable, and their voices carry much weight at the Phoenix Court. They are fierce and noble warriors and though the dragons are few they can still rouse some in times of great need. At other times the Dragon Princes ride to war on mighty Elven steeds fully armoured and caparisoned as dragons.



The Dragon Princes await the day when the dragons will wake from their sleep and once again crowd the skies. It is said that the Loremasters have foreseen a time of darkness to come, a time when a dark tide will flow across the world once again. In this great time of need, their prophecies say that the dragons will rise, and that the Dragon Princes will once again lead the armies of Ulthuan against the hordes of evil. The people of Caledor that believe, the mighty descendant of Caledor Dragontarner, will be the one who will fight at the forefront of this epic battle, that it will be he who will awaken the great creatures, and that the great dragons will follow him just as they did his ancestor some four thousand years earlier.





The Kingdom of Caledor is the location of Vault's Anvil, the fiercest of all Ulthuan's volcanoes. Upon this blazing black island at the very tail of the Dragon Spine sits the Shrine of Vault, god of the forge. His temple rests in a great tower of black adamant rising out of the steaming lava within the volcano's crater. The temple can only be approached over a narrow drawbridge of truesteel. Within this shrine, the priests of Vault forge weapons of power and devices of infinite cunning for use by the Elf lords.

The priests of Vault ritually blind themselves when they enter the Order of Vault. The act of putting out their own eyes has greater significance than merely leaving the priests sightless. While they lose their earthly vision, they gain something far more. They are bestowed with the skill and shrewdness of their patron deity, and the understanding of the sorrow and suffering that Vault has undergone to protect the Elves. This knowledge and wisdom enables them to harness the fickle Winds of Magic and use them to create weapons of incredible potency for the High Elves who fight the wars to protect Ulthuan.



The folk of Caledor favour hot fiery colours for their plumes and decorative motifs, and they are the only Elves who commonly use black for plumes and crests. The taming of Dragons is a warrior tradition in Caledor, and it is from here that the Dragon Princes come. Their armour is often tinted green or sometimes red, and its design is intended to reflect the scales and horny spines of Dragons.

ELLYRION

North of Caledor, bordering on the Inner Sea, is Ellyrion, the realm of the Horse-Lords. Tor Elyr is its single great city. Great herds of horses thunder across the sweeping plains of Ellyrion. It is a land of gentle summers and mild winters, of sweeping plains, azure skies and heady pollen. By beneficial magics and feeding on the long grasses of the steppe, the steeds of Ellyrion are the swiftest and most noble of four-legged beasts, much prized by nobles of the Ten Kingdoms, and those of the lands beyond. Fast as the wind and loyal unto death, they are the perfect mount for Elf nobility.

To folk from other lands, the Ellyrian steppes appear to stretch on forever. Indeed, time and distance work strangely here. A traveller can walk directly towards his destination for hours upon hours, growing ever more distant from his starting point, yet never coming closer to his goal. The Ellyrians know the secret paths and ways through their land, for they have learnt them from the horses, but such secrets are seldom shared – even amongst other Elves.

The Horsemasters of Ellyrion live in harmony with their mounts. They prefer not to break their beasts' spirits with harsh treatment; rather, the horses are enchanted and serve willingly when called. The Elves repay this loyalty with kindness and protection. Those who harm their steeds are severely dealt with – even in a realm as civilised as Ellyrion, it is still possible to die a most uncivilised death. "Better to harm the brother of an Ellyrian than his horse" is a well-known saying in Ulthuan.



The Horsemasters are proud and haughty. They are a wild, free-spirited people, quick-tempered as Elves go, and swift to avenge any stain on their honour. They are flamboyant and skilled riders, capable of performing staggering feats of archery and acrobatics on horseback. It is said that they learn to ride before they learn to walk, and this is almost true. While still very young each Ellyrian child is bonded to a specially selected foal. When they are older this chosen steed will bear its rider into battle. The loyalty of these horses to their masters is legendary. They stand over their riders while they sleep and watch for any danger.

The Ellyrian cavalry is constantly called to battle, for Ellyrion is one of the main areas that the Dark Elves of Naggaroth raid if they can get across the mountains. The Horsemasters maintain constant cavalry patrols across their lands to warn of any incursion. The Horsemasters maintain constant patrols across their lands to warn of any incursion, and running battles between Ellyrian Reavers and Dark Elf raiders are a common occurrence. The Dark Elves often steal the black horses from the great herds to act as their steeds. As a consequence of this black horses have a bad reputation in Ellyrion. An Ellyrian mounted on a black horse can often find himself a prime target for Dark Elf attacks. Such conflicts are notably bitter and hard-fought affairs for, in the eyes of an Ellyrian, no blacker villain can exist than a Naggarothi who stoops to the matchless infamy of horse theft.

The capital of Ellyrion is Tor Elyr, a beautiful city built on a series of island castles linked by a web of silver bridges. Each castle is a palace, sculpted from the living rock of a peaked island, decked with statues of Ellyrian princes and their steeds. It is here that the dauntless cavalymen of Ellyrion rest when they return from their long sweeps through their embattled land. Beneath Tor Elyr, the waters of the Sea of Dusk churn wrathfully, their foam-flecked tips dashing against the city's alabaster walls. Ellyrians believe that the spirits of their fallen steeds dwell within those waves, and indeed horse-shaped figures rise from the white crests every dawn. Should Tor Elyr ever fall, they say, the

spirits of the waves will rise up one last, terrible time to drown the city and all within.

By tradition, the warriors of this realm are expert riders; taught from a young age the arts of horseback warfare these warriors, known as Ellyrian Reavers, are experts with both spear and bow. The Ellyrian Reaver Knights are a force famed throughout Ulthuan for their hardiness and prowess in battle. They are often expected to spend days on the march, even sleeping in the saddle, and then fight a pitched battle. A distinctive feature of the Reavers is their elegant, flowing plumed helmets.

AVELORN

North-east of Ellyrion, across the river Arduil, lies the great forest of Avelorn, most ancient of all the Elf realms. Upon its tangled groves ancient glimmers lie and under its eaves creatures of legend still walk. The largest population of treemen in the world tend their wild gardens of oak and suntree. Great eagles nest in the enchanted hills, and unicorns walk in its sun-dappled glades. The Elves that live here are a strange, fey breed with more kinship to the Wood Elves of Athel Lothem in the Old World than many in Ulthuan. Yet Avelorn's glories are maintained only by the constant watchfulness of the rangers that guard its borders, for the monsters of the Annulii Mountains are drawn to this realm as to no other; scarcely a day passes without an attack by some dread creature.

Summer lies eternally on Avelorn's enchanted glades. Beneath the leafy bowers the golden subjects of the Everqueen dance and sing. The court of the Everqueen moves through Avelorn from place to place like a great carnival, pitching silken pavilions of myriad colours wherever it halts. By day, silver laughter rings through the forest as the Elves make sport. By night, faery lights flicker in the darkness, drifting behind the Everqueen's courtiers and illuminating the revels and feasting. With its perfect weather, bountiful forests and beautiful near-immortal inhabitants Avelorn seems the sort of rustic paradise of which mortal men can only dream.



Yet beneath this carefree surface bitter enmities stir. Factions at the Evercourt vie for the favour of the Queen. Old rivalries are barely submerged and every quip has a deadly double meaning. For prestige is treated as a matter of life and death in Avelom. To be chosen as the Queen's handmaid is the highest honour for an Elf-maid or her family, just as to be chosen as her consort is the dream of every youth of Avelom. All seek to enhance their status at the cost of their rivals.

The handmaids of the Everqueen are not mere courtiers; they are her warrior guard – a hundred beautiful Elf-maids schooled in the arts of war till they exceed or even surpass the greatest of Elf knights with sword, bow and lance. They guard the Everqueen as her court travels through Avelom for the forest contains many dark and dangerous places where the hearts of the trees are rotten and great spiders lurk. The tainted places near the mountains are shunned by all but the boldest Elves for lurking evil can strike the unwary even here. At times Great Chaos beasts find a way down to Avelom from the Annulii and ravage the land, but they are swiftly and ruthlessly hunted down by the Everqueen's would-be consorts in an effort to gain her favour.

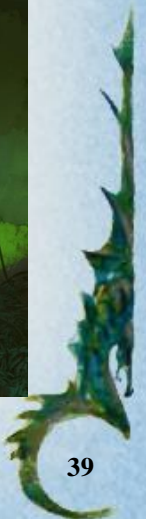
Avelom is ruled by the Everqueen, the chosen of the Earth Mother, mistress of the undying forest, preserver of green fastness, observer of the rites of the golden spring, occupant of one of the Twin Thrones of Ulthuan. The Queen of Avelom is the firstborn daughter of the previous queen conceived after her year-long ritual marriage to the Phoenix-King. After this they go their separate ways. Both can take new consorts but only their daughter can be the new Everqueen. Hence the Queens of Avelom have always

been the Everqueens of Ulthuan, forming an unbroken chain from ages past.

Gifted by the goddess the current queen, Alarielle, is extraordinarily beautiful. She is an accomplished mage and oversees all the complex fertility rites of Avelom and Ulthuan. As such she holds tremendous power and prestige in Ulthuan. Her only real rival in these stakes is the Phoenix King himself. Often there is rivalry between the two Thrones. The Everqueen's policies may be at odds with those of the Phoenix King. The Phoenix Kings are often war-like and expansionist and the Ever queen's peaceful and introverted. But this balance of opposites is at the very heart of the High Elves' concepts of rulership – being ruled by a single all-powerful dictator would be unthinkable to them. One thing unites both factions: an abhorrence of the Dark Elves of Naggaroth and all they stand for. Between Ulthuan and Naggaroth there can exist only war unto the death.



With so many journeying to Avelom to join the court of the Everqueen, it is unsurprising that many of Ulthuan's greatest heroes can be found there. These competitive lords flock to Avelom and there engage in contests, great feats of arms, horse riding and archery in an effort to prove their prowess to the court and perhaps catch the eye of the Everqueen herself.





Those who dwell here specialise in archery. It is said that some of the Wood Elf kindreds of Athel Loren in the Old World are descended from the people of Avelorn. The most renowned regiment of Avelorn is the Everqueen's warrior guard of Elf Maids. Warriors of Avelorn are most likely to wear green plumes or embroidered decoration with floral designs. Armour may sometimes be styled in floral or leaf shapes.

SAPHERY

South and east of Avelorn on the shores of the Sea of Dreams, lies Saphery, the land of wizardry. Saphery is an enchanted land, with skies that shine with all the colours of the rainbow, hills that move by night and warm rivers that glow with gentle light.

The heart of Saphery is the Tower of Hoeth, the shrine of the God of Wisdom. This is the greatest repository of magical knowledge in the world, compiled down the centuries by High Elf mages and scholars, who dedicate their lives to the accumulation of magical lore. The Tower of Hoeth rises high above the forest. This bone-white structure is almost half a mile high, a feat of engineering made possible only by magic. It was built over twenty centuries ago on the orders of the Phoenix King of the time. Bel-Korhadris, the Scholar King. The tower stands at the point of a great confluence of the coursing magical energies of the vortex, a fact that lends it a greater strength than any creation of mere bricks and mortar.

The tower is visible tens of miles away, a sharp white needle of stone thrusting into sky. Its approaches are guarded by rings of illusion and mazes of spells which means only those selected by the Loremasters of Hoeth ever find the true path to the tower. Those who seek

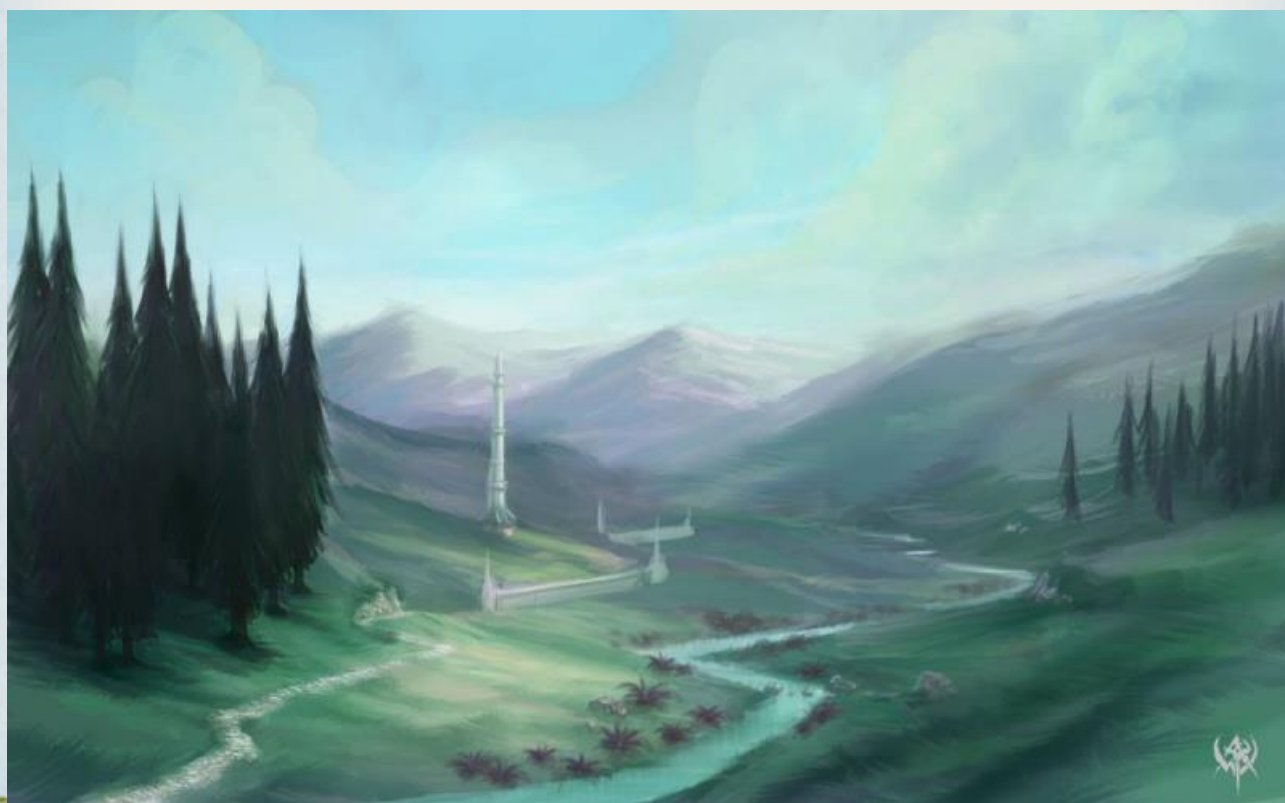
wisdom at the shrine will find it. Those who seek power for power's sake are never seen again.

The Tower of Hoeth is also the home of the Swordmasters, warrior-ascetics who dedicate their lives to the pursuit of wisdom and learning carefully controlled violence. They study meditation and martial arts until they are capable of super-human feats of arms. They favour the Elven greatsword above all other blades: a wicked weapon a full five or six feet in length, double-edged and razor sharp.

The Swordmasters are so superlatively trained that they can wield these mighty swords as fast as an ordinary warrior can a normal sword. A Swordmaster always seeks to master new killing blows and different individuals perfect their own personal sword strokes, giving them a style of fighting as distinctive as a signature. The Swordmasters are the agents of the Loremasters and of the Phoenix King. They wander the land seeking news and reporting back to the tower. The Supreme Loremaster often dispatches them to deal with threats to the interests of the Tower and the Kingdom.

Beyond the spell-walls of the Tower of Hoeth are the domains of the nobles of Saphery. All of the Princes and Dukes of this realm are mages of awesome power. They are reclusive and idiosyncratic, dwelling in exquisite mansions far from each other with their families and a select band of retainers.

Magic courses through the blood of Sapherian Elves, and all of the realm's princes are also mages of awesome power. They are reclusive and idiosyncratic, dwelling in exquisite mansions far from other outposts of civilisation. Each noble's home has its own character





reflecting the interests and magical researches of its patrons. The palace of Anurion the Green, for example, is surrounded by terraced gardens containing many strange and exotic plants, some carnivorous, some sentient, some both. Many of his collection are not even of this world. By contrast, the mansion of Hothar the Fey drifts gently across the sky of Saphery, landing at its owner's whim, and never greeting the dawn twice in the same location.. The crypt of Mad Chasyrion is avoided by everyone since its owner is misanthropic and known to perform many strange and dangerous sorceries there. Though Sapherian princes are thought eccentric even by other High Elves, their independence and intellect have ever been highly valued by the Phoenix Throne. Predictability, after all, can sometimes be a weakness.

Not all the inhabitants of this realm are solitary. Some are great warriors and statesmen. These mages of Saphery and their personal guards are often summoned by the Phoenix King to aid him in his wars. Many are dispatched on missions by the lord of the Phoenix Throne and can be found leading armies in strange and out of the way parts of the world.

THE OUTER KINGDOMS

The Outer Kingdoms are more worldly as one would expect from nations that have to deal with marauding Norse and Dark Elf raiders. Pre-eminent among the outer Kingdoms is Eataine, within whose borders lies Lothem, the greatest seaport in all the world. Eataine's control of the straits of Lothem makes it unique in Ulthuan because it straddles both the Inner and Outer Kingdoms.

TIRANOC

Tiranoc is the westernmost realm of Ulthuan. Once it was the fairest of the Elf lands. Originally, this coastal realm had broad expanses of sandy beach and rolling downlands. Majestic snow-capped peaks towered over sweeping flower-strewn plains. Of all the realms of Ulthuan it was the most wealthy and the most densely populated. The people were great sailors who colonised

much of the eastern New World. Wealth flowed from these colonies: gold to gild the city spires, silver to be wrought into the bodywork of their chariots, furs for winter wear and medicinal herbs to cure the sick. The warriors followed a very ancient tradition of fighting from chariots as suited the landscape. The charioteers of Tiranoc, famed throughout the land for their skill and daring, raced between their white marble cities. The folk were content and peaceful and their lives golden. But this time of happiness was to pass.

In the dark time of the Sundering when the Dark Elves broke with the people of Ulthuan Tiranoc suffered grievously. Though close kin to those who would follow the dark paths the folk of Tiranoc remained loyal to their Elven heritage and paid a dreadful price. At the climax of the Wars of Sundering the Dark Elf mages unleashed such mighty magics and the High Elf mages responded with such mighty counter spells that the whole of northern Ulthuan was devastated.

The Shadowlands crumbled and disappeared below the hungry waves. The heartlands of Tiranoc were swamped by a succession of enormous tidal waves that drowned its fair meadows and prosperous valleys and smashed the cities. Only the mountains were left above water, islands rising from the turbulent waves. A few small towns clung to the slopes of the lower peaks. Though the waters eventually receded, Tiranoc was left forever changed – its beautiful coastal cities had been swept away, and a goodly portion of its citizens drowned in the deeps. To the east was a thin strip of coast; all that remained of the sweeping plains of Tiranoc.

When the colonists returned from the New World they found their homeland drowned and their kinsmen dead. What had once been the greatest and most prosperous of Elf realms had effectively ceased to be. Saddened, many of the colonists returned to the New World. Others, unable to bear the grief, swore to remain in their homeland and rebuild it to its former glory. Over the millennia they have slowly done so, and now there



are once more prosperous cities in the west, and although the folk are few in number, they are hardy – nonetheless, it is a rare heart in Tiranoc that does not know bitterness. The new coast of the continent, although less fertile than the plains of old, has been planted and cultivated and once more chariots run along the coastal strip. Despite their efforts, Tiranoc remains a battered and broken land, ever in danger of slipping further into the unforgiving seas.



The folk of Tiranoc have grown as hard and bitter as their land. The long struggle to reclaim what was theirs has made them cold and deadly. The songs of ancient times remind them of what they lost and there is a savage hatred in their hearts towards the Dark Elves of Naggaroth. Thus, whenever the Dark Elves invade Ulthuan, it is the armies of Tiranoc which are the first to take up arms. Such battles are vicious beyond measure, for the prospect of retribution lends strength and resolve sufficient to overcome any foe. Many a Dark Elf army has been lost in Tiranoc while trying to make its way to the more populous lands of the south and east. In the north a constant war is waged against incursions from Naggaroth and the folk of Tiranoc and their kinsmen from the New World are always to the fore.

THE SHADOWLANDS

The Shadowlands is a hard land of intemperate climes and dark deeds. This dark and desolate region was once part of a mighty Elven Kingdom called Nagarythe. During the reign of the first Phoenix King, Aenarion held court here with his Queen, the sinister Morathi. The Elves of Nagarythe fought against Chaos for many

long years until Aenarion finally triumphed and the world was freed from the perils of the Dark Gods. That desperate struggle hardened and embittered the Nagarythe, so that other Elves came to regard them as a cruel and bloodthirsty people. After Aenarion's death, his son by Morathi, Malekith, inherited the kingdom of Nagarythe, which he ruled from his court in Anlec for many years until the time of the Sundering.

When Malekith rose against the rightful Phoenix King, he led his warriors in a savage and destructive war. Nagarythe was destroyed and many of its people fled with their evil master to the cold lands of the New World. They became the Dark Elves – evil kin to the High Elves of Ulthuan. It was from here that Malekith the Accursed led his civil war, and this land too bore the brunt of that conflict. Nagarythe was all but destroyed in the Sundering, and by far the greater part of its lands lie drowned in the murky oceanic depths. Today what little remains of the once proud Kingdom of Nagarythe is treated with fear and distrust, and is known as the Shadowlands. It is uninhabited but for wanderers and beasts.

Those of its folk that remain are a secretive and ruthless sort, little trusted elsewhere in Ulthuan for their kinship with the traitors of ages past. Ironically, these same blood-ties drive the dour warriors of Nagarythe to fight with a merciless determination.

There is not a High Elf living that does not despise Malekith and his Dark Elves, but the folk of Nagarythe hate the Naggarothi with a ferocity that far surpasses the most fervent warriors of other lands. There can be no peace in Nagarythe, no cessation of bloody war, until Malekith and every one of his twisted followers have been scoured from all the lands of the world.





The mighty fortress of Anlec, from where both Aenarion and Malekith ruled the once proud people of Nagarythe, was destroyed during the Sundering. Since that time the Dark Elves have returned more than once to reclaim their ancient Kingdom, but each time they have been expelled by the High Elves. The ruins of Anlec have been refortified, fought over, and cast down again more than once, and even today they draw the Dark Elves back to the lands of their ancestors. Some whisper that more Elves have died fighting over Anlec's ruins than anywhere else in Ulthuan.

The warriors of this realm are known as Shadow Warriors. Organised in small bands, they specialise in seeking and ambushing Dark Elf raiders. They favour dark tinted armour and tunics and plumes decorated with dark colours, especially blues and sombre greys.

THE ISLES

The Isles of the North suffered most during the Wars of the Sundering. Here cataclysmic forces were unleashed that drowned the land and shattered the northern part of the continent. The remaining islands are tortured and twisted places, blasted by fire and death, and near lifeless. Such life that does survive is warped from contact with the pools and flows of dark magical energy left over from the war. Monsters, stirred from the lightless ocean depths by the sinking of the lands, sometimes come ashore here in search of prey.

This realm once belonged to the Elves of Naggaroth and they still seek to reclaim it. The Elves of Ulthuan maintain fortresses and watchtowers in these desolate lands to warn them against invaders. Year by year war is waged here. Sometimes the Isles are in possession of

the Dark Ones, sometimes in possession of the warriors of the Phoenix King. This is truly a sundered land.

Rising over the misty wilderness of the Blighted Isle, largest of the surviving islands, is the great shrine of Khaine the Elf war-god. This shrine has long been abandoned but it is still a place of great power and of deep significance to both the Elves and the Dark Elves. Both worship Khaine as a god and both claim his shrine.

The shrine itself is a massive black altar within which is embedded Khaine's Widowmaker – a weapon of immeasurable power, forged by Vault himself. Everyone who looks upon it sees a different weapon. Some see a spear, others a sword, others an axe. All agree that the weapon drips blood, and those who have dared to behold it can feel it singing to their soul, filling them with promises of destruction.

The Dark Elves would use this weapon in an instant if they could but seize it, yet they have never been able to control the Blighted Isle long enough to perform the rituals that would allow its release. For their part, the High Elves have lost too many kings to Khaine's madness to even consider employing his Widowmaker. Thus, no matter how stretched the armies of Ulthuan become, a watch is always kept upon the Shrine of Khaine, to ensure the Phoenix King learns swiftly when the Dark Elves return.

The altar sits on a vast plain over which many battles have been fought. The bodies of the dead are left unburied, so the plain is covered in the bones and skulls of Elf and beast. Spirits of the dead drift over the battlefield locked in eternal battle. The mist itself is red



tinted and smells of blood. On certain nights all the ghosts do battle and the distant echoes of their screams and war cries are born on the wind.

The boundaries of the sacred battlefield are marked by a thousand great carved menhirs. These represent the various aspects of Khaine. Some have been toppled, and some are so eroded that they appear to be nothing more than wind-scoured boulders. Others carry the image of swooping hawk, the blood-maddened hull, the scorpion stinging, the wounded warrior. All these obelisks are dark and sinister, their hulking forms glowering over a carpet of white bones under leaden skies.

The Elves see Khaine as a god of unleashed violence. For them he is a dark god but a necessary one, for they live in a violent world and must be able to fight when called upon to do so. Khaine is part of every Elf soul, a part they would rather never have to confront, but a part that they need. His murder lust is there to be used when danger threatens but it must be controlled and used wisely. Elf rituals of Khaine worship stress this need for control.

The Dark Elves see Khaine in a different light. His Dark Elf followers have given themselves over entirely to his worship. They let their dark sides control their lives and actively seek opportunities to cause death and carnage. They revel in their bloodlust and gratify it at every opportunity.

In a way, the struggle for the Shrine of Khaine is symbolic of the greater struggle in the soul of the Elf race, between those who follow the darkness and those who seek some measure of harmony. None know how the struggle will end.

CHPACE

Chrace is a mountainous and forested region, and the northernmost of the Elf realms. In the elder days it was a relatively empty lands, occupied by those who sought to escape the more civilised realms and return to nature. All of its folk are skilled hunters, for an Elf possessed of sparse woodcraft is naught but easy prey for the ferocious lions and the other savage beasts of the Chracian lands.



Chrace is the main route through which the Dark Elves seek access to the Inner Lands. Elf troops constantly move through en route to war with the Dark Elves. As the war has gone on, the lands have become perilous. Its settlements are fortified, its glades ring to the sound of sword upon steel, and its populace lives ever under the shadow of battle. The once-wondrous forests have become perilous, for dark magic has scoured the land, corrupting ancient groves and giving birth to monstrous creatures. The locals are great hunters and scouts, adept at guerrilla warfare and skilled with bow, sword and axe.

The hunters of Chrace maintain a constant watch on the passes through their lands. When the Dark Elves are spied, Great Eagles are immediately despatched to summon reinforcements. Meanwhile, the Chracian archer and spear regiments employ every trick of ambush and forestcraft to hinder and destroy the trespassers. Thus has many an invading army of Dark Elves simply been swallowed up whilst campaigning in Chrace, with no tale of its fate ever reaching their twisted homeland.





The mountains of Chrace are the home of the fearsome White Lion. This mighty beast ranges the wilderness in search of living prey. To be counted a real hunter, an Elf of Chrace must hunt and kill one of them single-handed. The beast also gives its name to one of the most legendary units in the service of the Kings of Ulthuan: the White Lions, a picked group of warriors who guard the person of the Phoenix King.

It is the dream of all young Chracian warriors to one day earn the right to wear the lion pelt and serve at their monarch's side, a calling that drives them to prove their valour whenever possible. Opportunities for such glory are commonplace, for Chrace is a land almost permanently at war – if not against Dark Elves seeking passage to Ulthuan's Inner Kingdoms, then against the beasts that dwell within its borders. Whenever the Winds of Magic rise and the creatures of Chaos stir from their slumbers, only the bravest of warriors dare enter the dark heart of the Chracian hinterland.

The founding of the White Lions dates back to the time of the bitter civil war with the Dark Elves when Caledor the First was recalled from hunting in Chrace to become the new Phoenix King. He was attacked by Dark Elf assassins on the road to Avelorn and was only just saved by the timely intervention of a party of Chracian hunters. They then fought their way past the Dark Elf patrols and back to the Inner Sea. Since then a unit of tough Chracian warriors has traditionally guarded the Phoenix King, resplendent in their White Lion skins and armed with fearsome double-handed war axes.

Tor Achare is the capital of Chrace. Its foundations were laid in the years following the death of Aenarion and it has endured relatively unchanged since those halcyon days. Carvings of Aenarion's foremost generals stare proudly from alabaster cornices, capstones and finials, in death watching over a people their heroism preserved in life. Statues of Caledor the Great and Aenarion the Defender loom over courtyards, marble giants filigreed with gold and set with glittering gemstones. They tower over the masses just as their deeds eclipse those of their descendants. In modern times In. Achare is a lynchpin of Ulthuan's defences both martial and mystical. Its garrison boasts nigh twenty thousand souls, waiting in readiness for the next inevitable battle. Archers and spearmen, knights and nobles all train within the walls, harnessing six thousand years of combat experience to serve the most disciplined army the world has ever known. Tor Achare is also a vital part of the Waystone network. Should it be destroyed, the disruption would unshackle vast tides of raw energy and so doom the entire world.

COTHIQUE

Cothique is a coastal kingdom, inhabited by shrewd and hardy seafolk. The realm of Cothique is a harsh place, unlovely to the eyes of most Elves, its towering cliffs and shale beaches windswept and grey. It is a cold realm, battered by chill north-eastern winds, and little-loved, save by its own people. Yet even to the Elves of Cothique, these shores hold little comfort, for their wanderlust is the greatest known to any of Ulthuar's peoples, and they reputedly spend as little time within their own land as possible. Never is an Elf of Cothique happier than when aboard the rolling deck of a ship, the tang of salt air about his nostrils, and the cold sea breeze whirling through his hair. So it is that the ships of Cothique come to many other lands, sometimes in search of trade and comradeship, but just as often in the full raiment of war. Cothiquan warriors are wild by the staid standards of other High Elves, and much prefer the thrill of raiding to the more conventional battles prosecuted by other realms – a predilection that has seen them branded as pirates in some foreign lands.

Their graceful vessels plough the turbulent northern waters in search of food and trade with different lands. This is a highly dangerous area to sail, not just because of the perilous waters, but because the seas contain many monstrous creatures stirred up by the collapse of northern Ulthuan centuries ago. Kraken, huge shark-like megalodons, behemoths and even the dread Black Leviathan are all known to lurk in the waters north of Ulthuan.

The sailors of Cothique actually seek out these monsters in great seahunts, matching their skills and the speed of their light craft against brute strength and animal cunning. To survive in such waters, the sailors of Cothique must possess great skill, and the Elves that crew the light sea craft from Cothique are the finest in the world. The brunt of Norse raids from beyond the Old World also fall upon Cothique and the Elves of





Cothique have been toughened by centuries of warfare with these fierce human warriors.

The small harbours that line the rocky coast of Cothique hold many craft which double as warships in times of need. Sleek, alabaster war-catamarans prow the coast, their lookouts ever alert for deep-spawned perils. Sky-ships, their timbers infused with magic, scout the reefs and archipelagos in search of Dark Elf raiders, while messengers mounted on the giant flying fish of the outer isles carry news landward.

In these dwindling days, most of Ulthuan's realms are inward-facing, concerning themselves with the wider world only when not doing so would invite disaster. Only the nobles of Cothique look to the wider world as a source of opportunity. This is why the later voyages of Finubar the Seafarer were conducted on ships from Cothique, for no other living mariner on Ulthuan could match the breadth of knowledge found within that realm.

Cothique's cities and fortresses are more practical and of much sturdier build than those found in other realms. After all, they were designed primarily to survive the weather, rather than serve as aesthetic examples. Indeed, the realm's true treasures can be found underground, amidst the network of caves and caverns that honeycomb the region's cliff faces and valleys. It was to here that the folk of Cothique retreated during invasions of times past and, over the centuries, that which was born of necessity became a way of life.

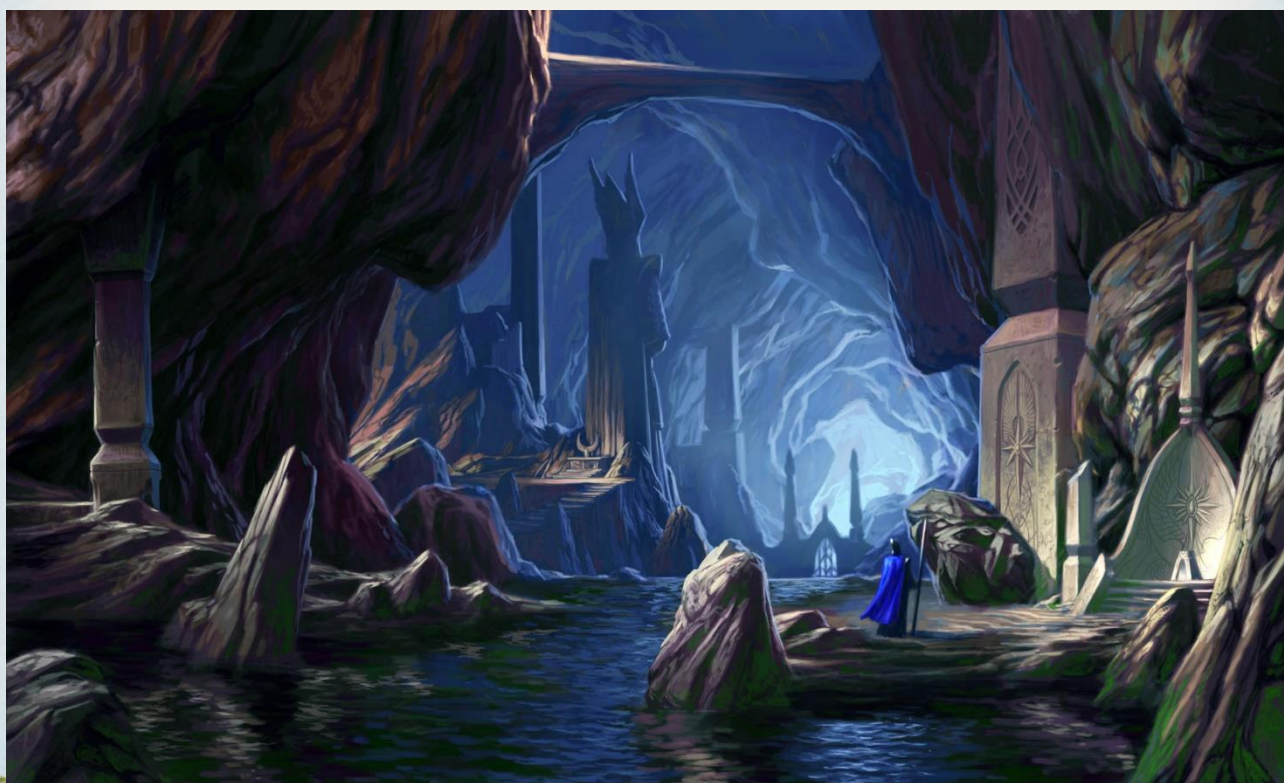
Now, many of Cothique's palaces lie beneath the surface. Their walls are the land's alabaster rock, brilliantly polished, and decorated with a web-work of

finely wrought silver and star sapphires. No shadow falls here, for darkness is a fit companion only for Goblin warrens and the grim redoubts of the Dwarfs. Instead, Cothique's grottoes and halls are lit by a magical glow from the rock itself, set there in ages past by the most accomplished mages of the realm. Anywhere else in the world, underground halls such as these would be under constant threat from the Skaven – but to Ulthuan, which rests not on bedrock, but is rather held upon the waves by magic, the ratmen can make no subterranean passage.

Alas, as glorious as the halls of Cothique are, the finest were lost during the dark days of the Sundering. The waters of the Eastern Ocean rose up in a mighty wave and flooded the palaces nearest to the sea. Though the waters mostly retreated – as it did not in Tiranoc and Nagarythe – no Elf will lightly enter those chambers, for the bitter tang of the sea and the stench of the wave-rotten dead hangs heavy about them. Indeed, Cothiquan mariners tell that the spirits of the drowned still haunt those passages, holding court amongst tapestries of tangled kelp and hoards of tarnished treasure.

In the coastal cities half the Elven warriors are at sea at any time, while the other half are at home guarding the coasts. Elves whose families came from Cothique can be found in all the great Elven colonies overseas. The warriors are also sailors who spend much of their time at sea and fight most of their battles against seaborne enemies and raiders.

Encounters with sea monsters are a regular part of a warrior's life, and some wear cloaks made from the hides of these creatures or armour styled in the fashion of sea serpent heads. Armour is often tinted with shades of blue or green.





YVRESSE

Yvresse is the land of mists, a shrouded expanse of rolling hills and hidden valleys. It is a sparsely settled realm, with a comparative handful of towns. The mainland of Yvresse lies along the eastern coast of Ulthuan but the realm also encompasses the islands of the Eastern Ocean. The mainland is a wild coastline fringed by deep coniferous forests. Long fjords thrust inland from the coast. The forests tumble down the mist-shrouded valleys right to the water's edge. The foothills of the Annulii march off to the distant peaks that tower dramatically into the clouds. Yvresse is the least densely populated kingdom of Ulthuan, and by those Elves from other realms, it is often considered a bleak coastal realm, and less than lovely – but to those who call it their home, the towering cliffs and soaring sea birds are sights as fine as any to be seen in the continent of Ulthuan.



To the east of the mainland are the Shifting Isles. This is an area shrouded in legend and dark rumour where ancient spells of illusion shield the eastern coast of Ulthuan from intruders. The whole area is wreathed in mists. Within these billowing clouds strange and terrifying things are often seen; whether these are the products of men's ensorcelled imaginations or whether they actually exist is something not often discussed. However, the Shifting Isles definitely live up to their name, as some of the islands definitely do move and each is seldom encountered twice in the same spot – this is no mere illusion. This creates treacherous mazes of shoals and sandbars which can confuse even High Elf sailors.

Yvresse has only one major city – the glorious spires of Tor Yvresse. The Warden of the City is the great Elven hero Eltharion. He dwells in a high tower looking down on the metropolis and can often be seen flying high above it on his War Griffon Stormwing, Tor Yvresse itself is one of the oldest and most beautiful of all Elf settlements but its time of glory is long past. Many of the old mansions are uninhabited and the great amphitheatres, once host to plays and masques, are silent and empty. Elves live long lives but their children are few and in recent centuries the birthrate has declined steeply. The population of Tor Yvresse is less than half what the city was built to accommodate and the wide boulevards seem empty even when the entire population takes to the streets during the great Festival of Masques.

The mighty old walls are wide and deep but the city has barely enough warriors to protect them. Fortunately the city has long been protected by the sorcerous Shifting Isles but its ability to defend itself in the event of a serious invasion has long been in doubt.

Less than a century ago Yvresse was almost overrun by a Goblin horde led by the notorious Goblin Warlord Grom the Paunch. The almost innumerable Goblins ravaged a large tract of Yvresse and were barely turned back at Tor Yvresse by the heroic efforts of Eltharion. The old Warden of the city, a great High Elf mage, was slain in a magical duel with Grom's greatest shaman, and the people of Tor Yvresse beseeched Eltharion to become their new warden. Eltharion accepted and has busied himself strengthening the land of Yvresse ever since.

Though Dark Elf raiders seldom travel so far around Ulthuan to beach their dread vessels upon Yvresse's shores, the warriors of the realm must always be on guard. The sorcerous mists that blanket field and fen have ever been the haunt of Daemons, and both arrow and spear must be eternally ready to cast them back into the void. The soldiery of Yvresse is therefore of a grimmer cast of mind than warriors from other lands, for their eyes have borne witness to much that mortal creatures were never meant to see. Thus have the warriors of Yvresse gained a reputation for holding the line where others do not, a glimmer of deeper resolve forged in battle against the most unearthly of foes.

The people of this land raise regiments of some of the most determined and steadfast warriors in Ulthuan, as befits the homeland of Eltharion and so many other paladins. The favoured weapon is the spear, and the warriors fight shoulder to shoulder with almost unshakable discipline.

In elder times the High Elf colonies spread across the world, and no corner was without their civilising influence. Sadly, barbarism has descended, and now many settlements and watchposts lie in shattered ruins, some tumbled down on their occupants by the backward natives of far-flung lands, others destroyed by natural calamity.

Given that these ruins are often in inaccessible and dangerous places, the Elves are seldom able to recover the bodies, equipment or artefacts of their fallen as they would wish. Often, they aren't even truly aware of what was lost, as many of these colonies are private ventures rather than state sponsored outposts. Later, after many years of study or careful following of rumour, the Elves may discover that one of their lost items of power lies within a particular tumble of ancient masonry. As soon as this is discovered a fleet is equipped and soldiers readied. The world's slow slide into utter confusion may not seem to be connected to small objects found in a ruin, but to the High Elves all things are linked and it may be just this magical heirloom that holds the key to their future.



THE DEFENSE OF CHRACE

"Sire, the tales are true – the dead walk amongst us, and already they march through the entrance of the pass." The Elf warrior who addressed the prince was dressed in a white fur cloak, a trophy of the hunt he once performed as his rite of passage.

Prince Aethis nodded in acknowledgement before turning to face a mage who stood by his side.

"Daramas, my brother, you have proved yourself as a wise mage on our voyage abroad. How do the winds of magic blow this woeful day?"

The mage raised his hand, his fingers forming some arcane symbols as he did so.

"By all accounts, good brother, they should favour us, for the winds of Ulthuan bless our kindred."

"Good, the white Lion warrior spoke out. This warrior did not show the courtesy that a Lord of Prince Aethis Flamebearer's position was due. He stood before a prince and addressed him as an equal, instead of kneeling as custom dictated. But the prince knew the White Lions to be loyal fighters and was not about to chastise him for his ignorance. "My scouts report that the force is led by vampires. We will need all the advantage we can get if we are to stop the march of these unholy creatures."



Prince Aethis's force had been marching back through Chrace towards Caledor after months of war when the band of White Lions, fierce and loyal hunters from the mountains, had halted their passage. The leader of the White Lions had informed the prince about the Undead horde marching without opposition towards Tor Achare, the capital of Chrace.

"We must stop them entering the city at all costs. With the main forces of Tor Achare fighting the Dark Elf invasion, the Undead could overrun the defences of the town with ease." The leader of the White Lions finished before rejoining his warriors.

The Prince suppressed his indignation at this uncouth warrior's ignorance of his rank. The White Lions were bodyguards to the Phoenix King himself, and he doubted that they held much respect for a mere Prince. It would be something he would address after the battle: now was a time to unite his force. Standing on a small rocky outcrop, he turned to face the army. His troops were weary and tired of battle. For many months they had waged war on Albion, and now they were eager to return home victorious to rejoin with their loved ones.

"My friends, I know in your hearts that you long to return to your families. You fought well on that dread isle but I must ask you once again to go to war." He surveyed the ranks of his soldiers. They stood in perfect, motionless formations, a result of the discipline from decades of relentless training.

"On Albion we fought to combat the dark forces that were rising to conquer that accursed rain-soaked land. Now we must defend our home. The citizens of Tor Achare need our assistance, and we cannot fail them in our duty.

He raised his huge sword high, the sight of the Prince in his mystical suit of armour, forged by the gods who had once guided his people was truly awe inspiring.

"We must not let them pass." With those words he leapt from the rock and joined the ranks of the Phoenix Guard. He knew from the courage that they had shown on Albion that his force would fight to the death to protect their isle.

Prince Aethis surveyed the battlefield. Apart from the corpses of bats and the odd bone crumbling to dust there was little evidence to suggest that an enemy had been here at all. The bodies of his fallen warriors were enough to convince him that he wasn't imagining the horrors that he had witnessed.

Two of his warriors approached him. Between them they dragged the form of a withered old man. His face was withdrawn, and the skin sunken in to his bones. Around his neck he wore amulets carved with ancient evil symbols.

"My Lord, we found this one cowering within a nearby forest. What would you have us do with him?"

Prince Aethis stared at the old man who struggled in vain to free himself, screaming for mercy.

"Why should I grant you freedom, dark one: you who have ended the lives of so many of my people?" the Prince addressed the necromancer.

"Free me! You don't know what you do. My powers are vast and the gods I serve will strike you down unless you release me now." He snarled spitting in defiance at the Elven Prince.

Aethis instructed his warriors to release the necromancer. As they did so he brought his blade down and severed the evil magician's head from his body.

"The dead will rest in peace on Ulthuan tonight." He whispered as he turned to help his warriors in their grim task of burial.

AENARION THE DEFENDER

1 - 80 (imperial calendar -4500 to -4919)

It was a time of darkness. It was an age of strife. It was an era of terror and rage. The nightmare creations of Chaos swept across the land. The Old Slann had fallen, leaving their lost children to battle the daemons alone. The polar gates, once used by the starwalking Slann to step from world to world, had collapsed, and a tide of uncontrolled magical energy swamped the Known World. From the gates emerged the spawn of chaos: daemons, sorcerers, the lost and the damned. They marched forth to devour the world.

On Ulthuan, the island home of the Elves, the long golden age of peace came to an end. From the turbulent seas the Hosts of Chaos emerged to slaughter the defenceless Elves. They fell on the children of the Everqueen like wolves on newborn lambs. Unused to war, unschooled in conflict, the Elves could not stand against them. Blackarmoured warriors burned the sacred groves. Hideous beastmen massacred entire

villages and towns. Daemons howled and gibbered in the ruins of ancient settlements.

All the Elves could do was flee. Their bows and spears, used only for hunting and duels of honour, were useless against the armour of the Chaos warriors and the brazen hides of daemons. The Elves hid themselves in caves, woods and mountainsides and prayed to their gods that they would not be found, and that a hero would emerge to deliver them from this evil.

ASURYAN'S CHOSEN

From the red murk of this terrible age emerged Aenarion, greatest and most tragic of all Elf heroes: a doomed champion, a fallen god, mightiest warrior of an age of constant warfare; the first, the best-loved and the most accursed of the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan. This flawed titan bestrides the history of his age like a colossus.

Little is known of Aenarion's early life. It is said that he was an adventurer, one of those restless souls who led a small band of followers from the eternal peace of Avelorn to seek his fate in distant lands. When Chaos came he fought as best he could but he saw that the pitiful weapons of the Elves and the peaceful sorceries of the Everqueen could not stand against the might of the dark. Sick of the slaughter of his folk he journeyed through the war-torn land to the Shrine of Asuryan, determined to invoke the aid of his god.

Even as the armies of Chaos laid siege to the shrine Aenarion stood before the ever-burning flame and begged Asuryan to aid his people. If the god heard, he gave no sign. Aenarion burned offerings, and the god did not respond. He sacrificed a white lamb. No aid came. Finally, in desperation, Aenarion offered himself, saying he would cast himself into the sacred

A NOTE ON CHRONOLOGY

Elves reckon nine differently to men and Dwarfs. They are so long lived that their history is divided into 'Reigns' not centuries or millennia. Each Phoenix King's reign is considered to be a separate historical epoch, described simply by the manner in which the Phoenix King ruled, and the actions he carried out.

In addition, Elves do not reckon in months as Men do. Their years are divided into four seasons: the season of Frost, the season of Rain, the season of Sun, and the season of Storm. These roughly correspond to winter, spring, summer and autumn. In Elf records the reign of the Phoenix King comes first, followed by the year, then the season, then the day. Thus V) 114, 3, 90 means on the ninetieth day of the season of Sun in the one hundred and fourteenth year of the reign of Caradryel the Peacemaker. For the sake of consistency we have given the length of the Phoenix King's reign and the rough dates in the Sigmarite calendar of the Empire.

When looking at the calendar it's worth bearing in mind that there is usually a year's grace between the death of the previous Phoenix King and the coronation of his successor. Usually these years are counted as the last year of the dead king's reign.

Elves traditionally date their calendar from the day that Aenarion passed through the flame in the Shrine of Asuryan. Before that is the reign of the Single Throne when Ulthuan was ruled by the Everqueen of Avelorn. This is a period about which little is known for few records survive of those days, except that the Everqueens ruled alone, and the system revolved in some way around them.



"My children, as I sit and look at those who have gathered to hear my words, I see in your faces the ghosts of comrades long since vanished from this world. How my heart bleeds with the images of millennia past, which still burn as fiercely as they did the very second they sprang into life; the sadness of memories that now exist as nothing more than the faint echo of voices and laughter within my tortured mind. Yet for all the pain that such recollection inflicts I would not live without these thoughts. They are the very essence of my being, the very proof that I live. For each sorrow I have mourned, I have found new strength, for each wound suffered, I bear the scars of healing, for each loss endured, I have found the promise of hope."

- Unthwe Windrider,
Herald of the Phoenix King

fire if Asuryan would only save his people. As the god made no response Aenarion kept his promise and threw himself into the raging, white-hot inferno. Agony wracked his body. Pain seared his limbs. His hair caught fire. His heart stopped. Those who watched thought he was dead. Then a miracle occurred.

Aenarion refused to die. Slowly, painfully, he staggered through the fire. As he did so his burned skin healed and his scorched hair re-grew. He emerged from the flame unscathed, transformed by the cleansing fire. His skin was clear and translucent. The spirit of Asuryan had entered him. There was a light about him that all onlookers could see. All were aware that he had become the vessel of a transcendent power. When he spoke, Elves hastened to obey.

Aenarion emerged from the shrine to lead the Elves to war. Outside the walls he faced the howling Chaos horde. He picked up his hunting spear and cast it at Morkar, the Chaos general. The weapon tore through the Chaos Lord's body then through the chest of his standard bearer before coming to rest in the neck of a minotaur. Weaponless, Aenarion strode down the steps of the shrine towards the stunned enemy. He stooped and picked up Morkar's blade. Howling for vengeance, the followers of Chaos closed in. They might as well have assaulted a wall of blades with their bare hands. The power of Asuryan was strong in Aenarion. His blade was laden with death. Every Chaos worshipper who came within his reach was cut down. Single-handedly Aenarion could have destroyed an army that day.

Seeing him wreak such havoc among a supposedly invincible foe, the Elves within the shrine were heartened. They seized up spears and charged forth to his aid. Great was the slaying that day, and merry was the feasting afterwards. The Elves had won a tremendous victory. All those present swore allegiance to Aenarion. From the Shrine of Asuryan he took ship to Caledor, the only place in the lands of the Elves where a successful stand had been made against the



powers of Chaos. There he met with the first Dragon Prince of Caledor, Caledor Dragontamer, greatest of the High Mages of old.

Caledor perceived Aenarion for what he truly was, a mortal god, and bent the knee immediately. Mounted on dragons, the two of them flew to the Fortress-Shrine of Vaul's Anvil. It was here that Aenarion's sacred armour was forged, along with enough swords and suits of armour to outfit an army.

For a brief time there was a respite from conflict. Aenarion took the time to raise his standard, and many Elves, survivors of the initial invasion, flocked to it. They were the perfect soldiers for Aenarion's holy war. Many had lost their families to the spawn of Chaos. They had true grievances to settle and were ready to lay down their lives for vengeance. Under the supervision of Aenarion and his advisor Caledor the Elves learned all the arts of battle. A mighty war host was assembled to protect the Elf homeland and not a moment too soon, for the armies of Chaos returned with redoubled strength.



Like a thunderbolt the Elves descended from the mountains of Caledor. Dragon-mounted knights smashed the armies of beastmen. Forces of heavily armed and armoured infantry drove the followers of the four Powers before them. In the campaign that followed Aenarion forged his army the way a smith would temper a sword. Mounted on Indraguir, eldest of dragons, he led the way into every battle. Great flights of fire-breathing beasts swooped on the armies of the night, and drove them back from the heart of Ulthuan to the shores of the islandcontinent.

At Korumel, in present day Ellyrion, Aenarion slew the Keeper of Secrets. N'kari, banishing the daemon from the mortal plane for centuries. In the foothills of southern Chrace he smashed the Khorne-worshipping army of Vorghan the Slayer. He cleared the boundaries of the sacred grove on the Island of Apples from the Skull Dancers of Slaanesh, and their mistress Aazella Silkenthighs. Dragonfire incinerated I login the Plaguelord, and the rotting legions of burgle. Then for a moment, the war seemed to end.

Brief peace settled over Ulthuan, like the shroud over a corpse. It was the peace of death and sorrow, in a land weary of war, and made listless by loss. It was a time of brief liaisons and temporary gladness. The northern gate continued to run out of control, gnawing into the heart of the world like a cancer.

The tide of magic continued to rise. Ulthuan, on a natural fault line in the fabric of reality, was saturated with the energy of magic. The Annuli Mountains glittered with polychromatic light. Maids gave birth to monsters. The voice of Chaos thundered in the valleys. Terrible laughter filled the burning night.

Strange events and portents abounded. Oracles went mad with fear. The Keeper of the Shrine of Asuryan plucked out his eyes but even this did not stop the terrible visions. When questioned about the fate of the world he refused to speak.

During this time Aenarion came to the court of the Everqueen. He was a striking figure, a tired giant in golden armour. There he met and married the Everqueen, Astarielle. Little is known of their courtship but it is said that, for a brief time, they were happy. Their first born children were twins, a daughter, the future Everqueen Yvraine and a son, Morelion. Then the forces of Chaos returned once more, and the silver horns summoned Aenarion again to battle.

War surged over the length and breadth of Ulthuan. At first the Elves and their draconic allies had the mastery. But slowly and surely the followers of Chaos gained the upper hand. Their numbers were inexhaustible. More and more daemons and corrupt things emerged from the warp gates. More and more men were transformed by the mutating power of the great clouds of Chaos magic drifting from the poles. More and more monsters swarmed down from the glowing mountains. Every Elf warrior who fell was well-nigh irreplaceable. For every Chaos worshipper who fell there were two more to take his place.

The war dragged on for decades. At times, by dint of heroic effort, the Elves achieved a breathing space and cleared their lands. Sometimes they even launched expeditions to other continents to aid the Dwarfs and humans. But it was obvious that the war was being lost. Any victory merely slowed inevitable defeat; any defeat accelerated the process immeasurably. In the end, all of the Elves, even Aenarion, grew tired of the unceasing conflict. The forces of Chaos fought on showing neither weakness nor mercy. They were relentless, insane and deadly.

Then came the two incidents that were to echo down the long ages of Elf history and set the stage for the great dramas that were to follow.

After nearly a century of fruitless experimentation Caledor managed to divine the cause of the Chaos Invasion and devise a desperate plan for containing it. He now knew that the old Slann gates had collapsed, sending surges of transmuting energy through the remnants of their old network of gates. It was these ancient devices that allowed the followers of darkness to move so swiftly about the world, and the cataclysmic release of their corrupting energies which was responsible for the spawning of so many beastmen and monsters.

THE WEAPONS OF THE PRINCES

By Aenarion's command the Priests of Vaul forged weapons to aid the High Elves in the war against the Daemons. These weapons were amongst the mightiest magical items ever wrought, and at a time of great despair, they brought renewed hope to the beleaguered High Elves.

Although a great many of these treasured artefacts have since been lost in battle, some few remain, like the swords Sunfang and Chabrael or the fabled Spear of Twilight.



Caledor devised a plan to gather these energies and return them to the Realm of Chaos, to create a cosmic vortex that would drain the magic from the world, and save its inhabitants from Chaos. It was a desperate plan, with little hope of success, but Caledor and many like him thought a last desperate gamble would be preferable to the slow death the Elf people were enduring.

Aenarion opposed this, calling it the council of despair. Although in his heart he knew that the war was unwinnable, he determined that he would put off the end for as long as possible. In the camp of the Elf army Aenarion and Caledor were in the midst of their last great argument when fatal news was brought to Aenarion. An army of beastmen and Chaos warriors had descended on Avelorn. The Everqueen was dead, and the bodies of their children had not been found. It was presumed they were dead or the playthings of the Dark Ones. Overcome with grief, Aenarion retired to his tent. When he emerged the next morning he had changed.

No-one who looked at him could meet his gaze. He was overcome with rage and bitterness and titanic fury. He swore that he would kill every Chaos worshipper on the face of the world. Few who heard him doubted his resolution or its madness. The dark powers were too strong to be overcome. Aenarion did not think so. He announced that he was going to the Blighted Isle.

Dread filled those who heard his words. All of them knew that this could mean only one thing: Aenarion was going to draw the Sword of Khaine, take up the Widomaker, to wield the ultimate and deadly weapon.

THE SWORD OF KHAINE

From the beginning of time it had waited, embedded in the great black Altar of Khaine on the Blighted Isle. The weapon was old as the world and deadly as poison, a shard of the fatal weapon forged by Vaul himself for the death god Khaela-Mensha-Khaine, a fragment of crystallised death capable of slaying daemons and gods alike. No mortal could wield it and live, but Aenarion had passed beyond hope and beyond despair. He lived to slay. Caledor knew what would happen and tried to warn Aenarion. He told Aenarion that he would be accursed if he drew the weapon, that such power was too great for any mortal being, and it could only be bought at the price of Aenarion's immortal soul.

Seized for a moment by the power of prophesy, Caledor spoke words that would ring down the ages. He told Aenarion that if he sought such corrupt power he would bring eons of tragedy to the Elves, that he and his line would be accursed to the last generation, that the gods would turn their faces from him and that Aenarion himself would surely die. The first Phoenix King made no response, merely climbed onto the back of Indraguir and flew off into the dreadful night.





Little is known of Aenarion's quest to the Blighted Isle. What is certain is that he made his way there, ignoring all warning from mortal and immortal alike. As he flew portents abounded. Daemons tried to turn him from his path. The Elf gods whispered warnings in his ear. A great storm blew up as he approached the island, as if the elements themselves were trying to drive him from his chosen path.

Indraugnir was mighty even as dragons measure strength but even he was weary by the time he bore Aenarion to his destination. Aenarion walked the last few leagues over the haunted plains on foot. There it is said the ghost of his departed wife pleaded with him to proceed no further. Hardening his heart, Aenarion ignored her entreaties and wrenched the great blood-dripping blade from the altar, sealing his fate and that of his people.

A MORTAL GOD

Aenarion returned to the fray and carried everything before him. The power of the sword was so great that nothing could stand against him. It filled his enemies with terror and his own troops with unshakeable faith and unquenchable blood lust. The followers of Aenarion became ever more brutal, cruel and merciless, lost in a dream of endless slaughter. With each victory they became ever more heedless of their fate, they fought with no thought for their own lives, possessed by a desire to spill the blood of their enemies. All the Elf warriors became heedless of danger and most heedless of them all was Aenarion.

Old longings, deeply buried in the Elf soul began to stir, and a darkness of spirit descended on their armies. There were those who fought for the joy of fighting and those who slew for the sake of slaying. Aenarion carved himself out a new kingdom in northern Ulthuan, in the bleak land of Nagarythe, a place that mirrored his own dismal mood.

Many of the most savage Elf warriors were drawn here. To everyone's surprise, Aenarion took another wife, the strange, mysterious and beautiful seeress Morathi whom he had rescued from a hand of Slaanesh worshippers. To them was born another child. Malekith, who was to become the most hated of Elves. The court of Aenarion was a wild place, full of desperate gaiety and feverish mirth. Many cruel sports were practised, such as hunting captured prisoners. Dark rumours abounded.

Others, sensing the growing evil in the land, withdrew. Caledor led his Dragon-riders south to his own land. He was dismayed by the change in his old friend and could see the darkness in his soul warring with the light. Aenarion decried the departure of the Dragon-riders as a betrayal and swore he would be avenged on their prince. Before he could take action new Chaos forces arrived in the Elf heartland.

The war reached its final stage, an unequal contest of might between the Elves and the innumerable legions of the four Powers. Touched by Asuryan and marked by Khaine, Aenarion was an all but invincible warrior, a child of darkness and light. His blade lent him power



beyond mortal reckoning; the eternal flame gave him the strength to use it. In battle, Aenarion slew foes beyond reckoning. His loyal mount Indraguir was a match for any daemon. And yet there was only one Aenarion, and the number of his followers was finite.

During the long years of war, their numbers slowly dwindled till only the most savage, cunning and ruthless survived to carry the war to Chaos. It became obvious to all but Aenarion and his followers that the war was lost and the world was doomed.

THE VORTEX

Caledor decided that there was only one thing left he could do. Up to then he had respected his old friend's command abjuring him from creating the vortex. But now there was nothing left to lose. He called a convocation of the greatest High Elf Mages and they assembled on the Isle of the Dead to begin the great ritual. Somehow the minions of Chaos received word of the ritual and determined to stop it. All the forces of Chaos were brought to bear, and the mightiest sorcerers of the Chaos army set to work to breach the spell-walls around the island.

Aenarion was left with no choice. He assembled his forces and moved to defend the Isle of the Dead. At the centre of Ulthuan the two forces met. Dragons so numerous that their wings darkened the sky descended on the Chaos Host. On land and sea total war was fought between Elf and daemoniac minion. The death agonies of monsters filled the sea with foam. Dead dragons plummeted earthward, killed by fatal spells.



As the creation of the vortex began, the seas churned and a terrible wind blew from the north. The skies darkened and lightning bolts split the sky.

In the centre of the field Aenarion faced four greater daemons: a Lord of Change, a Great Unclean One. A Keeper of Secrets and a Bloodthirster. He barred their way to the shores of the island. Blood dripped from his sword, smoking when it touched the scorched earth. His burnished armour glistened in the light of the setting sun. Flame leaked from the nostrils of his proud old dragon. For long moments the combatants glared at each other, their gazes burning with unimaginable hatred. The daemons spoke, calling Aenarion brother. Then with a roar the combatants closed.

Aenarion lashed out with the Sword of Khaine. He tore a great gash across the brow of the Keeper of Secrets. Indraguir breathed a sheet of searing flame at the howling daemons. They shrieked and gibbered as blazing air surrounded them. The Lord of Change cast a bolt of magical power. Aenarion deflected the pulsing energy with his shield but the power of the daemon's attack cast him from the saddle. Aenarion rose and smote the daemon mightily, cleaving its head in two and shearing its arm from its body.

The Bloodthirster cast itself forward at Indraguir and slowly wrestled the dragon down. The Great Unclean One vomited forth a stream of corruption. The foul liquid overwhelmed Aenarion. His head whirled and he felt giddy, virtually unable to stand upright for the foul vapours about him.

The High Elf sorcerers chanted the spell that would create the vortex. Chain lightning flickered. The world shuddered. For a moment all was calm, all was silence. Then the mountains shivered. Terrible energies pulsed between earth and sky. From the mountain tops bolts of pure power leaped to converge over the Island of the Dead. The clouds swirled and rushed inward, vanishing in on themselves like waves in a whirlpool. The air grew thick and clotted with magical power. All present found it hard to breathe. Their lungs tingled with magical energy.

The ground was split and vast chunks of rock were carried into the sky by the rising tide of magic. Atop one such floating island Aenarion continued to fight. The Keeper of Secrets cut at him with its great claw. Its terrible grasp could not cut Aenarion's armour but the pressure was too much for any mortal to bear. Aenarion's ribs snapped like twigs under the awesome stress. The pain would have killed a lesser being but Aenarion had passed through the tire of Asuryan and agony could not slow him. He reversed his grip on the blade and drove it through the daemon's chest. With a terrible scream the thing faded and vanished.

In Aenarion's hand the Sword of Khaine dripped smouldering blood and the daemoniac blade took on a life of its own. It whispered terrible threats and promises into his mind. Having drunk the daemon's





soul it filled Aenarion with new strength. The Phoenix King staggered towards the towering form of the Great Unclean One. It loomed over him chuckling with preternatural malice.

On the Isle of the Dead the Elf sorcerers died, one by one. The least powerful fell first, their brains burned and their flesh stripped to the bones by the corrosive power they had unleashed. Still they kept chanting, knowing that if they stopped now the spell would run out of control and all their work would be undone.

Aenarion drew his blade across the burgle thing's gut, slicing through the fleshy sac and unleashing a seemingly unending tide of foulness. A wave of corruption, pus, bile and writhing white maggots threatened to fill Aenarion's lungs. The thing's entrails writhed around him like the tentacles of a daemonic octopus.

Slowly, Aenarion was drawn down into the daemon's innards. Even as he hacked his way free more tentacles looped around him and dragged him into the filth. He called to Indraguir for help. The old dragon turned its head and sent another blast of cauterising flame towards the daemon, searing its flesh. Protected by his enchanted armour Aenarion stood unscathed at the centre of the firestorm. The Bloodthirster took advantage of Indraguir's distraction to strike a mortal wound. Its mighty talons sliced through the dragon's scaly hide. Indraguir howled and lashed out at the Bloodthirster with renewed fury, using the last of his fading strength to keep the Blood God's follower at bay.

Barely able to remain upright. Aenarion staggered into the fray. The Bloodthirster lashed out and struck him a terrible blow, breaking the bones of his left arm so that his shield hung useless at his side. Another blow fractured his skull and almost buffeted him into unconsciousness. The Phoenix King refused to fall. He called on all his strength and brought the Sword of Khaine round in an enormous arc of death. The blow could have split a mountain. It carved the daemon in two.

On the Isle of the Dead the last surviving mages completed their chant. For a moment all was quiet. The mortally wounded Aenarion clambered into the saddle of his dying dragon and they took to the air on their last flight,

Buffeted by the raging winds Indraguir carried the dying Phoenix King high above the battlefield. Looking down he saw the final fearful act of that day. With a terrible flash that all but blinded the onlookers the island vanished, around it the storm of magical energy.

The ritual had been partially successful. The vortex had been created. The tide of magic ebbed and the daemons were suddenly left stranded and dying, like fish caught out of water. But the price was terrible. The High Elf

sorcerers had succeeded in opening the vortex but were trapped within it, eternally keeping it open, eternally trapped in the last moments of their battle with Chaos.

After the silence came the thunder. Tidal waves rippled across the Inner Sea, great walls of water that sank ships and brought the trees on distant shores toppling down. Those who could fled. Those who could not died. It seemed as if all the magical power in the world was being trapped in the centre of the storm that would last three days.

Indraguir bore the dying Aenarion outward to the Blighted Isle. The receding tide of magic had reduced his power. The much of Asuryan was no longer so strong in his mind, and the Sword of Khaine no longer provided him with near limitless strength. The great days of High Magic were over. As the power withdrew the madness lifted from Aenarion's mind. The first Phoenix King had time to think of the daemons' taunts. His conscience warred with the whispered promises of the semi-sentient sword. He knew that whoever found it could rule the new world.

Indraguir's strength failed just as they reached the Blighted Isle. As they made landfall on the Plain of Bones the old dragon reared, gave one last bellow of defiance, and toppled to the earth, dead. With the last of his strength Aenarion crawled to the altar and drove the blade back into its resting place, embedding it so deep that none could ever draw it forth again. Then, it is said, Aenarion lay down beside his steed and passed from that age of the world.

The immediate effects of Caledor's ritual were a series of magical storms, earthquakes and tidal waves that ravaged Ulthuan for three days. Thousands died as the shores of Ulthuan were swept clear by monstrous waves, ships were sunk and the sky was split by lightning bolts. When the storms abated, though, the warp gates were sealed, the Daemonic legions were gone and while Ulthuan was a land in ruins, it had a future.

*"Brother, spoke the four as one, together we shall rule,
Surrender to the Darkness within your heart you know holds true.*

*In his hand the sword of Khaine did promise power untold,
As God of Light and God of Murder battled for his soul.
One by one the Daemons fell and Elf Lord he stood tall,
For should he fail upon his task then mortal world would fall.*

*Upon the isle beneath the fight, wise mages cast their spells
And Daemon minions howled in anguish, cursed to eternal hell.*

*And on this day we bow our heads to he who world did save,
Aenarion the Proud Defender, Aenarion the Ever Brave."*

The Song of the creator, an Elven tune which is recited once every decade by Elves all over Ulthuan. At the break of Law the Elves repeat the verse five times over to mark the start of the Festival of Light.





BEL-SHANAAR THE EXPLORER

1 - 1669 (Imperial calendar -4418 to -2750)

After the disappearance of Aenarion the lands of Ulthuan were thrown into confusion. The Everqueen was dead, the Phoenix King was lost, and Dragon Prince Caledor was imprisoned forever on the Isle of the Dead with the greatest and wisest of the High Mages. With the loss of their own leaders the armies of Chaos were in retreat and the Elves swiftly hunted them down and destroyed them. The land was at peace but the golden age was lost forever. The coming of Chaos had taught the Elves many bitter lessons. They vowed that never again would they be surprised by any foe.

The land was ravaged but there were now many strong realms in Ulthuan. Cities sprung into being round the old fortresses. Most of the old great Elf towns date from this period and it goes some way towards accounting for their remoteness. The princes of the realms decided that they needed someone to rally round and lead them in the event that war should come again. The First Council was called at the Shrine of Asuryan, a year to the day after Aenarion disappeared.

There it was revealed that the first born children of Aenarion still lived. Sensing impending doom, their mother had sent them to be hidden in the Gaeon vale.

Lost on their way, they had been rescued from a Chaos attack by the Treeman Oakheart and his people. The Treeman had kept them safe in the deepest wildwoods while war raged. Yvraine was ready to be crowned the new Everqueen. In her the spirit of Astarielle would live on.

THE SECOND PHOENIX KING

The obvious choice for the next Phoenix King was Malekith. Aenarion's son by Morathi. He had grown to be a mighty warrior, a great sorcerer and an excellent general. He was fair and a persuasive speaker with a natural talent for diplomacy and leadership. But there were those who remembered the cruel days of Aenarion's court in Nagarythe and they doubted that any child who grew up there could be entirely wholesome.

There were also those who remembered Caledor's words concerning the curse on the line of Aenarion, who thought it wise to remind others. Still others desired a marriage between the two thrones to symbolise the renewal of the Elf Kings and the unity between the old rulers and the new. It was pointed out that Malekith was hardly suitable for this.



Ever fair-spoken, Malekith said that he desired the kingship not for himself but in honour of the memory of his father. However, if the princes did not call upon him to serve it was of no matter. He would willingly do homage to whoever was selected. The princes thought this handsomely said and took him at his word. From their own number they chose Bel Shanaar, Prince of Tiranoc, an Elf who had distinguished himself in the war and yet was seen as a voice of peace and reason, Morathi shrieked her protests at her son not being chosen but he calmed her and agreed that the selection was a good one. He was the first to bend his knee to the future Phoenix King.

Elf astrologers and geomancers studied the portents to divine the best time for the new king to begin his reign, and calculated the best time for him to pass through the Flame. On the day of his coronation the Priests of Asuryan chanted the warding spells that enabled Bel Shanaar to pass unscathed through the flame. The Phoenix Guard, survivors of those warriors who had witnessed the Ascension of Aenarion, waited beyond the flame to drape the newly woven feathered cloak of kingship round his shoulders. Malekith's voice was the first to be raised in acclamation.

So began the great days of exploration and building. In the initial centuries of Bel Shanaar's long reign the Elves busied themselves rebuilding their land and exploring the surrounding world. Elf ships raced across the seas and charted the coasts of the continents. Colonies were planted in Lustria, the New World and the Old World. Contact was established with the Dwarfs and a great era of trade and friendship began.

THE LINE OF AENARION

Malekith was not the only child of Aenarion to survive his father. Indeed, both Morelion and Yvraine, Aenarion's children by Astarielle, survived the massacre of Avelorn. As the Daemons cloaked the ancient forest in fire, the Everqueen foresaw the doom of her line, and struck alliances to prevent it. So it was that Morelion and Yvraine were borne from the fray on the shoulders of the mighty Treeman known in Avelorn as Oakheart. Satisfied with the escape of her offspring, Astarielle remained in Avelorn until the very end, and her fate was so dreadful that the Elves refuse to speak of it.

For decades, Morelion and Yvraine were thought dead – with Avelorn in flames and the Everqueen's court slaughtered, this was a reasonable enough assumption. Not until after Aenarion's death was the fate of his children revealed. Ultimately, Yvraine became the new Everqueen, continuing the line unbroken from the dawn of Elven civilisation. Morelion, however, was content by taking possession of several of the mightiest heirlooms created for the wars against the Daemons and pass into obscurity. He made no claim upon the Phoenix Throne, and retired to Avelorn where he could ensure his sister's continued safety. His line was ever after a troubled one, for it bore Aenarion's early light and later darkness in equal measure, yet still brought forth some of the mightiest heroes ever to grace Ulthuan's shores.

"We have vanquished the daemonic hosts and driven back the rolling clouds of Chaos that plagued the lands. Let the world rejoice, for we have won its sanctity, and the air bears not the foul tang of the Daemon. But at what cost to us, the valorous and the brave of Ulthuan? What sacrifices have been made upon this, the altar of hope?"

- The Lament of Bel Shanaar

The people began to recover from the horrors of the long war with Chaos and for a while the population grew. Bel Shanaar, a seaman of wondrous skill, personally visited all the new colonies and even ventured to Karaz-a-Karak in the World's Edge Mountains to swear the Oath of Friendship with the Dwarf kings. Malekith became his personal ambassador here and thus were sown the seeds of tragedy.

THE CULTS OF EXCESS

In this age the Elves spread and multiplied. Wealth flowed back to Ulthuan and great were its riches. The cities were beautiful and adorned with all the fine things of the globe. And though the folk did not realise, slowly, softly and insidiously Chaos returned. It came back in a form against which there could be no defence. No army could turn it back from the borders, no weapon could be wielded against it. It came back in the form of the Cult of Slaanesh. As new found wealth arrived, the Elves became ever more indolent and luxury loving. Yet for a long time the Cult of Pleasure was respectable and none connected it with the hidden worship of Chaos.





Meanwhile Malekith had begun his many journeys and won renown. In the colonies he led successful armies against the Orcs and the remnants of Chaos. He ventured to the Blighted Isle in search of his father's armour. It is said that he stood transfixed before the Altar of Khaine, and even laid his hand on the hilt of the great weapon. To him it appeared as a sceptre, not as a sword, and perhaps he took this as a sign. Of his father and Indraguir he found no trace. His expedition took him ever onward to the cold colonies of the northern New World. Here in the rubble of an abandoned pre-human city he found the Circllet of Iron, a talisman of awesome sorcerous power.

On his return he found an island in the grip of suspicion. The Cult of Pleasure was strongest in Nagarythe, his homeland and the site of his father's court. His mother the Lady Morathi had long been a devotee of the cult. Indeed, legend has it that she was one of its founding members and was its High Priestess. The Phoenix King was growing worried about the Cult of Luxury. Its excesses had already degenerated into the sacrifice of living beings and its Chaotic nature was increasingly evident. The dark name of Slaanesh was increasingly associated with it.

Malekith was apparently horrified by what he found in Nagarythe. He denounced the entire coven of Slaanesh worshippers, including his mother, and handed them over to the Phoenix King. This was the last straw for the people of Nagarythe. They felt themselves the most blighted of the folk of Ulthuan. They had taken the brunt of battle during the war against Chaos and yet they were reviled by their fellows. The princes had obviously refused to select their prince as Phoenix King although he was obviously the rightful heir to

Aenarion. Now their Cult of Pleasure was being persecuted by the agents of the distant Phoenix King.

The realm became ever more rebellious and uncooperative with the Phoenix Throne, and became a haven for the persecuted followers of the Cult of Pleasure. There was talk of enforcing the Phoenix King's edict against the cult by military force. Ulthuan teetered on the brink of civil war.

Once again Malekith stepped in. His loyalty to the king and his hatred for the cult was indisputable. He personally took charge of the war against the cult. A shroud of fear descended once more over Ulthuan. No-one knew whether their neighbour was a member of the proscribed sect. The agents of the Phoenix King could appear at any time and drag away the most reputable people. It seemed that the servants of Slaanesh were everywhere. Malekith himself remarked that there was no telling how high the corruption might reach.

MALEKITH THE GREAT

The valorous acts carried out by Malekith during the first sixteen hundred years of Bel Shanaar's reign were the stuff of legend, and only an act of perfidy as vile as Malekith's ultimate betrayal could ever erase the sheer heroism and gallantry that u must have taken to perform them. Even now High Elf scholar-historians foil to comprehend how Malekith the Great, hero of Elf and Dwarf alike could sink so low as to carry out murders and butchery upon his own people, and threaten the destruction of the world. Though once the name of Malekith the Great was shouted by enthusiastic young Elves, and sung of in poems and plays, "The Great" is now an epithet that is as dead as it is inappropriate.



Meanwhile, in Nagarythe, the worship of the Cult of Pleasure became ever more corrupt, frenzied and perverse. There was little the Phoenix King could do but finally declare war against one of his own realms.

He called together his generals and summoned a Council of War at the Shrine of Asuryan. On the eve of the council the worst of horrors was revealed. Malekith claimed that the Phoenix King himself was a secret worshipper of Slaanesh. Rather than face the shame of interrogation, the Phoenix King took poison. Malekith moved swiftly to restore order.

With this act, Malekith had gone too far. No-one could seriously believe that the king had been a worshipper of the cult. Certainly not the assembled princes who had all known Bel Shanaar too long and too well. At long last the light of suspicion fell on Malekith, but it

was too late. Malekith and his followers already had the Shrine of Asuryan in their possession, and Malekith possessed the crown that he had taken from the dead Phoenix King. The truth about him was revealed.

Malekith was mad. He coveted the throne and had done so for a long time. He had been prepared to sacrifice anyone and anything to his ambition. Now it was within his grasp. The princes and their bodyguards were trapped within his grasp. He had a secret treaty with his kin in Nagarythe. An army of Slaanesh worshippers would be available to impose his will on the leaderless Elves.



Believing that all he had to do was crown himself and slay the princes, Malekith marched into the sacred flame, confident that like his father before him he could endure the ordeal. He was wrong. The flame of Asuryan would not suffer his polluted body to pass through it. His screams were so terrible that none who ever heard them forgot them till their dying day. Malekith was caught within the flames, his body terribly scarred and burned. Unable to pass through the flame, he managed to cast himself back onto the side of the platform he had entered from. His body was seared and blackened. Where once he had been beautiful now he was hideous; where once he had been mighty, now he was maimed. Where once he had been fair-spoken now his voice was horrible, forced out by ravaged lungs through a ruined throat.

Believing their leader on the verge of death and the vengeance of Asuryan about to descend upon them, his discouraged followers took up their leader's body and fled the shrine, leaving the best and the noblest of the Elf princes dead within and massacring all who stood in their path. An age of tragedy and conflict was about to begin.

THE MASSACRE AT THE SHRINE

Malekith's treachery within the shrine of Asuryan cost many of the finest leaders in Ulthuan their lives. An ancient edict forbids the shedding of blood within the Shrine, and so Malekith's surprise was total. The unarmed princes of Ulthuan were ruthlessly butchered by Malekith and his treacherous followers and only three of the princes loyal to the Phoenix Crown survived. Only steadfast bravery on the part of the High Elves, coupled with Malekith's rejection by the Flames of Asuryan, allowed any to survive at all.



CALEDOR THE CONQUEROR

Caledor 1 - 551 (Imperial calendar -2749 to -2199)

Once more the Elf realms were plunged into chaos. Malekith and his followers fled north to Nagarythe. Leaderless, the Elves did not pursue. Frantic consultations were held between the few surviving princes, the Chief Priest of the Shrine of Asuryan and the Captain of the Phoenix Guard. It was decided that there was only one Elf capable of the task. The third Phoenix King was to be Imrik, who upon his succession took the name Caledor the First. He was the grandson of the famous mage of that name and brother to the murdered prince of the realm of Caledor.

THE WOODSMEN OF CHRACE

Although he lacked his grandsire's gift for magic, Caledor was a great warrior and general. At the time of the murders in the Shrine of Asuryan he was hunting in Chrace with his old friend Koradrel of Chrace. Caledor was famously brusque and curt. When the messenger arrived in his camp bringing news of his call to the throne, all Imrik said was "Why?", and upon being told of the murders, he commented "Bad, very bad", which was considered quite long-winded for him. The messenger asked him what was going to happen, he simply replied "War".

War was indeed what happened. It was just after this moment that one of the most famous events in Elf history took place. Malekith despatched a band of assassins to slay the new Phoenix King. They arrived just after the messenger from the shrine and jumped on Caledor by surprise. There were dozens of them and they would have overpowered the future king had not a hand of Chracian hunters seen what was happening and intervened. These powerful mountain-dwelling Elves leapt among the Naggarothi assassins and chopped them down with their great axes, saving Caledor's life.



Afterwards, when told he had best wait for his bodyguard, Caledor replied that he could expect no better bodyguards than these hunters, and asked them to accompany him on his quest to the shrine. The hunters accepted, and thus were founded the famous White Lions of Chrace, so called because they were garbed in the furs of the white lion.

Swiftly Caledor took ship for the shrine. With full and proper ceremony he walked through the sacred fire and was accepted as pure by the god Asuryan. He had no time for the ritual marriage with the Everqueen since the legions of Nagarythe had swept down from their grim realm, bearing the banner of Malekith before them. Caledor raised his own standard and called for all true Elves to join him in defence of the realm.

CIVIL WAR

Civil war raged throughout Ulthuan. It was a period of great confusion and conflicting rumour. Brother fought brother. In the far realms and colonies no-one knew who the true king was. Some spoke for Caledor, some spoke for Malekith. Devotees of the cult of Slaanesh spread confusion everywhere.

In strength the two sides were equally matched. The Elves of Nagarythe were numerous and well-versed in sorcery, being descendants of those grim Elves who had followed Aenarion after he took up the Sword of Khaine. There were no fiercer warriors among Elvenkind. Monsters were plentiful in the still magic-rich mountains of Nagarythe and these were captured and tamed by the Naggarothi. Their mountainous homeland with its fortress valleys was a near impregnable base from which to sally forth. At first they were as organised and disciplined as their enemies were confused. However, the new Phoenix King could call on the mighty Dragon-riders of Caledor and the legions of the Phoenix Guard.

Many Elf communities in Tiranoc and Ellyrion fell to the followers of Malekith aided by traitors within their own gates. In Saphery, even then a realm famed for its sorcerers, Wizard Prince fought Wizard Prince. For there were many in that land who had taken their magical researches too far and into whose souls darkness entered. Slowly, as the followers of the Phoenix King gained the upper hand, these mighty mages fled to Nagarythe and lent their strength to Malekith.

THE WITCH KING

Malekith himself recovered his strength and called his armourers to him. With the aid of the Sapherian wizards and Hotek, a renegade Priest of Vaul, he forged a great suit of black armour which would lend strength to his withered and fire-blasted body. To the



brow of its great homed helm was welded the Circlet of Iron. On the day of its creation he had his armourers fuse the suit directly to his body. After passing through the fires of Asuryan even the infernal heat of their forges could not hurt him.

After that day those who looked upon Malekith shuddered, for he was a figure of dread. The armour was covered in vile and evil runes which drew their power directly from the Realm of Chaos and hurt and baffled the eyes of all those who looked upon them. On his shield was the rune of Slaanesh whose patronage he claimed from his mother's side. On his sword was the rune of Khaine, a reference to the blade wielded by his mighty sire Aenarion. Mounted on a fell steed, a dragon warped by the power of Chaos, he was ready to lead his armies to war. Ever afterwards, Malekith was to be known as the Witch King.

Fell he was and many were his victories but to no avail. Slowly and surely the truth of what had happened came out, and slowly and surely the Elves rallied to the side of Caledor. Time and again the new Phoenix King proved his cunning as a general. He sprang traps and ambushes on the Witch King's forces. He crushed them on the open field of battle. The White Lions protected him from many assassination attempts and his personal retinue of Sapherian wizards countered all death-spells.

Finally at the field of Maledor at the very entrance to the passes of Nagarythe Caledor faced the Witch King himself in battle and defeated the mightiest of his armies, driving them into the marshes of Maledor. Malekith himself was forced to flee in a great black chariot drawn by cold ones. His dragon had taken a mortal wound as he and Caledor clashed on the battlefield.

After this the folk of Nagarythe became ever more desperate, relying more and more on the blackest of sorceries for their defence. They called daemons and allied with Chaos and so their evil was plain for all to see. Thus they came to be known as Dark Elves. But not all their black arts could save them now that the full strength of Ulthuan was brought to bear.

THE LAST GAMBIT

The Witch King in his madness decided on a final scheme with which he could reverse the tide of the war. He gathered all the renegade magicians together and revealed a plan as mad as it was hold. They were going to undo the spells that held together the vortex and bring back Chaos to the world. The daemonic legions would march once more to the aid of their new allies – the traitor Elves of Nagarythe.

The Witch King and his fellows would draw on the power of Chaos and become like unto gods. So far lost to sanity were many of the Dark Elves that they readily agreed. One though, Urathion of Ullar, saw it for the world-destroying madness that it was. In the middle of the night he slipped away from the Witch King's palace and brought word the Phoenix King. He was slain by a

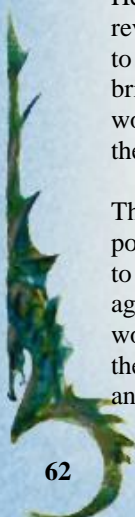
poisoned crossbow bolt fired by a Dark Elf assassin after bringing word to the Dark Elves' enemy.

THE SUNDERING

So began a last deadly conflict. The Witch King and his councillors began a terrible ritual that would unbind the vortex. The High Mages of the Elves attempted to stop them, but such was the power of the Witch King's magic that he slowly and inexorably gained the upper hand. The mountains shook and the earth trembled. Once more an eerie glitter sprang up over the mountains and clouds of magical energies surged from the erupting peaks into the sky. In the far north of the world the Realm of Chaos churned and prepared to advance once more. In the camp of the Phoenix King, Caledor prayed to all the gods and to his grandsire to aid him.

At dusk as the sky shimmered with weird many-coloured lights, the Witch King and his followers began their final push. The daemons of Chaos came to their aid, and the last spells of the defenders went down, in the sky the triumphant laughter of dark gods was heard. Then, as the Witch Kings dark magic touched the Island of the Dead, at the very heart of the Vortex, new players entered the game. Mighty figures clad in light sent the surge of mystical power tumbling back to Nagarythe. The trapped mages of the Isle of the Dead refused to let their work be undone.

The colossal power of those energies lashed Nagarythe. Many of the Witch Kings coven fell stone dead. The land bucked and heaved like a terrified horse and a storm of baleful magic raced over the land. Nothing





could withstand the terrible forces unleashed. The earth itself buckled under the titanic stress, and across the island continent earthquakes cast down the cities and levelled the mountains.

A wall of water a thousand feet high smashed down on Nagarythe. The sea rushed in to cover all of Nagarythe and most of Tiranoc besides. Tens of thousands were slain, drowned by waves, buried by earthquakes, struck by magical lightning. The shock of the sinking was felt as far away as the World's Edge Mountains and is recorded in the chronicles of the Dwarf kings.

The power of the Witch King was reduced but not broken. In those last hours as the seas rushed in to devour the land the mightiest of the sorcerer lords of Nagarythe cast dark and terrible spells upon their keeps. As the waves crashed round the hilltops the wizards' palaces broke free and floated on the surface of the waves. Large as icebergs they drifted off to the north carrying the remaining followers of the Witch King. Thus were created the infamous Black Arks of Naggaroth.

THE DARK ELVES FLEE

The cataclysm destroyed much of what had been built up during the long reign of Bel-Shanaar and left the Elves temporarily too weak to pursue their dark kinsfolk. The Black Arks made landfall in the bleak north of the New World, near where Malekith had found the Cirlet of Iron. There the towers of the massive Black Arks became the cores of new cities. Around them a new, malevolent nation arose. A few Black Arks were left to patrol the stormy northern seas. There they drew the sea monsters cast up from the ocean bottom by the sinking of the land into the service of their evil master. The Dark Elves named their new

land Naggaroth after their old homeland and it swiftly become more sinister and evil than Nagarythe had ever been.

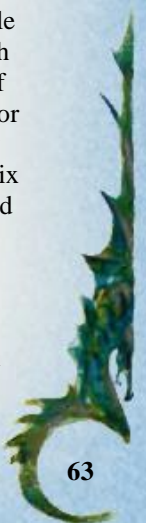
For a century both sides nursed their many wounds from the terrible civil war. Soon though, there began a long period of sea warfare and skirmishing over the north of Ulthuan as the Witch King sought to gain a foothold on Ulthuan once more to reclaim what was left of their old lands and the High Elves sought to prevent them. Neither side had the strength to gain the mastery and the Blighted Isle where the Sword of Khaine still rested changed hands several times. It was during this period that Caledor oversaw the building of the fortresses at Griffon Gate, Phoenix Gate, Eagle Gate, Dragon Gate and Unicorn Gate.

CALEDOR'S FALL

Caledor personally led the last expedition to the Blighted Isle and reclaimed it from the Dark Elves. It is said that he stood before the Altar of Khaine and for a moment the Blade called to him. He stood there for a time, head bowed and, in the end, simply said no.

Returning home from the conquest of the Blighted Isle Caledor's ship was separated from the rest of the High Elf fleet by a freak storm. It was attacked by Dark Elf raiders, who set the ship alight. For long hours Caledor and his crew fought off the Dark Elves, but gradually the Dark Elves gained the upper hand, and the Phoenix King realised that he and his remaining warriors could not win. Rather than fall into the hands of the Witch King's servants, Caledor jumped into the sea in full armour.

Thus passed Caledor the Conqueror. It was a bad end for a great king.





It was a time of war, of kinstrife and blood; a time of dishonour and broken oaths; a time of dark deeds and black betrayal. It was the time of the Sundering.

Civilization tore itself asunder and the gods themselves wept to see the beauty despoiled. Brother fought brother, father fought son, and no mother was spared the grief of slaughtered kin.

Disguised by a mask of light, malice spread like a disease amongst the unwary. Where it walked, treachery blossomed; where it spoke, corruption spread. Once more Chaos reached out and its vile hand cast a shadow over the fair lands of Ulthuan.

Blinded by the light of our own creation, we forged a new world, ignorant of the prophecies that stalked our every step. So it was that Malekith the Fair, Malekith the Noble, Malekith the Traitor hid amongst us.

The son of Aenarion worked his vile plots under the guise of honour. The prophecy had come true and thus a descendant of the line of Aenarion would pierce the bright heart of our nation. War intensified his thirst for blood, and ambition grew ever stronger, darkening his heart.

Evil struck unseen at our souls. Our leaders were betrayed and one by one they succumbed. Those that

saw through the deception were murdered before they could spread warning. Malekith, the Master of Darkness, grew ever more powerful.

Betrayal stung the soul of every Elf, treachery ate at our hearts. Those who had once fought to save the land now broke down the towers and defiled all that was beautiful. Destruction was their goal and murder was their war cry, but we would not bow to the darkness.

United under one banner we fought to save all we had built. Those who chose to enslave us saw that we would not fall. In their spite they sought to destroy what they could not possess and so came the Sundering. They broke the lands with terrible magics, and for a time Ulthuan looked as though it would vanish beneath the tides.

Such is our glory, in death we still shone. Powers older than the dawn of time fought at our side and saved us. Victory has its price and to this day we pay with tears. We mourn the loss of our friends and ever guard against their murderers.

We are ever-living, our spirit is immortal, and long after the last of our people crumbles to dust we shall still live on. For we are the Asur and for as long as there is light then we will shine.







His horse stamping its hooves impatiently, commander Fierann of Ulthuan gazed over the open field towards the tight ranks of Dwarfs arrayed before his army. Today their treacheries would be repaid, he vowed, as he raised his finely wrought blade high into the air, its tip crackling with barely contained magic. He swept his blade down in a chopping motion, and the Elves of Ulthuan let out a great roar, surging across the grass towards their hated enemy. Fierann kicked his mount into a gallop, his proud unit of Silver Helms a step behind him.

A trio of great blue-scaled dragons leapt from the ground, weaving gracefully into the air. The Dragon Princes of Caledor borne on the backs of the drakes hefted their ornate lances. Resplendent armour gleaming brightly in the sun, they soared overhead as the Silver Helms thundered over the hard, sun-baked field. As Fierann approached the Dwarf line, he picked his target; an impressive figure with an exceptionally long beard, wielding a large axe bedecked with runes. The Dwarfs stood unflinching before the Silver Helms, their faces grim and resolute. Lances were lowered as the Elves closed on their foe, and the ranks of bearded warriors let out a deepthroated war cry of defiance.

The Silver Helms crashed into the tightly packed Dwarfs with brutal force, their lances punching through sturdy armour, horses kicking out with flashing hooves. Keeping his eye on his opponent, Fierann slashed downwards with his crackling blade. His foe raised his ornate battle-axe before him, and the two weapons clashed in a great burst of light and sparks. Letting fury wash over him, Fierann struck out repeatedly with his flashing sword. Barely able to follow the blurring movements of the Elven commander, the Dwarf nevertheless managed to fend off most of the blows. Those

attacks that slipped past his defence rebounded forcefully off his gleaming armour, leaving faint smoking traces where they struck.

Hatred was etched on the faces of the combatants, Elf and Dwarf battling murderously. The resolute Dwarfs struck out savagely with axe and hammer, felling the steeds of the Silver Helms, and dragging them from their saddles. The Elves fought with great finesse, their elegant blades weaving deadly patterns through the air, slicing through armour and flesh. Sorcerous blasts of energy ripped through the ranks of Dwarfs, tossing them into the air like dolls, and Fierann smiled grimly. His brother Danalon had shown great magical prowess even when they were children.

Feinting to the left, Fierann turned his blade in mid-air to sweep the weapon towards his enemy's exposed neck. Satisfaction burned in the Elven commander's ice-blue eyes as his blade sliced into Dwarf flesh, cutting through bone and tendon with ease. The sickly smell of charred meat rose into the air as sparks danced over the Dwarf's nearly decapitated body.

With a tremendous roar that made Fierann's ears ache, one of the drakes landed in the midst of the battle. A Dwarf was impaled on the lance of the Dragon Prince, crying out in pain as he was hefted high into the air, his struggling form sliding slowly down the shaft. The drake lashed out with an immense clawed hand, swatting a number of foes to the ground, and roared again. Fierann raised his blade in salute to the Dragon Knight. As he turned back to the fierce battle, the Elven commander smiled grimly.

Today, Elven pride would be restored.



CALEDOR II THE WARRIOR

1 - 599 (Imperial calendar -2198 to -1600)

The loss of Caledor the first was a grievous blow to the Elves. The old warrior had steered the realm of Ulthuan through its greatest crisis and held the kingdom together when it could have easily splintered and been conquered. He had prosecuted a war against the Dark Elves. He had left the next Phoenix King with a strong army, a secure line of fortresses in the north and the most powerful navy in the world. Tragically, it was all for nought.

The Council of Princes met at the Shrine of Asuryan. Remembering the events of the fatal Second Council the strength of Phoenix Guard was doubled, and they were sworn to silence lest word of the princes' deliberations fall into the hands of spies. Seeking continuity, they chose Caledor's son, who was to become the Phoenix King Caledor the Second and taught the Elf princes the folly of hereditary kingship.

Where his father had been wise. Caledor was foolish. Where the father had been a great general, the son was rash and Impetuous, Caledor II was vain, pompous, overweening and bombastic. He shared only one of his father's gifts: he was a mighty warrior. But to an Elf people desperate for stability, shocked to the very core by their sundering with their kin of Naggaroth, Caledor the Second promised a familiar hand at the tiller.

His reign began well, The Elf fleets cleared the northern seas of their Naggarothi kinsfolk. Trade routes lost during the Sundering were re-opened. The Elves once more made contact with the Dwarfs. Karaz Angkor was then at the zenith of its power. This was the great age of Dwarf civilisation. Their runesmiths had codified all the many magical runes. Their alchemists were experimenting with gunpowder, their engineers had grasped the basic principles of steam propulsion.

Dwarf-forged steel was the finest in the world, and their intricate clockwork toys were the delight of Elf children. Through the World's Edge Mountains great fortified underground roads linked their underground cities, and the Dwarfs knew little of the strife the Elves had suffered, believing themselves to be far removed from any danger. Rumours of the civil war had reached the Dwarfs but they didn't really understand the situation. Reaving and kinslaying were completely alien concepts to them, and no Dwarf would ever break his oath to his liege lord. Save for a few naval battles, the war had never reached the Old World. Secure in their mountain fortresses, the Dwarfs didn't give it a second thought. Such confidence was to be their undoing, and that of the Elves.





The Witch King of Naggaroth hatched a new plot. As the Elves returned to the Old World in strength, trade between the two realms grew once more. Malekith had been shown the secret trade routes of the Dwarfs during his period as Bel Shanaar's ambassador, and he now used that knowledge to his own benefit. Dark Elf reavers, garbed as warriors of Ulthuan, fell upon the Dwarf caravans, slaughtering countless Dwarfs and seizing their wares. Naturally, suspicion fell upon the High Elves.

King Gotrek demanded recompense from the Elves. When word of this demand reached the Phoenix King his reply was immediate and undiplomatic. He sent a message saying that the Phoenix King did not answer demands but granted pleas. Dwarfs are a touchy, proud race and to suggest to a Dwarf King that he should beg for anything was almost as bad as suggesting he shave off his beard.

King Gotrek sent a blunt reply to Caledor saying he made pleas to neither Elf nor god and demanded twice the recompense originally asked because of the implied insult. Caledor sent the Dwarf ambassador back with his beard shaved off and said that if Gotrek wanted compensation, he should come to Ulthuan and collect it himself. While all this was going on agents of Naggaroth were abroad throughout the Old World stirring up trouble. Now it was a matter of honour. There could now be only one outcome: war.

Dwarf armies marched down on the trading city of Tor Alessi (present day L'Anguille in Bretonnia) and laid siege to it. King Gotrek swore an oath that he would

have his money or its wergeld price in Elf blood, or he would shave his head. It was a mighty oath. His ambassador had already become a Trollslayer from the shame of having his beard shaved, and the Dwarfs were determined that their king should not endure a similar fate.

ELDRETH'S LAST STAND

It is not usual for a Dwarf army to be in the position of surrounding the enemy on the battlefield. More often than not it is the other way round. In this battle, known only from the Saga of Thurgar Elfhater, which occurred sometime in the last years of the great War of the Beard between Elves and Dwarfs, a Dwarf force managed to corner a much smaller Elf army. This was probably because the Elves had found themselves in mountain terrain which the Dwarfs knew well. The Elves, of whom we know little except that they were led by Eldreth, very noble, but somewhat reckless commander, had no option but to defend themselves against the Dwarfs in the hope of slaying all of them. With true Dwarf determination and many grudges to be avenged, there could be no chance of surrender and no quarter would be given on either side. According to the saga, the Elves fought on until darkness fell and then those who remained, being few in number, managed to escape from the tired and exhausted Dwarfs, taking their banner and the body of their slain leader with them.



Upon hearing of the Dwarf attack Caledor was outraged. He instantly dispatched an expedition to relieve Tor Alessi. It was a mighty fleet and a great army. As they watched the towering ships sail forth his advisors were dismayed because they feared that the despatch of such a force would leave Ulthuan almost defenceless. Caledor flew into a towering rage and dismissed their fears as groundless.

In the Old World the war dragged on. Neither side was strong enough to overcome the other. The fortress cities of the Dwarfs were virtually impregnable. The dour, stalwart Dwarf troops were quite unlike any foe the Elves had faced before and they simply refused to give up or admit defeat, even when hopelessly outnumbered. This was not the berserker fury of the Chaos Hordes; this incredible tenacity was allied to tactical cunning and consummate military skill. For their part, the Dwarfs were astonished by the power of the Elf forces. They had judged the strength of Ulthuan by that of the least of its provinces. The huge armies of mailed knights and disciplined infantry was not what they had expected. Still, in true Dwarf fashion, they were not about to admit to a mistake.

The war engendered a legacy of hatred and bitterness that was to last for thousands of years. In response to the beard-shaving incident the Dwarfs chopped down

entire virgin forests to spite the Elves. Both sides fought till nearly their entire military strength was spent. Tired of their lack of success Caledor II dismissed his generals and took command personally. It was his last great mistake. At the fourteenth siege of Tor Alessi he charged right into the heart of the Dwarf infantry and was cut down by King Gotrek who snatched the Phoenix crown from his corpse and took it in payment for the Elves' insolence.

The Dwarfs retreated from the field claiming that honour was satisfied and refused to answer any Elf petitions for the return of the crown. Gotrek claimed that if they wished they could come to Karaz-a-Karak with an army and plead for its return. The first Phoenix crown remains in the great vault of the Everpeak to the present day, a source of festering hatred and recrimination between the two peoples. The Dwarfs refer to the Elves as oathbreakers and heardclippers, while the Elves call the Dwarfs thieves. It was a petty, spiteful and pointless war and worse was yet to come.

Even as the Elves mustered a suicidal expedition to besiege Karaz-a-Karak, the world's most unassailable fortress, word came that the Dark Elves had invaded Ulthuan once more. The Witch King's long plan had come to fruition.



THE VANQUISHING OF SNORRI HALFHAND

So it is recorded that this day the mighty Phoenix King Caledor II did slay the treacherous Dwarf prince Snorri Halfhand, son of High King Gotrek Starbreaker, in noble combat. With blazing sword and brilliant armor, Caledor challenged the prince to an honorable duel, sick to see the loss of so many lives on the field of battle that day. Reluctant, the cowardly Dwarf prince was, stepping forwards to face our Lord's wrath, his stony heart heavy with fear. The sun sank over the mountainous horizon as the two warriors fought. Caledor's speed and skill astounded the Dwarfs who stood agape at such blade-mastery. The prince appeared slow and cumbersome, as such he was, wielding an axe festooned with rune-scratchings. Where he struck, the Phoenix King stood not, our noble Lord moving with Swiftmess away from the Dwarf's clumsy blows. Crude, sorcerous carvings protected Prince Snorri from harm, King Caledor's blazing sword striking blows that should have been fatal time and time again, only to have them turned aside by runic magic. Our noble Lord did fight with great honour, allowing the Dwarf to rise to his feet when knocked to the ground, and allowing him to retrieve his weapon when it flew from his hands. Merciful our Phoenix King also proved to be, for his killing blow was clean and sure. The Dwarfs tore at their beards in woe, calling out to their gods in despair. Caledor allowed them to carry their fallen prince from the field of battle, and bade them give him a proper burial, proclaiming that no more battle would be fought that day, for the Elves would mourn the Dwarfs loss and foolishness with them. Foolish, the Dwarfs are, and they slunk away from the battlefield, swearing oaths of vengeance against our most benevolent and tolerant Lord. Long may he prosper.



THE WAR OF THE BEARD

"Listen, my children, and heed well my words. 'Tis a sorrowful tale of how the pride and greed of a nation led to war and the death of many innocents.

During the reign of the illustrious Phoenix King Caledor II, peace reigned in the world and the people of Ulthuan did welcome the friendship of the Dwarfs. Our ancestors were masters of the world and sought not to enslave but instead to freely enlighten others to the fortuitous ways our people. I remember well how the Dwarfs embraced our friendship. The forges of the stout mount dwellers wrought fine weapons for our armies, which our greatest mages would enchant into powerful artefacts. In return, we educated their folk, for they were but a simple people who still carved their words upon stone. We taught them of magic and the arts, of literature and poetry and it was a welcome alliance to all.

But the Dwarfs are a race quick to temper and slow to forget. They are impetuous and it is this fiery side of their nature that led to their folly. The Druchii, our treacherous dark cousins, attacked and raided a Dwarf caravan. As is their evil wont, they slew warrior and maiden alike and stole away the Dwarfs' weapons. The Dwarf King Gotrek Starbreaker, whose ignorance was well known amongst even his own kind, could not tell the difference between our own kin and those of Naggaroath. Quick to fury, he sent an envoy to Ulthuan who demanded recompense for an act that was not of our doing.

I was amongst the many Elves who welcomed him to our city, but his rude manners, unkempt appearance and foul odour marred his role as envoy. Swearing by his beard that he would not leave until justice was served, he drew his axe in front of the king, demanding recompense. Since the Sundering, none have ever dared to draw a weapon in anger within the palace of the Phoenix King. Though it was our right to slay him where he stood, we were merciful and, condemning him by his own words, did shave him of his wiry beard and cast him out from Ulthuan.

It cannot be said of the children of Aenarion that we are rash to act, and our people have been likened to the bow and arrow. Like the bow we are strong because we can bend to the will of others, living in harmony with those who fail to see wisdom. But, like the arrow, if unleashed we shall strike swiftly and surely, and slay those who would stand in our path.

Thus when the Dwarf armies marched upon us, their hearts burning with the wrongful desire to avenge their pride, Caledor himself took forth the host of Ulthuan in order to prevent war.

I, amongst others, did heed his command that no Dwarf be slain lest he do harm to an Elf, but the Dwarfs were blind to the peace we offered, and so blood did flow upon the fields. Oh, in rivers it did flow! Still we showed mercy. Though the Dwarfs I fought betrayed hatred in their eyes, true to Caledor's word I did not kill any Dwarf who did not seek my death. To prevent further bloodshed, Caledor called forth the Dwarf Prince Snorri Halfhand and bade him that they should resolve the quarrel before more lives were ended unnecessarily. Alas, the uncouth and base Dwarf prince was young and rash and attacked Caledor. Blow upon blow did Caledor defend against, begging the Dwarf to see reason but finally the Dwarf Prince left the King no choice but to slay him. That day my heart was truly heavy with grief and, unwilling to spill more blood, our army left the field having proven our honour intact.

Such was the arrogant pride of the Dwarfs that Morgrim, cousin of the fallen Halfhand, now sought to avenge their Prince's death. All reason and sanity had left their minds and they marched forth seeking war. For two days we retreated, preferring to bow down in the face of aggression, but the Dwarf anger would not cool. We grew tired of fleeing from a cause that was not ours to defend and when we could flee no more our armies, with heavy heart, prepared for war. The archers tried to warn off the Dwarf advance. I remember how

the sky darkened as clouds of arrows fell in front of the Dwarf lines, but they would not be stopped.

Ever the aggressor, the Dwarf crossbows drew first blood. In return we slew more of their kind and for each Dwarf that fell a tear was shed, but still they came and still we killed them. The wall of Dwarf warriors collided with our glittering line and yet Lord Imladrik bade us not to cut down the foe, but to instead temper their attack. Too late did he realise that Morgrim's force was thirsty for vengeance. So noble was his heart, Imladrik dropped his sword, offering his own life if the Dwarfs would cease their fight. Morgrim mercilessly slew the defenceless Prince and our warriors retreated, knowing that the Dwarfs had no honour and all chance for peace was lost.

Not content with the harm they had wrought on our kin, a thirst for blood raged in the Dwarfs' dark, greedy hearts. They had crowned Morgrim the Murderer a hero and, having tasted the rewards of evil, he craved more. Relentlessly he came upon our cities, slaying our civilians and razing our fields. The fair town of Athel Maraya, a place of serene beauty, was destroyed and its fine works of ancient art burned. Next they came upon Tor Alessi but word of the Dwarfs' rampage had spread and Caledor himself had come to the defence of the town. For one hundred days the Dwarf engines of war tried in vain to break the strong elven walls. When they knew this to be a futile task they turned their attentions to the finely constructed towers, wanting only destroying them though they knew they had no strategic value.

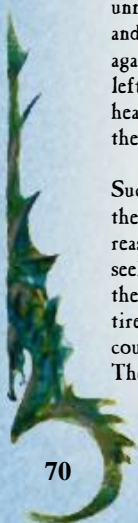


Finally, Caledor granted the Dwarfs entrance to the town if they would come in peace. Gotrek Starbreaker, High King of the Dwarfs, agreed to this and with a retinue of his bloodstained warriors he entered our fair city. Rue the day we trusted Dwarfkind, for during the night they murdered the sentries and opened the gates. The Dwarf throng burst into the city, killing our warriors as they slept. They broke into the royal palaces and had plans to murder the Phoenix King, but Caledor had woken, alerted to the danger.

Such was Caledor's patience and desire for peace that he would not fight Gotrek Starbreaker. For though the Dwarf King's eyes glowed with dark fury the Phoenix King knew that, in killing him, any chance of reconciliation would vanish. The High King attacked Caledor, rage blinding him to reason. I stood a helpless onlooker watching the fight from afar. Many times could Caledor have dealt a fatal blow to the Dwarf but his anger was tempered with resolution to find peace. Alas Gotrek was lost to all but vengeance and his hammer wielded with hatred broke through the defence of Caledor, killing the Phoenix King. As if this cruel act was not enough, he then stole the crown of the Phoenix King, Dwarf greed overcoming all thoughts of remorse for his deeds.

Fleeing back to the Evermountain he covered behind the walls of his hold, coveting his stolen prize with grubby, bloodied hands. Incensed by the bitter stab at our open hearts our warriors gathered to right what had been broken but alas the traitorous Witch King Malekith, hideous ruler of the Dark Elves, had made a dark pact with the Dwarfs and invaded Ulthuan before we could recover what was lost.

We are not a race who seek vengeance, for we know too well the cost of hatred. Nor are we a people who seek recompense, for we know the folly of pride. All our people desire is to take back what is rightfully ours and to hear words of remorse from those who murdered our kinfolk. That time shall come, my children, and you shall not have to bear the burden that I do."



CARADRYEL THE PEACEMAKER

1- 603 (Imperial calendar -1599 to -997)

With the death of Caledor II, the Elves once again found themselves in the middle of a war without a Phoenix King. Yet worse was to come. Even as the Elves mustered a suicidal expedition to besiege Karaz-a-Karak, the world's most unassailable fortress, word came that the Dark Elves had invaded Ulthuan once more. The Witch King's long plan, in which both Caledor and Gotrek had unwittingly played their parts, had come to fruition.

Sailing under a pall of dark sorcery, the fleets of the Witch King seized the Blighted Isle and retook most of the Shadowlands. Several Black Arks – enchanted islands torn from Sundered Nagarythe – were beached to form the core of a new fortress city at the harbour of Anlec. From there, the Dark Elves drove south to besiege the Griffon Gate. To compound matters further, the tang of the Witch King's sorceries spread far and wide across Ulthuan, luring all manner of vile beasts from their lairs amidst the Annulii Mountains. Whilst the northern kingdoms bore the brunt of the fighting against the oncoming Dark Elves, only the most fortunate of princedoms were spared predations from Harpies, Chimerae and worse.

The High Elves were caught in the jaws of a trap, fighting a war on two fronts against two powerful foes.

The Fourth Council met at the Shrine of Asuryan and chose Caradryel of Yvresse, who was as different from Caledor II as night from day. He was quiet and unassuming, an indifferent soldier but an able ruler. Caradryel's first decree was that the colonies would be abandoned, and their peoples brought home to Ulthuan.

Faced with the implacable hostility of the Dwarfs, it seemed to him foolish to maintain huge armies overseas, particularly with a more pressing threat to the Elf heartland. Caradryel knew that it would be many long ages of the world before the Dwarfs would consent to reconciliation without demanding ruinous recompense, but he also knew that there could be no war if the Dwarfs no longer had anyone to fight. Thus did Caradryel abandon pride. He ordered the forging of a new Phoenix Crown and called the armies home.

Among the haughtiest Elves there was a huge outcry. It seemed an gross insult to Elf pride that the Phoenix Crown should remain in Dwarf hands. Caradryel, ever a plainspoken individual, replied that he would rather lose the crown than the realm, and thereafter ignored the complaints.

Additionally there were protests from the Elf colonies in the Old World who saw the departure of the armies



as a betrayal. Those with kin in Ulthuan raised a great protest. Once more, Caradryel was unassailable in his intent, and direct in his rebuttal. He said simply that, if the Elves in the Old World required the protection of the armies of Ulthuan then they should return to the island continent, where those armies could best offer that protection. Many Elves did return but others, such as those in Athel Loren, refused to abandon their adopted homeland and stayed on in the Old World. There they took a different path from the High Elves and wandered far from the mainstream of Elf culture, declaring themselves independent of the Phoenix Throne. Thus isolated from their kin, their culture thereafter took a different path from that practised on Ulthuan, in some ways staying truer to Elven tradition, and in others departing far from it. Though saddened by this turn of events, Caradryel attempted no forcible repatriation – Ulthuan's situation was tenuous enough without risking another civil war.



Caradryel now turned his gaze to matters of war. Recognising his own inexperience as a general, he appointed a succession of brilliant field commanders to lead the High Elf armies. Tethlis of Caledor, in particular, established a brilliant reputation, lifting the siege of Griffon Gate and harrying the Dark Elves to within sight of Anlec. With his wars thus governed by veteran hands, Caradryel continued to oversee the long retreat from overseas. As ever more troops returned, he strengthened the forces holding the great gateway



fortresses. He also initiated the system of rotating units to the forts in succession, so that the forces holding these valuable citadels would always be fresh and near to full strength.

Caradryel continued to oversee the long retreat from the Old World. He strengthened the forces holding the gateway fortresses and initiated the system of rotating units to the forts in succession so that the forces holding these valuable citadels would always be fresh and near to full strength.

For the rest of Caradryel's reign, sporadic war blazed through northern Ulthuan. Ever more Dark Elves flowed in from Naggaroth, their blades lent purpose by centuries of nurtured hate. Yet all their twisted malice could not overcome the disciplined and impeccably trained armies of the Phoenix King, many of whom were veterans of the wars with the Dwarfs. The northern seas were the scene of many great naval battles, and despite an increased program of shipbuilding, the High Elves were never entirely able to sweep the seas clear of their foes. Caradryel achieved another distinction – he was the first Phoenix King to die peacefully in bed.

THE PHOENIX CROWN

The original Phoenix Crown was created during the time of Aenarion. It was forged not from a single piece of metal, but was crafted from ingots of gold and gemstones brought from the ten kingdoms. From the very start, it was deemed that the Phoenix Crown should be derived from all the realms it was to rule.

Caledor II was the first, and only, Phoenix King ever to wear the crown to battle. So assured of his superiority was Caledor that he refused to believe that any foe had the strength of arms to wrest it from him. The folly of this course was later proved when the Dwarf King Gotrek Starbreaker took the crown from Caledor's corpse as spoils of war and as recompense for insults suffered. Thus lost in battle, the first Phoenix Crown was never recovered. Even to this day, it rests amidst the hoard of Karaz-a-Karak, a fond memento for the Dwarfs, and an aching wound to High Elf pride.

After his own rise to the Phoenix Throne, Caradryel soon determined that a replacement crown should be commissioned. The task of forging fell to the priests of Vault, who undertook the work with all the diligence for which their order was famous and, after a century of ceaseless labour, the new crown was completed. Mindful of Caledor's impetuosity, Caradryel's first decree whilst wearing the new Phoenix Crown was that this new symbol of Elven kingship would never enter the fires of battle. Furthermore, he announced that the crown would henceforth have a guard of one hundred White Lions of Chrace to watch over it at all times.



SHRINE OF THE SORCERERS

The evening sun was bathing the shrine's balcony with rich amber light when Syndillian first spotted the jagged black triangles of the Dark Elf ships. The breath caught in her swan-white throat – how could they have reached this far inland? The mage contented herself with her knowledge of her people's history: the Druchii had tried this once before, invading from the delta of the great river Cirillith, to no avail. The defenders of the Shrine of the Eight Zephyrs had fought them off as they tried to negotiate the roaring waters of the river, blasting them with magic and sending them to the unmarked graves they deserved.

Unwilling to embarrass herself by alerting Prince Elurian without knowing more about the foe's number, Syndillian cast her mage-sight from the balcony like a falconer loosing a favourite hawk. Her awareness soared above the pine forests, and despite the approaching danger she felt a thrill of exultation as her senses arrowed through the evening haze. In seconds her mind's eye hovered above the sharp-prowed Druchii craft. There were no more than skeleton crews upon the enemy dhows. Her sense of relief at the scarcity of enemy warriors upon the decks wilted like a poisoned flower. Something was wrong, very wrong.



She was brought sharply back to her senses as the realization sank in. This was a feint, a carefully judged misdirection intended to send the High Elf forces to the banks of the river where they could be surrounded and attacked from the rear. Scanning round in desperation, she picked out a startled flock of birds rising from the serene forests to the east. The stealthy Druchii were a couple of hundred metres away at most.

Cursing herself for her laxity, Syndillian sprinted down the balcony to the great dragon-horn adorning the building's immaculate facade, and the sonorous and pure note of the shrine's alarm rang out over the forest. There was no option: abandon the sacred shrine and redraw the battle lines facing the eaves of the forest. Silent tears trickled down her pale cheeks as her brethren began to file out of the shrine and harsh war-cries echoed from the cover of the trees. There would be innocent blood spilt on the soil of Ulthuan this day, and there was every possibility it would be hers.

Syndillian watched from the balcony as dawn broke upon a scene from a nightmare. Broken bodies of friend and foe lay scattered in the shadow of the shrine like discarded toys, bright Elven blood staining white robes and jagged armour alike. The night-black ravens that seemed to follow the Druchii everywhere wheeled above the goreslicked battlefield, their harsh cawing defiling the silence as the High Elves collected their dead. Syndillian let out a wordless cry of anguish as she saw Louquis, her son, hefted over the shoulder of a grim-looking artilleryman and carried to one of the twin funeral pyres. The wind changed direction, carrying the smoke towards her and almost choking her with the ashes of those she had once considered friends. It was too much.



With a look of bitter hatred etched onto her features, Syndillian stormed back into the shrine. It, at least, was unspoilt – the sacrifice had bought the sacred place its safety for a little longer. But the mage had no intention of letting the foul Druchii escape to blight her island some other time. She made her way to the central chambers and joined her fellow spell-weavers, taking up the chant that would bring the heavens themselves down upon the ships toward which the hated foe fled.

This was far from over.

TETHLIS THE SLAYER

1 - 305 (Imperial calendar -996 to -692)

The Fifth Council chose Tethlis of Caledor, the hero of Griffon Gate, to be the new Phoenix King. Tethlis was another warlike ruler. He had learned well the value of preparation and organisation from Caradryel and he came to the throne with one aim: to force the Dark Elves out of Ulthuan and reclaim the Blighted Isle from the spawn of Naggaroth. He followed through this plan with single-minded ruthlessness and determination.

Tethlis's heart was filled with a terrible cold hatred for the children of Naggaroth, for they had slain his family in one of their many raids. The Dark Elves never had a more implacable enemy. He fought not for honour or glory but to put an end to the threat of Naggaroth for all time. If the Witch King had started this long war, Tethlis was determined to finish it, and he might have succeeded had it not been for the decline in power of the dragons.

During the latter part of Caradryel's reign, the dragons had become increasingly rare. Many started to drift into longer and longer sleeps, waking perhaps once per century. The Elves needed to increase their strength in other areas to compensate for the raw power and savage strength of the great beasts.

JOURNEY INTO THE HEAVENS

Savan of Tiranoc was one of the few pupils of Caledor the Great not to perish during the creation of the Great Vortex. It was he, more than any other, who ensured that Ulthuan's legacy of magic was not lost with Caledor, for he undertook the tutelage of many students in the decades following his master's sacrifice.

In time, Savan found Ulthuan to offer fewer and fewer challenges that matched his wisdom. Casting aside his duties as scholar, he travelled the world, seeking the lost treasures of the Old Ones, and communing with the ancient Slann of the southern jungles. Finally, he returned home to Ulthuan to undertake one last exploration – would ascend the Annulii Mountains and seek the gods who lived upon the summits.

When Savan finally returned, all who saw him were shocked to see that his hair, once jet-black, was now white as snow. Worse, where his eyes had once been, there were now only scarred and empty sockets. Savan offered no explanation – indeed, he never spoke thereafter. For the rest of his days, Savan never again attempted, so much as a cantrip, and refused all attempts by others to learn of what had occurred beyond the clouds. Finally, after years haunted by terrible dreams, Savan climbed to the top of the tallest tower of his mansion, and threw himself from its balcony. In his death, Savan left one last puzzle. Whilst many servants saw him fall, his body was never found. Whether he was rescued before death, or his corpse taken after – and by whom – was never discovered.

The first years of Tethlis's reign saw the assembling of new armies. Every Elf city was required to have a martial field where its soldiers could train and fight mock battles. Painstakingly, with meticulous attention to detail, Tethlis rebuilt the Elf forces to a strength not seen since the time of Aenarion. He never committed an army to the field without being sure that he could bring overwhelming force to bear and never fought a battle without being sure he could win it.

By relentless attrition he wore the Dark Elves down. Over the long centuries a series of massive offensives rolled them back through the Shadowlands and eventually culminated in the storming of Anlec. Tethlis was cold and ruthless, even by the standards of Elves. He ordered the entire city rased. No prisoners were taken. Salt was strewn in the fields. Shocked though his subjects were they obeyed. No Dark Elf was left alive on Ulthuan.

Having scoured Ulthuan Tethlis turned his attention to the Blighted Isle, which was still in the hands of the Witch King's legions. The largest Elf armada of all time was assembled to reclaim it. Thousands of ships bore tens of thousands of troops out to sea. Elf mages bound the weather and kept the skies clear of storms. The seas were swept clear of Naggarothi ships. On the shores of the Blighted Isle the Dark Elf host assembled, determined to deny the High Elves a foothold on the shore.





The Elves landed and thus began the battle of the waves. Thousands of High Elves were cut down by crossbow fire as they waded ashore. Ship-mounted bolt throwers returned fire and sent clouds of arrows arcing into the assembled Naggarothi. The seas turned red with blood. Overcome with hatred, the Dark Elves charged into the water and a great melee broke out. Both sides fought with abandon, crimson water swirling round their knees. There was no place for skill. Warriors simply hacked at each other. The wounded were trampled and drowned in the shallow waves. Inch by bloody inch the High Elves fought their way onto the beach.

From the cliffs above the Dark Elves rained down a hail of fire. With his customary ruthlessness Tethlis had planned for this. While the Dark Elves fought on the beaches another force of High Elves had landed miles away. Silver Helm cavalry swiftly raced along the coast and came upon the Dark Elves on the cliffs. In the terrible battle that followed many Dark Elves were driven howling with hatred and fear off the cliff tops. Their bodies were broken on the rocks below.

The Elves now had a secure foothold to bring the rest of their army ashore. Swiftly they overran the island, driving their dark kinsfolk into the sea. The carnage was ghastly. Tens of thousands of Dark Elves were butchered until even the hardest Elf captains' stomachs were sickened. They feared that their troops might acquire a taste for such butchery and become no better than those they fought against.

Many of the captains spoke against continuing on to Naggaroth saying that they had achieved their goal, and that the loss of life was too great to continue. Tethlis insisted that they push on but first, drawn by some irresistible influence, he must make a pilgrimage to the Altar of Khaine.

On the Plain of Bones, the great skeleton-covered wasteland around the Altar of Khaine, Tethlis saw something glitter. Strangely drawn to the light he unearthed the dragon armour of Aenarion. Of the skeleton of Aenarion or Indraguir there was nothing to be found. The armour he gifted to Auaralion, the great grandson of Morelion, Aenarion's son by Astarielle. This was virtually his last act as Phoenix King.

There are two versions of what happened next. Some records say that he dismissed the White Lions and the rest of his retinue, claiming that he wanted a moment alone to contemplate the blade that had done his people so much harm. It is said that a Dark Elf assassin emerged from his hiding place beneath the piles of bones and struck Tethlis down with a poisoned blade. Others say that Tethlis grasped the Sword of Khaine and that it writhed in his grip and started to come free, and that the king was cut down by his own bodyguard who feared the consequences of Aenarion's fatal weapon being unleashed once more upon the world.

No-one knows for sure exactly what happened. Scholars are divided. All that is known is that Tethlis died that day, and lacking his driving presence the armada turned back from Naggaroth.



White surf crashed over broken spars and timbers as the wrecks of three longships piled up onto the golden sands of the Yvresse coast. A squadron of hawkships, their white sails full in the wind, stood further out to sea. In their midst a mighty kingship sped forwards on three banks of oars, its immense prow carved with the leering face of a Daemon ploughing through the waves. Volleys from the Hawkships' bolt throwers clanged harmlessly from the kingship's iron-bound hull.

The beach was covered with a swarm of dark-armoured figures who had poured from the decks of two beached longships. Above the heaving mass red and black banners waved, scrawled with runes in the dark tongue, and brazen icons bearing the sigils of the Chaos gods glowed evilly with dark enchantments. The spear-armed Elves of Yvresse stood firm against the repeated assaults; a thin white line holding back a boiling black stain.



Yet the numbers of the marauders were beginning to tell, and here and there the darkness punched through the shining line of the defenders. Having broken through the hawkships' blockade, the kingship reached the shoreline and crashed out of the waves. Chaos Warriors clad in thick plates of armour leapt over the sides into the sand and quickly assembled around the burning totem of their warlord. A heavy drumbeat sounded and the Chaos Warriors advanced, heading towards one of the widening gaps in the Elves' line.

A drawn-out roar drowned the clamour of fighting and a gargantuan shadow passed across the battlefield causing the warriors of both sides to pause in their bloody work and gaze skywards. With another bellow, a blue-scaled dragon plunged from the skies, smoke trailing from its fanged maw. Atop its back sat a figure in golden armour, a glimmering lance in his hands. The

Dragon circled above the kingship, the beating of its wings kicking up a tempest of water. Deep blue fire gouted from the Dragon's maw, quickly setting a flame in the sails and masts, which then spread to the timbers of the ship's hull. Soon the whole vessel was ablaze from stem to stern.

With firelight reflecting from the glittering scales of its underbelly, the Dragon soared low across the battlefield. Where it passed, Chaos tribesmen faltered and ran; unmanned by drake-terror. Only the warlord and his bodyguard held their ground.

Like a thunderbolt of vengeance, the Dragon Prince and his monstrous steed smashed into the Chaos Warriors. The snap of bones and the screech of tearing armour mixed with the stentorian roaring of the Dragon. The rider's lance pierced the helm of the northern warlord, and with his death the Chaos Warriors broke and ran.

The victorious Elves racing across the sands in its wake, the Dragon hurled the northmen back into the sea. Most drowned, dragged down by their armour, while some clambered aboard their ships. Within moments these too were burning fiercely, turned to kindling by the fury of the Dragon's breath.

As the tide withdrew, it swept the charred bodies and timbers far out to sea, and by morning nothing remained of Kurbad the Angry's ill-fated expedition.





BEL-KORHADRIS THE SCHOLAR

Bel-Korhadris 1- 1190 (Imperial calendar -691 to 498)

With their people weary of war, the Elves of the Sixth Council selected Bel-Korhadris of Saphery to be the next Phoenix King. Bel-Korhadris had the second longest reign of any Phoenix King. He was a wizard prince and a famed scholar. While he did not neglect the defence of the realm he was not given to Fighting, believing that magic could shield Ulthuan.

Bel-Korhadris ruled wisely and well and was loved by all. His reign was notable for being a time of near unbroken peace. The Dark Elves of Naggaroth had been so weakened by Tethlis' onslaught that they were afraid to attempt more than raids, which were seldom more than simple – if unutterably cruel – acts of piracy and brigandage. It was well for the High Elves that their ancient enemies lay quiet, for Tethlis' war had left much of Ulthuan in ruins, with untold villages and cities caught between the armies of light and dark. Worse, the war's constant demand for fresh warriors had left the foothills of the Annulii Mountains unguarded against the monsters of the peaks. As a result, many areas of Ulthuan that had suffered little from the ravages of war were preyed upon by Manticores and other fell creatures. Bel-Korhadris' first act as Phoenix King was, therefore, to decree an age of rebirth – the ruined lands would be reclaimed, shattered settlements rebuilt, monsters driven out and the glory of Ulthuan restored once more.

Thus began a reign that would be forever remembered as the start of a second golden age. During this time, the White Tower of Hoeth was constructed. Gathering the foremost architects, artisans, and magicians of his age, Bel-Korhadris dedicated vast resources into building what he envisioned as a massive repository of Elven knowledge. This was to be Bel-Korhadris' greatest contribution to the rebirth of Ulthuan: a citadel of sorcery and scholarship, where the wisdom of the corners of the world would be gathered, and grimoires of the most potent spells would be enshrined. For a thousand years, the Elves raised this vast sky-reaching structure, harnessing secrets of artificer and mage in equal measure with every stone that was laid. Craftsmen laboured for nearly a millennium on intricate carvings. The tower was woven round with spells of illusion and warding to protect this treasured knowledge.



As work on the White Tower progressed, Bel-Korhadris founded the order of Loremasters who would be both the guardians and pupils of the knowledge assembled within. Every discipline, from warfare and sorcery to alchemy and astromancy, was to be studied. Many famed scholars and sorcerers gathered at Hoeth, and such an exchange of knowledge occurred as had not been seen before, and has not been seen since. In the shadow of the needle-pointed spire, thousands of the wisest philosophers debated their knowledge. Within the library, a cadre of Loremasters began to inscribe the Book of Days, the great history of the Elf people on which all future histories would be based. It was during this time that the Swordmasters of Hoeth gathered to study the art of swordsmanship and protect the tower. From these studious soldiers emerged the continent wandering order of master warriors who gather information and perform the errands of the Chief Loremaster.



"The Asur strive for beauty and perfection in all things, even combat. We see swordsmanship as yet another form of art to be practiced and refined alongside poetry and painting. The skill of such as the Swordmasters of Hoeth is the epitome of the Asur swordsmen. Their blades dance and sing with the grace of a butterfly as it alights on a leaf. Only this butterfly leaves naught but ruin its wake as it flits away."

- Lithanti, Ellyrion Militia



Many famed scholars and sorcerers gathered at Hoeth and such an exchange of knowledge occurred as has not been seen before or since. In the shadow of the needle-pointed spire thousands of the wisest philosophers debated about knowledge. Within the library a cadre of Loremasters began to inscribe the Book of Days, the great history of the Elf people on which all future histories would be based.



Though Bel-Korhadris' own passion was the pursuit of knowledge, he recognised that scholarship and magic alone would not see Ulthuan preserved – he knew that the time would again come when the High Elves would need heroes of the blade. He therefore encouraged the nobles of his court to prove their personal valour in vanquishing the beasts that roamed the land. Thus was Bel-Korhadris' reign also a renaissance of personal glory not seen in Ulthuan since the times before Aenarion, so vigorously did nobles of all ranks embrace the Phoenix King's charge. Slowly but surely, the kingdoms of Ulthuan were scourged with fire and sword, the roaming monsters slain or else driven back into the Annulii Mountains to lick grievous wounds.

The threat of such creatures could never truly be ended, however. Even should an army prove bold enough to scour the Annulii Mountains, it could spend a thousand

"I often wonder what possesses the race of men to strive to harness the winds of magic as we do. They cannot hope to match our natural understanding of magic, yet still they toil fruitlessly. Only the Asur can weave the threads of the winds of magic into a tapestry which is not only effective but also beautiful. Humans lack the patience and the basic understanding of magic in its pure form that we possess inherently. A human Wizard may still, despite these limitations, create an effective weave, but it will be as full of holes as though it were stored in a cupboard full of moths."

- Alcar, High Mage of Saphery

lifetimes amongst their peaks, and still not find every lair, nest and roost. Each time the watch on the mountains grew lax, vile creatures slithered and crawled into Ulthuan's heartlands once more. Yet Bel-Korhadris did not seek lasting victory against the creatures of the mountains – he desired only that his lands be reclaimed, and that the battle-skill of Ulthuan's nobility was not dulled by the years of relative peace.

Bel-Korhadris died just after the completion of the White Tower and was buried amid its foundations amid great pomp and ceremony. Bel-Korhadris is the only Phoenix King not to be taken aboard the White Ships by the Phoenix Guard as a matter of choice. It is said that the ghost of Bel-Korhadris still haunts the crypts below the tower, occasionally assisting searching scholars.





The dead draw near.

Hearing the words of warning in his mind, Temakador gave Ingraudan a gentle tug on the reins. Instinctively understanding the Prince's wishes, the loyal Dragon tucked its wings and dropped like a stone towards the marching army below. At the last moment, Ingraudan spread its magnificent wings wide, arresting its fall and swooping low over the heads of the advancing column. The High Elf army came to a halt in perfect unison, decades of training and discipline having honed them into a fighting force far beyond the ken of mortal Men. With a few powerful beats of its mighty pinions, Temakador's majestic steed swept over to an ancient ruin on the valley floor and landed amid a maelstrom of displaced sand.

Temakador leapt from the Dragon's saddle, landing with a deftness that belied the heavy appearance of his glittering armour. Within moments, he was joined by the enigmatic seer, Calanar, who seemingly knew where the Prince would alight even before he did. It was the Mage's whispered warning that Temakador had heard in his mind. Calanar's gift of foresight was well recognised by his Sapherian peers, and Temakador trusted his counsellor's prescience in all things.

"The dead draw near; said the Mage, without ceremony. "They will be upon us by the time the sun reaches its zenith."

"Then they will die once again," sneered the Elven Prince. "And this time, they will stay dead."

Sensing Temakador's haughty resolution, Ingraudan let out a deafening roar of approval. With a pompous flourish, the Elf Lord swept his cloak over his shoulder, turned and vaulted onto the Dragon's back.

Guessing his commander's intent even without using his mystical gift, the seer pointed in the direction of the distant Undead horde.

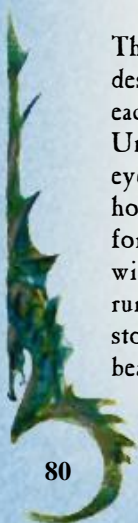
"To the skies, Ingraudan," said the Elven Prince, patting the Dragon's head as it turned its serpentine neck to face him. "Let's see what our prey is made of."

The rising cloud of dust was unmistakable in the dear desert sky, and Ingraudan flew like a bolt towards it, each beat of its wings drawing them closer to the Undead army. It wasn't long before Temakador's acute eyesight could pick out details of the approaching horde. Rank upon rank of skeletons tramped inexorably forwards in numbers so great that they filled the entire width of the valley. A formation of chariots slowly rumbled along at the head of the column, and a nest of stone serpents slithered forwards behind them, each bearing a skeletal rider with a long spear. More

disturbing were the three enormous warstatues that strode forwards behind the skeletons, granted unnatural animus through dark sorcery.

"I have seen enough," said Temakador, shaken by the strength of the enemy army, but trying to keep his voice steady. "Let us return to the column. We must rethink our strategy if we are to defeat such a foe."

Ducking another deadly blow from the terrible warstatue that would have easily cut him in two, Temakador saw the opportunity that had eluded him in the desperate combat so far. A stray bolt from an Eagle Claw had chipped off a small armoured plate from the statue's chest, but until now, he had been unable to get a dear strike at the exposed area beneath. He plunged his glittering sword into the Necrosphinx with all his strength, the razor-sharp tip sliding all the way in to the hilt. In less than a heartbeat, the statue imploded in a crumbling heap of marble, gold and gems, the fell enchantments that bound the construct together unravelled by the fatal blow. Now free to turn his attention back to the ongoing battle, Temakador turned in the saddle to review the situation. But the battle was already lost. Dead and dying Elves were strewn from one side of the valley to the other, and the Skeletons were mercilessly butchering those that had not already fled for their lives. Knowing full well that he was in no position to avenge his fallen brethren, he took to the air and retreated, his heart heavy with sorrow.



AETHIS THE POET

1- 622 (Imperial calendar 499 to 1120)

Bel-Korhadris was succeeded by Aethis of Saphery. He was the first Phoenix King who did not inherit an unstable kingdom or take the throne in the aftermath of a war. In his reign, the long peace continued. The Dark Elves lay quiescent in Naggaroth. Their raids ceased. Many suspected that they were a dying race, slowly passing into extinction. Rumours abounded that the Witch King had finally died. The Dwarfs, too, were content to be left alone. During the early centuries of Aethis' rule, news of the founding of a new human empire reached Ulthuan, but this seemed no great cause for concern. Nothing threatened the High Elves. Strangely enough, this was also the period when the High Elves came to realise they were a dying race. Even during the long golden days of peace, the population had fallen. The number of births had simply decreased and the great cities began to empty.

Aethis was a noted poet and singer. He gathered all the great artists of Ulthuan to his court in Saphery. Dramatists, painters, sculptors, writers of histories and masques all found a place in his palace of carved jade. This was the high water mark of Elf culture, when most of their greatest works of art were created. This was the period that saw the creation plays of Tazelle, and Torion Fireheart's animated court portraits. An army of sculptors and artisans beautified the mountains of Chrace.

Above the Griffon Gate, a towering Griffon five hundred feet high seemed to leap from the mountain. So cunning was the sculptor's work that the story was told that it would come alive to guard the pass against any invader. Prodigious amounts of wealth were spent on grandiose projects such as these. The city of Lothern grew from a small fishing village to a great city to accommodate the increase in trade from the colonies and other realms. Contact was made with the old human empire in Cathay. Representatives of the Phoenix King arrived at the court of the Emperor of Cathay. Silk, jade and spices became valued commodities in Ulthuan.

Secure in their strength the Elves began to run down their armies and fleets. After nearly fifteen hundred years of relative peace under Bel-Korhadris and Aethis memories of old wars and old enmities began to fade. Approaches were made to the Dwarfs about the return of the Phoenix crown. These were rebuffed, but the Elves took no insult.

A certain complacency set in. Many nobles cast aside their martial pursuits and traditions, thinking such brutal arts an ill fit for these civilised times. Factions sprang up at court, and intrigue – always a dangerous pastime among the Elves – became a way of life for many. Where only a handful of generations earlier a prince would have proved his worth with sword or

wisdom, now he did so by delivering prettily spoken compliments and razor-sharp epigrams.

Not all in Ulthuan surrendered entirely to indolence, however. In the north, Prince Valedor of Ellyrion ensured that the watch on the great gates never faltered, and that the warriors there received the best training and the finest wargear that Ulthuan could provide. On one occasion, Valedor happened upon several nobles of the Phoenix King's court as they were about the business of emptying one of the Griffon Gate's armouries. Scores of wagons were already loaded with fine-wrought ithilmar scale and Dragon plate when Valedor encountered them. Flush with royal authority, the nobles spoke boldly at first, informing Valedor that the Phoenix King wished the 'surplus' to be used as costume at his latest theatrical masterpiece. Valedor flew into a rage and struck down the speaker with a single blow of his mailed fist, at which point the nobles – craven and pleasure-loving wretches to an Elf – fled, leaving Valedor's warriors to return the armour to its proper place. It later transpired that Aethis had given no such instruction: the nobles had acted on their own initiative in order to gain their king's favour. None of this would preserve Prince Valedor, however. Little by little, his name and reputation were whittled apart by those he had thwarted. Within a year, he had been stripped of all honour and title, and his family divested of their ancestral wealth.

Once more the Cult of Luxury began to spread, this time cloaked in a secrecy that made it even more attractive to jaded Elf aristocrats. After a while the Sword Masters of Hoeth began to investigate the cult and report their findings back to the White Tower. Their findings disturbed the High Loremaster sufficiently for him to take them to the Phoenix King. The Chancellor of the Court was revealed as a secret spy for Naggaroth. As he was unmasked he drove a poisoned dagger through Aethis's heart, and so the eighth Phoenix King was slain by a trusted friend.



MORVAEL THE IMPETUOUS

1 - 382 (Imperial calendar 1121 to 1502)

The Eighth Council chose Morvael of Yvresse to succeed the assassinated Phoenix King. He was the High Loremaster of the White Tower under Aethis. Although learned, Morvael had little real experience of statecraft or warfare. His first act after his coronation was to order a punitive attack on Naggaroeth. An Elf fleet was despatched to the cold north and was massacred by the Dark Elves.

As the few survivors brought word of the defeat back to Ulthuan, panic spread among the High Elves. The last thing they had expected was defeat. They had supposed the threat of Naggaroeth all but extinguished, but now it seemed that the Dark Elves had merely been rebuilding their strength. By allowing their fleets and armies to be run down under Bel-Korhadris and Aethis, the Elves of Ulthuan had allowed their dark kindred to catch up and perhaps even surpass them in military might. A mighty Dark Elf armada seized the Blighted Isle and sailed on to Ulthuan. They retook the cursed city of Anlec and cast up a great fortress in the rubble. Swiftly, they pushed south and were stopped only after desperate fighting around the Griffon Gate.



During the quiet years the servants of the Witch King had scoured the world in search of hardy and warlike slaves. Now they could draw on great levies of drug-enthralled human warriors and other even more sinister creatures. A mighty Dark Elf armada seized the Blighted Isle and sailed on to Ulthuan. They retook the cursed city of Anlec and cast up a great fortress in the rubble. Swiftly they drove south and were stopped only after desperate fighting round the Griffon Gate.



A new period of warfare erupted. Morvael, having learned some lessons from earlier defeats, appointed Mentheus of Caledor as field commander. Desperate for soldiers, Morvael organised the system of troop levies that still exists in Ulthuan today. This required every Elf to spend at least part of the year as part of a military force, and to provide wargear for himself. Thus was the depleted population of Ulthuan able to field mighty armies of citizen-soldiers well beyond that which it could otherwise have mustered. Morvael, having been forcibly confronted by his mediocre skills as a general over the course of earlier defeats, appointed Mentheus of Caledor as field commander.

THE BATTLE OF THE BURNED BANNER

Imperial Year 1214

The High Elf stronghold of Tol Ista, a treaty port on the west coast of Estalia was besieged by a large warband of marauding Orcs and Goblins. These were the remnants of tribes driven out of Bretonnia and which had taken refuge in the rugged mountains of Estalia, led by Bruza da Big. A desperate attempt to sally out was repulsed and the Orcs captured the Elven banner. The surviving Elves fled back within the walls and were so greatly outnumbered that they prepared to abandon the port and sail away across the sea where the Orcs could not follow. At that moment a message was received from a carrier hawk. This said that an Elven force, led by Prince Ethwar was on its way to relieve the stronghold and was only one day's march away. The besieged Elves sent back the hawk with another message telling Ethwar that they would hold out for one more day and then abandon the stronghold.

Ethwar pressed on to reach the stronghold, knowing that if he failed to break through the Orcs and Goblins, the garrison would have no option but to abandon it and save the ships and whatever else they could. Carrying aloft the Elf banner, which he had set alight as a burning beacon for his troops to follow, Bruza deployed his army on rising ground behind a stream so as to block the Elven advance, the flanks of the greenskin's position being protected by boggy ground. On the highest point he planted the Elven banner where it could be seen by the besieged and the relieving force as a taunt to Elven pride. Thus the engagement became known as the Battle of the Burned Banner.

The Orcs and Goblins began shooting at the advancing Elves as they struggled to form up a battle line. Ethwar's force was mainly cavalry and being sorely pressed for time, as well as enraged at the sight of the burned banner, recklessly charged the strongly held Orc and Goblin positions. Despite a timely attack along the Orcs' flank by the garrison of Tol Ista, the difficult approaches and massed formations of the Orcs and Goblins took a heavy toll on the Elves until the Elven army eventually recoiled and fled in confusion. As the sun set in the west, the last Elves of Tol Ista put to sea under cover of night and abandoned the stronghold, which was sacked by Bruza da Big the next day.



Morvael was a sensitive and highly-strung soul, often troubled by terrible nightmares and dreams. He did not care for sending his friends and subjects to their deaths, but in order to preserve the realm, there was little else he could do. He emptied the coffers of the Phoenix Throne to build a new and powerful fleet capable of carrying the war to the northern seas and stopping the flow of reinforcements from Naggaroth. He was forced to use the Swordmasters of Hoeth and other agents to seek out the devotees of the Cult of Pleasure – who, as before, provided the Dark Elves with a network of influential spies – and it was his unpleasant task to sign the many death warrants that resulted. Many long nights Morvael would brood in his tower, and before long, he was turned stoop-shouldered and prematurely old by the weight of his crown. Yet no matter how deep Morvael's despair grew, it never overcame his sense of duty. He relied ever more upon his closest advisors and drew fresh strength from their own faith to replenish his own frail resolve. Mentheus of Caledor ever remained his closest confidant, and Morvael soon came to rely on his general's counsel and friendship as surely as he depended upon his leadership and skill in battle.

For over a century intermittent warfare blazed. The fleets of Ulthuan ranged the seas destroying Dark Elf slaving ships. Two new Fortresses were built far from Ulthuan to enable these long range missions to be accomplished. At the tip of the Dark Continent the Fortress of the Dawn was built to refit the fleets and protect the trade routes to Cathay. At the tip of Lustria the Citadel of the Sunset was completed as a base from which the Elf fleets could guard the coasts of Southern Lustria.

Eventually the war reached its climax. Mentheus of Caledor besieged Anlec with a great army of Elves. Morvael remained in the Shrine of Asuryan awaiting

MENTHEUS OF CALEDOR

Although history knows him as the Impetuous, Phoenix King Morvael in fact made many shrewd decisions, including electing Mentheus as the general of Ulthuan's armies. Mentheus was a superb military leader and a strong warrior who valiantly led the armies under his control to a number of significant victories. Additionally, Mentheus penned a number of works on the nature of tactics and the art of warfare, several of which have been preserved in the Tower of Hoeth as the finest examples of tactical instruction.

the outcome of the battle. Every night he was assailed by ever more dreadful dreams. Some say these were sent by the Witch King to plague him. With every day that passed, he became ever more despairing and hopeless as messengers brought him reports that made much of the army's casualties and little of its chances of victory.

Yet despite Morvael's fears, the forces of Ulthuan ultimately proved victorious. Alas, the High Elves would yet have to bear two further tragedies in the face of triumph. On the final day when Anlec fell, Mentheus was killed as he led the assault. His great Dragon, Nightfang, went berserk with rage and grief, slaughtering many Dark Elves and their monstrous thralls. News of Mentheus' death finally shattered Morvael's resolve. Weary unto death, listless and depressed, the Phoenix King abdicated by walking into the sacred flame of Asuryan. No mortal frame could twice endure such a trial. From midnight until noon the next day, Morvael's body burned upon the sacred pyre; as the sun reached its apex, a cold wind from the north gathered up his ashes and scattered them across the Inner Sea.





THE BATTLE OF ANROC PASS

A grey mist lay heavy upon the bleak and rocky wilderness of Ar Anroc. Overhead, a black cloud bruised the sky, shadowing Corwin's mood. A storm was coming to his home, Ar Anroc, a little known township on the western shores of Ulthuan. In truth it had already arrived.

Corwin fought the anger in his heart and found his courage. The Dark Elves must not pass their lines. They must be repelled. The fate of Ar Anroc depended upon it. The baggage trains had already begun the long trek that led to the mountains. The people of Ar Anroc forced to flee their homes due to the menace of their twisted kinsmen. Corwin was determined that their flight would not be in vain.

He remembered the call to arms as the lofty watchtowers first spied the Black Ark advancing upon their shores. The clarion call had woken him from a fitful sleep and recognising the alarm, he had raced to his window. He watched, reviled, as the Ark crept through the water with the silence of the grave, inexorable and menacing. In moments he had assembled his captains and donned his armour, even as the breaking morning threw its light upon the world.

Now he stood shoulder to shoulder with the Elves in his charge and surveyed the lines with grim satisfaction. The silver tips of spears shone bright in stark morning light as rank upon rank of the loyal militia made ready. The archers, tall and gaunt, waited silently to loose steelfanged death upon the dark kin, alongside them the batteries of repeater bolt throwers. The hooves of Elven steeds ploughed the earth in anticipation as the chariots drew into position between the spearmen. Over to the east and beyond the thick crags, Corwin knew the Reavers waited, eager to bring swift death to the interlopers. Overhead the beat of mighty wings pummelled the creeping silence and shielding his eyes, Corwin saw the forbidding form of Althwe, the Great Eagle as he landed upon the crags. The magnificent beast spread his wings wide and let out a piercing cry of defiance. It was a fitting call to arms. It steeled Corwin and all those Elves loyal to Ulthuan that heard it.

Across the barren ground, rocks jutting from the earth like the teeth of ancient giants, the Dark Elves emerged from the gloom and at their approach the skies darkened and the sun seemed to lose its radiance.

An errant shaft of light broke through the burgeoning cloud and pierced the thick vale of mist that lay before the High Elf commander and his army of hastily assembled militia. Through it, twisting shapes were revealed. The breeze grew, filled with the promise of violence. Banners emerged waithlike through the evaporating mist. Etched in blood, they bore the foul symbols of the Druchii. With them came the enemy, savage and cruel, their dark kin and tainted brothers.

Faces, pale as alabaster sneered contemptuously from beneath cruelly fashioned helms. Great hulking, brutish lizards, the Cold Ones, were goaded by their masters and dragged chariots into the battle line. Dark Riders rode about the flanks, issuing taunts and vitriolic curses. The darkly veiled Executioners strode forth with unnerving silence, their draich blades held aloft, meeting the gaze of their ex-brethren with cold-hearted malice. Other shapes moved in the encroaching gloom also, slivers of darkness amongst the distant crags. Corwin could almost hear the beating of wings and the shrill cry of the dreaded Harpies resonating on the breeze.

It was as if a horribly tainted mirror had been erected before him and through it he saw the twisted parody of himself and his kinsmen, and all the dark potential that ran through his blood.

"No," thought Corwin, "they are not of our noble blood. We are not the same," he assured himself with steel in his heart.

It was upon them at last, the time of reckoning. He looked to his commanders with a knowing glance, grim and resolute. Callarion, standard billowing proudly with the rising tempo of the wind, nodded his understanding. The mage, Bel Talinh produced a wry smile.

Eyes to the enemy, Corwin raised his sword. Even in the fading light, it had losnone of its lustre and shone like a beacon

"For Ar Anroc," Corwin cried. "The true sons of Ulthuan will not fade in the dying light!"

Thunder cracked in the blackened sky as the last remaining vestiges of High Elf resistance were crushed by the victorious Dark Elves. Maleus strode alongside his

Executioners and hacked left and right with malicious abandon, bringing down the fleeing and the wounded in a red haze. Flecks of High Elf blood spattered his face and neck. He revelled in the sensation and felt his anger momentarily slaked.

The heavens opened and rain fell heavy upon the carnage, washing away the blood and turning the earth red. Through the growing dark of the storm, Maleus saw the commander of the High Elf forces was still alive. He fought with pointless fervour, grim and unyielding.

"Asur!" Maleus cried, levelling his halberd at the Elf before him, who stopped to regard the ashen face of his dark kin. "Malekith is the true heir to the throne Ulthuan," Maleus taunted him.

"You are undone by your rage," Corwin countered, raising his sword.

Maleus responded with a mock salute.

"Let us see who is undone," he declared.

Silver flashed and steel crashed against steel as thunder and lightning raged in the heavens. The two generals were well-matched but Corwin was tiring and the weight of the battle had swung against him. He lunged with his blade but Maleus was quick to avoid the blow and smashed Corwin cruelly in the chest, sending him to his knees.

The Dark Elf noble laughed with hard-edged derision, standing over the beaten Elf commander as the rain pelted down. He raised his halberd high above his head and prepared for the deathblow.

"Now, you will see the worth of my rage Elf-kin," he said.

"No," Corwin breathed and sprang up from his knees with the last of his strength and slashed his enchanted blade across Maleus' sneering face. Blood erupted from his eye and the noble's screams echoed out across the battlefield even as he clutched the wound.

"Remember this day," Corwin warned him, rain teeming down his face as he gasped for breath. "The true sons of Ulthuan will never fade," he promised, even as the Executioners' blades fell upon him and eclipsed his light forever...

BEL-HATHOR THE SAGE

1- 660 (*Imperial calendar 1503 to 2162*)

After the victory at Anlec the Elves were forced to choose a new King. Mentheus of Caledor, the obvious choice, was dead. At court, many factions manoeuvred to have their candidate chosen. Some wanted to press on with the war and argued for Mentheus's son, Altheus. Others felt that too many lives had already been lost and wanted a Phoenix King who was more peacefully inclined. They sought the selection of Kregan of Yvresse. The Ninth Council ended in deadlock so a compromise had to be reached. Eventually Bel-Hathor, a wizard prince of Saphery, was chosen and crowned.

Bel-Hathor seemed an inauspicious choice: like most Sapherian princes he was something of an eccentric. Many of the other princes saw him as easily manipulable towards their faction's ends. They were wrong. Bel-liathor turned out to be surprisingly strong-willed and wise. He refused all attempts to force him to order an invasion of Naggaroth. He knew that although Ulthuan could probably win a war in the bleak northern lands, the cost would be so high that the Elf realms would never recover. The numbers of Elves had so declined in later years that many of the cities were half empty and many of the lands abandoned. He was not prepared to gamble with the future of the Elf race.

Soon his attention was focused elsewhere. In the old world the race of Man had risen from savagery to being the dominant civilisation in two short millennia. Two mighty realms dominated the northern portion of the Old World. The Empire, a loose alliance of city-states and provinces owing allegiance to its Emperor, and the kingdom of Bretonnia. Beyond the Old World was the northern realm of Norsca, home of the ferocious Norse raiders.



Norse longships had long troubled the coast of Ulthuan, slipping through the net of Elf warships. Bel-Hathor called a convocation of all the realm's greatest mages and instructed them to guard Ulthuan's eastern approaches. After three decades of preparation the magicians enshrouded the island's approaches in a maze of spells, illusions and treacherous shifting shoals and mists. It became virtually impossible for Norse raiders to reach Ulthuan except by pure chance. Legends of these terrible sea routes reached the Old World and caused men to talk of the Elf-realm with dread.





The Norse were not the only men to dare the sea-routes to Ulthuan. Increasingly, the great naval powers of the Old World, the Empire and Bretonnia also sent ships west over the ocean, seeking Ulthuan and the legendary golden cities of Lustria. The men of the Old World were determined mariners and eventually some of their ships found a route to Ulthuan. The Phoenix King issued an edict forbidding them to set foot on Ulthuan. He did however agree to let Finubar, Prince of Eataine return to the Old World with them to study the new rulers of the Old World.

Finubar sailed to L'Anguille in Bretonnia and from there spent fifty years wandering over the continent. Because of the ancient feud with the Dwarfs, it had been a long time since any High Elf had set foot on the Old World. He was at once impressed and appalled with what he saw. The human realms were vast, teeming and populous. Men showed vast ingenuity in works of engineering and scholarship. Finubar had expected mud huts and primitive savages. Instead he found mighty walled cities and disciplined armies, capable of subjugating the Orcs and keeping the peace over huge stretches of territory. He saw that the humans were numerous and becoming more so, and that it was only a matter of time before they would eclipse the elder races. In addition he was fascinated by their crude vitality and exuberant culture, their energy and greed. He swiftly decided that it would be better for the Elves to have these people as allies rather than enemies.

In his travels he also came upon the lost Elf realm of Athel Loren. He was both shocked and amazed by what he found there. The Elves of the old frontier province had taken a far different path from the High Elves; they had become one with their woodland home, as far removed from the High Elves of Ulthuan as were the Dark Elves of Naggaroth. They seemed rustic and backward and yet they were friendlier and easier for

him to understand than the humans. Ever after, they were known to their kin on Ulthuan as the Wood Elves. Though the Elves of Athel Loren were not unfriendly to Finubar, further rapprochement proved impossible and any ambassadors despatched from Ulthuan were treated with indifference at best.

When Finubar finally returned to Ulthuan, he was hailed as a great hero. He swiftly took his news to King Bel-Hathor. The Phoenix King listened to Finubar's report and reversed his earlier edict denying the Men of the Old World access to Ulthuan. At Finubar's request the city of Lothorn was opened to human merchants, and Elf pilots were provided to guide the trading fleets through the veiled approaches. Those races of Men who were inclined towards seamanship wasted no time in travelling to the island-continent of Ulthuan to see its wonders for themselves.



Thus began a second period of explosive growth in Lothorn. Prince Finubar watched his home city become the largest trading port in the world and was happy. The humans were astounded by the grace and majesty of Elf civilisation and well-pleased with the commerce that went on there. The Elves were content to have powerful allies in the Old World. When Bel-Hathor died peacefully of old age, Finubar was his chosen successor.



DEFEND TO THE LAST

Antarion closed his eyes and placed his hand on his temple. Unseen by the grim-looking Elven Warriors around him, his spirit soared free of his earthbound body and rose into a darkening sky above the elegant Elven ship. Opening his spirit eyes, he saw the sea and coastline arrayed beneath him like a map, filled with movement and life. In an instant, his spirit arced through the air until he, hovered above the Goblin horde that had been raiding inland. He soared higher when he felt the presence of greenskin Shamans, for he wished to remain undetected. From this height, the horde was like an immense, parasitic creature, racing across the grassy fields and leaving destruction and fire in its wake. Looking towards the horizon, Antarion could see the fast moving Elven strike force of Commander Porthianas that pursued the Goblins, but they were still far in the distance.

As his spirit soared back towards the ship, Antarion became aware of a small glade located near the coastal headland to the south. With horror, his spirit raced across the sky to hang over this sacred glade, and he realized that it was a place of worship dedicated to Isha, Mother Goddess of the Elves. Sitting by a still pool of water was an Elven maiden. Distressed, Antarion stared down at the ebony-haired Elf.

The woman raised her sad eyes and locked them to Antarion's spirit eyes. Silently, he pleaded with her to flee, as he was filled with horror at the thought of the Goblins destroying the tranquility and beauty of this place. Her soul filled with resignation, and the woman shook her head gently.

"My place is here," she breathed.

Antarion opened his eyes. He felt the brush his long hair and the ship gently rocking beneath his feet as his soul reentered his physical body. He had to slow, the Goblins' retreat to give the Elven force that harried them time to catch up before the corpse of Isha was defiled.

"The Goblins come this way and destroy all before them. In their path lies a glade sacred to blessed Isha. They are pursued, but our brethren led by Commander Porthianas will not reach the Goblins in time without our aid. We must intervene, brothers."

Antarion looked at the men arrayed on deck. They knew what he was asking of them. They knew that they had little chance of surviving a confrontation with the hated Goblin horde, yet their faces were set in grim countenances of defiance. Understanding their silence, Antarion called to the helmsman. "Make for the beach!"

Raising his eyes to the sky, Antarion whistled shrilly, the sound lifted up into the air to be carried by the wind. A pair of shrieks answered Antarion's call. The twin eagles Dorthar and Lokar appeared from the clouds and dropped down to soar just above the waves on either side of the ship as it neared the beach.

The flaming brands of the Goblins could be seen, foul smoke tainting the air, and the howling of their evil-hearted wolves echoed over the grassland. "Isha, guide us," whispered Antarion.

Antarion knelt on the ground in grief, his head held in his hands. His warriors were lying dead and dying on the ground, and the Goblins had broken through their lines. The majestic twin eagles lay on the grass, their wings bloody and broken. Anger and shame burned hot within his heart. His sorcery had been suppressed completely by the wild yet dangerously powerful magic of the Goblin Shamans, and he had been powerless to halt the horde.

He heard soft footfalls approaching, and raised his head to see Commander Porthianas by his side, his face dark eyes mournful.

"Your men fought valiantly, Antarion. My riders are pursuing the horde to the south. Already, we have burned their ships, though the Goblins know it not. There will be no escape for the evil ones this day."

Porthianas turned away, to leave the triage alone with his grief.

"Porthianas," croaked Antarion. "The glade of Isha, the Priestess...did they?"

Porthianas shook his head grimly, turning away once more.

A furious light sparked in the eyes of Antarion. He felt the anger course through him, and he embraced it, for it dulled his misery. Clenching his hands tightly into fists, he swore an oath to himself, a pact of vengeance, of retribution. In the name of Kurnous, of Khaine, and of Asuryan, he swore that he would make the evil ones suffer.







FINUBAR THE SEAFARER

XI) 1- present (Imperial calendar 2163 to present)

With the invaluable experience gained during his sojourn to the Old World, Finubar of Lothem seemed the prince best suited to understanding this new age. By temperament and experience he was equipped to deal with the race of Men, and as a native of Lothem he had grown up with an understanding of the worth of trade and a tolerant cosmopolitan outlook on the world. He inaugurated a new policy of trade and exploration. In accordance with Bel-Hathor's wishes, the ruling council elected Finubar. Thus, Finubar is the first Phoenix King to be chosen by his predecessor. Elf clippers sailed as far as Nippon and Cathay in search of goods. Untold riches flowed through Lothem.



A few amongst the ruling council were displeased with this appointment: perhaps they thought such a succession a break with all tradition. More likely, their sentiments were born of jealousy. Finubar's actions did little to end such concerns. From the start, he was often content to leave the day to day affairs of his realm to the trusted members of his court. Indeed, in the early years of his reign, it seemed he was but an infrequent visitor to his own realm, for he spent much time travelling the world. Finubar's rivals spread rumour in his absence, their eyes ever on claiming the Phoenix Throne they were once denied. In the end, rebellious tongues were only stilled when the Everqueen, Alarielle, arrived unannounced at a meeting of the ruling council. Standing before the Phoenix Throne, she fixed her piercing gaze on each of the council in turn, and in icy tones reminded the princes where their loyalties truly lay. Thereafter, criticisms of Finubar's rule were decidedly muted.

As the years passed, Finubar's voyages became more sporadic, though none could say whether his wanderlust was filially leaving him, or he had simply found whatever it was he searched for. Increasingly, Finubar split his time between the business of rule and taking counsel with Belannaer, one of the oldest and wisest Loremasters of Hoeth.

In the one hundred and thirty eighth year of Finubar's reign, the Great Chaos Incursion began, and it looked as if the Dark Powers had returned once more to claim the world. The Witch King himself returned at the head of a mighty host, and swept the defenders of Ulthuan before him. War raged across all Ulthuan's kingdoms. Avelorn burned, and for a time, it seemed as if the Everqueen was lost amongst the carnage, and the realm with her. Then, two mighty heroes, the twin brothers Tyrion and Teclis, arose to secure the realm and repel the invasion.

By the efforts of the extraordinary twins, the Dark Elves were driven off and Ulthuan was rescued from the brink of destruction. Finubar was greatly pleased by the twins' deeds, and brought them ever closer into his councils – the Phoenix King deemed that the last war had been merely the opening skirmish in a new age of destruction, and was determined to command the loyalty of Ulthuan's mightiest heroes. In the years that followed, other heroes would join Tyrion and Teclis at Finubar's side, some of whom would go on to become as famous as any of the Phoenix Kings.

Since then, the world has grown darker. Despite the series of magical wards raised around the island in the reign of Bel- Korhadris, Norse raids on Ulthuan have become ever more numerous. A horde of Goblins led by Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain even managed to pillage eastern Ulthuan. Dark Elf raiders have continued to commit innumerable acts of piracy. The promise of a new golden age of peace has faded, and the Elves and their new allies have looked once more to their weapons.

For the Elves, the present is a time that holds both the promise of renewal and the threat of destruction. Their old enemies have become stronger and they have become weaker. Although few humans would guess it, Ulthuan is a power in decline. It can still muster the mightiest fleet in the Known World and its armies are rightly feared by its foes and yet the realm is but a shadow of its former self. Indeed, many on Ulthuan feel the greatest days of the Elves have passed.

Yet every year brings new opportunities to win glory and fight against evil. There are still mighty Elf heroes, courageous warriors and mages willing to stand against the Dark Powers, and the mighty Dragons, though few in number, are turning restless in their long sleep. In the north, the Witch King stirs once more and the Widomaker haunts the dreams of warriors, singing songs of forbidden glory to their desperate souls. Though they have dwindled and are weary, the High Elves still have a great part to play in the world before the final act of their long drama is played out.

THE IMPERIAL COLLEGES OF MAGIC

One of the greatest altruistic acts of the High Elves was the Founding of the Imperial Colleges of Magic by the High Elf Mage Teclis. This single act has done more to unite the Empire, and the other races of Men, against Chaos than almost any other. It has diluted a little of the fear Men hold towards magic, and armed them against the dread power of the Dark Gods. In the years since, the relationship between the Empire and the High Elves has been greatly strengthened by this gesture.

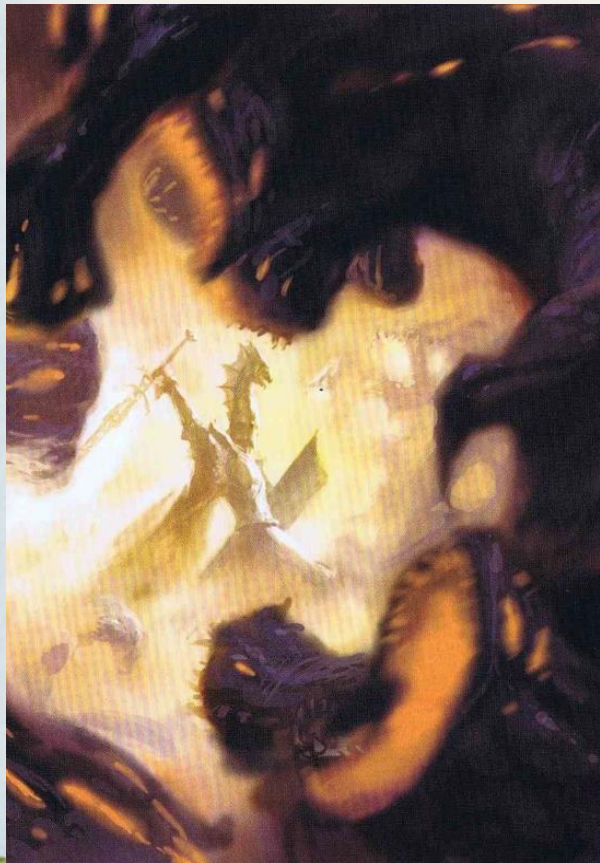
THE REIGN OF FINUBAR

XI, 78 THE BATTLE OF SHINING RIDGE

The Dark Elf host of Makanarth Blightblade ravaged the seaward lands of Tiranoc, and then headed further inland aiming to cross the Arespan into northern Caledor. However; before the Dark Elves could make good their plans, Prince Galathor mustered the greatest army of chariots ever seen in Ulthuan.

Disdaining to wait for aid from the neighbouring realms, Galathor met the Dark Elves head on. Many hundreds of treacherous kin met their end upon Shining Ridge that day, trampled by ilthilmarshod wheels and hooves, or else pierced by Tiranoc arrows and spears. Galathor's own spear – the very weapon with which his distant ancestor had fought at Aenarion's side – snatched Makanarth from the back of his Cold One Chariot and later tore the throat from his witch-consort Drathella.

As dusk fell, the Dark Elves fled into the crags and valleys where Galathor's chariots could not follow, but found their paths blocked by some of Tiranoc's finest spear and archer regiments. Bloodily repulsed the Dark Elves retreated towards the lowlands, only to find the plains alive with Ellyrian Reavers. The bold knights of Ellyron had driven their horses hard, but still had vigour enough to fight. Lowering their spears, the Reavers slammed full tilt into the retreating Dark Elves. By the time the sun had sunk beneath the sea, the battle was over.



XI, 90 SLAUGHTER AT BLEAK MEADOW

When word reached Ulthuan that Athel Loren was beset by a Beastman warherd of unparalleled size and ferocity, the Phoenix King saw an opportunity to ease the troubled relationship between the two kingdoms. Swiftly, an army was assembled and took ship overseas, their aim to bring aid to their estranged kin. Thus were the Beastmen caught between the wrath of two Elf realms.

Little trust was there between the Elves of the forest and the warriors of the Phoenix King, but mutual loathing of the Beastmen soon overcame all reserve. Eternal Guard locked shields with the spearmen of Cothique, and Sapherian wizards blunted Chaos magics whilst Spellsingers roused the living forest. At the heart of the battle, Scarloc of Loren and Ystranna of Avelorn fought back-to-back, bowstrings blurring as their arrows scythed through ranks of Bestigors. Come the dawn, the warherd had been destroyed. The Elven armies went their separate ways, each having earned fresh respect from the other.

XI, 97 THE MISTS OF WAILING FEN

Through confluence of wind and ill fate, the enchanted mists about the Shrouded Shore billowed and thickened. As they grew ever more dense, their accumulated magics shone like a beacon within the Realm of Chaos. Thus did Daemons find purchase upon the lands of Yvresse.

The Elves met the daemonic host on the outward edge of Wailing Fen. Moranion of Athel Tamarha rode at their head. He was owed many favours by princes of other lands, and so the tall spearmen of his holdings were joined by warriors from Chrace, Eataine, and even further afield. Moranion would need all their skill and valour in the hours to come.

At the battle's height, a Bloodthirster descended from the skies, roaring and bellowing as it carved bloody ruin through a regiment of White Lions. The woodsmen of Chrace fought on, even though they knew that they were overmatched. Their fortitude was soon repaid with salvation: a Flamespyre Phoenix, fire streaming behind, dove out of the darkness to rake the Bloodthirster with its mighty talons. With a thunderous crack, the Daemon's whip lashed out, coiling around the firebird's neck. The Phoenix shrieked in fury as its mighty wings strove in vain to bear it aloft once more, but the Bloodthirster was too strong. Oblivious to the White Lions' axe-blows, the Daemon hauled the beast close and tore out its throat with savage fangs. Casting the Phoenix's corpse to the ground, the Bloodthirster roared in triumph.

Yet the fires of the fallen Phoenix did not extinguish with its death. They continued to blaze, growing ever hotter and more furious with each passing moment.



The White Lions fell back as their cloaks caught light, but the Bloodthirster, maddened with gore-lust, came on through the flames. Three steps had the Daemon taken when there was a thunderous boom; the Phoenix's body exploded in a shower of smouldering plumage, and a column of fire spiralled into the sky. Caught at the conflagration's heart, the Bloodthirster's flesh blackened and cracked but, insensate to pain, it came on, hungry for blood. Indeed so intent was it on claiming the skulls of the remaining White Lions, that it did not notice the flames draw together and coalesce into a new form – the Phoenix reborn.

It took but a moment for the Flamespyre Phoenix to sight its erstwhile slayer and, giving out a great shriek, it dove to the attack. On hearing the cry the Bloodthirster turned but, before the Daemon could bring its weapons to bear; the Phoenix was upon it once more. Talons sank deep into the Bloodthirster's shoulders and an iron-hard beak punched through the Daemon's armour to pierce the black heart within its chest. With one last bellow, the Daemon's mortal form perished and its spirit was cast back into the Realm of Chaos. With this final blow, the battle was won. As the Bloodthirster fell, the magic sustaining his army began to unravel. The Daemon army faded back into the mists, and peace fell upon Yvresse for a time.

XI, 170 BATTLE OF THE SILENT FIELDS

On the night of Twilight's Tide, Daemons streamed from the upper slopes of the Annulii Mountains. The horde ravaged much of eastern Saphery before an army led by the Everqueen blocked its path. So began the Battle of the Silent Fields – site of the largest concentration of waystones beyond the Isle of the Dead. The Daemons were rapacious, eager to bring their madness to the mortal world. Yet the Elves,

heartened by the Everqueen's presence and shielded by her sorceries, met their fury with resolve. Flesh Hounds hurled themselves forward, only to perish on Elven spears. Furies swooped from the skies to tear at the crews of Eagle Claw bolt throwers, but were driven back by valiant Ellyrian Beavers. Daemonettes were felled by the arrows of Shadow Warriors, the volleys loosed quicker than the eye could follow.

As time wore on, and midnight approached, the Everqueen felt her magics ebb – Twilight's Tide had ever been a night of Chaos ascendant and as the dark powers rose, hers diminished. Yet as the tainted moon loomed high over the battlefiel4 mist fell over the plain, and the waystones burned with white flame. For a moment, silence reigned.

In that moment, a change fell over the High Elf army. Wounded warriors felt hands at their side, helping them to their feet. Regiments that had suffered terrible losses found their ranks filled once more. A few Elves fancied they caught glimpses of comrades long lost or heraldry long passed out of service. But such thoughts were as elusive as dreams in the noonday sun, and were lost as soon as they were formed

Whatever occurred that night, it brought fresh determination to the High Elves. Down into the mists they went, weapons ready, and hearts set to a final victory – and a great victory there was. As spear and sword struck home, they blazed with the same white fire that played about the waystones. By the time the cursed moon had passed from the sky, and the white fire had faded from the waystones, the Daemon host had been utterly destroyed. Of their unlooked-for allies, the Elves found no sign. Even as they searched, the memories of that night faded with the mist, leaving only a sadness that none could fully explain.





XI, 176 THE BATTLE OF TOR DRANIL

Sailing under a pall of sorcerous night, the Dark Elves invaded the Shadowlands, capturing the Salvation Isles and the Sundered Strand. Riven by division within the Phoenix King's court, the High Elves were slow to respond at first. Only when Finubar turned matters over to his closest advisor was an army despatched with command shared equally between the princes Eldyr and Tyrion.

So it was that the High Elves came to the Sundered Strand to find it fortified against them. The subsequent Battle of Tor Dranil seemed a certain and crushing defeat for the High Elves, rescued from disaster only when Eldyr and his overmatched bodyguard stubbornly held the line when almost all others had failed. Eldyrfell fell that day, his chariot broken to matchwood, his body sliced almost apart by the cruel draichs of Har Ganeth's Executioners. Tyrion – even then fighting for his life against a triad of Khainite Assassins saw him fall and flew into a rage.

Letting out a mournful battle cry, Tyrion cast down his assailants and spurred his steed Malhandir to the site where Eldyr had fallen. Left and right he hacked until Sunfang was bloody to the hilt; driving Executioners from the fallen prince. As Tyrion forged on, a new resolve filled his army, a hope of victory born from the darkest of hours. Onwards came the hunters of Chrace, arrows spent but swords ready. Onwards came the Swordmasters of Hoeth, blades a blur in the wan

sunlight as they severed limbs and cut crossbow bolts from the air. The ground thundered to galloping hooves as the lances of Silver Helms splintered shields to find their marks behind.

In a matter of moments, the tide of the battle had turned, yet one great deed remained before the fighting was done. Kolhir Bleakheart, counted amongst the deadliest of all Naxaroth's Assassins, had waited patiently as the battle unfolded. As Tyrion drew near; Bleakheart cast off his cloak and lunged forward, poisoned blades aimed for the prince's heart. So sudden and silent was Bleakheart's approach that Tyrion did not notice his peril until the moment before the daggers struck. Yet in that moment, a single bowstring sang, the beauty and power of the note a clarion above the din of battle. As Bleakheart's lifeless form flew back into the Dark Elf ranks, Tyrion traced the arrow's path, seeking to catch a glimpse of his saviour. There, on the cliffs above, he caught a brief sight of a lone and regal figure, a glimmer of silver visible beneath a grey hood. Then, the archer turned and was gone, leaving Tyrion to claim a great victory and mourn his fallen friend.

181 THE SACK OF MARIENBURG

Guided by luck more than judgement, Otto Steinroth – the infamous Red Pirate of Marienburg – led a mighty fleet through Ulthuan's mists. His wolf-prowed ships laid waste to the city of Sardenath and his crews plundered its treasures. Thus did Steinroth's ships part for home far wealthier than they had arrived.



With these deeds did the Red Pirate bring woe upon the city of Marienburg, for he earned the wrath of Sea Lord Aislinn, whose fleet had come to Sardenath's aid too late. Aislinn's ships were swift and could easily have overtaken the Red Pirate and destroyed him at sea, but the Sea Lord was determined to set an example not soon forgotten by the upstart race of Man. So it was that he shadowed Steinroth's ships across stormy seas, using every ounce of nautical cunning at his command to remain undetected. Only when the Red Pirate's fleet was berthed once more alongside Marienburg's Guilderveld docks did Aislinn strike.

As the battle began, the gunners in Marienburg's coastal fortresses – long practiced though they were at spelling raids from Bretonnia and Norsca – found their aim cheated by an inexplicable mist that swept over the Reiksmouth the instant the first shot was fired. Under cover of the mist the High Elf fleet took up blockade formation and began bombardment of the port. Aislinn's flagship, Brinedragon, its gunwales piled to bursting with the finest warriors of Lothorn, piled full into the harbour and disgorged its troops along the dockside. Had the Marienburgers known the reasons for Aislinn's attack, they might well have stood aside and allowed his vengeance to proceed unimpeded the better to end the blockade of their city. As it was, they knew only that their home was afire, and that Elven warriors marched in their streets. Thus, Aislinn's warriors found their path to Steinroth's wolfprows blocked not only by the Red Pirate's rough curs, but some of Nordland's finest troops.

So began a confused battle along the dockside. The Elves had the better of it from the start, for the mist was of their making and thus little impediment to their eyes. It was soon too much for the Red Pirate's men, who had no taste for fighting on the losing side. When Steinroth himself was cut down by Aislinn's blade, the survivors threw down their blades and dove into the water to escape. Yet there was no escape there from Aislinn's keen-eyed archers. The will of the pirates might have been broken, but the soldiers of Marienburg fought with all the desperation of men defending their home. Handguns coughed and boomed as Nordland marksmen vainly searched for targets in the mist. The harbour rang with the clash of steel upon steel as halberdiers and swordsmen sought to drive the Elves from the quayside. Yet they fought in vain. Little by little, the High Elves scoured the docks about the wolfprows. As the Lothorn Sea Guard mined spearwalls to secure the quayside, other Elves boarded the wolfprows and retrieved all that was truly valuable: books of ancient lore, sceptres and circlets of rule and the weapons of Sardenath's princes.

Then, at Aislinn's command, the Elves retreated to the Brinedragon, taking with them not only their dead but also a large number of (extremely vocal) Elven merchants whose stores of fine wine and eastern silks would now have to be abandoned – no Elf could hope to remain alive in Marienburg after that day's deeds. As Aislinn's flagship rejoined his flee, he turned back towards Marienburg with narrowed eyes. He gave a sharp nod to the mages assembled upon the foredeck,





and they called down a conflagration of living flame upon the dockside. The fires quickly spread from ship to jetty, and from jetty to warehouse, consuming all in their path. By the time the Brinedragon had reached open sea, all of Marienburg's merchant fleet – and much of the city's hoarded wealth – had been reduced to ashes upon the wind.

Aislinn returned to a mixed reception on Ulthuan. The kin of those slain at Sardenath hailed him as a hero, as did those princes who believed the power of the High Elves should be felt more keenly in other lands. Many others - especially those who had benefited greatly from trade with Marienburg – declaimed Aislinn's actions as unnecessarily ruthless and nothing short of declaration of war. In the months following the sack of Marienburg, the Sea Lord's standing at court diminished almost to nothing – a situation not helped by Aislinn prosecuting new campaigns of reciprocity against Norscan settlements. Ironically, the same actions that isolated the Sea Lord amongst the courts of Ulthuan soon drew him closer to the Phoenix King for Finubar saw a ruthlessness in Aislinn that Ulthuan could ill afford to lose.

XII, 188 CALEDOR RISES

As the fortunes of the world grew evermore dim, and Ulthuan came increasingly under assault, Prince Imrik of Caledor became concerned that the deeds of his kinsfolk no longer compared favourably to those of their ancestors, that the blood of Caledor had thinned as the centuries had passed. Calling together the Great Council of Caledor, Imrik commanded that the Dragon Princes be assembled and the great Dragons of old be awoken. Imrik swore that Caledor would lead the way, as it had in ages past – even if it took the sacrifice of every one of its sons and daughters to do so.

In the weeks and months that followed smoke belched from the forges of Vaul's Anvil, and the Dragon Spine rang once more as smiths plied their trade. Dragons were woken. Great hosts of spearmen and archers filed

from the mountains. Some went to the great gates in the north, others to the Outer Kingdoms; yet more took ship to outposts along the southern ocean. Whatever betide in the years of growing darkness, Caledor was prepared and would face it without fear.

XII, 211 SIGVALD'S FOLLY

Having long felt aggrieved that the folk of Ulthuan were renowned for more handsome and golden locks than he, Prince Sigvald scion of Slaanesh, took ship to Ulthuan, his goal to scalp every Elf who crossed his path. With him travelled an army of blood-hungry Chaos Warriors, who cared not why Sigvald brought war to the Elven realm, so long as there was plunder to be taken and the glory of Dark Gods to be earned. Princess Eldyra, by now a general in her own right led the counterattack. Initially unsure of the Chaos horde's size, Eldyra elected to harry the force as it headed inland. Charioteers were tasked with hunting down and eliminating Sigvald's scouts, whilst Shadow Warriors launched daring night-time raids to destroy supplies, slay horses and assassinate the Chaos Lord's lieutenants. At Eldyra's direction, spells of concealment hid towns, waystones and mansions from the oncoming foe. Harried and blinded, Sigvald's army was soon lost in the Cothique highlands.

Division soon set in amongst the Chaos ranks, for there was little plunder, and no glory at all in enduring the lethal pinpricks of the Shadow Warriors' attacks. Sigvald had to best ever more frequent challenges to his leadership, yet pride would not allow him to turn back or compromise his goals. Soon, he had slain as many of his own lieutenants as had the Shadow Warriors who plagued his advance. It was in the midst of one such death-dud begun by a hulking brute named Dranak Goredrinker, that Eldyra finally unleashed her attack.

Pennants streaming, great spear-formations of Silver Helms pierced the heart of the Chaos army, slaying a great many of the Northmen before they could even form up. Even then, the Chaos Warriors could have prevailed had Sigvald found it within himself to set aside his enmity with Goredrinker for a few hours. As it was, Sigvald's vain refusal to halt the death-duel for such a trifling occurrence as an enemy attack cost his army dear. By the time night fell, the High Elves had won a crushing victory. Goredrinker had fallen to Sigvald's silver blade, and the what little remained of the Chaos army had scattered and fled. For his part, Sigvald simply wandered off in the final stages of the battle, hacking down any who tried to stop him. Goredrinker's spilt blood had reminded the prince of a particularly rancorous bottle of Bretonnian wine he had once sampled and he was suddenly minded to wreak vengeance on its creators...

"My father, the Phoenix King, said that one should always choose the lesser of two evils. How best to discern which is which..."

- Prince Yrellian



XI, 236 THE INVASION OF EATAINE

Having bypassed the sea-gates of Lothorn by the simple expedient of sailing beneath them, a fleet of Skaven-wrought submersibles beached upon the shores of Eataine. Hordes of vicious ratmen scrambled from the corroded hulks, only to be met upon the bluffs by the unwavering spear-tips of the Lothorn Sea Guard. The Elves were greatly outnumbered yet they knew the Skaven had to be stopped there. Once the ratmen went inland they would surely vanish into the caves and forests, and Ulthuan would not be free of their kind for many long decades to come.

Skavenslaves scrambled madly up the beach, but those that were not felled by arrows died against the bristling spear-walls. Warlord Skizratch of Clan Rictus had planned his assault well and when the Skavenslaves of the sixth wave had been slain, he launched his main attack. Clan Moulder Beastmasters goaded scores of monstrous Rat Ogres up the beach, the cracking of their whips drowned by the beasts' roars. In their wake marched regiments of Stormvermin. The Sea Guard's archery was sporadic now, for most of their arrows were spent. All along the cliff shields were locked and spears braced – a thin line of white and silver against the verminous horde.

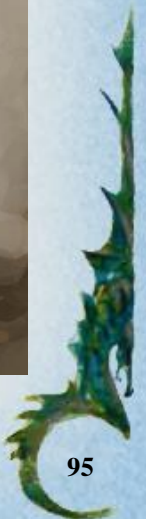
Alas, this too had Skizratch prepared for: The ranks of the Stormvermin parted to reveal Warfire Throwers, which now spewed their fury directly into the Elven ranks, the tainted flame immolating dozens. It was against these weakened sections of the spear-wall that the Rat Ogres attacked. They drove forward onto spear and sword lashing out with claw and fang, caring naught for the wounds they took in return. Even before this fearsome assault, the Elves held firm, their blades flashing and darting in the dawn-light. One by one, the Rat Ogres fell, but they left behind a trail of battered and bloodied dead.

It was as the Stormvermin advanced that the Elves began to withdraw – they were now too few to hold the line, and knew that they must withdraw or else be overwhelmed. Yet not a single Elf broke step with his fellows. Even when Skizratch himself joined the fight, his black-bladed halberd cleaving the helm and skull of many an Elf; the Sea Guard held true. Only when Skizratch fell – one of the last precious arrows buried up to its flights in his right eye – did the Elves withdraw once more, taking advantage of the momentary panic that swept through the Skaven lines. For a moment, it seemed like the Warlord's death might end the battle, but a vengeful chittering broke out amongst the Skaven ranks, and the ratmen threw themselves forward once more.

Many leagues across the Sea of Dreams, standing atop the highest rampart of the Shrine of Asuryan, keen-eyed Caradryan of the Phoenix Guard had caught sight of the Sea Guard's plight. By silent command he mustered his warriors, and called the Flame-spyre Phoenixes from their roosts – no ship could deliver salvation so swiftly as their wings.

One moment, the skies were clear; in the next they burned with the wrath of scores of angry Phoenixes. Each firebird bore a half-dozen Elves upon its back, yet the burden slowed them not at all. The Phoenixes swooped across the battlefield, their outstretched talons gouging bloody furrows through the tight-packed ranks of Stormvermin. As holes were torn in the Skaven lines, the firebirds skimmed low, landing just long enough to allow the Phoenix Guard to dismount. In grim silence, the chosen of Asuryan formed up shoulder to shoulder. As one, they raised their halberds high in salute, so that Asuryan might notice their deeds that day, and charged into the fray.

Now it was the Skaven's turn to know doom. Not one amongst them had ever encountered warriors so grim and deadly as the fell-handed Phoenix Guard and those ratmen that did not fall beneath their keen-edged halberds shrank back in fear. As the weight of Skaven slackened from Lothorn shields, fresh hope filled the bone-weary warriors. With a song upon their lips they went down into the battle once more, for they had many good friends to avenge that day. Yet, as the Elves surged forward an unearthly roar shook the battlefield, and a Hell Pit Abomination surged through the ranks of Stormvermin, thick green smoke billowing from the warpstone braziers set within its flesh. Mad with torment, the beast tore through Skaven and Elves alike, hurling broken bodies from its path, or crushing them beneath its gruesome bulk.





It was then that Caradryan joined the fray, swooping from the skies on the back of the great Frostheart Phoenix, Ashtari. Chill air sparkled in the Phoenix's wake as it dove to the fray, and where its talons struck, the Abomination's skin blistered with cold. The mutant beast roared once more and attempted to swat the new attacker from the sky, but its limbs were numbed, and the frostbird spiralled safely out of reach. On its next pass, Ashtari swooped low, and Caradryan held his blade ready. As the halberd cut into the creature's tainted flesh, its enchanted blade burst into flame. A dozen strikes in all did Caradryan deal, each deadlier than the last, and soon the Hell Pit Abomination was naught but a blazing pillar of flesh.



This last was too much for the ratmen, who fled for the relative safety of their beached vessels. They were much too late. As Caradryan had led one group of Phoenixes to rescue the Sea Guard from their plight, he had sent another to attack the Skaven hulks. Now the ships blazed furiously on the shore, great gouts of green-black smoke belching from their innards, as the

Phoenix-flame reduced the craft to smouldering ruins. With their craft destroyed the panicked Skaven scattered, but their desperation made them easy prey for High Elf blades. No more than a hundred made it off the beach, and those that did ran straight into reinforcements from Lothorn who, sour-hearted at having come too late to the battle, determined to compensate by hunting down the survivors with stern vigour. So ended the ill-fated invasion of Eataine.

XI, 255 THE SIEGE OF COURONNE

When the Bretonnian city of Couronne came under siege by a great warherd of Beastmen, aid unlooked-for arrived in the form of a High Elf army under the command of Imrik of Caledor. In truth, the High Elves cared not for the fate of the Bretonnian city – their only concern was the sanctity of the waystones that now lay buried beneath Couronne's chief castle. So it was that Dragon Princes battled snarling Gors alongside Knights of the Realm; that the shield walls of stocky Men-at-arms were flanked by regiments of noble High Elf archers and stern Phoenix Guard.

In Bretonnia, bards tell that Prince Imrik and King Charlen fought like brothers that day, fighting as one against every foul Jabberslythe and Ghorgon to emerge from the Beastmen's raised ranks. A few even claim that King Charlen saved Imrik's life, spearing the Cygor that had swept the Elf from his saddle before it could stomp him flat. For their part, the Elves remember the Bretonnians as crude but enthusiastic fighters, whose valour almost overshadowed their impertinence. Prince Imrik never forgave Charlen for stealing a good many of his kills.



THE BOOK OF DAYS

What follows is a timeline of the main historical events of the High Elves through each of their Phoenix Kings. For ease of reference, the corresponding year of the Imperial Calender is listed to the right of each entry.

THE GOLDEN TIME

These years are not dealt with in the chronicle of the Phoenix Kings. During this time the Everqueen ruled Ulthuan from Avelorn and many realms were founded by adventurers departing from that primeval land. The time ends with the coming of Chaos and [the time of violence that then ensued.

I. AENARION THE DEFENDER

(Imperial Calendar -4500 to -4419)

I. 1 -4500
Aenarion's Ascension. Aenarion passes through the sacred flame and then defends the Shrine of Asuryan against the Chaos Horde of Morkar.

I. 2 -4499
Aenarion arrives in Caledor and is recognised as the chosen of Asuryan by Caledor Dragontamer. The great dragon Indraguinir becomes Aenarion's steed. They fly to Vault's Anvil where the dragon armour of Aenarion is forged along with many weapons that will eventually become heirlooms of the great Elf noble families. Technically, the rank of Prince in present day Ulthuan belongs to anyone who can show possession of one of these ancient weapons.



I. 3 -4498
The war against Chaos begins in earnest as the Elf Dragonriders descend from Caledor and take the light to the enemy.

I. 21 -4480
The forces of Chaos are driven back for a time and a fragile peace descends on Ulthuan. Aenarion marries the Everqueen Astarielle and two children, Yvraime and Morelion, are born to them.

I. 30 -4471
The forces of Chaos attack Avelorn. The Everqueen is slain and her children believed lost. In fact, they are in the care of the Treeman Oakhean. Wracked with grief, Aenarion flies to the Blighted Isle and draws the Sword of Khaine. Armed with this terrible weapon he is all but invincible for a time.

I. 39 -4461
Aenarion rescues the witch Morathi from a Slaaneshi warband. They make court in Nagarythe.

I. 40 -4461
Caledor Dragontamer concludes that the only way to stop Chaos is to drain the winds of magic from the world. He starts repairing and expanding the ancient network of standing stones which has stood upon Ulthuan since the dawn of time.

I. 42 -4458
Morathi bears Aenarion a child, Malekith, the future Witch King of Naggaroth.

I. 82 -4419
The Battle of the Isle of the Dead. At this epic battle Caledor Dragontamer creates the magical Vortex. Aenarion suffers a mortal wound and as his last act flies to the Blighted Isle and drives the Sword of Khaine hack into the altar. Aenarion's body is never found.

II. BEL SHANAAR THE NAVIGATOR

(Imperial Calendar -4418 to -2750)

II. 1 -4418
The coronation of Bel Shanaar marks the end of the war with Chaos and the start of the great period of rebuilding that sees the rise of Tiranoc to pre-eminence among the Elf realms.

II. 255 -4164
The foundation of the first colonies in the New World, on the east coast. Malekith defeats the Orc warlord Gritok Redfang and saves the city of Athel Toralien.

II. c.500 c.-4119
The Elves land in the Old World. Malekith befriends the Dwarf King Snorri Whitebeard and together the armies of Dwarfs and Elves begin to drive the remnants of Chaos from the lands. As the colonies prosper wealth begins to flow back to Ulthuan.

II. c.1000 c.-3419
The Cult of Pleasure begins its slow spread through Nagarythe and across all Ulthuan.

II. 1580 -2839
Bel Shanaar himself visits the newly founded Dwarf city of Karaz-a-Karak and signs the pledge of eternal friendship between Dwarfs and the Elves. Malekith stays on as ambassador and remains on friendly terms with the Dwarf kings.

II. 1630 -2789
Malekith begins his great period of wandering around the world in search of magical artefacts of elder times.

II. 1643 -2776
In the northern wasteland Malekith finds the Circlet of Iron in the ancient ruined city of Vorshgar.

II. 1645 -2774
Malekith returns to Ulthuan and denounces his own mother as a Slaanesh worshipper. The Cult of Pleasure is revealed as being secretly given over to the worship of Slaanesh.

II. 1669 -2750
The massacre at the Shrine of Asuryan. Bel Shanaar assassinated. Malekith is burned by the sacred flame and horribly mutilated. Later that year his assassins try to kill the future Phoenix King Caledor I who is rescued by a band of Chracian hunters, the ancestors of the White Lions.

III. CALEDOR THE CONQUEROR

(Imperial Calendar -2749 to -2199)

III. 1 -2749
Coronation of Caledor. Malekith flees to Nagarythe. Civil war erupts across all Ulthuan. Brother turns against brother as the devotees of the Cult of Pleasure stir up trouble in every city and town.

III. 3 -2747
The Battle of Dark Fen.

III. 11 -2739
The renegade wizard princes flee Saphery and join Malekith. Hotek, a heretic priest of Vault, steals the sacred hammer from Vault's Anvil and makes his way to Nagarythe.

III. 14 -2736
Malekith is sealed within his great black armour and is hailed as the Witch King. The intensity of the war increases.

III. 26 -2724
Caledor defeats the Witch King at the Battle of Maledor. The Witch King flees and decides to implement his master plan.

III. 27 -2723
The Sundering. As a result of the Witch King's interference with the Vortex much of northern Ulthuan is sunk. The renegade wizards raise the Black Arks and depart to the cold north to found the Dark Elf kingdom of Naggaroth. There is little the High Elves can do to stop them at this point. Tiranoc is lost beneath the waves and the cataclysmic unleashing of energies devastates the land. The Elves begin to rebuild their shattered land. Contact is lost with the Old World colonies.



III. 120 -2630
A Dark Elf expedition return to Ulthuan and hostilities resume. Caledor reorganises the High Elf army for defence and begins the building of the Gateway fortresses in the northern passes.

III. 151 -2599
Griffon Gate, the Unconquered Fortress, is finally completed. It is the first of a series of massive strongholds that will eventually guard the approaches to the Inner Lands. The war rages on unabated as the Dark Elves seek to gain access to the Inner Lands and conquer the Holy Shrines. The High Elves resist them.



III. 325 -2425
The dragon ship *Indraugnir*, armed with the magically forged Starblade ram, sinks the Palace of Joyous Oblivion near the Blighted Isle. This is the first time a Black Ark has ever been sunk and marks the beginning of the High Elves' naval ascendancy over their dark kindred.

III. 531 -2219
The Elves finally succeed in driving the last Dark Elves from northern Ulthuan and begin to sweep the northern seas clear of their ships.

III. 532 -2218
Caledor orders the first of the ill-starred expeditions to the Blighted Isle.

III. 550 -2200
The High Elves take the Blighted Isle. Caledor does not draw the Sword of Khaine even though it would give him the power to defeat the Witch King. On his way home a great tempest separates his flagship *Indraugnir* from the rest of the fleet. Sails torn, driven to the very coast of Naggaroth, the ship is overwhelmed by Dark Elf reavers. Caledor throws himself into the sea rather than be captured.

IV. CALEDOR II (Imperial Calendar -2198 to -1600)

IV. 1 -2198
An uneasy peace settles over Ulthuan. The survivors from Tiranoc and what was once Nagarythe start rebuilding their lands. The remaining Elves of Nagarythe, which has become known as the Shadowlands, take up a wandering, nomadic life shunning the trappings of civilisation.

IV. 10 -2189
Contact is re-established with Dwarfs. Trade begins again.

IV. 194 -2005
Dark Elf raids begin against Dwarf trading caravans.

IV. 198 -2001
Dwarf protests are ignored by Caledor II. Increasing acrimony enters relations between the two races.

IV. 202 -1997
The War of the Beard begins. This will eventually exhaust the strength of both empires and lead to ages of bitter feuding. There are many periods of peace where both sides claimed victory.

IV. 225 -1974
Caledor II personally kills Snorri Halfhand, King Gotrek's son, before returning to Ulthuan in time for the hunting season.

IV. 231 -1968
Morgrim, Snorri's cousin, kills Caledor's brother Imladrik.

IV. 251 -1948
The Dwarfs destroy the Elf colony of Athel Maraya.

IV. 596 -1603
Caledor II comes to the Old World to supervise the defeat of the Dwarf kings.

IV. 597 -1602
Caledor II killed by Gotrek Starbreaker. The Phoenix Crown is lost. Announcing their victory the Dwarfs retreat to the mountains and refuse to fight any more. As the Elf host is assembled for a suicidal attack on Karat-a-Karak news reaches them that the Witch King has once again invaded Ulthuan.

V. CARADRYEL THE PEACEMAKER (Imperial Calendar -1599 to -997)

V. 1 -1599
Invasion of the Blighted Isle. The Black Arks Citadel of Ecstatic Damnation and Jade Palace of Pain are beached to become the core of the fortress of Anlec in the Shadowlands. This will provide the Dark Elves with a base from which to launch many massive attacks.



V. 10 -1590
The Homecoming. Caradryel orders the recall of the Elf armies from the Old World to combat this new threat. Demoralised by the long war against the Dwarfs, the Elves are in no position to deal with the resurgent Naggarothi.

V. 17 -1583
Aevin Thornchanter turns himself into a narinocha plant while attempting to harness the Wind of Ghyran.

V. 98 -1502
A New Colony. The last Elf army departs from the Old World, leaving behind a few hardy colonists who refused to go. What will become the Wood Elf realm of Athel Loren is founded.

V. 102 -1498
Caradryel introduces the system of rotating units to the Gateway fortresses so that the garrisons are always at full strength. Intermittent war rages across Ulthuan once more as the Dark Elves consolidate their hold on the northern lands.

V. 602 -998
Caradryel dies peacefully.

VI. TETHLIS THE SLAYER (Imperial Calendar -996 to -692)

VI. 3 -994
The first dragons begin their long sleep.

VI. 5 -992
Formal military training for Elf regiments begins.



VI. 11 -986
Tethlis launches the Scouring, a great drive north that will culminate in the slaying of every Dark Elf in Ulthuan.

VI. 51 -946
Naggarothi counter-offensive reaches Griffon Gate and is caught in a carefully prepared trap.

VI. 75 -922
The Battle of Grey Canyon. A massive army of Dark Elves is caught by surprise and destroyed while camped in a hidden valley in the Shadowlands.

VI. 220 -777
Dark Elf Shades and Assassins ambush Tethlis and his bodyguard while travelling north from the Phoenix Gate. No Dark Elves survive the encounter. Tethlis is unharmed.

VI. 265 -732
Blood on the Snow. In a last ditch attempt to win the war the Witch King launches a desperate winter offensive across the Shadowlands. Protected by spells against the cold his army advances. They take several Elf fortresses and precipitate the most bitter fighting ever seen between the Elves including the infamous Siege of Tor Lehan. After this battle there were no survivors on either side.

VI. 301 -696
Anlec is destroyed. No stone is unscoured. The Altar of Khaine is toppled into the sea.





VI. 304 -693
A great armada sails for the Blighted Isle and Naggaroth. The Battle of the Waves is fought on the Blighted Isle. Tethlis dies under mysterious circumstances. The armada turns back.

VII. BEL-KORHADRI THE SCHOLAR KING
 (Imperial Calendar -691 to 498)

VII. 11 -681
The foundations of the White Tower of Hoeth are laid down and the longest period of continual peace in Elf history begins.

VII. 400 -292
The first Loremasters assemble round the half-complete tower. An entire town of mages and scholars springs up within its walls.

VII. 1187 495
The White Tower is complete. The Order of Sword Masters is accepted.

VIII. AETHIS THE POET
 (Imperial Calendar 499 to 1120)

VIII. 16 514
Artists, poets and the like begin to congregate in Aethis' court in Saphery.

VIII. 107 605
The great statue at Griffon Gate is completed. Its fearsome appearance strikes terror into the hearts of the Elves' enemies, but it is also a memorial to the countless Elf warriors who have died defending it.

VIII. 182 680
Murders and abductions in the cities of Ulthuan increase to almost epidemic levels. Aethis, instructs his agents to commence investigations.

VIII. 200 698
Representatives of the Phoenix King arrive in Cathay. They return laden with silk, jade and spices. Trade between east and west begins to flourish.

VIII. 203 701
Explosive growth of the seaport of Lothem begins. The Cult of Pleasure makes a secretive reappearance. The Sword Masters of Hoeth begin their long secret war against the Cult.

VIII. 255 753
Dark Elf slave-ships begin roaming the globe and bring entire tribes to Naggaroth in chains.

VIII. 498 996
Sword Master Celedrin exposes a Cult of Pleasure in Lothem. Fifteen cultists are killed in the fighting before the remainder surrender. The survivors are put to death.

VIII. 622 1120
Aethis is assassinated by his own chancellor, a secret follower of Slaanesh.

IX. MORVAEL THE IMPETUOUS
 (Imperial Calendar 1121 to 1502)

IX. 2 1122
The High Elf punitive expedition to Naggaroth is massacred by the Dark Elves, aided by a screaming horde of drugged slave warriors.

IX. 10 1131
The Dark Elves rebuild the citadel of Anlec in the Shadowlands.

IX. 13 1133
The Griffon Gate is besieged. Morvael appoints Menheus of Caledor as his general and introduces the levy system of mandatory universal military service that will eventually produce the great citizen soldier armies of Ulthuan.

IX. 21 1141
The siege of Griffon Gate drags on. The great keep is completely encircled by triple rings of ditches and war machines.

IX. 26 1146
Siege of Griffon Gate finally lifted by Menheus leading an army mainly composed of spearmen and archers from Cothique and Chrace.

IX. 82 1202
The Fortress of the Dawn is built at the southern tip of the Dark continent.

IX. 97 1217
The Citadel of Sunset is built at the southern tip of Lustria.

IX. 382 1502
Mentheus is slain assaulting Anlec. His dragon, Nightfang, goes berserk and routs the Dark Elves. Wracked with grief Morvael re-enters the sacred flame, committing ritual suicide.

X. BEL-HATHOR THE SAGE
 (Imperial Calendar 1503 to 2162)

X. c.200 c.1702
Norse raids begin. Magnus the Mad arrives to besiege Lothem with 200 men. Confronted by the 10,000 strong Sea Guard of Lothem he orders his men to charge...

X. 400 1902
Facing ever increasing numbers of Norse raids the Mages of Saphery draw a shroud of mists over the eastern sea approaches to Ulthuan. Bel-Hathor issues his interdict forbidding humans to set foot on Ulthuan.

X. 498 2000
The Voyages of Finubar. Finubar departs for the Old World, landing at the Bretonnian port of L'Anguille. He travels extensively over the Old World, opening relations with the Empire, Bretonnia and even the Dwarfs.

X. 530 2032
Finubar reaches Athel Loren and rediscovers the Wood Elves.

X. 548 2050
Finubar returns to Lothem and persuades Bel-Hathor to raise the Interdict. Trade starts to flow into Ulthuan as never before.



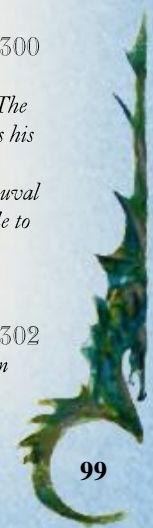
XI. FINUBAR THE SEAFARER
 (Imperial Calendar 2163 to present)

XI. 10 2172
The Siege of the Holy Flame. N'Kari runs amok across Ulthuan. Loremasters of the White Tower speculate that he is attempting to eliminate the lineage of Aenarion. N'Kari is eventually slain at the Shrine of Asuryan. Survivors of the battle there tell of the bravery of a pair of young Elven twins. In the aftermath of the battle, many survivors recounted the bravery of the very twins the Daemon had sought to slay.

XI. 118 2280
A Short-Lived Alliance. Sea Lord Aislinn aids King Grundadrakk of Barak Varr in scouring the greenskins of Waaagh! Gutrippa from the shores of the Black Gulf. Aislinn's Lothem Sea Guard and the Dwarfs of Barak Varr form a nigh-undefeatable force. Alas, too many unintended insults are exchanged for the alliance to be anything but brief. Before long, the two armies separate, the Dwarfs nurturing fresh grudges and the Elves recounting anecdotes of appalling Dwarfish habits.

XI. 138 2300
The Great Chaos Incursion. Dark Elves invade Ulthuan with many Chaos allies. The Everqueen is saved by Tyrion. Teclis forges his sword and departs the White Tower. The Witch King is defeated at the Battle of Finruval Plain. Teclis leaves with Finreir and Yrtle to join Magnus the Pious in the fight against Chaos in the Old World.

XI. 140 2302
The Dark Elves are driven out of Ulthuan after two years of relentless warfare.





XI. 141 2303
Victory at Kislev's Gates. After a long and terrible battle, Magnus the Pious drives the Chaos horde from the walls of Kislev. Instrumental in the victory is Teclis, who not only brings his sorceries to bear against the forces of Chaos, but also undertakes the tutelage of several human wizards who then fight at his side. The following year Teclis founds the Empire's Colleges of Magic, creating a legacy of magic in the Old World that continues to the present day.

XI. 144 2306
The Lion's Wrath. The Dark Elf Assassin coterie led by Gloreir Duskblade attempts to kill the Phoenix King. Finubar survives only through the selfless actions of his White Lion bodyguard, who forms a wall of bodies about their liege until the danger has passed. Cheated of their prey, the surviving Dark Elves soon flee, only to be hunted down and slain in a series of running battles across the rooftops of Lothorn. Gloreir himself is beheaded by a single swing from Captain Korhil's axe, and his ravaged body set within a gibbet at the foot of the Glittering Tower.

XI. 165 2327
A Destiny Realised. After long years abroad in the world of Men, Teclis returns to Ulthuan and becomes High Loremaster of the White Tower of Hoeth.

XI. 177 2339
Prince Tyrion's Squire. Princess Eldyra of Tiranoc, youngest daughter of the fallen hero Eldyr, takes up her father's sword. Seeking to serve the Phoenix King in her father's stead she presents herself before the Phoenix Court. Her reception is not a kind one. Finubar

himself is deep in study, and would see no one. Worse, few amongst the court care for another rival in their ranks. Aloof disinterest soon turn to something mocking and callous, and Eldyra flee eyes wet with anger and shame.

Prince Tyrion later finds her in the Shrine of Lileath. In these dark days, he care little for the intricacies of court and has not been present to see Eldyra's humiliation. But word has reached him nonetheless and he, recalling his friendship with Eldyra's father, seeks her out. Without hesitation, he swears to see her wishes fulfilled. The next day marks the first for some time when Tyrion makes a special point of attending court, making sure to introduce his new squire. Eldyra's second introduction provoke no amusement.

XI. 192 2354
A Common Foe. A High Elf fleet under the command of Ethelis the White sinks a Norscan fleet before it can blockade Marienburg. Soon thereafter trade between Ulthuan and Marienburg resume.

XI. 203 2365
Blackfang's Wrath. The ancient Chimera Blackfang awakes from his slumbers amidst the Annulii Mountains and rampage through Avelorn. Hundreds of Harpies, Manticores and other beasts are drawn to the destruction. For every monster slain by the incandescent arrows of the Avelorn Rangers and the ithilmar spears of the Everqueen's Handmaidens, two more come snarling to the fray. The threat is only ended when the Everqueen herself confronts Blackfang, burning the creature to ash with a column of brilliant white flame.

XI. 221 2383
Caradryan of Eataine is named as the new Captain of the Phoenix Guard, Moraelir the previous Captain willingly standing aside in accordance with Asuryan's Will.

XI. 254 2416
The Herald of Mathlann. Sea Lord Aislinn is washed up on the shores of Eataine. Six months prior; he had been mortally wounded and left for dead by the Dark Elf reaver Lokhir Fellheart, but now bear not even a scar and claims no memory of the missing months. From that moment on, Aislinn is hailed as the Herald of Mathlann – for surely only the god of the seas can have delivered the admiral from his watery grave.



XI. 260 2422
Eltharion, son of Moranion, leads a highly successful raid against Naggarond itself. It is the first time High Elves have entered Naggarond and returned alive.

XI. 262 2424
Grom the Paunch, a notorious Goblin king, sails from the Old World at the head of a mighty Goblin war host. Landing in Yvresse, the horde ravage eastern Ulthuan before being defeated by an Elf army led by Eltharion at Tor Yvresse. Eltharion becomes the Warden of Tor Yvresse.

XI. 339 2501
Erik Redaxe raids Cothique at the head of a great fleet of Norse reavers. An Elf war fleet led by Tyrion defeats the Norse in a huge sea battle and drives them away from the coast of Ulthuan.





VANGUARD CLASH

If she had been a fraction slower, the axe would have buried itself in her face. As it was, Eldaria Goldmane ducked low in her saddle just in time for the spinning throwing axe to pass harmlessly over her head. A heartbeat later, Eldaria nocked an arrow to her bow and loosed it in a single, fluid motion. The white-fletched shaft lodged itself so deep into the barbarian's throat that the arrow's bloody tip could be seen protruding from the back of his neck. The furclad marauder gargled helplessly before sliding from his snorting warhorse and crashing ignominiously into the mud.

Risking a quick glance around her, Eldaria could see the rest of her Reaver knights dispatching the last of the horsemen. Judging by the riderless Ellyrion steed nuzzling a lifeless Elven body nearby, they had not done so without loss. Yet it seemed that their victory over the enemy outriders had earned them a brief reprieve. Eldaria called for her fellow knights to form up as she surveyed the battle to discern where their presence would be needed most. A plan began to formulate in her mind as her gaze settled upon another company of Reavers ploughing through a pack of mutated hounds. The bestial howls of the warped canines turned to fearful yelps as the glittering spears of the Elven knights punched through their tortured flesh, even as the hooves of their steeds trampled them to bloody pulp.

Behind the dying hounds, a formidable host of two dozen heavily-armoured brutes advanced upon the reavers as they slaughtered their quarry, though it appeared that the Ellyrions were not yet aware of the danger. Such a number of Chaos warriors would have been intimidating even if she had Tyrion and the full might of his warhost at her back, but they were still some leagues behind. With a nudge of her heel, Eldaria sent her steed galloping towards her comrades, her Reavers following swiftly behind.

'Fly, my kin,' Eldaria called as she drew within earshot. 'The enemy are upon you!' Harkening to her warning, the Elven knights sped away from the charging warriors just in time, loosing arrows as they withdrew. Eldaria was in no doubt that her Reavers were no match for the towering Chaos warriors before her, and wheeled them swiftly away before their foe could react. Yet she knew that her meagre force could not achieve victory over that of their enemy whilst the black-armoured killers remained unchallenged. Though none of the Elven advance guard could engage the Chaos warriors at close quarters with any hope of success, she knew that they still had one distinct advantage — speed.

As if reading Eldaria's thoughts, the majestic eagle, Bilgarim, swept down from the skies to smash apart a brutal-looking enemy chariot and snatch up its hapless crew with his talons. With a few beats of his mighty pinions, Bilgarim took to the air once more and released their flailing forms from his grasp. After a brief moment of freefall, the screams of the chariot crewmen were cut short as their bodies broke apart with a grisly squelch on the ground below. With the chariot's destruction, the Elves had now eliminated the fastest-moving elements of the Chaos host, and had the freedom of the battlefield to make the most of their advantage.

Thus far, the arrows of the Elves had only felled two of the heavily-armoured warriors stoically advancing towards the spear company that held the Elven battleline. Moments later, another of the Chaos brutes collapsed, a shaft protruding from his helm's eye socket. Eldaria immediately recognised the ashen cloaks of Nagarythi shadow warriors. They had taken up position in the copse of trees to her left and had begun to send forth a hail of silverwood arrows. She led her knights in a wide arc to come upon the Chaos warriors from behind, noticing with fierce pride that her fellow Reavers had regrouped and were sweeping around the right

flank to surround their foes with a keen, predatory instinct.

Eldaria's Reavers continued to assail the Chaos warriors at range until they had emptied their quivers. Their rearward position ensured that their arrows met with much greater success by virtue of circumnavigating the huge tower shields that protected their targets to the front. Only half of the Elves' deadly adversaries now remained, and even their indomitable courage was starting to wane.

The time to strike was at hand. Standing up in her stirrups, Eldaria drew her elegant ithilmar longsword and raised it high for all of her fellow Elves to see. Whispering a silent prayer to Asuryan, she swept her blade down to signal the charge. As one, both companies of Reaver knights charged, hitting the Chaos warriors from the flank and rear, even as the spear company advanced to engage them directly.

A bloody melee soon broke out as the wave of Elves crashed into the black-armoured wall of Chaos warriors. The spears of the Reavers, finely-crafted tips powered by the swiftness of their steeds and the angle of their attack, took a heavy toll as they punched through exposed joints in the armour of their targets. Yet despite the momentum of their attack, the Elves were soon hard-pressed. Every Chaos warrior was a purebred killer, his strength and capacity for slaughter augmented beyond mortal ken by the unholy blessings of the Dark Gods. Against these relentless slayers, the Elves were little match. Within moments, a dozen brave Asur had been carved to bloody ruin, their elegant scale mail scant protection against the terrible power of the Chaos warriors.

In the thick of the fighting, Eldaria lanced her blade through the neck of one opponent and pressed onwards, only to find herself face to face with the dread champion that led the warriors. Blood dripping from his enormous axe, the champion sneered a contemptuous challenge. Eldaria knew that she faced certain death, but hoped that if she could just hold his attention for long enough, one of her kinsmen might yet be able to strike him down. Any such thoughts fled from her as soon as the champion attacked. Eldaria barely evaded the first blow, and his second shattered her blade as she made a desperate parry. The third looked set to cut her clean in half. Eldaria closed her eyes and readied herself to meet her ancestors.

The blow never fell. As Eldaria opened her eyes, she beheld a legend. There was Tyrion, Defender of Ulthuan, his enchanted blade having blocked the killing blow a hair's breadth before it struck home. Sunfang, its runes blazing with white fire, swept across the neck of the Chaos champion before he could react to this unexpected turn of events, sending his head spinning through the air. All around Eldaria, Tyrion's elite Silver Helms were finishing off the last of the Chaos warriors. Victory belonged to the Asur.

'You have noble Bilgarim to thank,' said Tyrion, sensing Eldaria's incredulity. 'He flew hard to bring word of your encounter with the enemy vanguard.' Eldaria nodded, still yet to recover from the shock of the last few moments.

'Form up your Reavers,' Tyrion ordered, knowing that Eldaria would soon snap out of her reverie if given suitable instruction. 'We will need them in the battle to come. The main enemy host approaches and I would have you scouting ahead to warn of their movements.'

'Of course, my lord,' said Eldaria, her heart alive with excitement. The Chaos worshippers would not stand a chance.

THE SAGA OF ALITH ANAR

The history of the Shadowlands is sinister beyond anywhere else on Ulthuan. During the Sundering, brother fought against brother and the Elves' island home was wracked by murder and deceit. Nowhere was this division more evident and the betrayal more grievous than the Shadowlands though, for Nagarythe was the greatest stronghold of the rebels, and any who did not support Malekith's rebellion were mercilessly attacked.

THE FALL OF THE SHADOWLANDS

Aenarion's court, following his marriage to Morathi became a place of simmering evil, and it was here that the Cults of Excess festered in the reign of Bel Shanaar. When the Nagarythe threw their lot in with Malekith, it was from these decadent and perverse nobles that he drew most of his power. They were veterans of the wars against the Daemons of Chaos and many powerful sorcerers filled their ranks.

Not all the Nagarythe joined Malekith's rebellion against the true Phoenix King, however. Many High Elves had been appalled by the depravity ushered in by Morathi, and further sickened by Malekith's betrayal. These brave souls were the first to bear the brunt of the Witch King's assault, and their homes and their lives were quickly destroyed.



The greatest hero of Nagarythe, was Alith Anar – the Shadow King. A son of one of Nagarythe's noblest households, his family immediately joined the fight to protect the true Phoenix King and many loyal Nagarythe rallied to join him.

At the Battle of Dark Fen, the loyal Nagarythe stood before the mighty hosts of the Dark Elves. One of the first battles of Malekith's rebellion, the loyal Elves were outnumbered three to one and their foe were battle-hardened and cruel. Eothlir, Alith Anar's father was an expert tactician, and the Archer and Spear regiments who fought for him outmanoeuvred the Dark Elves for long hours. Hundreds of Dark Elves died crossing the fen, black fletched arrows claiming their lives, before the battle lines met. Crazy Dark Elf warriors tore into Eothlir's regiments, but even then it seemed that the loyal Elves could prevail. With his household at his side, Eothlir held firm.

The proud banner of the Anars fluttered just a moment longer before it was crushed beneath the immense bulk of the Dark Elf general's Black Dragon. As Eothlir was savaged by the mighty beast, a ripple of panic spread through the Elf army. As he fell to the ground, blood bubbling between his lips, Eothlir cried a warning to his son, Alith. Flee!



THE SHADOW WARRIORS

Few of Alith Anar's folk survived that battle, and they were harried through the fens and marshes for long weeks, until the Dark Elves grew tired of the search. When at last they came out from hiding, Alith Anar and his companions found their ancestral home a ruin, and scores of the elderly and innocent lying dead. There he learned that his grandfather, Eolaran, had been taken to the dungeons of Anlec - he was never seen again.

Alith Anar and his warriors swore terrible oaths of vengeance that day. They launched brutal ambushes on the armies of Malekith, butchering messengers, destroying supply chains and disrupting the flow of reinforcements. They joined many of the mightiest battles of the age, and it is said that Caledor the Conqueror thanked Alith Anar in person following the Second Battle of the Ellyrion Plains. There the Dark Elf army boasted scores of Reaper bolt throwers and the carnage they wrought upon the High Elves was terrible. As the Witch King's army advanced, however, the Reapers fell silent one after another - Alith Anar and his loyal warriors emerging from hiding to overrun their crews. The fighting was brief and one sided, the Shadow Warriors leaving the delicate war machines in ruins.



THE SHADOW KING

When the Witch King and his mother, Morathi, fled Ulthuan into the west, the remaining few nobles of Nagarythe turned to Alith Anar to lead them. In the shattered groves beneath Dragon Pass they swore a pact of obedience to Alith Anar. Their land had been mined, flooded by the madness of the Sundering and their reputation was in tatters. The Elves of other lands now viewed them as tainted – pariahs barely better than the Dark Elves they had fought against so courageously. That night each Elf from Nagarythe's great families took an oath of blood that they would not rest until they had destroyed Malekith and all of his followers. They became the Shadow Warriors, and Alith Anar was their lord, the Shadow King.

THE ETERNAL WAR

In the wake of the Sundering, there were many Dark Elves still hiding in Ulthuan, and the Shadow Warriors busied themselves rooting out these remnants of evil. This was a task that Alith Anar and his warriors undertook with a vengeance and soon there were few of the Dark Elf reavers who did not know and fear his name. Each time his warriors slaughtered a Dark Elf encampment, his notoriety grew. None were ever spared, those that survived the fighting and were foolish enough to surrender or flee, were captured and then massacred as a sign of the Shadow King's passing.

After the Battle of Griffon Pass, Alith Anar captured seven hundred Dark Elves and had them nailed high upon the white cliffs overlooking the narrow valley, where they hung until they died, and then their corpses



hung for years afterwards until their flesh rotted and their bones tumbled into piles beside the road. Such is the dark power of the place that these bones can be seen to this day, together with the red marks left by Alith Anar's iron nails upon the cliffs.

Later Alith Anar led his followers against the newly raised fortresses of Naggaroth. In the bleak lands of the northern New World, the Shadow Warriors became a serious thorn in the Witch King's side, harassing his ships, ambushing his warriors, and plundering his convoys. There was nothing the Shadow Warriors would not dare. It was said that Alith Anar once danced in disguise with Morathi at the court of the Witch King before stealing the Stone of Midnight from her treasury. He then outwitted the Witch Elves sent to hunt him down, tricking them into drinking poison mixed with blood before escaping into the wilderness.

THE AESANAR

As to the final fate of Alith Anar none can say. His heirs have ruled the wandering folk of Nagarythe ever since, though none have taken the title of Shadow King which remains his alone. They are the Aesanar, the sons of Anar, and even the Phoenix King has never knowingly met nor spoken to them. These grim scions of the Shadow King still fight their eternal war against the Witch King and his followers, true to the oaths that their ancestors swore thousands of years ago.

Around the campfires of the Shadow Warriors, the true sons and daughters of Nagarythe still speak of Alith Anar as a living warrior, an Elf of the shadows, a mortal spirit of vengeance, bound to walk the earth until the Witch King is laid to rest.





PLAIN OF BONES

By the sun's wan light, the Plain of Bones glittered. Preserved by strange magic, the old bones glinted white. Armour old of the elf realm seemed new-forged. Weapons clutched in skeletal fingers showed an edge as keen as a sharpened knife. The dead lay in endless ranks. Foe lay entwined with foe, ribcage inter-penetrating ribcage. White mounds of skulls rose in vast hills above the plain, it was as if all the dead warriors of all the world's battles lay here.

As the Elf army moved forwards they marched through the rubble of ancient buildings. A city as large as Lothorn must once have been here. Now every building had been cast down. No stone had been left upon stone. The vitrified wood of the fallen roof timbers lay within the scorched remnants of the tumbled down walls.

Bones crunched beneath the hooves of the Elf steeds as they advanced. Obscene dust drifted upward and clogged Tyrion's nostrils. To his left was the immense skeleton of a serpent a hundred yards long, ten times the height of an Elf. Tyrion wondered how long they had been there. Perhaps they had been heaped yesterday, perhaps five millennia ago. Time flowed strangely here, he knew.

Tyrion gazed into the blank staring eyes of a huge stone head. The statue it had once belonged to must have been enormous before it was cast down. Each eye was the size of Malhandir, and Tyrion's mount was the largest Elf steed that had ever lived.

In the distance Tyrion's keen eyes made out the enormous black Altar of Khaine. It was as large as the Pyramid of Asuryan and down its side flowed streams of blood. It was rimmed round by huge statues. At the peak something glowed malevolent black, charging the air with ominous power. Tyrion felt a strange excitement build in the pit of his stomach, a foretaste of the weird battlelust the sword's presence inspired.

The two armies met on the open plain before the Shrine of Khaine. Proud pennons fluttering as the High Elves moved into position. Tyrion thought the sight of his army was something to stir the heart. The expedition to re-take the blighted Isle was one of the mightiest forces assembled during this age of the world.

On the army's right flank Tyrion himself rode beside the massed ranks of the Silver Helms. He was proud to lead these armoured knights, each a scion of the noblest Elf families, mounted on the finest mounts the island-continent could provide. To his right were a body of heroic charioteers from Tiranoc, speaking soft words of instruction to the horses that drew their chariots.

Beside them rode Antheus of Caledor and his brother Dragon Princes, mounted on their huge armoured warhorses. Each horse was caparisoned with a headguard that echoed the winged helms of their riders. Antheus saluted Tyrion with his ancient rune-encrusted lance. Its tip glittered with the captured fire of a fallen star's heart.

To Tyrion's left, holding the centre, were the massed ranks of the Elf archers, long bows strung and ready for battle. To their left were the deep formations of spearmen. There were Seaguards from Lothorn resplendent in their ornate helms and fish scale mail, citizen-soldiers from the valleys of Yvresse and the coasts of Cothique. Beside the Seaguard two bolt throwers were wheeled hastily into place.

There was the elaborately garbed bodyguard of the Sapherian Mage Prince Irion. The High Mage himself stood proudly beside his soldiers, exchanging bantering words with Hallar, captain of the Swordmasters of Hoeth. The mage and Ulthuan's most famous swordsman were old rivals. Tyrion smiled; he had studied under Hallar the Swordmaster and had a certain fondness for his sardonic humor.

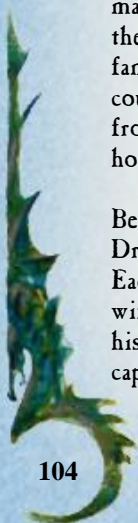
The awesome silent legionaries of the Phoenix Guard stood shoulder to shoulder with the mighty White Lions of Thrace, each resplendent in the pelt of the great carnivore from which they took their name. This was a force to inspire terror in all but the boldest of foes.

Across from the High Elf army were the massed ranks of their enemy. On the steps of the Shrine itself stood N'kari. The greater daemon was a horrific sight. Half again as tall as an Elf and at least ten times the weight, a great mass of solid muscle. From its huge shoulder protruded two mighty pincer-clawed arms. Beneath them two slightly more human arms petted a strange daemonic creature. N'kari threw back his huge horned bull-head and let out a strange ululating cry which echoed out over the Dark Elf army and sent them into an ecstasy of terror and worship. Lying at his feet was a hideous daemonic fiend, part scorpion, part reptile, part beast. It licked the greater daemon's leg lasciviously. N'kari fondled its head with one huge human-like hand. He raised the other in a mocking wave to Tyrion.

In front of him stood rank upon rank of Dark Elf spearmen, their eyes glittering with undimmed hate. Between the great blocks of spearmen were units of crossbowmen. Tyrion had faced them before and knew how deadly they could be. All the Dark Elf infantry were driven by a festering hate that made them unwilling to give ground or concede defeat. The legions of the Witch King were among the High Elves' most terrible foes.

Beside the spearmen, opposite the Tiranoc charioteers, a crowd of Witch Elves stood howling and jeering murderously. Spittle frothed from the lips of the drugged females. They brandished poison dripping blades and danced lasciviously for the pleasure of their lord.

Directly before the massed ranks of High Elf cavalry were several formations of Dark Elves mounted on green-skinned, reptilian Cold Ones. Tyrion wondered whether the steeds of his troops would be able to bear charging the disgusting giant lizards. Well, he decided, it was too late to worry about that. He would have to trust in the courage of the High Elf warriors and the loyalty of their mounts.





Malhandir whinnied and reared, desperate to get to grips with the enemy. Seeing no reason to hold back, Tyrion gave the signal to advance. His plan was simple. The archers would keep up an unrelenting rain of death at the enemy as the knights and chariots closed with the foe. He himself would lead the charge.

After the doubts of the previous evening, Tyrion was glad. He might die in this battle but at least he would die as he had wanted to. Warfare was something he understood, had been bred to understand, and now was his chance to put his skill into practice. He fixed his gaze on N'kari. Yes, the daemon was a terrifying sight. Yes, the daemon was a creature of awesome power. But Tyrion knew that he had been beaten before. Once by his distant ancestor Aenarion, once by Tyrion's own brother, the magelord Teclis. It was the daemons doom to plague the line of Aenarion. It seemed to be the destiny of the line of Aenarion to be N'kari's bane.

Tyrion was confident in the strength of his own sword arm. In his hand the blade Sunfang pulsed with killing power. His body was sheathed by the dragon armour of Aenarion. From his neck the Heart of Avalorn dangled from a lock of the Everqueen's own hair. It was woven round by protective spells of tremendous power. Tyrion knew that no warrior save Aenarion had ever gone to battle better equipped or protected. If any living creature had a fighting chance against a greater daemon it was he, and a fighting chance was all he had ever asked for.

He raised his gauntleted hand as the sign to attack. The silver notes of the Elf warhorns echoed over the field. In less than a heartbeat, clouds of Elf arrows arced towards the enemy. Malhandir needed no urging to advance. With effortless ease he accelerated. The wind whipped past Tyrion's cheeks as the great steed lengthened his stride. Bone crunched like brittle wood beneath his truesilver-shod hooves. In the distance a Cold One went down, pierced by a huge shaft from a bolt thrower. Tyrion saw its rider thrown from the saddle and crushed beneath the monster's falling bulk.

The hooves of the Elf cavalry shook the earth. Wheels thundered as the Chariots slowly picked up speed. Tyrion saw one of the Tiranoc vehicles bounce on the uneven ground. The charioteers, intoxicated by speed, let out their terrifying warcries. The sound sent a shiver down Tyrion's spine. The call of the warriors of Tiranoc reverberated with ages of hatred and bitterness and loneliness. If he had been a Dark Elf hearing it, he would have been very afraid.

The Dark Elves held their ground despite the arrows scything through them. For all their evil, they were Elves and they had Elf discipline and courage. With a word Tyrion slowed Malhandir, letting the other cavalry catch up. He wanted to enter the battle with them. He would be the tip at the end of the spear of the Elf thrust.

Through the clouds of dust he could see the Dark Elves were closer now. They chanted frenzied cries in a bleak mockery of the tongue of Ulthuan. The words were similar enough to be understandable but the dialect of Naggaroth was a cold parody of the liquid Elf tongue, just as their bleak homeland was a grotesque echo of mystic Ulthuan.

Tyrion felt a surge of heat against his breast as a bolt of evil power surged from N'kari's claws. The dark energies coiled around him but were dissipated by the golden light of the Everqueen's charm. Tyrion breathed a prayer of thanks to the Mother Goddess. From behind him a bolt of eldritch energy hurtled towards the daemon, only to be deflected by a sweep of those mighty claws.

A sinister hissing filled the air as the Dark Elf crossbowmen opened fire at the oncoming Elf cavalry. A bold warrior on Tyrion's right fell, a black-fletched missile protruding from his eye. With a horrible shriek, he toppled backwards from his saddle. His foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged along behind his steed like a hideous plough churning the field of bones. Tyrion instinctively ducked his head. Bolts clattered off his armour. The ancient mail flexed under the impact. Pain flared where he was hit. Tyrion knew he was going to have some nasty bruises after the battle, if he survived. Still, the bolts had not penetrated his armour, which was just as well, for dark rumor had it that the spawn of Naggaroth often poisoned the barbs of their missiles.

Tyrion risked a glance around. Not too many High Elves had fallen. The range was long and the crossbow bolts had lost much power by the time they reached the cavalry. He saw one chariot hit a small ridge and flip, its drivers killed by enemy fire. Whinnying with terror, a horse tried to pull itself free of the wreckage.

Unable to contain themselves any longer the Witch Elves and the Naggarothi infantry advanced, cackling and gibbering. With great slow-seeming strides the Cold Ones loped along beside them. Hatred seared through Tyrion's veins. He was determined to bring death to his enemies. A small part of his mind felt the amplified battlelust and knew it was not simply his own. It came from the terrible weapon embedded in that ancient altar. He knew that the Sword of Khaine was feeding on all this death.

More spells leapt back and forth between the armies as mage and daemon duelled inconclusively. So far magic had had no great effect but Tyrion knew that soon one of the combatants would tire or exhaust his protective charms and then terrible things would begin to happen. More and more High Elf arrows rained down on the Dark Elf ranks. With their own cavalry so close to the foe, they concentrated their fire on the far end of the Naggarothi line, rather than risk hitting their own warriors. Hideous screams cut the air as the Dark Elves died. On the altar the black aura flickering around the dark sword grew ever stronger.

With a crash the two forces met. Led by Tyrion, the High Elf cavalry was a tidal wave of steel rushing over their foes. Tyrion cut to the left and right of him and Witch Elves fell headless. Malhandir reared, crushing their still witching corpses beneath his hooves. Faster than a serpent's tongue, Tyrion's blade flickered out, killing everything, within its reach. The Elf Prince felt familiar bloodlust flow through him, amplified by the evil influence of the sword. He wanted to howl aloud, so great was his joy and lust for battle. He felt bone jar beneath the blade and the sensuous release of power as Sunfang's searing energies were unleashed.





Howling, more and more Witch Elves launched themselves at him. With their glazed eyes and blood-flecked lips they were no more crazed than Tyrion himself. He was a living engine of destruction, unstoppable by any mortal power. Hacking to the right and left he carved a bloody path through the Witch Elves and on into the Dark Elf infantry.

From the corner of his eye he caught sight of a poison-dripping blade, as it flickered towards him. At the last moment he twisted in his saddle but too late. The blade caught him beneath the ribs and would have been driven on up into his heart had it not been for the resistive nature of his ancient armour. Silver stars flickered before his eyes from the force of the impact. The Dark Elf assassin spat at him. On his cheek Tyrion could see a small tattoo, bearing the mark of Khaine.

"Die, assassin," he roared and lashed out. His blade took the elf's hand off at the wrist. The return swipe removed the assassin's head. In a frenzy of death-dealing, Tyrion lashed out at all around him, transformed into a whirlwind of death. Soon no enemy lived within reach of his blade.

Tyrion had a moment's respite in which to study the battle. The High Elf cavalry had crashed into the main body of the Dark Elf force, inflicting terrible casualties. Tyrion would have thought that nothing that lived could have withstood that steel avalanche. Lances had pierced Dark Elf bodies. Scythe-wheeled chariots had mowed them down like stalks of wheat. Yet improbably, driven by their ancient festering hatred, most of the Dark Elves had endured. They had managed to hold their line together and resist the sweep of the High Elf attack. They had not broken, despite the awful pressure put on them. Truly they were a most terrible foe.

Tyrion saw Antheus of Caledor, mounted on his horse, shouting instructions to his fellow Dragon Princes. They were surrounded by a knot of Dark Elf spearmen, trading hacks with their attackers. A single chariot had cut through the enemy line and was heading towards the Dark Elf rear. Near Tyrion the bulk of the Silver Helms were locked in frantic death struggles with their maniacal foes. Great white horses reared and plunged, crushing skulls with a flick of their hooves. Proud silver-mailed knights cut about them with great sweeps of their weapons.

Even as he watched one proud warrior was pulled from the saddle and gutted by Dark Elf Spearmen. From this position it was hard to tell who had the advantage. Tyrion did not doubt that he would soon find out.

Spells seared the air. Near Tyrion a bolt of black power blasted through the Silver Helms, reducing one of them to a shrivelled corpse and causing the others to stand stunned with fear. Seeing the Look of horror on his followers' faces and watching them waver in the fight, Tyrion bellowed for them to fear not and stand firm. Such was the authority in his voice that the High Elf knights held their ground. Tyrion looked for the source of the killing spell and saw it. N'kari had descended from the steps on the shrine, and was making his way through the melee. Each great sweep of his claws left a bold Elf warrior lying a broken ruin on the ground at the daemon's feet.

From behind, High Elf warhorns sounded once more, calling the infantry to advance and join the battle. Once again arrows flickered overhead and fell in a rain of death on the foe. Howling aloud his battle cry, Tyrion urged Malhandir towards the greater daemon.

A strange stench filled the air near N'kari. The air smelled of sweet-scented and intoxicating incense. The daemon's overwhelming presence threatened the sanity of any who looked at him. There was something almost majestic in that hell-spawned form and something almost beautiful in the supernatural power and grace of his movements. Tyrion saw one Silver Helm stand transfixed as the daemon ripped him asunder. Even Malhandir's charge faltered slightly, forcing Tyrion to apply a touch of the spurs.

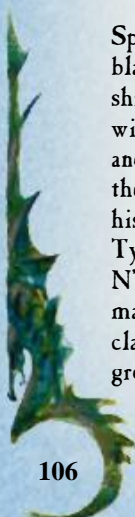
Like a thunderbolt he raced towards the daemon. As he did so the runes on his blade glowed ever brighter. He brought Sunfang round in a great arc and cleaved into the daemon. Wielded by Tyrion's mighty arm and powered by Malhandir's irresistible charge any other creature would have gone down upon receiving such a blow N'kari just let out a bellow of pain that gladdened Tyrion's heart. At least the thing could be hurt.

Tyrion lashed out again and again, unleashing a wave of mighty blows, driving N'kari back. Sweat poured down the hero's forehead and threatened to obscure his vision. His arm trembled from the shock of the impact of his sword on the daemon's tough hide, yet he dared not stop. He feared that if he gave the thing one moment's respite then those mighty claws would tear him limb from limb. Molten ichor flowed from several long gashes and the daemon screamed with a strange mixture of agony and ecstasy.

The rest of the battle receded. There was only Tyrion and N'kari now. To both combatants, nothing else was important. It seemed to them that they fought in a separate silent universe where only they and their hatred existed, and over all loomed the brooding presence of the Sword of Khaine.

Almost sobbing, now Tyrion continued to hack. Suddenly the daemon brought up its hand. Its human fingers flickered through a gesture of invocation and a searing bolt of black power enveloped the High Elf hero. Tyrion screamed. Pain flared in every nerve ending of his body. He wanted to retch and vomit. He felt as if a lightning bolt were passing through him. The smell of bile and sulphur filled his lungs. For a moment he stood paralysed while the warmth from the amulet and the dread power of the daemon's spell warred through his body.

Now it was N'kari's turn to unleash a torrent of blows. Through a haze of pain Tyrion defended himself as best he could. Malhandir backed away as the snarling laughing daemon came on. Tyrion frantically blocked one of the thing's blows and ducked the sweep of a mighty claw. Another blow caught him on the helm. His ears rang from the deafening clamour. His head swam from the force of the impact. Another blow from a great fist caught him under the heart, in the area already bruised by the assassin's blade. He fought to hold back a scream as ribs broke and agony lanced





his chest. Another blow buffeted his shoulder and almost dislocated it.

Insane joy bubbled in the daemon's voice. "You are mine Prince Tyrion. My vengeance is about to begin."

Tyrion felt beaten. His body was broken and every cell of his being hurt. The daemon was too strong for any mortal to overcome no matter how well armed or well trained. He had been deluded to think otherwise. He almost bowed his head to accept the inevitable. Then from somewhere new strength flowed. Perhaps it was from the amulet at his breast, perhaps it was from the terrible sword upon the altar. He did not know and he did not care. He only knew that he had to fight on, that to admit defeat was to be already beaten. That, he would not do.

"No!" shrieked Tyrion. Though the sword felt heavy as a fallen tree he lifted it. Everything was happening with awful slowness, as in a nightmare. He saw the daemon look up, astonished. He brought the blade down with the awesome majestic power of a falling thunderbolt. The burning blade caught the daemon right in the centre of its forehead, directly upon the mark of Slaanesh. The daemon's head fell apart under the force of the impact. The thing sank to its knees, molten fire bubbling from a gash that ran all the way to its neck.

As the ichor bubbled free it steamed and transformed into multi-coloured vapour. As the vapour rose the daemon dwindled, like a balloon with all the air let out. The smoke itself glowed ever brighter and vanished with a long protesting wail. Now Tyrion was truly alone in the centre of the battlefield. He felt like falling to his knees. He had used up all his strength. But once more he drew upon his inner reserves and forced himself to take Malhandir into the centre of the fray and fight on, to victory.

Slowly, wearily, Tyrion limped up the long stairway. Blood covered every step of the approach to the Sword of Khaine's resting place. The cloying scent of it filled his nostrils. The soles of his boots felt sticky. The last dying light of the setting sun turned the fluid black. Power vibrated in the very air, threatening the corruption of his soul.

He mounted the last step at the top of the shrine and turned to survey the field of his triumph. From here, atop this black ziggurat, it all looked empty. A thousand warriors had died this day and they had barely added a tiny increment to the number of bodies heaped upon the plain. Seen from this ancient vantage point, the futility of it all was clear. How many had died here during the long millennia, he wondered? And for what?

He stood now where Aenarion had stood, in the days of wrath, when he lifted the blade to fight against Chaos and tried to save the world. He stood now where Malekith, the Witch King of Naggaroth, had stood before attempting to draw the weapon and use its ultimate power for his own cruel ends. He stood now where brave Caledor and driven Tethlis, doomed Phoenix Kings both, had contemplated their own destinies and departed to meet their fates. He stood where

countless kings and sorcerers and daemons had stood seeking terrible power.

None save Aenarion had drawn forth the blade and he had driven the cursed weapon so deeply back into the stone that none had ever drawn it forth again.

Tyrion turned to face the blade. Even against the dark of the sky it was visible, a deeper Blackness obscuring the fearful stars. It rose from a great cistern of bubbling blood, its hilt a black crucifix in the deepening gloom. Along the blade red runes glowed sensuously. Blood condensed from the air about them, dripping down the channel in the centre of the sword to fill the unemptying font.

Tyrion was surprised. It was a sword for him, as it had been for Aenarion. The weapon was supposed to look different to each viewer. It was said that for Malekith it had been a scepter, for Caledor a lance. No one knew what Tethlis had seen; he had not lived long enough to tell. The Sword of Khaine whispered to him, as he had feared it would. Its power talked to him, almost overwhelming his senses.

Draw me, it said. You can. You are worthy. You are my master. You are as great as Aenarion. Greater. You will succeed where he failed. Tyrion shook his head weakly.

The world is dark. For the Elves it is growing darker. Long night and final extinction approach. Together we can save them. Together we can reforge their broken empire and reclaim their lost lands. Nothing can stand against us. Not men. Not daemons. Not Dwarfs. Not your dark kindred. Noggaroth will fall. The Empire will fall. The kingdom of Dwarfs will fall. The world will be ours. It is our destiny. You will be the last of the great Elf heroes and your name will live forever.

The grip seemed moulded for his hand. The night was filled with forbidden promise. The truly terrible thing was that it was all true and it was all possible. Without the sword Ulthuan would eventually fall. With the sword he could rule the world. He need never fear any enemy. Daemons would tremble. He would be beyond the Witch King's vengeance. Almost he reached out for the forbidden thing.

Instead he touched the amulet at his breast. Its dimmed warmth tingled through his fingertips. He gripped it as if it were a rock and he was drowning, as if it could save his soul from peril.

He thought of the Plain of Bones, of the countless dead that fed the sword's power, of the countless deaths it would take to satisfy its eternal hunger. The blade knew no master. It had led Aenarion and his followers to their destruction. In the end Aenarion had lost everything. He had died alone in this dreadful place. Tyrion knew that if he took up the Sword of Khaine he would become like unto death, a destroyer of worlds, hollow, dark and mighty. Suddenly he knew that it was not what he wanted.

Slowly and with great reluctance, he turned and limped back down the stairs towards the other mortals. Behind him the sword kept up its perpetual siren call.





The Glittering Host

THE SAGA OF TYRION AND TECLIS

Among the High Elves the names of Tyrion and Teclis are spoken with hushed respect. The fame of these twin brothers extends throughout Ulthuan and into the lands beyond. Prince Tyrion is the Elf general who turned back the great IncurSION of Chaos two hundred years ago. Teclis is the greatest sorcerer of this age of the world, a mage so powerful that spells and magical artefacts are named after him. Born into one of the oldest families of Ulthuan, the brothers can trace their line back to the doomed King Aenarion, first and mightiest of the Phoenix Kings of Ulthuan. It is their destiny to perform mighty deeds and shape the fate of kingdoms.

The brothers are as different as day and night. Tyrion is tall, proud and fair, a master of weapons, a match for the Dragon Princes of old in battle-prowess and skill. The chosen champion of the Everqueen of Avelom, he is a warrior without peer and a foe without mercy. Among the Dark Elves of Naggamth he is known as the Reaper, to the Goblins of Red-Axe Pass he is Orchane, and to the north the Norse know him as Mankiller. For two centuries he has stood between the Elves of Ulthuan and their many foes. He is a mighty champion, an unbreakable shield against the darkness. In him it is said Aenarion the Defender has come again.

The age-old curse on the line of Aenarion affected Tyrion's twin brother Teclis more strongly. Where his brother was mighty, he was weak. Where Tyrion was golden-skinned and yellow-maned. Teclis was pale. Dark and gaunt. Where Tyrion was fair-spoken and noble-minded, Teclis was caustic-tongued and hitter. From birth he was sickly and consumptive. As a child, he was driven by an insatiable curiosity and showed an awesome gift for sorcery. He was schooled by the shadowy Loremasters of the Tower of Hoeth, who recognised in him great power. Within the precincts of the White Tower, guarded by magical illusions of great cunning, he learned the intricacies of sorcery, and rose to become a true master of High Magic.

However, when the great incursion of Chaos came, destiny touched the twins.

THE DARK ELF WARS

The forces of Chaos united in the far north, and marched to assail the kingdoms of the Old World. A few Chaos fleets even made landfall on the shores of Ulthuan. They would have been swiftly dealt with, were it not for the fact that the Witch King of Naggaroth saw an opportunity amidst the madness of the times.

From the north the Dark Elves swept through Ulthuan looting, burning and pillaging. Allied with the servants of the four powers of Chaos they seemed unstoppable. The gigantic Black Arks of Naggaroth vomited forth a wave of corruption on the shores of the Elf lands. Ships

of rune-woven red iron brought frenzied Chaos warriors to Ulthuan. The Witch King of Naggaroth once more set foot on the land from where he'd so long ago been driven. Everywhere the unprepared Elves suffered defeat after defeat at the hands of their Chaos-worshipping kin. In the lands of Men things went no better. The shattered Empire, long a cauldron of factional strife, could not stand against the tide of Chaos. It was a time of blood and darkness. The world was ending in death and despair.

Tyrion was in Avelom at the court of Alarielle, the newly crowned Everqueen, when the Dark Elves came. The thunderous voices of their beasts filled the ancient woods. The shrill blast of their brazen trumpets echoed triumphantly through the heart of the land. Hurriedly the Maiden Guard of the Queen moved to meet the threat to their lady. A hastily assembled force of warriors was thrown into battle but to no avail. The Dark Elves were too strong and it looked as if the Everqueen, the spiritual leader of Ulthuan, would fall into their clutches. In desperation, Tyrion pulled her from her silk pavilion and cut a bloody path clear of the massacre, slaying any Dark Elf that got in his way. As they fled, Tyrion was stabbed by the blade of a Witch Elf, but disregarded his wound, the two escaped into the heart of the ancient forests and disappeared. Word of the Everqueen's loss spread through the land and the hearts of the Elves were filled with despair.





When the news of his brother's disappearance reached the White Tower, Teclis refused to believe his brother was dead. From birth, he and Tyrion had shared a special link and he was convinced that if Tyrion were dead he would know. He decided to leave the tower and seek him out. Using all his cunning arts he forged himself a blade and wove it round with deadly enchantments. Seeing that Teclis could not be dissuaded, the High Loremaster gifted him with the War Crown of Saphery and let him go. He sensed destiny in the youth and knew that the fate of the Elf Kingdoms rested on his shoulders. Teclis was stronger now, the potions of the Loremasters had gone a long way towards giving him mortal strength. The High loremaster hoped it would be enough.

Tyrion and the Everqueen fled through a land laid waste by war. The old forests burned as the Dark Elves took vengeance for their long exile. An army of Ellyrian horsemen was destroyed in the field by the Witch King's sorcery. The Princes of Caledor strove unsuccessfully to wake the last dragons. The great navies of Lothem were driven from the seas by the Chaos fleets. A Dark Elf army re-took the Blighted Isle and the Altar of Khaine fell once more into Dark Elf hands. Triumph followed triumph for the spawn of Naggaroth. Bitter defeat piled upon bitter defeat for the High Elves.

The Dark Elves were filled with glee at the news of the loss of Alarielle, but the Witch King refused to believe the rumour of her death. He insisted that her body be found so he could display it crucified upon his standard. Four assassins stood before him and pledged to know no rest till they brought him Alarielle's corpse. The Dark Elves sought the pair everywhere. Tyrion and the Everqueen often hid, blindly writhing through the loam to avoid the eyes of Dark Elf patrols. As the Witch Elf poison gripped him, Tyrion grew ever weaker and more feverish, but with her land disrupted the young Everqueen could not find the power to save him.

The High Elves were reduced to fighting a guerrilla war in their own land while the servants of Darkness reigned everywhere. But now a new rumour filled all ears. A sorcerer was abroad and no-one could stand against him. He was a pale youth who wore the War Crown of Saphery. Where he walked the Dark Elves trembled, for he commanded the powers of magic as if horn to them. His words summoned lightning. He cast down monsters and destroyed Chaos warriors with a word. The Slaaneshi Champion Alberecht Numan challenged him to battle, but he and all his followers were in an instant reduced to dust. He intervened at the battle of Hathar Ford and slew Ferik Kasterman's Coven of Ten – the most feared Tzeentchian sorcerers of the day. These were small victories, but in those days of darkness they gave the High Elves some hope.

Hope was what the folk of Ulthuan's many kingdoms desperately needed. The claw of Chaos held the islandcontinent firmly in its grip. From Chrace in the north to Eataine in the south, the Elf lands were overrun. Not even the waters of the Inner Sea were free of Dark Elf incursion. Ships were carved from the blighted forests with supernatural speed, and raiders moved as far as the Isle of the Dead before being turned back by the warding spells. Only in Saphery, around the White Tower, and by the walls of the mighty fortress city of Lothem were the Dark Elves halted, and even there things looked grim. Three Black Arks laid siege to the great lighthouse of Lothem, the Glittering Tower. By day and night spell blasts and siege engine shots battered the walls. The Phoenix King himself was trapped within the city, and it seemed only a matter of time before the entire land was devoured. With the Everqueen lost, the Elves had little heart to fight on.



THE DARKEST HOUR

In the forests of Avelorn the hunt was closing in. The four assassins finally caught up with Tyrion and his charge, coming upon their camp by night. The wounded Elf Lord fought like a blood-mad wolf. Under the furious onslaught of his blade the Dark Elves died, but not before one unleashed a messenger familiar to carry word of their discovery to the Witch King. Howling with triumph the Lord of Naggaroth then unleashed his pride and joy, the Keeper of Secrets. N'Kari. With a roar, the Greater Daemon sped through the night to find its prey.

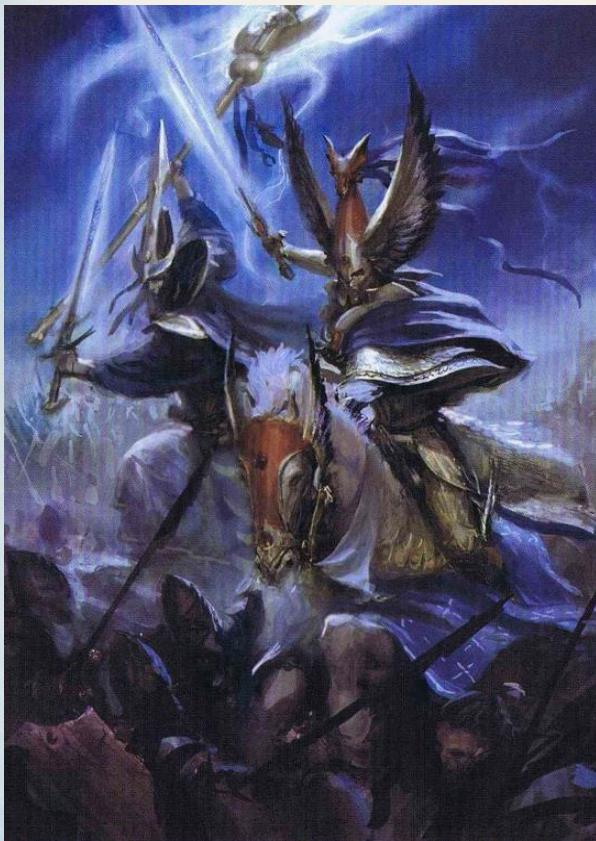
The Greater Daemon found Tyrion and the Everqueen in the dark hour before the dawn, descending upon them like a falling star from the firmament. Once, the Everqueen could easily have banished the daemon, but her power was much reduced even as her land was ravaged. Tynan reeled to his feet, determined to sell his life dearly. With a sweep of one mighty fist, the daemon dashed the wounded warrior aside. Looming over the Everqueen it reached out to caress her cheek with its claw.



Lightning split the night and the daemon was knocked back. A frail-looking figure emerged from the forest. On his head was the horned-moon helm of Saphery and he swiftly took up position between the queen and the Keeper of Secrets. With an angry bellow, the daemon rose to confront him. Teclis spoke words of thunder and a sphere of coruscating energy leapt forth, its touch instantly casting the daemon hack into the Realm of Chaos. Swiftly Teclis went to his brother's aid. Using all the healing lore he had learned in the White Tower he managed to summon Tyrion's spirit back from the brink of the abyss.

When the daemon's defeat was revealed in his black orb of seeing the Witch-King was enraged. He ordered one thousand enslaved Elf prisoners sacrificed to Slaanesh immediately. The war blazed on with renewed ferocity. Cloaked by magic, Teclis guided the Everqueen and his twin to the shores of the Inner Sea. There they were picked up by a white ship crewed by the remnants of the Queen's Guard. This carried them to the Plain of Finuval where the shattered remnants of the Elf armies were assembling for a desperate last stand.

Charioteers from Tiranoc raced into position between Silver Helm cavalry and spearmen from Cothique and Yvresse. Ellyrian cavalymen mustered beside the elite White Lions of Chrace. Griffon-mounted Elf Lords soared over the army. Swordmasters of the White Tower formed up alongside the Everqueen's Maiden Guard. When word of the Everqueen's presence was known, a great cheer went up from the army, and all the warriors gained new heart. But then a cloud of dust on the horizon announced the arrival of their enemies.



THE BATTLE OF FINUVAL PLAIN

That night the two armies camped almost within bowshot of each other. The watchfires of one force could be seen by the pickets of the other. In the Elf camp Tyrion and Teclis were greeted by their father Arathion. The old Elf lord gifted Tyrion with the dragon armour of Aenarion. This armour had been worn by the first Phoenix King during the ancient wars with Chaos. It had been forged in Vaul's Anvil and could resist the fiery breath of dragons. Out of gratitude for his rescue of the Everqueen, the Elves of Ellyrion presented him with their finest steed, Malhandir, last of the bloodline of Korhandir, father of horses. The Everqueen herself gifted him with a heartshaped broach which she had woven with enchantments for his safe return. In his mighty fist Tyrion grasped the runesword Sunfang, forged in elder days to be the bane of daemons. So Tyrion was made ready for battle.

To Teclis, Alarielle gave the sacred staff of Lilaeth. It granted him strength and power so great that he wouldn't need his enabling potions. He refused the offer of any sword, preferring to use the blade he had forged with his own hands. He was now ready to stand beside his brother in the heat of battle. So began the Battle of Finuval Plain, where the fate of Ulthuan hung in the balance.

The coming of day revealed the full extent of the forces of destruction. The Dark Elf army was large beyond counting bolstered both by fell allies from the Old World and by the Witch King's terrible sorceries. Endless ranks of Dark Elf crossbowmen chanted the praises of Slaanesh. A horde of Cold Ones croaked and bellowed in the chill morning light. Mail-armoured warriors brandished their spears. Witch Elves cackled and gibbered maniacally. Beastmasters herded monsters into position. One entire flank of the Witch King's army was held by Chaos Knights and their bestial retinues. The Elves were greatly outnumbered and the situation looked desperate. From a blasted hill in the centre of that evil army, the gigantic black-armoured figure of the Witch King surveyed the battlefield, confident that victory was within his iron-clawed grip.

Urian Poisonblade, the Witch King's personal champion, called out a challenge to single combat. Was there anyone in the Elf army brave enough to face him? Urian's reputation preceded him. He had been bred for battle by the Witch King himself. He was the greatest of assassins, the most relentless of slayers. He had the heart of a daemon and the eyes of a hawk. He could kill a bull with one blow of his hare hands, and deflect an arrow in flight with a sweep of his blade. On his brow was the mark of Khaine. He was Death incarnate.

Arhalien of Yvresse was the first to respond. He was a mighty soldier, a veteran of countless battles. Urian cut him down as if he were a child. The Elf army moaned in despair and dismay. Next was Korhian Ironglave, captain of the White Lions, the most renowned warrior



of Chrace. Blows were exchanged faster than the eye could follow but to no avail – within minutes the proud High Elf lay headless on the plain. Then Tyrion strode forth.

It was a battle the like of which those present had never before witnessed. It was as if gods themselves made war. Sparks flew as blade clashed on blade. Both warriors fought in deadly silence. Again and again Urian's glowing black blade was turned by Tyrion's armour. Again and again the master assassin ducked the sweep of Sunfang. They fought for an hour and it seemed that neither would have the mastery. Spells blistered the air round them as the Witch King sought to aid his champion. Sweat glistening on his brow, Teclis dispelled them.

Every witness held their breath. It seemed impossible that anyone could survive in the middle of that storm of blades. Then Tyrion slipped and Urian loomed over him blade held high. It was the opening that the High Elf had waited for. A quick thrust of his weapon found the assassin's heart. The host of darkness let out a howl of anguish and charged forward to overwhelm the lone Elf warrior and the Elf army raced to meet them. Malhandir reached his master first and Tyrion vaulted into the saddle then turned to face his foes.

The two forces clashed at the heart of Finuval Plain. The Dark Elves had the greater number and their allies were fell, The High Elves were fighting for their homeland and the Everqueen. They had the desperate courage that flowed from knowing that this might be their last chance to turn the tide – they knew that defeat here would doom not only their fair land, but also the

entire world. All that long day the armies fought with savage fury. Both sides were driven by the consuming hatred that their ancient civil war had bred. Flights of crossbow bolts, so numerous they darkened the sky, were met by clouds of white fletched arrows. As the battle raged, monstrous Cold Ones were hamstrung by nimble Shadow Warriors, and poisoned bolts ricocheted from the armour of Caledorian Dragon Princes. The horsemen of Ellyrion were pulled down by the foul beasts of Chaos. Khainite Assassins plied their bloody trade, striking down princes and mages wherever the High Elves gained advantage. Phoenixes swooped through ranks of Witch Elves, the roiling air of their wake setting hair and flesh ablaze. On the right flank, plate-clad Chaos Warriors exchanged blows with Swordmasters of Hoeth, and White Lions hacked at Slaughterbrutes and winged Chimerae. All about, spells crackled back and forth through the air, and blood mingled with the dust thrown up by battle. Thousands died, but neither side gave any ground. So great was the carnage that warriors fought over the bodies of the dead, and ravens feasted upon the wounded trapped within the mounds of corpses.

Right at the centre, Tyrion fought with the fury of an enraged beast. His great burning blade cut down foes with every stroke, and his shining mail turned the swords of his desperate foes. Malhandir trampled Dark Elves beneath his silver-shod hooves. By himself he was worth an army. Where he rode the Elves took heart.

Meanwhile, at the heart of the battle, Teclis duelled with the Witch King's dark sorcery. Naggaroth's dark master had perfected his evil arts over long millennia





and for the first time Teclis met a foe that was his match. Awesome magical energies were focussed and brought to bear. Lightning streaked across the darkening sky. Terrible buds of black sorcery, capable of stripping warriors to the bone, were turned aside by magical winds. Daemons tore their way through to the mortal world and brought fresh carnage to a battlefield already heavy with slaughter. This alone might have spelled doom for the Elves, had it not been for the actions of the Everqueen, who sent a wave of blazing light through the daemonic ranks, casting many thousands of them from the mortal world. Alas, this deed saw the already waning powers completely spent; moments after, her unconscious body was borne from the battlefield by her surviving Handmaidens.

Teclis strode into the sky to better observe the battle. From the blasted hilltop the Witch King matched him spell for spell.

It soon became clear that even the deeds of heroes could not overcome that dark host. Tyrion could not be everywhere at once, and Teclis could not halt every spell. Slowly, the weight of numbers turned against the High Elves. The size of the Dark Elf warhost was too great. It looked as if the Elves would be slain to a man. Now there was nothing else for it. It was time for a last desperate gamble. He invoked the power of Lilaeth. His staff glowed and pulsed as the goddess fed him energy. Teclis sculpted the power into one bolt of titanic power and unleashed it upon the Witch King. Frantically the evil one tried to turn it aside but could not. The blast descended on him, burning into his very soul. At the final moment he was forced to cast himself into the Realm of Chaos to avoid final and utter death. Freed now from the burden of dealing with the Witch King, Teclis turned his energies on the horde of evil. Spell after spell crashed down on the Dark Elves, the carnage was too awful to contemplate.

Malhandir brought Tyrion face to face with the Witch King's standard bearer. The High Elf cut down his foe

with ease. Malhandir trampled the Witch King's banner into the mud. Seeing their Lord defeated and their standard smashed the Dark Elves fell into despair. Overhead a seemingly unstoppable magician rained magical doom down on them, before them an unstoppable warrior clove through their ranks like a ship through the waves. Almost to a man that vast army turned and fled. Almost to a man they were cut down. The High Elves had won their first major victory. The tide had turned.

In the wake of the battle, Tyrion led the army south to relieve Lothem. Word of his coming gave heart to the High Elves. The tall warrior wearing the Everqueen's favour and his sorcerer twin became feared by their foes. The High Elf army fell on the besiegers of Lothorn, putting them to the sword. The Phoenix King led his guard from Lothorn to meet them. Caught between the hammer and the anvil the besieging army was crushed. Outside the walls of Lothorn. Tyrion and Teclis were greeted by the Phoenix King himself.

Within two days a great plan was conceived to drive the Dark Elves from the land. Tyrion would lead one High Elf army to Saphery to relieve the Tower of Hoeth. The Phoenix King would drive north and engage the enemy directly. Word arrived from Caledor that the dragons had been roused. Victory was within the High Elves' grasp.

THE GIFT OF MAGIC

Just as the armies readied to set out, a battered ship limped into harbour. It was commanded by Pieter Lazio, personal ambassador of Magnus the Pious. He bore a tale of woe from the Old World. The armies of Chaos had overrun Kislev and looked set to sweep over the lands of men. Magnus had led the human defence of the Empire and, desperate for help, had sent to the Elves for aid. The Elves knew that they could barely spare a single warrior from their forces and yet they knew that if mankind failed then the forces of Chaos in the Old World would be free to aid the Dark Elves.





Hearing once more the call of destiny, Teclis volunteered to go to the aid of mankind. Yrde and Finreir, two of his old comrades from the Tower of Hoeth agreed to go with him. It was all that could be done. The two brothers parted at the docks in Lothem. It was a bleak farewell. Neither knew if they would ever see each other again. Teclis took to his ship. Tyrion rode away with his army. It would be many long years before they saw each other again.

Now leading the Elf army, Tyrion proved to be every bit as skilful a general as he was a warrior. His surprise attack routed the Chaos forces in the woods around the White Tower. Joined by a contingent of Sword Masters, his army marched on into southern Avelorn to reclaim the Everqueen's land. There the Dark Elves had been demoralised by the Witch King's defeat and hounded relentlessly by guerilla forces. Tyrion drove them out of the woods and into the hills of southern Chrace.

In this mountainous land a savage war of ambush and counter-ambush was fought. But the Phoenix King had lent Tyrion the services of a unit of White Lions and these bold warriors' knowledge of their homeland was to prove invaluable. In the year 2303, exactly two years after the invasion began, the Phoenix King and Tyrion met at Tor Achare, the capital of Chrace. The Dark Elves had been driven from the mainland of Ulthuan. The war was all but over, although bitter fighting was to rumble on in the islands for many decades.



In the Old World, Teclis and his companions arrived at the court of Magnus the Pious, where Teclis's wise advice and mighty sorcery soon made him an invaluable councillor. The influence of the three High Elf Mages changed the course of the war. They taught some simple battle-spells to the human hedge-wizards and these combined with their own command of awesome forces aided in many human victories. In many battles they proved their willingness to spill their own blood in defence of the human lands and Teclis and Finreir both took many wounds. Yrtle himself fell in battle and was buried with great honour. But it was after the war, when Magnus had driven the enemy from the land and he'd been hailed as the new Emperor, that he performed what was to be his most significant act.

Magnus requested that Finreir and Teclis teach the full secrets of magic to humans. The new Emperor had seen how instrumental it had been in holding back the tide of Chaos and wanted to add yet another weapon to mankind's arsenal. At first Finreir resisted. Elves and Men had come to blows in the past and might do so again. Teclis took the long view. He argued that by helping Men protect themselves against Chaos they would create an invaluable bulwark against the forces of darkness. Eventually Teclis's view prevailed and the Colleges of Magic were established. Teclis himself taught the first human students and more than twenty years passed before he returned home. Through his work as a teacher, he became fond of the race of Men and saw in it the possibility and the threat that in time it might far exceed the declining race of Elves.

The two brothers met again at their ancestral home in the year 2326 when Teclis returned for their father's funeral. It was a sad moment but the two embraced joyously. Tyrion was now the chosen Champion of the Everqueen, second only to the Phoenix King among the defenders of Ulthuan. Teclis planned to return to the Empire to continue his work, but word came that the High Loremaster of the White Tower had died and the council offered Teclis his position. Teclis could not refuse such an honour and so he returned to the Tower of Hoeth.

Since the days of the Great War against Chaos the two brothers have been active in the defence of Ulthuan. Tyrion led the army that defeated Erik Redaxe's army of Norse raiders and twice led expeditions to the Blighted Isle to reclaim the Altar of Khaine from the Dark Elves. Both times he drove the spawn of Naggaroth off but always they return. When not leading the armies to war he dwells at the court of the Everqueen and keeps the peace in Avelorn, slaying marauding monsters and hunting down hands of Beastmen and Goblins.

Teclis probes the ancient mysteries of sorcery at the White Tower. Often his researches demand that he visit the far corners of the world. He has ventured as far afield as Cathay and Lustria and has aided armies both human and High Elf against the forces of evil.





AGAINST THE DARK HOST

From the parapets of the Phoenix Gate, the army appeared as a black tide, sweeping forwards with deadly intent. The first Black Ark had been spied by the lookout only hours before, and, as more of the sinister floating citadels had gathered, the host of Naggaroth had descended upon the shores. Tyrion stood motionless watching the formations of Dark Elves. It had been centuries since he could remember seeing such a large host united to wage war against Ulthuan. The thought of his dark brethren tainting the soil of the fair isle reviled his heart to the core. For many months now, reports of raids all along the coast of Ulthuan had sickened his soul and a growing anger had built up with the painful news of each new tragedy.

It had been said that Malekith himself rode to battle at the fore of his army, but Tyrion could see no sign of the dark prince. Along the walls of the gate, young Elves busied themselves carrying quivers of arrows and passing them to the proud city guard. The crews of the ancient Eagle Claw bolt throwers checked their machines. The gathering army was already in range of their weapons but no missile would be fired until he gave the signal.

A cry of terror sounded from one of the watchtowers. Tyrion looked to where the sentry had pointed. Diving down from the skies, a flight of dragons soared towards the gate's wall. Tyrion's keen sight could clearly see the rider at the fore of the formation. A shiver of cold emotion ran down his spine as he recognised it to be Malekith, the Witch King of Naggaroth.

As the dragons opened their huge black leathery wings, swooping on a strafing course across the wall of the tower, Tyrion realised their plan. The noxious fumes of the dragons would kill the guard manning the walls allowing the Dark Elves to advance without the fear of the clouds of arrows that would otherwise fall upon their ranks. He quickly signalled the bolt throwers to focus on the new threat. Waiting for the dragons to close in, he held his sword out straight before dropping his arm, bringing the sword in a sweeping motion to the ground. It was the signal to fire and as Tyrion stood with bated breath, hoping that many decades of training would pay off, the crisp twang of a dozen bolts launching skyward sounded out. Two of the bolts struck home and a great cry of triumph sounded from the parapets, drowning out the piercing screams of the dying dragons which plummeted from the skies, falling into the pools that surrounded the Gate. Pulling up from their attack course the remaining dragons veered off sharply, back towards their own lines. Tyrion had little doubt that Malekith's dark flight would return once again to attack the walls but for now its bite had been tempered.

The appearance of the dragons must have been the signal for the Dark Elf advance as, far below, the regiments now marched forwards. Tyrion swiftly sprinted down the steep steps leading to the courtyard below. The Silver Helms were mounted and waiting in formation at the giant ornate gate, and at the foot of the stairs his own fine steed, Malhandir, waited patiently for his master. Jumping from the stairs, he sailed through the air with grace, landing squarely on the back of his destrier, pulled the reins in tight and Malhandir responded instantly. There was an unseen link between the two. Such was the bond between Tyrion and his steed that the fine horse could understand his master's wishes with the smallest of signals. Galloping to the fore of the cavalry formation, Tyrion thrust forward his sword, motioning for the gates to be opened. As the huge doors silently parted, the Silver Helms advanced from the fortress.

The sound of the horses' hooves thudding on the lush green grass became a blur of noise as the charge of the Silver Helms picked up speed. Tyrion held his blade aloft and within seconds the shining lances of the riders around him squished into the front ranks of the advancing Black Guard. Tyrion's blade wove a dance of death, felling one after another of the evil invaders, then he spied the banner of an old adversary. Before him stood Urian Poisonblade, scourge of Ulthuan, commander of the Witch King's forces. His name was hated and feared amongst the High Elves. Two of Urian's sinister bodyguard stepped in front of him to protect their lord but Malhandir reared up, bringing his hooves crashing down on their skulls.

Urian raised his sword to strike at the exposed neck of Tyrion's white steed but as he thrust what would have been a fatal blow, Tyrion deftly parried the attack. More of Urian's ruthless bodyguards tried to cut down the High Elf noble from his horse. Tyrion had challenged their captain but there was no honour amongst his kind. Tyrion's runesword blazed brightly as it cut down any Dark Elf who strayed too close.

Once again Urian attacked, this time aiming his blow at the High Elf hero, but even the dark enchanted blade could not break through Tyrion's finely wrought armour.

Tyrion brought his blade down in a powerful arc, smashing it against Urian's weapon. For a brief moment, the runes on the two weapons flared into light. The dark runes of Urian's blade glowed a menacing red against the bright blue runes of Tyrion's sword, Sunfang. With a mighty crack, Urian's blade broke and Sunfang cleaved down through the Dark Elf hero's helm, killing him instantly.

Stunned by the death of their champion, the Dark Elf attack, relented for a brief moment. It was all the time that Tyrion needed. Sensing his master's intentions, Malhandir reared majestically before galloping full speed back to the gate. The Silver Helms followed and as they reached the great portal, Tyrion reined in his steed and allowed the brave cavalry to enter before him. Seeing the retreat, the Dark Elves quickly pursued. The whole host of Naggaroth surged forward, screaming with malice-filled hatred. Tyrion knew the gates could not be closed before the Dark Elves reached them but, as the front lines closed in, Tyrion pointed his blade to the parapets, waiting a brief second before lowering his sword.

At his pre-arranged signal the archers on the top of the wall released their bowstrings. Clouds of arrows rained down on the charging army. The familiar sound of bolt throwers firing a volley of missiles into the thick ranks of Dark Elves followed. The Druchii charge faltered, before quickly becoming a full-scale retreat. As the last of his dark cousins fled out of bow range, Tyrion stood up in the stirrups of his saddle and raised his sword high in victory. Sitting down again nonchalantly, the magnificent Elven prince turned his back on the fleeing army and slowly Elf lord and steed rode through the open portcullis.

As the ornate gold doors slammed shut behind him, Tyrion knew in his heart that they had merely won a small respite from the invasion. With Malekith leading the invaders, his soldiers would be fighting for many months to come. Should the gate fall then the forces of darkness would soon conquer his people and, having regained their ancestral home, surely they would then descend upon the rest of the world like a hate-ridden scourge. On Ulthuan the High Elves would make their stand and on Ulthuan the fate of the world would rest. Tyrion was unafraid; he was born to fight this war.



Teclis of Ulthuan

THE SAGA OF IMRIK

FINUVAL PLAIN

In the one hundred and thirty eighth year of the reign of the Phoenix King Finubar the Seafarer, the Witch King of Naggaroth once again invaded the High Elven realm of Ulthuan. The full tale of that horrendous war is laid down in the Book of days, the deeds of the great Elven brothers Tyrion and Teclis are recorded with honour. However, others played their part in the war. Among the countless battles that preceded the cataclysmic clash on Finuval Plain, one perhaps is more worthy of being recorded than any other.

As the Witch King gathered his forces against the High Elves arrayed against him, Malekith was visited by a vision from Slaanesh. Not far to the east of Finuval Plain an army of Chaos followers was encamped. Led by the Champion of Slaanesh Agellor the Depraved, this army would be able to attack Tyrion's force from behind. If this was to happen the High Elves would be helplessly slaughtered as they were caught between the hammer of Agellor's host and the massive anvil of the Witchking's army.

IMRIK'S AMBUSH

Slaanesh was not watching these events alone though, and the High Elven god Asuryan appeared in a dream to Prince Imrik, greatest Dragon Prince of Caledor. That noble descendant of Caledor Dragontamer was shown the location of Agellor's force and he set out immediately to head off the foul minions of Chaos. However, Prince Imrik was quite a way from the Chaos army and through the night he forced his warriors to march. Just as the dawn broke on that fateful day Prince Imrik fell upon Agellor's host as it made its way through the wooded hills east of Finuval Plain. As soon as they saw Agellor's army Prince Imrik's entire force let out a shout of hatred and anguish that echoed across the hills. Spurring their steeds to a gallop, Imrik's



cavalry charged straight into the heart of the Chaos worshippers. With lances levelled the Dragon Princes, Silver Helms and Reaver Knights crashed into the ranks of Chaos warriors and Beastmen, pinioning them with their weapons and trampling them beneath the silversteel-shod hooves of their mounts.

However, even as the beastmen fled, the chaos warriors in their massive armour closed ranks and attacked back. Then, with a screech that sent a wave of terror rippling through the High Elf army, Agellor the Depraved dropped from the skies like a thunderbolt. Mounted on the back of a hideous Chaos Dragon, the Champion of Slaanesh smashed into the Dragon Princes, whose noble elven steeds were overcome by the horror and turned tail to flee. As the proud knights tried to control their steeds Agellor continued to rampage along the High Elven line.

THE CHALLENGE

Fenastius, Prince Imrik's lieutenant, soared across the skies on his Pegasus Deathmane. With his Dragonblade Lance shining in the blood red glow of the dawn, Fenastius attacked Agellor. Even as he closed with the Chaos general, the Elf lord could see the piercing light in Agellor's eyes. Distracted by this haunting vision, Fenastius missed his mark and his deadly lance scraped along the armoured scales of the Chaos Dragon without drawing blood. As Prince Imrik watched on in helpless horror, Agellor drew a massive blade from his saddle-sheath and launched a blistering attack at the High Elf second-incommand. Blow after blow rang against Fenastius' armour until finally the blade passed under his silvered helm and transfixing his throat. As the lord's body toppled to the ground the Chaos Dragon snapped its jaws shut on Deathmane, crushing the loyal creature between rows of dagger-long teeth.

IMRIK ATTACKS

As Prince Imrik's Phoenix Guard and warriors clashed with regiments of Dragon Ogres and Daemonettes, Imrik himself leapt into the chill dawn air mounted on Skybolt, his magnificent Dragon. As Skybolt's massive wings drove the High Elf prince across the skies he readied his glittering Star Lance. Agellor's Chaos Dragon ploughed out from the pile of Elven bodies heaped around it and soared up to meet Imrik. As the two circled each other looking for the opportunity to strike their armies fought each other to a standstill on the ground far below. Daemons were banished back to their Chaotic realm while blistering arcs of magical lightning leapt across the armour of the Elven archers. Dragon Ogres bellowed with rage and swung their massive axes. The blades of the Swordmasters of Hoeth danced a shining performance of death through Beastmen and Chaos Warriors. All the time the two generals wheeled through the skies, their Dragons hurling guts of fire and lightning at each.



THE DEATH OF AGELLOR

Just then the sun broke through the low clouds, its rays pierced the gloom and shone across the hills. Seeing that Agellor was momentarily blinded Prince Imrik and Skybolt dived in for the kill. Even as the Star Lance arrowed towards his heart the Champion of Slaanesh recovered. Partially parried by Agellor's inhumanly fast reactions, the Star lance pierced the Chaos champions shoulder and passed through into the body of the Chaos Dragon. Roaring with pain the beast lashed out, a taloned foot raking massive tears from Skybolt's throat and chest. Skybolt attacked back, shredding a wing of the Chaos Dragon with her razor-sharp teeth and claws.

The two combatants were forced apart by a sudden blast of wind and Agellor tumbled slowly downward, his Dragon unable to sustain its flight with a single wing. Imrik drove downward again and caught Agellor between the shoulder blades with his magic lance. As the enchanted silversteel passed through his body, the Chaos general spat a final curse at the High Elves and grabbed hold of the Star Lance with his powerful hands. Unable to free herself from the plummeting Chaos Dragon, Skybolt crashed into the woods below. Trunks snapped like twigs under the impact of the two massive bodies and Imrik was thrown clear.



Imrik was dazed for a moment but when he recovered he ran to where proud Skybolt had fallen. Her wings were shattered beneath her huge body and blood streamed from hundreds of rips and gashes in her shimmering flesh. With a loud shuddering sigh Skybolt finally died and Imrik threw back his head and cried out with grief. Snatching his sword from its scabbard he raced back to the battle only to find that the Chaos army had fled with the death of their leader. Any other person would have rested, would have taken time to recover. Not Imrik. Vaulting into the saddle of a steed whose rider had fallen, he ordered those that could to follow him. Imrik arrived at Finuval Plain just as Tyrion slew Malekith's champion Urian Poisonblade. With the bitterness of Skybolt's death still in his heart Prince Imrik was one of the first to arrive by Tyrion's side and fought with the vengeance of a wronged god.





The ice-cold wind whipped at Imrik's hair, which flowed out in a contorting golden wave behind him. Through gaps in the clouds beneath he could see the movement of armies far below, tiny figures arrayed on the blighted earth, obscured slightly by the lashing rain that poured down on the plains. The shining ranks of his comrades could be seen, their bright armour contrasting markedly with the dark landscape. Moving against them were the black-armoured forms of the hated Drucchii, the dark kin of the High Elves. Imrik thought that from his vantage point they looked like a vicious horde of scuttling insects, crawling menacingly over the ground.

A deep rumbling sounded from within the chest of Imrik's proud mount. The ancient grey-tinged dragon Minaithnir. The Dragon Prince, soul-bonded to the mighty creature, instantly became wary, his sharp eyes gazing over the clouds that billowed around him. Spying a dark shape through the gloom, Imrik narrowed his eyes, his teeth clenching. With a soft, almost imperceptible whisper, Imrik directed the dragon upwards. Beating his mighty wings, the dragon soared higher into the air, entering another layer of damp cloud, passing through the cold blankness, dragon and rider came out suddenly into bright sunshine.

The pair rose straight into the air, flying towards the sun. Abruptly, the dragon turned gracefully, its serpentine tail coiling majestically. For a fraction of a second the powerful beast hung motionless in the air, before plunging downwards. Tucking his wings back tightly, Minaithnir plummeted into the clouds, bursting through them with tremendous velocity.

Directly below the diving creature was an immense dark shape. As one, Minaithnir and Imrik screamed a challenge, their cries indistinguishable. In shock, the gleaming black dragon beneath them rolled to the side desperately, almost throwing its rider from the ornate saddle. A roaring burst of flame erupted from Minaithnir's gullet, rolling over the black creature's scaled torso, which blistered under the furnace-like heat. Imrik's glowing lance descended towards the Dark Elf rider, menacing figure enclosed in black plated armour. The Dark Elf twisted in the saddle away from the lance, swinging his shield up to knock the weapon aside. With a deft rotation of his wrist, Imrik changed his aim towards the centre of the shield. The glowing weapon punched straight through the emblazoned shield, tearing through the metal and sinking deeply into the Dark Elf's shoulder. The lance tip tore through the dark armour, pushing through the Druchii Highborn's flesh and smashing out the other side. The Dark Elf howled in pain, his grey eyes burning coldly with hatred within his enclosed helm.

The two dragons clashed in mid-air, Minaithnir scoring great gouges in his foe's side with vicious claws. Its cry echoed through the heavens and it snapped its huge jaws

at the Dragon Prince's steed. The dragons and riders began tumbling towards earth, picking up speed as the entangled combatants struggled. Releasing his grip on his lance, Imrik drew his sword in a swift movement, striking towards the Dark Elf rider. With the lance still embedded in his shoulder, the Highborn parried Imrik's attacks with considerable skill as they tumbled ever closer to the ground. The immense wyrms slashed at each other with huge taloned claws and struggled to latch onto each other's necks with their jaws.

As the ground raced up to meet them, the two dragons kicked away from each other, and their descent halted. As they pulled away, Imrik deftly grabbed his lance with his left hand and wrenched it from the Dark Elf's body as the two dragons separated. The Dark Elf gritted his teeth against the pain. They swung low over the battlefield, turning sharply to face each other.



Crimson blood dripped from vicious wounds, mingling with the rain and falling on the armies of the Elves below. Imrik glanced down, seeing hundreds of faces turned upwards to witness the mighty duel above their heads. Billowing green smoke drifted from the black dragon's flared nostrils as it glared in hatred at its rival. With a tremendous bellow, the two dragons once again raced through the darkened sky towards each other.

As the creatures neared, Imrik locked his gaze onto the black dragon's eyes, whispering into the creature's twisted evil mind. As the mighty beasts closed on each other, a look of fear suddenly passed over the black dragon's eyes, and it flinched away from the gaze of the Dragon Prince. That slight movement was enough to unbalance Dark Elf rider and taking advantage of the opportunity Minaithnir surged forwards.

With a shout, Imrik plunged his glowing lance deep into the neck of the black dragon. Writhing in the air uncontrollably, it began thrashing its head from side to side. Poisonous green smoke seeped from the wound, and a horrid gurgling sound erupted from the fatally wounded beast. The dragon's rider looked around in terror. With an explosive beating of wings, Minaithnir pushed off from the crippled dragon, which had already begun to fall.

Imrik watched the dark shape plummet towards the ground, hurtling towards the ranks of Dark Elves surging over the plains below. Raising his horn to his lips, Imrik blew a strong, singular note that sounded over the plains, echoed by the cheers of thousands of his kinsmen. Amid a great burst of flame Imrik directed Minaithnir into a dive towards his hated brethren on the ground.





THE SAGA OF ELTHARION

From out of the east, borne by storm, the Goblins came. They rode the waves in a vast fleet of crudely made ships, each crewed by hundreds of cruel green-skinned warriors. They arrived on the stony beach, their ships battered by the wind, their sails in tatters. Over half the teeming horde had been lost. They had perished at sea, wracked by scurvy, devoured by kraken, their vessels splintered against the sharp-fanged rocks and reefs of the Sea of Dread, their minds shattered by the illusions entwined around the Shifting Isles. Over half their number had been lost but they were undismayed. Twice ten thousand still lived and their eyes glittered with undimmed malice.

Grom was their leader; vast of belly, strong of sinew, cruel of heart and cunning of mind. Following him the horde had blazed a red trail of carnage from the flinty heart of the Worlds Edge Mountains through the marches of the Empire to the shores of the Sea of Claws. Following him they had stormed the castles of men and looted the tombs of Dwarf kings. They had routed armies and slaughtered untold thousands. Grom could have built an empire in the Old World. He could have toppled the kingdoms of men and raised a savage fiefdom in the mins. He chose not to, for Grom had a vision. He knew his destiny lay in the west, over the sea. His gods had spoken and told him he was the bane of the Elves.

Grom was the voice of the Waaagh!. Touched by the gods, he was the living embodiment of his people's spirit of conquest. Standing on that cursed shore he had

promised the horde new lands to conquer, new foes to slay, new treasures to loot. Grom had spoken and the horde believed him, for Grom spoke the thoughts their gods had placed in all their black hearts.

They had built huge floating hulks and had taken to the sea. Currents had carried them far out into the Western Ocean until the storm caught them in its iron grip. Like the hand of a malign god it threw them down on the coast of Ulthuan. The raging sea had driven even the world-girdling Elf ships into port, so the sea-wardens of Ulthuan knew nothing of the coming invasion. The howling winds parted the magical mists which had for so long guarded the Eastern Shores. It was as if dark Fate wished this scourge to descend upon the Elves.



The ships made landfall at Cairn Lotherl, in the kingdom the Elves call Yvresse. Grom bade his warriors disembark and then ordered all the ships burned. Forty days and nights at sea had sorely tried Grom's patience and he swore he would never again set foot on a boat of any sort.

To the beat of huge drums, the horde marched southwards, burning as they went. They swarmed over isolated Elf outposts like warriors ants on the march. In the village of Kaselorne a dying Elf revealed the existence of the city of Tor Yvresse, swearing that the Warden of the City would put an end to them all. Grom laughed in his face and told the Elf that he would feast on the Warden's heart. However, the Elf's tale of a mighty city filled with silver-mailed warriors stirred Grom's savage heart and he knew that this was the place that he must conquer. It would be the capital of his new realm.

Word of the horde reached the keep of Lord Moranion, the Lord of Athel Tamarha. The old Elf Lord was deeply disturbed by the tidings. His eldest son and most of his troops were in the far Northlands fighting against Dark Elf invaders. His youngest son, Argalen, was in Tor Yvresse studying magic under the tutelage of the Warden. The old Elf's heart was already heavy as news had just reached him that his eldest, Eltharion, lay at death's door, a Witch Elf's poisoned blade near his heart. He despatched messenger birds with news of the oncoming horde to the Warden and then despatched his few remaining rangers to scout out the Goblins.

The rangers encountered the vanguard of Grom's army at Peledor Ford. They lay in wait and rained arrows down on the Goblins as they tried to cross. The Goblins took heavy casualties and the taunting cries of the Elves enraged them. However, wily old Grom, having taken stock of the situation, sent a group of warriors upriver with orders to swim the river and take the Elves in the flank, driving the Elves from the ford.





Remembering his oath not to set foot on a boat Grom did not cross the river on one of the hastily constructed rafts. Instead he sent his bodyguard to stand in the river with their shields held flat above their head, and walked across the Peledor on a bridge of shields. Only three of his bodyguard died from trying to support his enormous weight.

On the far side of the river the Goblins discovered a giant standing stone, one of the Elves' watchstones. Grom's Shaman, Black Tooth, probed the rune-encrusted menhir and saw it for what it was, a conduit of enormous power. The dark gods smiled and he managed to bind himself to it. Power flowed through him. He soared into the night sky, mounted on his wyvern, Doomserpent.

The next day the army arrived at the keep of Athel Tamarha. Seeing the huge fortress-palace Grom decided that this must be the city of Tor Yvresse. He stood for a moment entranced; its beauty touching him. Like many old Elf structures the keep looked as if it had grown from the living rock, stone towers rising like the holes of petrified trees from its stone base. Old half-eroded carvings were sculpted into its walls. Guardian statues looked out over its lake moat. Their sightless eyes gazed down on a causeway of basalt.

Moranion looked out from his tower on the sea of green faces and knew he was doomed. The scout's report had not prepared him for the sheer size of the advancing army. It covered all the nearby ridge and flowed like a green tide across the plain towards his

ancestral home. At its fore he saw the massive form of Grom ensconced in his chariot. Overhead a mighty wyvern rode the thermals, a shaman mounted on its back. The spells of illusion surrounding Athel Tamarha had flickered and died the previous evening and looking at the Goblin shaman the old Elf-Lord knew why: a nimbus of power played around him, brighter than lightning, more terrible than an angry dragon.

He knows not what he does, thought Moranion, with a shudder. Such huge amounts of power would eventually consume the shaman like a flame withering a branch, but not before he wreaked terrible havoc. The shaman had bound himself to the channels of power the Elves used to keep their lands above the sea. The watchstones were lynchpins for the spells that kept the power of Chaos from the world; spells so vast, intricate and complex that no single mage could hope to understand them or recreate them. Save in moments of great crisis no Elf Mage would dare interfere with them, for who knew what might happen if their balance was interfered with even slightly? Here was a threat to the whole of the land of Ulthuan, not just to Athel Tamarha.

With a mighty roar the Goblins surged forward towards the causeway. As they did so the wyvern swooped. From its rider's hand came a colossal thunderbolt. The smell of ozone filled the air. The gates of Tamarha Keep crashed into a thousand pieces. Moranion knew that he had no chance of survival. His household had few troops, mostly old men and untested boys. They could not hold the gate against the Goblins.





Grom steered his chariot across the causeway cutting down all who got in his path. He drove right through into a central courtyard where he was met by Moranion. The old Elf was clad in silvered mail and a cloak of white wolfskin. In his hand was his rune-inlaid blade, Fangsword. The old Elf shouted a challenge at him. Grom climbed down from the chariot and strode through the melee. Blocking a sweep of the Elf's sword with his axe, he dropped the old warrior with a blow from his mailed fist. Then he stood shouting encouragement to his ladz with the unconscious Elf Lord slung over his shoulder.

Soon the battle was over. Triumphant Goblin warriors strode through the hallways of the ancient palace, wrapping themselves in tapestries and capering through halls, defacing priceless pictures, and smashing the arms off exquisite statues. Idiot laughter echoed under vaulted ceilings. By fires made from piles of hand-illuminated parchment they swigged hallucinogenic wines from bottles older than many human kingdoms and wolfed down the fruits of the blazing orchards.

In his great hall Moranion returned to wakefulness and wished he had not. He was in terrible pain. On the Elf Lord's own throne sat Gram, around whose broad shoulders was draped Moranion's wolfskin cloak. He was flanked on his left by the evil old shaman and on his right by a hunchbacked Goblin jester. When the Elf tried to speak the jester slapped him with an Inflated Ore's bladder. When he tried to move he discovered his foot had been nailed to a plank of wood. The Goblins thought this very funny.

In halting man-speech, Grom asked questions and boasted of his conquest of Tor Yvresse. Through bruised lips Moranion managed a laugh. He told Gram that this was not the city – it was a mere outpost. For a second there was silence then Grom too laughed. He was pleased – till now he had thought the Elves too puny to be worth bothering with.

Soon the horde was on the move again. Grom ordered Moranion strapped naked to the front of his chariot. As they left the Keep Moranion wept bitter tears; his ancestral home was afire. Even as he watched, the roof collapsed. A structure that had endured two millennia had been levelled in one day by a tribe of mindless barbarians with no understanding of what it was they destroyed.

All that long day they marched through a land that was empty and swiftly blighted. The horde's scouts slaughtered entire populations of deer, and chopped down trees that had stood for years. Fields of irreplaceable medicinal herbs, the only examples of their type, were trampled by iron-shod feet. The Goblins plucked up the flowers and threw them about, laughing like cruel children. Under Black Tooth's instructions the watchstones they encountered were toppled. As darkness fell the ground shook with a small tremor. Only Moranion, out of all the thousands present, understood what it meant. He knew that soon the tide of terrible magic would rise again with catastrophic consequences for Ulthuan and the world. He shuddered when he heard Black Tooth's mad laughter ringing out. In the dark he could see the shaman's eyes glitter with newly absorbed power.





Under cover of the shadows the surviving Elf rangers crept into the camp amid the sleeping Goblins. They found Moranion still strapped to the front of the chariot in which Grom lay asleep. So stealthy were they that even the wolves did not awake. They might have freed Moranion too but Grom was old for a Goblin and did not sleep well. He sensed the vibration of his chariot as Moranion's weight was removed from its front and woke with a roar. Two Elf rangers rushed him. He snatched up his axe and chopped them down.

The Elves lifted their chieftain and ran through the stirring army. Grom called for archers. The Elves split up and ran in different directions. A group of them were swiftly surrounded and began a desperate last stand. The others almost made it to the edge of the wood. At the very edge they were mown down by arrow fire. Moranion himself fell with two arrows buried in his back. He tried to crawl on. As he did so another arrow thunked into his body and he was still.

At that moment, in the far north of Ulthuan. Moranion's son, Eltharion, lay close to death. His breathing was shallow, his heartbeat slow, his brow cold. Even so his eyes snapped open. He sensed a shadowy presence in the room and saw his father standing over him. The old Elf's face was bloodless and bruised, his eyes glittered cold blue, crudely made arrows protruded from his chest. The son shuddered, knowing his father was dead.

The ghost shimmered and spoke to him, telling him it was his duty to seek revenge and stop this scourge. To save the land he must kill whoever he found wearing his father's cloak. Eltharion reached out for his father but the ghost's hand vanished before he could clasp it. As Eltharion looked down he saw the Fangsword, ancient heirloom of his house, lying where his father's ghost had stood. He reached down and grasped the hilt, his knuckles white against its black binding.

When his warriors entered the silken pavilion they were surprised to see their leader on his feet. Eltharion looked like death. His eyes were chill, his cheeks sunken and when he spoke there was a hither edge to his voice that had not been there before and which was never to leave it.

He mounted his war griffon, Stormwing, and ordered his warriors hack aboard their ships. He told them they were returning home. None dared gainsay him. Aloft and out of sight of his troops, he cursed the gods. The rush of wind in his ears was the only answer.

As Grom's force proceeded south they began to meet more resistance. Parties of rangers from Tor Yvresse launched lightning raids on the columns' flanks. At night they saw strange lights flickering in the woods and when they woke in the morning sentries had vanished. The land itself sometimes quivered beneath their feet like a whipped beast. They took some losses but Grom's steady presence and stout leadership reassured them.



A change came over Black Tooth. He spent more and more time on his own. He stopped eating or drinking. At night his mad laughter rang out over the camp and those who heard it shuddered; cruel-hearted, hardened warriors though they were. Those who saw him in the depths of night saw a strange halo about him and noticed that he was becoming hollow-checked and gaunt as a hunting hound. His eyes pulsed with an internal light. His pronouncements, never easy to understand at the best of times, became ever more cryptic. Even Gram worried about his old drinking croney's state of mind. Black Tooth was like someone in the last stage of a terminal illness, growing ever more distant from his life and the world.



By the light of the full moon Black Tooth stared into a bowl of blood seeking to divine the nature of the future. While doing so he saw the great spired city of Tor Yvresse, built on nine hills: the titanic towers of its palaces linked by bridges hundreds of feet above the ground. He saw the army being mustered to meet the Goblins and he knew that soon they would meet their first real challenge. He informed Grom of this. If he sensed the damage he was wreaking to the Elf-lands by his draining of its magic he did not share the knowledge.

The commander of the army of Tor Yvresse was Fergal of the Iron Spear. He was an able warrior but no general. His selection for supreme command came about because of his family's influence in the mazy and convoluted politics of Tor Yvresse. His appointment reflected well on the name of his ancient and honourable house. It reflected the weaknesses of Elf society: their passion for intrigue, the division of their realm into factions whose interests were put before those of the kingdoms in general their inability to take seriously creatures as short-lived and unsophisticated as the Goblins. They still saw the horde as mere barbarians to be swiftly routed by superior Elf tactics and weaponry.

Sending a leader like Fergal to face a foe as cunning, savage and deadly as Grom was like sending a child to face a hungry wolf. The armies met on the plains ten leagues from the city. Had the Elves been less confident of their might they would have remained within their fortress towers and given reinforcements time to arrive.



The unstoppable Goblin army swept over the Elves. Grom led his horde into the charge. His axe parted Fergal's head from his shoulders. His scythed wheels cut the Elves down like stalks of wheat. Warrior for warrior the Elves were more than a match for Grom's ladz. However they were heavily outnumbered and the momentum of the Goblin charge carried them deep into the Elf lines. As the melee swirled the greenskins swiftly swept round the edges of the Elf formation and Elf warriors found themselves attacked from several sides at once.

Spears jabbed forward. Shields turned the sweep of clubs. Scimitar clashed with bright longsword. Warcries and death screams rent the air. Wolves howled as they feasted on the dying. From overhead came the sound of leathery flapping wings. The scent of blood and ozone filled the air. All semblance of tactics and skill was lost as the fighting became close and deadly. Combatants stood breast to breast and wrestled, panting for breath as they sought advantage. It had to be brief. No warriors could stand long in such a howling gale of combat without giving.


In the middle of the madness Argalen, son of Moranion, confronted Grom. The young Elf was mad with grief and rage. The sight of his father's cloak, all splattered with blood, drove all thoughts of anything save revenge from his mind. Red rage drove all thought of using his magic from his mind. He hewed his way through the Goblins and vaulted onto the back of Grom's chariot. Grom deflected his first stroke with his axe. It bit into the bronze railing of the chariot. Then the Goblin chieftain unleashed a furious rain of blows at Argalen. Driven by Grom's iron arm the axe drank deep of Elf blood. Argalen fell.

Grom raised his corpse high above his head and with a great cry threw it out into the midst of the Elf force. Seeing the brave youth fall so disheartened the Elves that they turned and fled. The battle turned into a rout. Fleeing Elves were cut down as they dropped their shields, turned their backs on the foe and ran. Less than half the proud Elf army that came to Yvraine Plain left alive. Those that did were harried by wolf riders to the very gates of the city. When they saw their beaten army return the Elf-women on the walls, who had expected to welcome them back in victory, let out a great keening wail, mourning their lost brothers and fathers.

So great was that cry that they say Eltharion heard it though he was hundreds of leagues out at sea. It is said that at the moment that his brother's lifeless corpse tumbled to the earth he let out a howl of pain and rage that caused all who heard it to shudder and fall silent. Little joy there was on the ships of the house of Moranion as they sailed home.

In Tor Yvresse that night there was much mourning. The population huddled in fear round the temple of Ladrielle. Black storm clouds hovered over the city, dark with the threat of torrential rain. A great tremor made the city shudder and caused part of the sea wall





The stench of the Orc and Goblin horde was almost overwhelming, and Eolaran had to choke back the bile that rose unbidden in his throat. At the feet of his Sea Guard regiment, three score of the hulking Orcish warriors lay butchered, their corpses stinking of blood, mud and offal. Around him, the warriors of his regiment swiftly stowed their spears and restrung their bows, before unleashing a steady rain of arrows, harrying the distant Goblins.

The whole High Elf battle line was slowly advancing in the face of the Greenskins, the expert soldiers of Ulthuan proving more than a match for the undisciplined brutality of the Orcs. On the extreme right flank a large band of Orcs riding upon bloodthirsty boars had threatened to overwhelm several of the Spear regiments, but just as the citizen warriors had wavered, Lord Aislinn had charged into the fray upon his ferocious blue-white Dragon. With great gouts of flame and flashing jaws the mighty wyrm had ravaged the Greenskins and the survivors had broken and fled.

The distant formations of Goblins were firing occasional volleys of short, black arrows at the advancing Elves but they were a poor match for the skilled High Elf archers who returned fire. At this distance only enemy war machines threatened the Sea Guard. A bolt had skewered two of Eolaran's warriors with a lucky hit, and he had seen several Silver Helms literally smashed apart by a crashing boulder hurled by a stone thrower. Eolaran heard Lord Aislinn give the order to advance and as one the High Elves broke into an even, measured pace. Ellyrion Reavers raced ahead of the army, drawing out Orcs into positions where Silver Helms or Dragon Princes could ride them down. On the left flank the mysterious Sword Masters were fighting a swirling melee against a vast horde of Orcs clad in thick, black armour.

"Forward brothers!" Eolaran called to his Sea Guard. As one, they began to charge. Over their heads flew flights of arrows and bolts, and Eolaran felt his heart soar. The Asur were going to war – what foe could possibly stand against them!

to tumble into the waves. Palaces collapsed and old monuments fell. In the city's highest tower the Warden observed the stars and drew his charts and consulted the runes then drew a conclusion that sent stark terror through him. He knew that the web of spells holding the Vortex together was starting to unravel. In their ignorance the invaders had tampered with forces that could destroy them all. If they were not stopped soon first Yvresse then all of the Elflands would slide beneath the sea and tides of evil magic would drown the world.

When he took his conclusion to the city council there was much debate. Some wanted to take to the ships and leave before the cataclysm came. Others refused to desert their ancestral home and swore that if their land was to perish they would perish with it. Still others refused to believe the Warden's conclusions and went off to make their own observations.

For three days thereafter there was a brief respite. Grom regrouped his army and ordered the preparation of more siege engines. The Goblins stripped the bodies

of the fallen and burned the corpses on great funeral pyres. The foul ash from the burning drifted on the wind to Tor Yvresse and disheartened its depleted defenders even more. Black Tooth descended further into madness as the power flowing into him devoured his brain and consumed his soul. He sat by the great camp fires alternately ranting and shivering. His pronouncements of impending doom caused a strange mood to come over the horde.

The Goblins did not like the dark haunted forests and the quivering of the earth. The eruption of the distant mountains made them nervous. They dimly sensed that great and terrible events were happening and they became infected by a mad belief in their ultimate victory.

Yet they were unsure that victory would gain them anything. Black Tooth ranted that the sea would devour the land and the dead would outnumber the living. And still the great storm that gathered over Tor Yvresse did not break.

Only Grom seemed unperturbed, touring the tents and picket lines, a haunch of beef clasped in one hand, a flask of wine in the other, his great axe strapped to his back. He raised the spirits of his troops with his fearless appearance. But even he in his heart of hearts was perturbed. He gifted the shaman with Moranion's cloak as a sign that he still kept faith with his prophecies but Grom was starting to wonder.

When all the preparations had been made he ordered the army to advance on the distant city. Gangs of Goblins pulled the newly constricted siege engines with great ropes. Wolf rider scouts scoured the land before them. The horde marched to the heat of monster drums and the earth shook under their tread.

In Tor Yvresse the defenders mustered what forces they could. There were not many warriors left to man the great dart-throwers on the city walls. Never had the great metropolis seemed so empty. In later years Tor Yvresse had always been half-deserted. Footsteps echoed eerily down the empty hallways of the palaces within which the population lived and dreamed. The Elves' numbers had dwindled in recent millennia and their cities, built to house tens of thousands before the great sundering with the Dark Elves, had always seemed quiet. But this was something new, the shadow of death, permanent and terrible, hovered over the city and cast a deeper shadow than the clouded sky.

When the folk talked they talked quietly and the watchful silence swallowed their words. The thunderclap voices of the distant erupting mountains were the only loud noises in a city in mourning and expecting siege. Citizens crowded the walls waiting for the horde to arrive and each day that passed without attack increased rather than diminished their anxiety. Rumours of the Warden's dread findings floated round the city and increased the fear. The end of all things seemed near and the denizens of Tor Yvresse sensed it.



Then, four days after the Battle of the Plains, it happened. The citizens woke to find an army at their gates and the fire-scorched skulls of their kinsmen being lobbed over the walls by the great arms of Goblin stonechukkas. This ceased when Grom drove his chariot forward, halting just outside ballista range. In fractured manspeech he told the Elves that they were all doomed unless they surrendered instantly and acknowledged him as their master. Those Elves who understood the speech of men called hack taunts in the common tongue. Grom shrugged and ordered the siege to begin.

Huge towers rumbled forwards while stone chukkas and Goblin arrows raked the walls. The defenders sent back answering fire but they had not the numbers to silence their attackers. When the towers reached the walls the defenders poured cauldrons of magically heated lead on the Goblin attackers and poured arrows tipped with alchemical Fire onto their attackers but they could not stop the onslaught. Black Tooth gestured and the storm broke. Rain fell in a drenching torrent and extinguished the fires. Lightning bolts danced along the battlements like flickering flames leaping up from hell. The defenders were swept from the battlements and the Goblins swept like a green tide over the walls and down into the city beyond.

The fighting was hither and fought through the streets and palaces of the city. The Goblins had the advantage of numbers but the defenders knew every nook and cranny and hidden way of their city. Yellow-eyed Goblins hunted Elves in the stormy darkness and were hunted themselves in turn. Blood mingled with rain in the wet streets. The Fitful illumination of the lightning lit scenes of terrible Fury and carnage. Madness infected all the combatants as the thunder rumbled and earthquakes shook the buildings. Both sides fought with utter, primordial fury, neither asking nor giving quarter. The forces on both sides were split in the maze of winding streets and the battle seesawed back and forth as one side or another temporarily gained a local advantage.

Things looked bleakest for the Elves around midnight. The Warden of Tor Yvresse and Black Tnoth met. The shaman rode his wyvern to the Elf Mage's tower where the key watchstone of the city was kept. Doomserpent's nightblack pinions shrouded the tower roof. The Warden emerged onto his balcony and he and Black Tooth duelled. Terrible magical energies were unleashed. Death spells hissed through the air and spluttered out as counterspells unmade them. Chained thunderbolts flickered out and glanced from shields of light. Two mortal gods fought at the highest point of the city and slowly the fighting in the streets stopped and all eyes, whether Goblin-yellow or Elf-blue, were turned on the tower.

The shaman gestured and flame engulfed the tower. The Warden extinguished it with a word. Black Tooth spoke and his word was thunder. The tower itself shook and threatened to topple. The Warden fell off

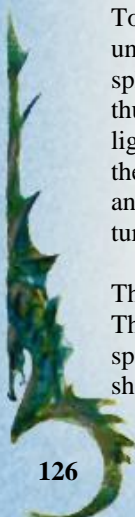
balance and reached out to clutch the balcony. With his concentration momentarily broken he was easy prey for Black Tooth. The shaman's spell stripped the flesh from his bones and left a skeleton standing there momentarily. Then the pile of bones fell forward down into the street. Black Tooth entered the tower triumphantly. He had reached the centre of the web of power he had been gradually unravelling since he had first encountered the watch stones. Now he stood before the master watchstone for all of eastern Ulthuan. The power to wreak complete and utter destruction was now in his hands. Beneath him he could hear the doors break as Goblin warriors entered the tower below.

Suddenly, from out of the storm, the Elves came. Eltharion's fleet rode the turbulent sea into harbour. In a feat of insanely skilful seamanship they crashed through the swells into the calm water near the docks. Hundreds of battle hardened Elf veterans raced ashore. Eltharion himself took to the sky on the back of Stormwing, seeking the slayer of his father. The griffon's challenging shriek rang out over the city. The Elf army coming ashore smashed through the weary rain-soaked Goblin horde and made its way towards the great square in the centre of city. The Goblins fell back before them.

Through the wind and rain Eltharion rode, He sensed the presence of Black Tooth and, filled with horror, realised what the Goblin shaman was about to do. He felt the great tide of power flowing into the shaman and knew that if it was not stopped they were all dead. As if to emphasise the point the ground shook. Centuries' old palaces collapsed entombing Goblin and Elf alike. Eltharion dropped from the sky in front of an elite group of his warriors. Swiftly he told them what they must do and then he rose back into the sky and flew off towards certain death. From his outstretched hand came a beam of pure power. It surged through the ranks of the Goblins around the Warden's tower, at once a weapon and a challenge.

Black Tooth sensed the new challenge and went out to meet it. As he did so the bulk of Grom's force encountered the soldiers in the city square and Eltharion's elite force stormed the Warden's tower. High above the city Eltharion and Black Tooth fought while in the square all was screaming madness. Elf and Goblin charged and countercharged. By storm-light griffon and wyvern bit and clawed. Enchanted Elf-blade clashed with shaman's staff. Bolts of power flickered and flashed.

Drunk with power and mad with pain Black Tooth lashed out again and again with mighty spells, each more powerful than the last. Only Eltharion's iron will enabled him to deflect the bolts, only his driven determination to avenge his father's death enabled him to endure the agony. Slowly however Black Tooth's more-than-mortal power wore the Elf down. Beads of sweat mingled with rain on the Elf prince's face. His once-handsome features were frozen in a ghastly grimace of pain. One more blast was all it would take.





Then it happened. The Elf-warriors slew all the Goblins in the tower and carried out Eltharion's desperate plan. They made the Invocation of Ending in front of the master watchstone. All the power flowing through it was momentarily stopped. Black Tooth halted in mid-spell, momentarily stunned by the absence of magical energy. Knowing it was the only chance he was ever going to get, Eltharion put all his strength into one mighty blow. His enchanted blade lashed out, faster than the flicker of a serpent's tongue. Black Tooth's head flew from his shoulders. His body tumbled from the saddle.

In the streets below Grom fought, irresistible axe lashing to the left and to the right. Where it struck an Elf warrior fell. Around him his ladz fought bravely, heartened by the prowess of their leader, confident of victory. Slowly, the Elves were pushed back from the square. Then Black Tooth's headless body plummeted out of the sky and landed on the front of Grom's chariot. The Goblin chieftain halted, stunned by the death of his old friend. Seeing their leader dumbfounded and their invincible shaman dead, the Goblins halted.

The Elves were heartened by the arrival of Stormwing and Eltharion in their midst and they charged with renewed determination into the horde. The Goblins died in droves and the few survivors were thrown hack and, with their nerve broken, fled. Not even Grom's impassioned howling could halt them. Acknowledging defeat Grom shrugged and followed. The Elves were too weary to follow.

No-one knows what happened next. Eltharion entered the Warden's tower with four of the bravest warriors of the battle. It is said that he spent the whole night there wrestling with the power of the watchstone, seeking to stabilise the vortex. He emerged in the morning, his face more grim than ever. None of his companions were ever seen again. A terrible price had been paid for the salvation of Ulthuan.



He emerged into a brilliant dawn to acknowledge the adulation of the crowd. The sun was bright, the storm had broken. The light of the newborn day gave Eltharion no joy. Neither the admiration of the crowd nor the cheers of the warriors could bring a smile to his thin and bloodless lips. The horror he had endured was to blight the rest of his life. Till the end of his days he was known as Eltharion the Grim.

No-one knows what happened to Grom. Some say he died of wounds inflicted by Eltharion when they met in the centre of the battle's maelstrom. Others say he lived and made his way to the haunted, magic-tainted mountains. Tales are told that he flew all the way back to the Old World mounted on Doomserpent. No-one knows for sure. He was never heard of again. Eltharion was acknowledged as the new Warden of Tor Yvresse, and he has ruled fairly and wisely for many years. Although on stormy nights he can often be seen on the balconies of the Warden's tower, brooding and shaking his fist at the uncaring sky.



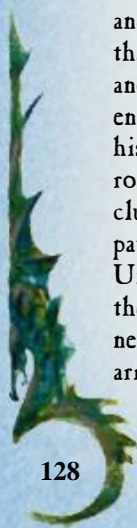


A hundred years ago the High Elf host of Lord Valoriel set sail across the ocean to Khemri. Some say that he sought the ancient wealth buried amongst the tombs of that land, others that he merely sought to escape from the dull routine of courtly life. Upon landing, he marched across the wasteland to a long abandoned city on the edge of the desert. His guides had warned him before they deserted that no one had dared trespass the ruins since their fall a thousand years ago. The Elven Lord sneered at such superstition. He was eager to recover the great treasure which he believed the ruins held. But he would not lay claim to his prize unchallenged. The old king of the city was long dead but he still ruled this land, destined to an eternal living death by the curse of Nagash. He had but one desire deep in his shrivelled heart, to defend the resting place of his ancestors. From their graves, his warriors stirred. Hundreds of Skeletons rose to face the might of the High Elves, willed into action by the power of the Tomb King and his servants. The battle would be bitter and bloody...

When Lord Valoriel, the High Elf commander, scanned the low hills beyond the ruins he sucked in his breath. He had not expected to be met by so many enemies. On the Undead army's left flank were positioned a brigade of Skeleton warriors, two massive units of spearmen sheltering behind ranks of archers. Behind them were catapults, constructed from the bones of some long-extinct behemoth, skulls piled beside them. Towering over the troops was a fleshless giant rocking from side to side and bellowing in a voice like thunder. Next were a mass of fast chariots and mounted warriors riding skeletal steeds. Positioned in the centre was a unit of deadly Bone Throwers above which circled giant vultures, Carrion, their bones protruding through their tattered wings. They croaked hungrily as they eyed the approaching Elves. To the left of these was a Dragon ridden by a hunched, black-cowled figure. Flesh hung from the monster's corpse, sulphurous fumes streamed from its rotting maw; a sick parody of the proud Dragon from Caledor which fought on the Elvish side. On the right was a colossal figure of stone, a hideous skeletal lion draped in outlandish armour. A statue, thought Valoriel, dragged to the battle lines to bring them the fortune of their dark gods.

Another large brigade of Skeletons armed with spears and bows guarded the Undead right flank. To outflank that brigade meant entering the precarious ruins of the ancient town. Their battle line was well guarded. The enemy general was no fool. Valoriel could see him in his chariot of bone, a mere husk wrapped in decaying robes, his golden crown and the glowing orb which he clutched in his withered hand the only indications of his pathetic majesty. Dotted evenly along the length of the Undead lines were the Tomb King's personal servants, the Liche Priests, gnarled masters of the art of necromancy, who would help control his shambling army.

Valoriel smiled contemptuously. This sorry gathering of the grave was no match for his warriors. The general stood in his chariot at his army's centre where he had concentrated the main thrust of his army, ranks of valiant Elven spearmen on each side of him, their flanks protected by units of archers. On his left flank he had placed a column of Reavers, swift at dealing death with their bows, and resplendent Silver Helms to protect the repeater bolt throwers at the head of the column, ably commanded by Aereadhe the mage who, as always in the calm before battle, was deep in meditation. Beyond the wizard was a unit of Elven archers intent on securing the woods that guarded the entrance to the ruined town. On his right flank were the chariots where rode the bravest of his warriors, whose valour had won them the right to bear the magical Battle Banner which had accompanied Valoriel's kin into battle for centuries. Nearby was the heroic Aaranniel, Lord of Castle Starn. Valoriel looked up at the clouds. His heart was gladdened by the sight of the giant eagles of Annulii, kings of the sky. So they had come as promised. Belching flame towards the lines of Undead was Arrach, the Dragon ridden by Prince Falunieras in his silver armour. The great serpent eyed the blasphemous form of the Undead Zombie Dragon with hatred. The Elven general turned to his messengers. "Go, my fleet-footed children, inform our lords that battle shall commence. He nodded at Iymfrë, his second in command, whose white horse pranced nervously at the stench coming from the ranks of the dead. "Now we shall win ourselves glory".





BATTLE FOR THE ISLAND OF BLOOD

The Island of Blood is a cursed place that lies off the southern coast of the Old World. When the High Elves fought their first great war against the forces of Chaos many millennia ago, a powerful magical artefact was hidden on the island. The High Elves have carefully guarded the artefact ever since, and for thousands of years it has remained untouched and almost forgotten.

And so things would have carried on, had not a half-crazed Skaven Warlock Engineer named Ratchitt not tricked a pair of feuding Warlords into invading the island with a huge chattering army. In doing so he started a chain of events that almost destroyed the Warhammer world.

THE PHOENIX STONE

The roots of the Battle for the Island of Blood stretch back thousands of years to the time of Aenarion the Defender. Aenarion was the first of the great Phoenix Kings, and it was he that led the fledgling High Elf race to arguably their greatest victory, by defeating the first great invasion made by the Chaos Gods. The story of this first Great War against Chaos is described in detail elsewhere, so suffice to say that the High Elves were only victorious at the cost of Aenarion's own life and the near destruction of the High Elves' island Kingdom of Ulthuan. Furthermore, since then it is only the mystical lodestones that the High Elves erected during that war that have kept the forces of Chaos at bay. Should they ever fail, the Warhammer world would be swamped by a new and even more terrible invasion.

However, while these are the most famous tales of those ancient times, they do not tell the whole story. When Aenarion first came to power he personally trained an elite body of knights. These mighty warriors were amongst his most trusted and able followers, and

were both capable warriors and powerful mages. It is likely that they were Aenarion's bodyguard, and that they fought at his side in his early battles against the forces of Chaos.

At some point however, they were entrusted with a special mission. While the bulk of the High Elf army fought against the Chaos invaders on Ulthuan, Aenarion's bodyguard were sent far away, to the island that is now known as the Island of Blood. That such powerful warriors were despatched to this far-off place could only mean that something of vital importance needed to be achieved there. Although there are no written records of what exactly transpired, the scant evidence available allows only one possible conclusion to be drawn. Caledor, most ancient and wise of the High Elf Mages of old, realised that there was a fatal flaw in the great spell he planned to cast that would drive back the Chaos hordes. This flaw was focused on the mysterious Island of Blood far to the south and east across the ocean. The knights were despatched to investigate further.

When the knights reached the Island they found that it was the location of an incredibly ancient temple, predating even the legendary Old Ones, at the heart of which was a rent in the very fabric of space and time itself. Through this rift the stuff of Chaos was leaking into the Warhammer world. Unless sealed it would eventually flood the Warhammer world with raw Chaos energy, and all of Caledor's plans would be for naught. According to the ancient legends, the brotherhood of knights were able to close the portal, but only by pouring their own life forces into a powerful magical talisman, the Phoenix Stone. As they used the talisman to close the rift, the knights swore to protect it for all eternity. This noble sacrifice proved to be just enough, and the rift was closed.

Following the final defeat of the forces of Chaos at Ulthuan, the High Elves returned to the Island of Blood. They erected twelve great statues around the Island of Blood, one for each of the brotherhood of knights that had so selflessly sacrificed themselves, and left a small force to garrison the ancient temple and protect the Phoenix Stone from anyone that might try and take it. It is said that the statues glow with an unearthly light and emit a blood-red mist from where the island takes its name. It is also said that at times of crisis they awake to protect the island from any attacker. Whatever the truth of this, the Phoenix Stone remained undisturbed and all but forgotten, until...

THE COMING OF THE SKAVEN

Hundreds of years after the first great incursion of Chaos, the Skaven emerged from the warpstone-blighted ruins of Skavenblight. In the millennia since they have carved out a vast Under-Empire that stretches all across the Warhammer world, from Estalia





to Cathay, and from the Northern Wastes to the Southlands. Skaven society is controlled by a structure of clans, each of which is dominated by powerful rulers that have risen to the top through a combination of cunning, brute strength and guile. Clan Skryre is amongst the most powerful of all of these clans. The Warlock Engineers that rule the Great Clan are masters of an insane blend of magic and science that has produced, amongst other things, the dreaded Warfire Throwers and warpstone-powered Doomwheel. These devices are much sought after by the Warlords of the clans, and have served to make Clan Skryre both rich and influential.

One of the rising stars of Clan Skryre is a Warlock Engineer known as Ratchitt, a crazed genius whose reputation for inventing new and powerful artefacts is just beginning to spread through the Under-Empire. Unfortunately for the young Warlock Engineer, Skaven society is riven by discord and feuds, and a new talent can often be seen as a potential threat or rival, rather than an asset. Petty jealousy of this kind forced Ratchitt into hiding, and he sought aid from outside his own clan in his bid to seize power.

While still in self-imposed exile, Ratchitt came across information about the Island of Blood, and the fabled magical artefact known as the Phoenix Stone that was hidden there. He knew little about the Phoenix Stone other than its name, but became obsessed with the idea

The half dead bleeding sentry burst through the door of the watch tower and collapsed on the decking, a foul bat pinned to the back of his neck.

"Flee! They are coming..." he groaned, before his life drained away.

Killing the vampire bat with a swipe of his sword, Commander Dalthimar looked out through the door of the watch tower. The woods and hills of the Anulii seemed to have come eerily to life before his eyes as vicious snarling wolves, swarms of long-fanged bats and hideous ghastly apparitions surged forward mere yards from the steps of the tower.

"To arms my fellow defenders of Ulthuan!" he ordered.

The Guardians of the tower and the wounded they were tending suddenly sprang to life, strapping on armour, grabbing their pole arms and axes and rushing out the door to bravely face the tide of filth approaching the gleaming citadel. Grim determination lit their eyes like an eldritch fire.

Dalthimar mounted his horse outside the tower and brought it around to face the mass of undead monstrosities.

"You fought the legions of Chaos on Albion and bested them." He bellowed to his brave troops, "Cast aside your pain and fever, for Ulthuan needs you once more!"

that it would give him the power he needed to rise to prominence in his clan. Once the idea took hold he pursued it with a maniacal cunning, first finding his way to the Island of Blood, and then conceiving an invention of rare genius that would disperse the island's magic defences and allow him access to the temple that held the Phoenix Stone. All he needed to fulfil his plan was an army that could destroy the High Elf garrison and leave him free to seize the Phoenix Stone for himself.

Fortunately for Ratchitt, Clan Klaw – a large and powerful Warlord clan in the Under-Empire – was in the throes of a vicious civil war. The conflict between Verminkin and Spinetail, the Warlord and Chieftain respectively, had been brought about by an intense rivalry common to the treacherous politics of the Skaven.

Verminkin had been the ruler of Clan Klaw for some time, until he found his position undermined by the machinations of his arch-rival Spinetail. The two powerful Warlords hated each other with an all-consuming passion, and soon their animosity broke into open warfare. The streets of Skavenblight ran red with the spilt blood of Clanrats from the rival factions, in a conflict that was vicious even by the standards of that misbegotten realm. However, neither chieftain was able to gain an overwhelming advantage over the other.

As the conflict dragged on with no end in sight, Ratchitt saw his chance. He approached both Warlords in turn, promising Verminkin the chance to gain an artefact that would defeat his hated rival, while promising Spinetail the chance to ambush and kill Verminkin while he was fighting the High Elves on the Island of Blood. Both Warlords, their natural cunning clouded by the hatred they felt for each other, fell into Ratchitt's trap, and agreed to help him with his plans. Even the sinister Grey Seers were lulled into a false sense of security by Ratchitt's promises that his plan would result in the overly powerful Clan Klaw being all but destroyed in the coming conflict. None suspected that Ratchitt's real goal was to gain the Phoenix Stone and seize power for himself.

THE INVASION

Initially Ratchitt's plan went like clockwork. The arcane device he had built to drain the magic energy from the strange statues that protected the Island of Blood functioned perfectly. For the first time in thousands of years the strange red glow that the statues emanated disappeared, and with it the magical wards that had stopped the Skaven from using their tunnels to reach the Island of Blood.

Ratchitt led Warlord Verminkin through the tunnels to the island, their advance being closely shadowed by Warlord Spinetail's Gutter Runners. It was at this point that an incident occurred that was to have a major impact on the campaign. As the Skaven emerged blinking into the sunlight, they encountered Kortharion, a High Elf Mage, and Kalaer, a Bladelord





of the Sword Masters of Hoeth, who had ridden to investigate the disturbance caused by Ratchitt's device. Although terribly outnumbered, these two mighty heroes cut a bloody swathe through the Skaven ranks, and for a moment it seemed like the invasion would be stopped before it had begun. It was only when Ratchitt's warlock pistol cut Kortharion down that the tables turned. Unable to stop the Skaven on his own Kaelor fled.

However, as Kortharion lay mortally wounded, he unleashed a magical cry for help. The desperate plea was heard in far-off Ulthuan and, much closer to hand, by a young Mage named Caladris on board the High Elf warship Flame of Asuryan. In both cases the cry was heeded, and much needed reinforcements started to make their way towards the beleaguered island.

Ratchitt, Verminkin and Spinetail knew none of this, of course. The tunnels they had used to get to the Island of Blood emerged on the northern side of the island, while their goal lay on the southern coast. Even under normal circumstances the march would have been treacherous and time-consuming. However, not even the Phoenix Stone could contain entirely the corruption caused by the rent in the fabric of reality, and over the millennia the Island of Blood had been warped and changed. The flora and fauna of the island, even the rocks themselves had mutated, creating a nightmare landscape that was both hideous and deadly. At every turn the Skaven were beset by new horrors and grave dangers, forcing the ratmen to pay a bloody toll in dead and wounded for each yard that they advanced towards their goal.

THE ARRIVAL OF ALTHRAN STORMRIDER

As the Skaven marched slowly across the island, they would have been horrified to discover that the High Elves were aware of their attack, and that help had already arrived. The Flame of Asuryan had been within a few hours sail of the island, and upon hearing Kortharion's warning its crew wasted no time in rushing to the aid of the island's garrison. While Caladris hastened to join the main garrison, Prince Althran Stormrider, captain of the Flame of Asuryan, led a small force to intercept the invading forces of the Skaven.

Meanwhile, Verminkin pressed on. As he did so, he was unaware that he was being closely followed by troops loyal to Spinetail. Soon the two armies were all but intermingled. Verminkin, at the head of the column, had no idea that his most hated rival was just behind him, waiting for the most opportune moment to attack.

Althran intercepted the Skaven just as they came into sight of the ancient temple that housed the Phoenix Stone and was the High Elf stronghold. Althran led the attack himself, swooping from the skies atop the back of his Griffon to attack Verminkin, while the rest of his

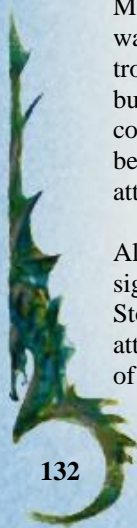
force attacked Verminkin's army. Althran very nearly killed the Skaven Warlord at the first strike, but Verminkin had not ruled his clan for so long without becoming a mighty warrior in his own right, and he quickly turned the tables on the High Elf noble. Meanwhile the inventions and devices that Ratchitt had brought with him drove back the rest of the High Elf relief force, and Prince Althran was forced to retreat. Realising that he lacked the strength to stop the Skaven on his own, Althran ordered his surviving troops to join the garrison, while he harried the Skaven column from the air on the back of his Griffon.

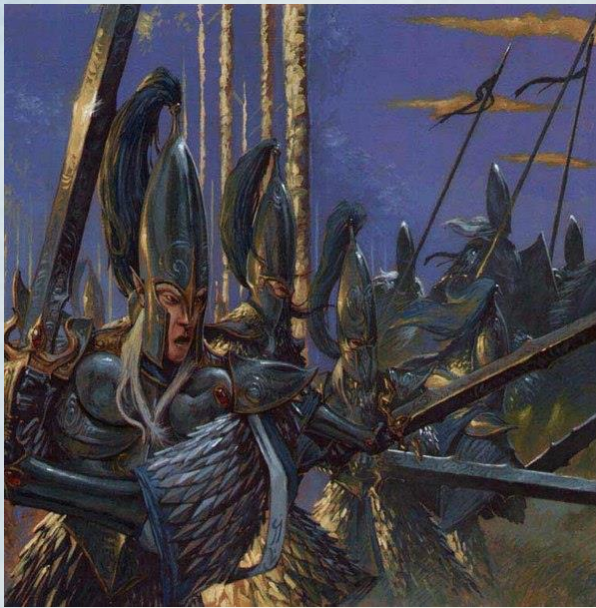
THE SKAVEN ASSAULT BEGINS

The Skaven were now within sight of their goal. The temple that held the Phoenix Stone was cut off from the mainland by a stone bridge, that was in turn protected by a curtain wall studded with fang-lined turrets. As the huge Skaven army descended on the plains around the temple, the High Elf garrison rushed to man this outer defence, unleashing a deadly barrage on the Skaven from the batteries of Repeater Bolt Throwers that were hidden in the turrets.

As the Skaven continued their advance, the fire from the Bolt Throwers was joined by flights of arrows unleashed by the archers that manned the serpentine walls between the towers. The ground over which the Skaven were forced to make their attack was barren and devoid of cover, and the High Elf missile fire quickly started to exact a bloody toll on the poorly armoured Clanrats.

However, as the Skaven warriors struggled to weather this storm of fire, Ratchitt's evil genius was once again to make a difference. Aware of the fortress walls that protected the temple, Ratchitt had built a pair of Warp Lightning Cannons of prodigious power – by far the most potent of such devices ever built. As the Skaven army sold their lives in an effort to distract the defenders on the fortress wall, Ratchitt supervised his





Skavenslaves as they prepared to fire the weapons. The cannons started to shake and vibrate as barely contained energy built up in the weapons' huge condenser coils, until with a thunderous explosion they unleashed a massive warp lightning bolt at the wall. For seconds nothing happened, and then with a terrible heaving groan the ancient wall collapsed, hurling most of the High Elf defenders to their deaths, and leaving the way to the temple open.

The few dazed survivors fell back to the narrow bridge the separated the temple from the mainland, the victorious Skaven chasing hard at their heels. Wheeling down from the sky Prince Althran joined Kalaer and a thin line of Sword Masters as they prepared to defend the bridge against the Skaven horde. Outnumbered by hundreds to one, there seemed little chance that the High Elves would be able to stem the Skaven assault.

Fortunately for the High Elves – and indeed all of the inhabitants of the Warhammer world – help was just at hand. To the west the billowing sails of an entire High Elf fleet topped the horizon, and soon regiments of High Elf warriors were disembarking on the shore not far from the temple. However, between them and the outnumbered defenders on the bridge lay a vast Skaven army, made up now of almost the entirety of Clan Klaw. Huge regiments of Clanrats and Skavenslaves lay in the path of the High Elf reinforcements, their ranks bolstered by a Screaming Bell and a Plague Furnace, while everywhere units of Poisoned Wind Globadiers, Warfire Throwers and Skaven Jezzails emerged to unleash their deadly missiles upon the High Elves before scurrying back behind the regiments that shielded them. Undaunted, the High Elves continued to disembark with steely discipline, and then marched forward in serried ranks to engage the Skaven horde. Within moments a furious combat had erupted along the shoreline, as the High Elves struggled to reach the temple, and the Skaven fought savagely to stop them. Meanwhile, on the bridge the sheer numbers of the Skaven were starting to tell. Kaeler finally fell, his

body torn in half by the brute strength of a Skaven Rat Ogre, and it was only the timely intervention of Prince Althran and a contingent of troops from the Flame of Asuryan that stopped the Skaven from reaching the temple itself. It was by now clear to Caladris that there was little chance of the reinforcements breaking through the Skaven army before the vile ratmen reached the Phoenix Stone. Although it might cost him his life, the only chance of stopping the Skaven in time lay in harnessing the power of the Phoenix Stone, and using it to unleash a spell with enough potency to drive back the Skaven horde. Turning on his heel, he dashed back into the temple to find the Phoenix Stone and tap into its unearthly power.

THE FINAL BATTLE

But, even as Caladris rushed to find the Phoenix Stone, the dreadful tolling of the Skaven Screaming Bell began to ring across the battlefield. As it built in intensity it drove the Skaven into a frenzied rage. The High Elf reinforcements on the beach found themselves being driven back by the onslaught, while at the temple the Skaven surged across the bridge and almost reached the other side.

It was at this moment that two things occurred that tipped the balance of the battle. At the stone bridge Warlord Verminkin was finally confronted by his arch-rival Spinetail. Driven to berserk fury by the sight of his most hated enemy, he surged forward to attack him, only to be cut down by a shot from Ratchitt's warlock pistol. With a gurgling cry Verminkin fell from the bridge and into the sea below, leaving Spinetail in command of the entire Skaven army. Crucially, however, this fight between the rival leaders slowed the attack across the bridge, buying Caladris vital time to reach the Phoenix Stone.

As these events were unfolding, on the western shore another High Elf ship had arrived. It moved with supernatural swiftness, and was superbly constructed even for a High Elf ship. As it hove to the shore, a great cry went up from the High Elf army, for they recognised the craft as that belonging to Prince Tyrion. Kust the sight of the craft caused the High Elves fighting on the beach to take heart and redouble their efforts. As they pushed the Skaven back, Tyrion burst from his flagship on the back of his steed Malhandir, galloping across the beach and plunging through the Skaven lines straight towards the Screaming Bell. Cutting down ratmen left and right, Tyrion reached the bell in an instant, and proceeded to hew it apart in a flurry of blows and magical attacks. With a last terrible clang the Screaming Bell fell to the ground, and then fell silent. The ensuing quiet was shattered by a mighty cheer, as the High Elves on the beach drove forward and started to cut their way through the stunned Skaven troops that opposed them on the battlefield.

"Fill the sea with their stinking hides. I forbid any of you to die until we have cleansed the world of this filth."

- Prince Althran Stormrider



However, although the bell had been destroyed, Prince Althran was now all that stood between Spinetail, Ratchitt and the temple that held the Phoenix Stone. They both knew that whoever reached the talisman first would be the victor, no matter what happened to the rest of the Skaven army. Spinetail urged Ratchitt to cut down the High Elf prince with his warlock pistol, but, overcome by greed, Ratchitt instead turned it upon the Skaven Warlord, determined to ensure that no-one else should get to the Phoenix Stone before he did. Unfortunately for the Warlock Engineer at this vital moment his pistol malfunctioned, exploding in his hand and leaving Spinetail unharmed. Ratchitt was forced to flee from the battlefield, hurling bitter curses at Spinetail and promises of vengeance at Prince Althran as he did so.

Ignoring the cowardly Warlock Engineer, Spinetail ordered his bodyguard of red-armoured Stormvermin to cut down Althran and clear the way to the temple. Prince Althran knew that not even Tyrion could reach him in time, and steeled himself to sell his life as dearly as possible. But then, miraculously, the Skaven stopped in their tracks. Behind Althran a group of unearthly figures had emerged from the gates of the temple. At their head was Caldris, his body suffused by magical energy, and beside him stood the spirits of the twelve knights, fulfilling their promise to protect the Phoenix Stone for all eternity. As Spinetail gawped, Caldris and the brotherhood of knights combined their powers to create a spell of unimaginable power. It poured forth from Caldris and into the the Skaven

Warlord, and then surged on in a tide of cerulean fire to engulf the rest of the Skaven horde. Everything the magical fire touched was consumed, the few stunned survivors fleeing headlong from this terrifying display of magical might. In an instant the entire Skaven army had been destroyed, and the Phoenix Stone had been saved.

AFTERMATH

In the aftermath of the battle, the ethereal knights vanished once more, their spirits returning to the twelve statues that continued to stand guard over the Island of Blood. High Elf scouts later discovered the device Ratchitt had constructed to disable the Island's magical wards, but it had already been destroyed by an unknown hand. With its destruction the magical statues that protected the island began to function, and the Island of Blood was safe once more.

Warlord Verminkin somehow managed to survive both Ratchitt's attack and his fall from the bridge. He returned to Skavenblight, bitter but wiser, and now rules Clan Klaw once more. Not that there was much of the clan left to rule, of course, as most of it had been annihilated in the fighting on the Island of Blood. However, although it will take some years for Clan Klaw to rebuild its strength, Verminkin takes comfort in the fact that his greatest rival has been destroyed.

Only time will tell if Ratchitt survived, or whether he was the final victim of the Island of Blood...

THE BREACH OF UNICORN GATE

In the midst of the winter of 2498 a brutal Dark Elf offensive led by Nihlesh of Naggaroth struck simultaneously at Griffon and Unicorn Gates. Although the gates held in both locations, Dark Elf Corsairs managed to scale the walls of Unicorn Gate. Fighting with incredible ferocity their raiding force was able to capture the east postern gate, if only for a few hours, the lethal form of Nihlesh scything down the Spearmen who sought to recapture it with his glittering longsword.

Although the Unicorn Gate garrison was able to recapture the postern gate after several hours of intense fighting, slaughtering the Corsairs and driving Nihlesh into retreat, they were not swift enough to prevent a sizeable force passing through and into Ellyrion. Several hundred Dark Elf Warriors, their advance heralded by swift Dark Riders and vicious Shades, quickly set upon the nearby villages, putting all to the torch in a display of violence and cruelty that sent shockwaves throughout Ulthuan. With the garrisons of Eagle Gate and Griffon Gate still locked in battle and Prince Ulthrain of Avelorn unable to spare troops for fear of his own lands coming under attack, the court of the Phoenix King, Finubar the Seafarer, was swift to search out some other general upon whom to place the burden of hunting down the Naggarothi intruders within Ellyrion.

Prince Althran, known as the Stormrider for his previous exploits within the fleets of Ulthuan, was given the dubious honour for the task. No sooner had the instruction been given than Althran sent his chief retainer, Anthaen Silverbrow to his family estates in northern Eataine to gather the Silver Stars and the family battle standard and bring with them Morai's Harvest, an ancient and valued Repeater Bolt Thrower. As a sign of his own favour, Finubar assigned Kanedas, one of his personal heralds, and a company of White Lions to assist in the endeavour. Others at court quickly acted to support Althran's task. Admiral Albreth, an

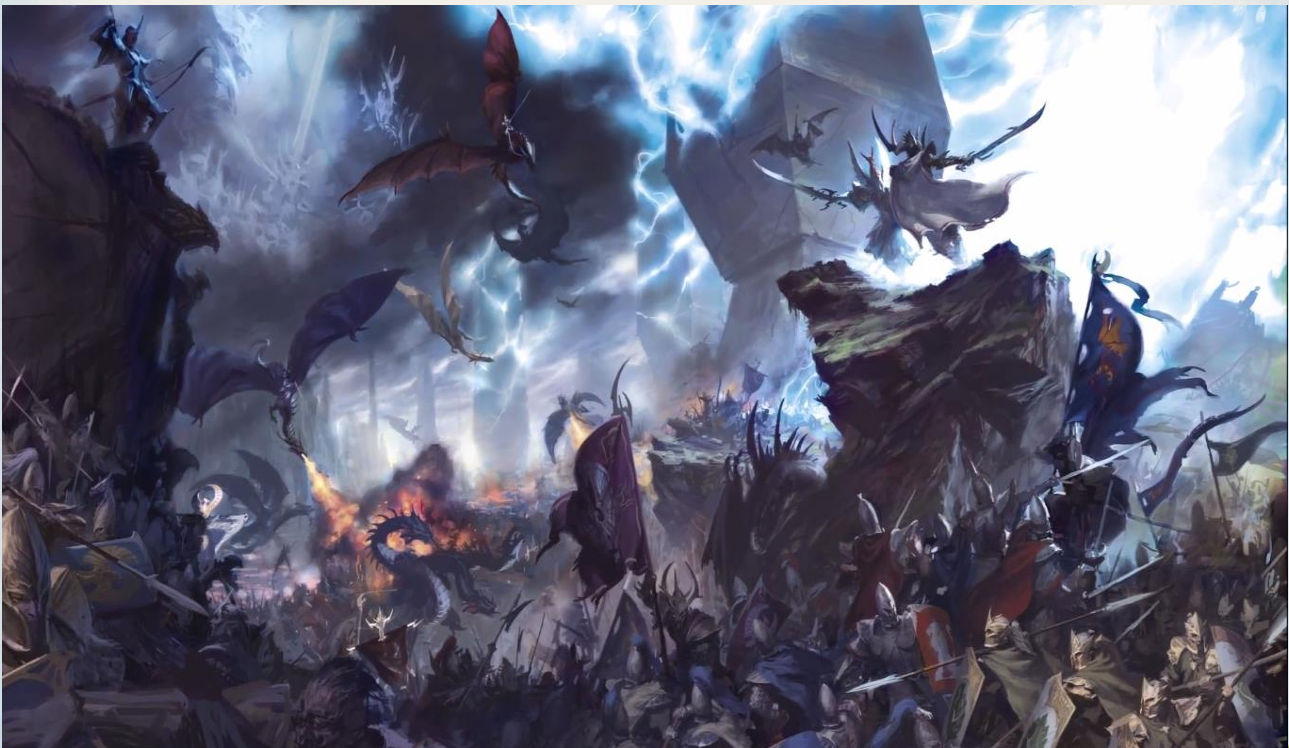
old ally and mentor of Althran, offered both a company of Sea Guard and an Eagle Ship to convey Althran's taskforce across the Inner Sea. Torian Doomblaze pledged the support of Caledor, departing quickly to gather further reinforcements from the fortresses that nestle amidst the Dragonspine Mountains.

Departing Lothorn with all haste Althran's commandeered Eagle Ship paused first to put ashore at the Shrine of Asuryan to take on board a company of Phoenix Guard. Days later it stopped again on the coast of Saphery to collect his old friend and ally Caladris before continuing to Ellyrion.

Within two weeks of the Dark Elf raiding force passing through from Nagarythe, Prince Althran brought them to battle. Marching at the head of his army, Althran had only to follow the towering pillars of smoke that rose from the normally serene landscape of Ellyrion. The first encounter of the Stormrider's force was swift and decisive as Althran, atop Sharpclaw, brought a company of Dark Elf Spearmen to heel, purposely driving them into the jaws of a trap - Caladris and the rest of the army hiding in the lee of a hill until the Dark Elves were too close to escape. The butchery lasted scant minutes.

As the High Elves had hoped, the slaughter of some sixty Dark Elves drew the rest of their kind in like moths to a flame, hungry for revenge. Battle was joined upon the grassy slopes of the Emerald Hills, east of Tor Elyr and the Dark Elf invaders were utterly destroyed.

In the aftermath of the battle, the Dark Elf prisoners were executed without ceremony, the corpses of the slain piled high and burnt. Their duty done, the High Elves returned to their provinces to grieve the fallen.







THE GLITTERING HOST

The armies of the High Elves have been at war for thousands of years. In that time, they have mastered every facet of battle; every stratagem, tactic and ploy. Though each of the ten kingdoms pursues its own chosen ways of war, from this diversity comes strength. Acting together, with all the forces at their command, the lords and princes of Ulthuan can achieve glorious victories they would otherwise be denied. The nobles may boast that battles are won by the glorious charge of Dragon Princes, the axes of the White Lions or the unsurpassed magics of mages, but the deeds of citizen spearmen and archers are no less vital. Every soldier must play his part if victory is to be won.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used in the army of the High Elves. It provides the background, imagery, characteristic profiles and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core troops to special characters, and from the Lore of High Magic to the magic items used by their foremost heroes.



ARMY SPECIAL RULES

ELVEN GRACE

Models with this special rule have the Dodge (6+) special rule in close combat. However, this cannot be used against enemies that attack before the model with Elven Grace.

MARTIAL PROWESS

The High Elves possess a natural skill that far outstrips what ordinary mortals possess. When combined with decades of martial training, it creates a warrior elite the likes of which few can comprehend. Discipline and precision are the hallmarks of the High Elf warhost and every soldier knows his place, and can trust those around him to do likewise. Each warrior practices his function until he is able to react with lightning speed to any situation. The result of such intense and effective training is an army that can think faster, act more decisively and is more proficient than any other. High Elf soldiers rely heavily on their excellent training and peerless discipline to survive against foes far more brutal and savage.

Models with this special rule (but not any mounts) may re-roll all To Hit rolls of 1 when making close combat attacks.

VALOUR OF AGES

When the High Elves war with their sundered kin there is not one amongst the host who does not give his all. Uncertainty, dread, dismay; all are banished from the mind until the din of battle fades and weapons can be set at ease once more.

If your opponent's army roster contains one or more models from *Warhammer: Dark Elves*, models with this special rule re-roll all failed Panic tests and have Immunity (Fear).



ELVEN BOWS AND LONGBOWS

Elven bows are the finest missile weapons of their kind. Constructed from ithilmar or rare and flexible woods from the Elf forests layered with bone, with strings woven from the hair of Elf maidens, Elven bows are far superior to any missile weapons made by other races. It's lighter and less bulky than a standard bow, but its unusual construction prevents all but the most skilled archers from using it. In the hands of an Elven archer, the Elf bow is a truly potent weapon, its long range and penetrating power making it far superior to any bow made by humans.

Elven Bows follow the rules for Bows. Elven Longbows follow the rules for Longbows. All shots with these weapons have the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

LILEATH'S BLESSING

High Elves are far better attuned to the ebb and flow of the winds of magic than other races and can sense dangerous changes almost before they happen.

A Wizard with this special rule add +1 to all dispel attempts.

ITHILMAR BARDING

Forged by Elven smiths, ithilmar is a priceless metal known for its lightweight and durability; it serves as an excellent alternative to steel or iron mail. However, given its rarity, ithilmar metal is rarely found anywhere outside of the Elven kingdoms. Barding made from ithilmar gives the same protection as heavy tempered steel, but without slowing down the steed that wears it.

Ithilmar barding follows all the rules for barding in the *Warhammer* rulebooks, except that the mount suffers no penalty to its Movement from it.



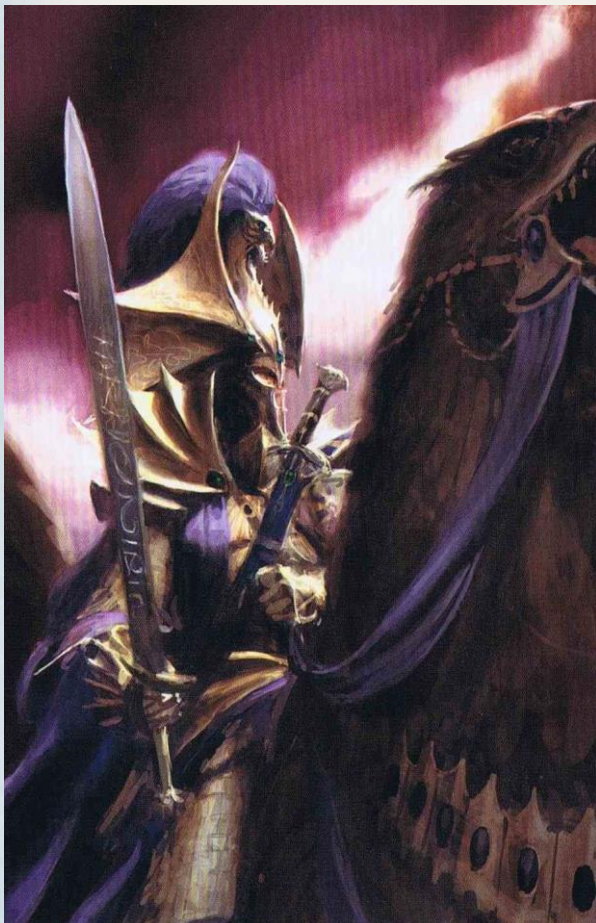


COMMANDERS

The noble families of Ulthuan have led the High Elves through times of peace and conflict for thousands of years. They pride themselves on a deep sense of honour, as well as the mastery of both diplomacy and war as art forms, taught to them from a young age. The High Elves believe an existence lived without precision to be hollow, and scarcely preferable to death. In times of conflict they demonstrate this prowess through their flexibility, and any Elf prince is just at home fighting with sword in bloody melee as he is loosing deathly accurate arrows from afar, or commanding their armies from a distance, directing the flow of battle as need dictates.

Foolish weaklings of the lesser races sometimes misinterpret this as cowardice, but they are mistaken. On the contrary, far too many of the High Elf nobles die fighting in the press of combat and their people would often be better served if their commanders were less brave, not more so. While other races may throw their leaders recklessly into the thick of battle, the Asur are not a prolific race and so when a noble falls, he is mourned, and the loss keenly felt.

Though they are loyal to the Phoenix King even unto death, all High Elves of noble blood love intrigue and politics. Unfortunately, this sometimes means that armies are trusted to individuals based on political alignment, rather than on ability. Fortunately these instances are rare – when the safety of Ulthuan is at stake, few Phoenix Kings have suffered such idiocy for long. There is no shortage of brave and talented commanders among the Asur, and courtly intrigue seldom prevents such individuals from harnessing their skills.



Most High Elf nobles master the art of warfare as a member of the Silver Helm knights, elite bands of Elven warriors who fight atop majestic Elven steeds. Once they have proven themselves as a Silver Helm, these young nobles are free to perfect other styles of fighting. Depending on their wealth and the kingdom of their birth, the princes of Ulthuan fight in many different ways. Those of Tiranoc typically do battle from the back of swift-wheeled chariots, while the lords of Lothorn often stand, spear and bow in hand, amongst the ranks of the Sea Guard. Those with the greatest wealth might ride upon a Great Eagle or Griffon or, in the case of the mightiest princes of Caledor, upon a Dragon. Such steeds are invariably a symbol of status, as well as lending a brutal advantage in the midst of battle.

Depending on their wealth and the kingdom of their birth they fight in many different ways. The Princes of Tiranoc typically do battle from the back of swift and deadly chariots, while the lords of Lothorn often stand, spear and bow in hand beside the regiments of Sea Guard. Those with the greatest wealth may ride upon a Great Eagle or Griffon or in the case of the mightiest Princes of Caledor upon a Dragon. Such steeds are invariably a symbol of status, as well as a deadly advantage in battle.

Wherever they hail from, High Elf commanders are agile and incredibly dangerous, able to strike down their foes with unmatched swiftness. They are experts with a myriad of weapons, equally deadly with a lance, spear, halberd, or longbow, able to penetrate even the most resolute defence with a spear thrust or shoot a foe through the eye while riding at full gallop. Princes of the highest rank even wield weapons of legend, magical heirlooms fashioned upon Vaul's forge and held by their families for hundreds, if not thousands, of years. For many families, ownership of such an artefact constitutes their line's right to regal status. Any prince who brings one to battle will therefore fight all the harder, for he and his family can ill-afford for the blade to be lost to the foe, or be dishonoured by defeat or cowardice.

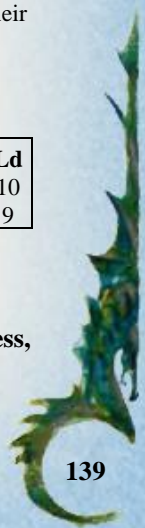
Yet, whilst a magic weapon might make a noble a prince, it does not make him a general. This comes from his keen mind, his courage and his sense of duty. Thus does Ulthuan forge the finest commanders in the world, leaders able to read the ebb and flow of unfolding battle, knowing when to commit forces, when to retreat and when Ulthuan must call for the ultimate sacrifice from her defenders.

The sharp, incisive minds of Ulthuan's nobility make them the finest generals in the world, able to read the ebb and flow of battle before it unfolds. They possess courage that is second to none, and an unshakable sense of duty to both their warriors and their nation. Much is expected of the lords of Ulthuan for they more so than any others, will shape the future of the High Elves.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Prince	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10
Noble	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.



MAGES

High Elf Mages are the greatest practitioners of magic in the world, born of a race who have studied the power of magic throughout their long lives. By lineage and inclination, the High Elves are a magical race, the flow of power is strong within their blood. Many of their kind show some talent in the subtle art of sorcery, though only the most gifted young Asur who have proven their dedication beyond doubt are given the privilege of being taught the art within the Tower of Hoeth.

Fascinated by the secrets of sorcery, the High Elves have practised their magic for untold millennia, long before the coming of Man, and their mages' nimble minds can embrace a deeper understanding of its subtleties and whims than other wizards. It is well that this is so, for without the magics of the High Elf mages, Ulthuan would have long since have slipped beneath the waves or been overwhelmed by the black sorceries of Naggarothi sorcerers. Indeed, not only Ulthuan, but the entire world owes much to the disciplined and selfless actions of High Elf mages. It is by their efforts that the Great Vortex and the network of waystones that feed it are maintained, and the dread power of Chaos thus kept in abeyance. The need for powerful Mages and careful, scrupulous mastery of magic in High Elf society is as great as anywhere, and the Elves that devote their lives to magic are treated with the same respect and honour as lords. In Ulthuan, those who devote their lives to magic are treated with the highest respect and honour.

On the eastern shores of the Sea of Dreams lies the magical realm of Saphery. Though each kingdom has its own magical traditions and methods of scholarship,

Saphery is the realm most famed for its mages, and all the princes and nobles of that realm are sorcerous of awesome power. At the heart of this land stands the White Tower of Hoeth, the shrine to the god of Wisdom, built over twenty centuries ago on the orders of the Phoenix King Bel-Korhadris, the Scholar King. This bone-white structure rises far above the surrounding forests, its heights often obscured in cloud. Within the walls of the Tower of Hoeth is held the entire magical knowledge of the High Elves, collected and compiled through the centuries by the greatest of Asur mages and scholars. It is little wonder that the greatest reliquary of Elven magical knowledge also serves to warehouse the finest works of art and literature the world has ever seen. The White Tower of Saphery is not to be mistaken for a simple museum, for it serves as a place of higher learning for the most scholarly of pursuits. It is here that Elves deemed worthy to learn the ancient ways of magic are sent and the greatest collection of mages, Loremasters and scholars in the world endeavour to perfect their mastery of the sorcerous arts. It is a place of wonders unbounded, where mages strive to harness every aspect of the Winds of Magic. Such is the reputation of that place that Elves from across Ulthuan flock there, to learn the arts of magic from the greatest practitioners in the world. It is a place of wonders unbounded, where Mages strive to harness every aspect of the Winds of Magic. They easily master the coarse magic that lesser races spend a lifetime crudely bending to their will.

An aspirant to the White Tower is expected to swiftly gain a proficiency in the eight Lores of Magic, and once they have shown sufficient prowess, their true education can begin. Through decades, and often centuries, of painstaking research and scrupulous study, they learn to master magic in its purest form, an art known simply as High Magic. The study and practice of High Magic is a mystery that requires an understanding of the Winds of Magic that few mortal creatures are capable of achieving. Also known as True Magic or 'Qhaysh' in the tongue of the High Elves, the spells of High Magic possess a versatility and efficiency of use unmatched by anything



BLESSINGS OF ISHA

Before a promising youngster is taught the dangerous path of the True Mage, he will be shown some simple prayers and enchantments to bring down the blessings of the divine Isha. These are far less dangerous for the caster and can be safely employed by even the most untutored talent.

These blessings are of limited use on the battlefield, intended as they are to help the apprentice in his daily tasks and to relieve the simple Elven folk of some of the drudgery of their daily chores. However, they allow the tutor-mages to easily assess the potential of their charges and show which of their number is favoured by the gods. So it is that mages can perform all manner of tricks and illusions when in a lighter mood, and never need mundane servants.

It is even said that the Elven farmers who live near the White Tower never plough their own fields as every year there is another crop of novices eager to show their skills.



employed by Human Wizards. It is the unique physiology of the Elves that grants them an inherent acuity to the ebb and flow of the Winds of Magic. This heightened awareness allows Elven Mages to sense any imbalances while weaving their spells. Coupled with decades of instruction under the Mages of the White Tower, an Archmage of even a modest skill is capable of manipulating most, if not all, of the Winds of Magic to his purposes.

Those who have mastered this most challenging of lores hold the entire spectrum of magic at their command. At a High Mage's word, shimmering fields of magical energy spring into being to protect his allies, and the fires of courage blaze anew within their hearts. The truly gifted can even becalm the Winds of Magic themselves, collapsing a raging tempest until naught but a gentle breeze remains, denying the enemy their violent spells and thwarting their efforts to muster even the smallest enchantment. Many High Elf Mages prefer to bring the lesser lores to battle in defence of their realm, but the greatest always wield High Magic against Ulthuan's foes. At their command arrows unerringly find their targets and shimmering fields of magical energy ward off the weapons of the enemy. The fire of Asuryan himself can be unleashed on the unworthy foe and their magical weapons are rendered useless by the fury of Vaul's forge. High Magic brings hope to the Asur, and doom to their enemies.

Yet it should not be thought that High Magic is reserved for defensive means alone. With but a wave of his hand, a High Mage can call down the wrath of the heavens, paralyse his foes, or immolate whole regiments with Asuryan's fire. It is little wonder then, that in times of strife, the Phoenix King will beseech the Tower of Hoeth for aid. The Loremasters of Saphery never shirk from their duty, for they know that their gifts stand between Ulthuan and annihilation.

In times of strife, the Phoenix King will request the aid of Saphery. Those battle mages who accompany our armies are masters of their art, wielding awesome powers with which to strike down their enemies. With skill derived through arduous study they deflect the spells of the enemy, becalming the Winds of Magic themselves, as they put years of learning and lore into practice. A swiftly spoken incantation by a High Elf maw can embolden wavering allies, summoning the glory of the Golden Age of Ulthuan to the minds of the High Elves and steadying fearful hearts. Likewise, a mage can immolate an entire

"While lesser races must study magic in its corrupted broken form, our Mages harness its power as pure mystical energy. Our minor spells, those Lores taught to the humans by mighty Teclis, are but a pale reflection of the power that can be wielded by an Asur fully trained in the magical arts of the White Tower.

The ebb and flow of the winds of magic are ours to command, summoning great energy into ourselves or denying it to the enemy. The tumultuous eddies of magic can be smoothed, and used to alter our material realm, while the most accomplished mages can enter the realm of magic and leave behind their physical shell."

- Loremaster Haydrel, Archmage of the White Tower

regiment of enemy warriors - directing the vengeful fires of Asuryan against the foe and blasting flesh from bone. Many a battle has been won by the famed mages of the White Tower of Hoeth, their mighty spells and fiery blasts prevailing when sword and spear might not.

Traditionally High Elf Mages fulfil an advisory capacity when they join the armies of Ulthuan. Wise commanders willingly lean on the advice of a mage that accompanies him, for such is their learning from the arcane tomes contained within the White Tower that Mages possess an insight that is beyond the grasp of those who cannot wield magic. A mage often knows well how to confront the more bizarre foes like the Undead or Daemons of Chaos. They alone can plan for the protection of their fellows against enemy spells. Such versatility has even led to Mages being given command of whole armies, a state of affairs that is especially common for the armies of Saphery.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Arch Mage	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9
Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Mages are Wizard that uses spells any of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook or High Magic.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Lileath's Blessing, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.



DRAGON MAGES

Among the Mages of Ulthuan, there are a few who spurn their training at the White Tower, leaving the care of their tutors and embarking on a life of violence and warfare within the armies of Ulthuan. These are the Dragon Mages, vibrant and impetuous youths to whom the call to ride to war upon a Dragon is an irresistible urge. Though few in numbers, the impact of the Dragon Mages upon the armies of Ulthuan has been massive, for they have a natural affinity with the slumbering Sun Dragons, and can awaken them for battle with little more than a spoken word.

Into every generation of the Caledorian nobility, a handful of Dragon Mages are born, Elves who have a sensitivity not only to magic, but also to the minds of slumbering Dragons. Many nascent Dragon Mages only recognise their destiny when their sleep becomes haunted by dreams of fire and blood, in which they ride Dragons the colour of the setting sun. Such dreams mark the dying days of a mage's tutelage, for they herald an impetuosity that is ill-suited to the study of anything other than Fire Magic.

The first known Dragon Mage was Caelith Fireheart. Born in the last year of Aethis the Poet's reign, Caelith was little more than a child in the eyes of the High Elves when he claimed one of the famed Sunstaves from the Caves of Dreaming and awoke the Sun Dragon Rilgaur. Caelith and the newly awoken Rilgaur brought aid to the army of Mentheus at Griffon Gate, leading a devastating charge that crushed the flank of the Dark Elf host and allowed the wily old Mentheus to rout the enemy from the field. When the fighting was over, Mentheus greeted Caelith and first coined the name Dragon Mage in reference to the courageous young Mage.



In every generation since, a handful of Dragon Mages have emerged from the aspirant Mages studying the Winds of Magic at the Tower of Hoeth. They are found among the most impetuous and fiery students, and almost without exception they are of Caledorian descent. Once they begin to study the Lore of Fire, the first of the Lore's taught at the Tower, their aggressive and warlike nature becomes even more apparent. Each is plagued by dreams of fire and blood, in which they ride upon Dragons the colour of the setting sun. Soon the only desire of these youths is to seek out their destiny as a Dragon Mage. Indeed, once they have been approved as competent with Fire magic by their tutors at the Tower, they set off on the long journey back to Caledor and the caves below the Dragon Spine Mountains.

To awaken a Dragon from slumber is a process that can take months, or even years, and yet these impetuous Mages from Caledor take to the task as if born to it. No sooner does a Dragon Mage enter the sulphur-clogged caverns below the Dragon Spine than the dormant Sun Dragons grow restive. Instinctively, and with no instruction, the Dragon Mage will approach one of the sleeping beasts and call it by name awakening the Sun Dragon fully. Thus begins a bond that lasts until either mount or rider is slain in Ulthuan's defence. Only a Sun Dragon will hear the call of a Dragon Mage and rise for battle – the older and wiser Dragons of the Moon and Stars are not given to such passion and recklessness, awaiting a steadier mind to rouse them.

The Dragon Mages of Caledor have earned themselves a reputation as wild and uncontrolled, qualities that are not normally seen favourably by the High Elves. Yet despite this, the Elves of Ulthuan look upon these fiery youths and the ease with which they bring the Dragons to war, and in them see hope reborn.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	6	2	8
Sun Dragon	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

MAGIC: A Dragon Mage is a Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire.

SPECIAL RULES: *Lileath's Blessing, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.*

Reckless: *Dragon Mages are renowned for the fearless manner with which they wield Fire magic, and the lack of heed they pay during their training in Saphery. They summon power with incredible innate talent, but their reckless attitude can often lead to mistakes.*

When a Dragon Mage casts a spell, a 'free' Power dice is added to the casting attempt. This extra dice counts towards Ultimate Power and can cause a Miscast as normal, and allows the Dragon Mage to roll more dice than he is normally allowed to.

Warrior Mage: *Warlike and aggressive, Dragon Mages revel in the press of battle, often imbuing their Sunstaff with the deadly magic of Rhuin.*

Dragon Mages get +2 to cast the spell Flaming Sword of Rhuin when targeting themselves.

MISTWEAVERS

Veiled behind skeins of illusion, the Mistweavers turn their enemies' own minds against them. Little is known of these sinister figures except that they hail from Yvresse, the realm of mists. Who they call master, who they consider friend or foe, even their most basic motivations – all of these things remain a mystery to those who fight at her side. The only certainty is that the Mistweavers are powerful enchantresses.

Drifting amidst a swirling, sorcerous haze, the Mistweaver flickers in and out of sight at will, sowing confusion and paranoia amongst those who have drawn her ire. Enemies seek her to no avail, lashing out blindly with clumsy swipes of their weapons, only to be struck down by her insidious powers. Some are beguiled, stumbling gladly onto the points of blades; others claw frantically at their own flesh, tearing themselves apart or immolating their comrades with blasts of magic as the cruel illusions of the Mistweaver do their work. Amidst the carnage the Elven enchantress remains disturbingly serene, the eye at the heart of a storm of illusory horror and violent bloodshed.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mistweaver	5	4	4	3	3	2	6	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Mistweaver is a Wizard who uses the Mist Magic spells below.

SPECIAL RULES: *Elven Grace, Lileath's Blessing, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.*



Mist Magic: *The Mistweavers of Yvresse specialise in powerful magics, calling upon the primal magical aspect of the deep oceans.*

Illusory Assault (Signature Spell) **Cast on 7+**
The Mistweaver twists the perceptions of her victims with ever more horrific illusions, sending them into a panicked frenzy of violent self-destruction.

Illusory Assault is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit must pass a Leadership test; if failed each model in the unit must fight a round of combat against itself. Any casualties inflicted counts as having been made with shooting attacks and may cause Panic.

1. The Writhing Mists **Cast on 7+**
A salt-scented mist rolls in across the battlefield, shrouding the Asur with its ethereal caress.

Remains in Play. *The Writhing Mists* is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". Any enemy attacks targeted at the unit will suffer a -1 to hit penalty.

2. Mistress of the Deep **Cast on 9+**
Even amidst the clamour of pitched battle, the enemies of the Elves are distracted by the mind-twistingly haunting tones of the Oceanid's song, and beguiled by a vision of ominous beauty unique to each beholder.

Remains in Play. Place an appropriate marker no larger than 1" in diameter to represent the Oceanid within 6" of the Wizard. Whenever an enemy unit wishes to fire upon or declare a charge against a unit in the High Elf army, it must first measure the distance to the Oceanid. If the Oceanid is closer than the target unit, it must make a Leadership test.

If the test is failed, the enemy unit is distracted by the Oceanid's haunting song, and the attack/charge is not performed. If the test is passed, no Oceanid will have any effect against that unit for the rest of the game. This spell has no effect against units with Immunity (Psychology).

LORDS OF AENARION

There are those of High Elven birth that still wander the lands of the Old World battling against the ancient evils that they have forever opposed. Many of them are exiles from Ulthuan and they trace their families back to the realm of Tiranoc, which was sunken during the Sundering and the great battles with the Dark Elves. Of these folk, who call themselves the Dispossessed, there are few who would consider themselves worthy to be Lords over people with such noble blood. However, the exiles do owe allegiance and fealty to a few select individuals, the Lords of Aenarion who can trace their lineage to the first Phoenix King himself.

Unlike human and Dwarf Lords, the Lords of Aenarion lay no claim to a particular territory or title. They do not need to argue their rank with each other and their station in the hierarchy of the Elves is shown by their demeanour and appearance. They are the fairest Elves in the Old World and are of such nobility of blood that there is a palpable aura of greatness that surrounds them. The Lords of Aenarion are divided in purpose. Some wish to claim back what is theirs from the Dwarfs, seeking out ancient Elven treasures that have been leant to the Dwarfs for safe keeping and lost or stolen. They hope to use these regained treasures to forge a new life back on Ulthuan. Others are more militant and wish to return to Ulthuan and one of their number take his rightful place as the Phoenix King of the Elves. The High Elves of Ulthuan are very wary of the Lords of Aenarion, and treat them with the utmost respect, though they are never happy if one of the

Lords decides to leave the Old World to visit Ulthuan. The sympathies in Ulthuan are divided, some believing that the time of Aenarion has passed and so the Ascendancy of other houses is true and proper. Others feel for the Dispossessed, having lost much themselves over the millennia. What neither side wishes for is another Sundering, with the Lords of Aenarion fighting against the Elves of Ulthuan for rightful reign. That would be a killing blow to the Elves as a race and would spell the end of their time in this world.

As descendants of Aenarion they are also known as the Thiakhaine, meaning 'Cursed of Khaine'. Some of them are possessed by part of Khaine's spirit, that was unleashed when Aenarion wielded the Sword of Khaine. They are known by the other races of the world as Revenant Knights. A Revenant is one who returns from a long absence and is usually applied to spectres, Wights and similar creatures of a magical nature that have risen from the grave. To Dwarfs and humans the Lords of Aenarion are indeed mystical, they move with unparalleled grace, disappear into the mountains and wilderness for years and then suddenly return, in battle they are awesome warriors. The Lords of Aenarion are the secret guardians of the Old World. They quest far and wide, searching for evil things and Chaotic manifestations. Wherever they find the enemy they strike, the rage of Khaine overcomes them and they deal righteous vengeance upon the despoilers of the world.





The Lords of Aenarion despise all evil and Chaotic creatures and take every opportunity to hunt them down. The Lords of Aenarion sometimes travel far abroad to Albion, the Southlands, Araby and even Cathay. There are none that can bar the way of the Lords of Aenarion, and all creatures of evil disposition flee from their path or die. Many of the Lords of Aenarion even make forays deep into Naggaroth itself. They steal into camps and slaughter the Dark Elves in their sleep. They appear at some landing site after the Dark Elves return from raiding Ulthuan and dispatch the battle and travel weary army with only a few followers. They are the bane of the Dark Elves and their hatred for them is unparalleled by any other enmity in the world.

The Lords of Aenarion do not carry the curse of Khaine easily, and they are constantly driven to action and war, there is no time for them to make peace or to appreciate the finer things of life like comfort and family. They appear as cold and hard living statues that can only sense life and see the world through a red haze. They never remove their armour except under the most private conditions, and once they draw their weapons they cannot sheath them until they have drawn blood. In many backwards and poor parts of the Empire there are villages with shrines dedicated to a Lords of Aenarion, as the simple folk see the incarnation of Khaine passing through like a thunderbolt, on some deadly and urgent errand.

To the Lords of Aenarion life seems bland and colourless except when they are in battle. They cannot walk through a market and appreciate the smells and tastes, or the playful melodies of music that drifts on the air during a festival. They eat for sustenance and do not enjoy their food, they drink only to quench their thirst, and they only marry to provide themselves with an heir. They cannot love, they can only hate. They cannot defend, they can only attack. They cannot retreat, they must go onwards forever.

The worst aspect of the curse of Khaine is the self-awareness that it leaves the Lord of Aenarion with. The Curse of Khaine grows stronger, especially in the Elves of the Dispossessed, as the Lord of Aenarion gets older. In fleeting lucid moments he can remember what it was like to laugh, and enjoy life. He remembers the warmth of sunshine on his face and the crisp smell of spring. Some of the Lords of Aenarion quest for an ending to the curse, delving within the deep forgotten dungeons and Dwarfholds. They search for some item that will nullify the curse, or a lost shrine that will ease the burden on their soul. This group of Lords of Aenarion constantly return to the Shrines of Asuryan in the Elven quarters of the Old World, praying for deliverance from the darker half of their spirit. Others just seek death, like the Slayer cult of the Dwarfs. They march off to the Chaos Wastes and never return, or they use stealth to get into Naggaroth and declare their hatred in the blood stained temple of Khaine.

Others, more deeply affected by the curse, wholly embrace the lifestyle they have been dealt by fate, and revel in the rush of glory while in battle. They visit the few shrines to Khaine that are in the Old World, places which are abhorred and shunned by all other folk. To the High Elves Khaine is not a pleasant god, no matter how necessary. They must fight the evil of the world and

therefore they need a spiritual anchor to guide them through their warrior lives. The Lords of Aenarion tend the shrines and offer up prayers to give them greater prowess in battle. They meditate within the shrine and allow the essence of Khaine to flood their mind and body. When they are finished they shut off the power raging within them, ready to unleash it during the next battle. Lords of Aenarion wholly dedicated to Khaine are some of the most awesome fighters in the world, but their lack of control makes them almost as dangerous to allies as they are to the enemy.

Worshipped by some, despised by many, feared by most, Lords of Aenarion always make an impact when they arrive at a settlement. Their armour is burnished to a glistening shine, their height making them stand head and shoulders over the tallest human. Their arrogance and harsh words anger many, and they are unrepentant if they deal brutally with people of less breeding. Even the few High Elves who live in the larger towns and cities do not wholly trust the Lords of Aenarion, they know nothing about their designs or who they consider their enemies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord of Aenarion	5	8	7	4	3	3	9	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Elven Grace, Frenzy, Hatred (Forces of Destruction), Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

Battle Trance: *The Curse of Khaine turns the Lord of Aenarion into an awesome Warrior, making him faster and stronger than normal. However, while in such a frenzy the Lord of Aenarion finds it hard to tell friend from foe, and needs to make a strong effort to come out of his battletrance.*

If a Lord of Aenarion is in base contact with a friendly unit, he must pass a Leadership test at the start of any round of combat a he is involved in. If failed, he will make one Attack on every model in base contact instead of attacking normally. Roll to Hit as normal.

Curse of Aenarion: *The Lords of Aenarion are descended from the first of the Phoenix Kings: the doomed Aenarion. As such they are tainted by the cursed blood of their ancestor. This curse has given them all the battle-prowess of their great grand-sire, but also some of his incipient madness. However, all of Aenarion's line are destined for greatness, and as such Lords of Aenarion have been marked by the hand of Fate.*

As soon as a model with this special rule is reduced to 1 Wound he gets a Ward save (3+) for the rest of the battle. This has no effect on attacks that would outright kill him before he is reduced to 1 Wound, like a spell or attack with the Multiple Wounds special rule. If he were to suffer multiple Wounds in a single phase, roll one save at a time (if he has any) for each Wound suffered until his Ward save takes effect.





DRAGONS

In the Old World, Dragons are creatures of myth and fear. They are characterised as spiteful, fire-breathing monstrosities that would happily burn and slaughter a whole town; creatures that are now thankfully extinct. On Ulthuan, the High Elves see Dragons quite differently – as noble, intelligent beasts, that are dwindling, but far from extinction. Dragons are the oldest and greatest allies of the Elves, and the fates of both races are forever intertwined.

Dragons are an incredibly ancient race whose forefathers lived many thousands of years before even the Elves set foot in the Old World, and amongst the oldest of all living creatures. They antedate the rise of Chaos, long before warm-blooded creatures ruled the world. In days long gone there were many Dragons to be seen, riding the thermals of the mountain ranges and fighting alongside the heroes of the age.

In ages past the land of Caledor was the domain of Dragons of all kinds, both great and small, and in ancient days, those noble beasts seemed almost without number. They made their homes high in the encircling mountains and under the smouldering peaks of the Dragon Spine Mountains. There, deep within the honeycomb of volcanic caves and tunnels, the most powerful Dragons of old made their nests of raw gold and gemstones. They grew large, far larger than Dragons of modern times, and slowly multiplied until the skies grew dark with their wings. All this happened many years before the ancestors of the Elves came to Ulthuan.

When the first Elves came to the land of Dragons, Caledor Dragontamer took possession of it, and named the land for himself. Caledor subjugated the Dragons, mastering them with the aid of sorcery until they submitted to his will, and the Asur of that realm were known as Dragon Princes. Rightly so, as they rode these majestic and fearsome creatures to war and vanquished all who opposed them. Then Caledor and his sons, riding Dragons and with all the Dragons of Caledor at their back, travelled the length of Ulthuan and all Elves acknowledged their rule. Thus began a golden age of order that ended with the coming of Chaos and the rise of Aenarion, the first Phoenix King.

Caledor Dragontamer recognised Aenarion as Asuryan's chosen one, and presented the Phoenix King with Indraugnir, the greatest and oldest Dragon of that age of this world. Then together Aenarion and Caledor led Dragon riders against the Chaos hordes, and drove them from the heartlands of Ulthuan. Their victory proved to only a temporary respite, for afterwards the armies of Chaos grew stronger and battled with the Elves once more. Many Beastmen were slain and Daemons destroyed, but behind every corpse stood another slaving warrior, another minion of the Dark Gods. Many Elves and Dragons were slain and all the

time the Dragons grew weaker and fewer until it seemed that they would be defeated.

Though they triumphed in the end it was at a terrible cost. Caledor himself was trapped forever in the Vortex of Chaos. Aenarion was slain. Many bright and wondrous things were ended as the power of magic was drawn away from the world. The Dragon lairs cooled. The few Dragons that remained grew sleepy and weary. Increasingly they slept, and the Elves of Caledor found it harder and harder to rouse them.

Once few dared the wrath of Caledor, for their Dragonriders could ravage a foe's armies and lands in hours, the great leathery wings of their mounts blotting out the sky with their numbers. However, times have changed. Today, they are few in number compared to the times of old, when they dominated the world and the air was full of soaring Dragons, tussling for supremacy in the primeval skies. Now the Great Hall of Dragons lies almost silent. It is still filled with the great forms of wyrmkind, but all are deep in slumber, the sound of their rasping breath filling the air. Those Dragons who remains today are reclusive creatures that spend much of their time asleep in hidden mountainside lairs or sunken caverns found deep within the Dragon Spine Mountains, where they sleep away the centuries away until the end of the world.

A mysterious languor that began in the earliest years of Tethlis' reign has caused more and more Dragons to enter a slumber from which only ancient Caledorian songs can rouse them. To ride into battle upon the back of a mighty dragon is an ancient tradition in the realm of Caledor that sings in the blood of the Elves. It has been known for a prince to spend months if not years giving voice to the ancient songs of awakening, pleading with the slumbering form of an ancient Dragon to rouse and aid the Elves of Ulthuan, although the younger Sun Dragons can be stirred far quicker than their ancient brethren.

"Our brethren from the oldest times, the purest and truest expression of the power of life that this world has to offer. Once the skies were filled with their graceful forms and they danced about the thermals that flow over the mountains in intricate mating rituals that were a joy to behold. They sat at the feet of Vaul and set their fiery breath to heating his forges. When we went to war against the forces of Chaos, they carried the greatest of our heroes upon their backs and they were ever the first to engage the enemy and the last to withdraw from the field. Now they dwindle, as do we all, and their song is fading to memory. When they perish entirely so I think shall we and perhaps that is only proper."

- Sithaebron, Dragon Lord of Caledor





The songs of Dragon-waking are an ancient and closely guarded trust. Those seeking to learn the secrets of waking a Dragon are bound by powerful spells cast by Caledorian mages, and it is believed that should they ever seek to divulge their knowledge, they will die. Such a veil of secrecy is essential for the survival of Ulthuan's Dragons. The Dark Elves both covet and hate the Dragons who fight beside the High Elves in equal measure, and Malekith's followers would willingly butcher every one of Ulthuan's Dragons just to deny them to their cousins. In the past, raids have been launched against Caledor by Dark Elf Shades, with the intention of stealing unhatched eggs for their depraved masters. The thought of such noble beasts falling into the hands of the hated kin fills all Elves with dread. Thankfully such attacks are rare and successes are rarer still. The Dark Elves have some few Dragons of their own, but they are black-hearted monsters twisted by hate and tortured beyond reason, a poor comparison to the noble beasts of Caledor.

Although fewer in number, Dragons are still creatures of vast power and when they can be awoken they are terrible to behold, their deeds and actions the stuff of legends. The light catches their glistening scales before they spread their great wings to blot out the sun and light the world with their fiery breath. They are huge and terrifying monsters with a cold, alien intelligence

which fills sane folk with dread. When times of danger are upon the Asur of Caledor they try to rouse a few from their sleep, but it is an ever greater task. Those Dragons that can be awakened are sometimes sluggish and temperamental. They will soon weaken and tire, and must resume their sleep in order to regain their strength. So their riders are reluctant to use their mounts save in times of direst need. 'Not in a Dragon's age' is a common phrase among the High Elves, and it has been many years since more than a handful rode the skies to battle. But the greatest Princes of Caledor still ride dragons into battle, and no foe of Ulthuan can deny their potency.

Every land has its legends and folk tales concerning Dragons: legends of fanged mouths that belch scorching flame, and of taloned claws sharp enough to slice through stone. In such tales, Dragons are cruel and whimsical tyrants, given to the slaughter of peoples and the ruination of cities. Certainly, Dragons are capable of such things, for their raw power exceeds that of any other living creature, and their minds are every bit as wise and cunning as the Elves'. On Ulthuan, Dragons are the subjects of legends quite different to the terrifying folk tales of other lands. Without the Dragons of Ulthuan, the High Elves would have been annihilated thousands of years ago. The Dragons are the oldest and greatest allies of the Elves, and the fates of both races are forever intertwined.



"A Dragon is an army unto itself."

- Caledorian Proverb

A Dragon's massive scaly body is powerfully built and strong enough to shatter city gates. Dragons have great fanged mouths from which they can breathe scorching gouts of flame over their enemies, and taloned claws sharp enough to slice through stone. A Dragon's wings are immense, able to bear it effortlessly through the sky. They are wise and aloof, viewing the world around them with a perspective that only the eldest creatures can share. Dragons are individualists and it is difficult to say what any given one will do in a fight with any certainty. Most warriors never survive to tell others what to expect when fighting a Dragon.

While the great size of Dragons' teeth and talons are well known, the most famous of all Dragon attributes is their fiery breath. Capable of levelling villages and reducing a fully armoured knight to cinders in an instant, Dragon's breath is widely feared, though how they manage to produce flames is widely speculated in scholarly circles.

Whether it is a side effect of their breath or their great need for sustenance the area surrounding a Dragon's lair typically becomes a desolate wasteland, devoid of all life save for a few stunted plants. No sound disturbs such places for all animals and birds flee the area leaving it silent and empty. Those that would dare to seek out dragons in the Old World typically do so because they are either Dwarf Slayers seeking a noble death, or foolish treasure hunters hoping to acquire part of the grand hoard of treasure that every Dragon seems to acquire.



In battle they are a terrifying foe, for they are not mindless monsters but cognisant, intelligent beings with an alien logic and a wealth of experience that only one of the eldest races in the world can share. It is often mistaken by some who have been lucky – or unfortunate – enough to witness a High Elf Prince riding a Dragon that the mount has been tamed in the same manner as a horse.

This is an incorrect assumption brought about by the ignorance that is only to be expected of such immature races. Nothing is further from the truth. A High Elf Dragon Rider is given leave to ride the creature to war by the Dragon itself. Over time, a bond between rider and Dragon is formed; a bond that is built over centuries and so is beyond the understanding of such short-lived beings as Orcs and Men.

Dragons are a diverse species and apt to display enormous variation in colour and abilities. These differences do not depend on a Dragon's breeding, for the, father of all Dragons was the fabled Kalgalanos the Black and his spawn were red, golden, silver, white, blue and all colours under the sun. Different coloured Dragons have different metabolisms. Red or Fire Dragons breathe roaring flame, Green Dragons belch corrosive fumes, while Blue Dragons spit lightning bolts.

A Dragon's size is proportional to its age. They continue to grow throughout their life, and Dragons of any colour may reach huge proportions if they live for long enough. Few Dragons today can approach the size of Kalgalanos the Black, whose vast scaly body was bigger than a ship and whose smoke shrouded head was larger than a house.

Few young Dragons are hatched now on Ulthuan. The youngest Dragons are referred to by the Elves as Sun Dragons, in reference to their hot tempers and the rich, warm hue of their scales. Those Dragons that surpass the Sun Dragons in might and enlightenment are honoured by the Elves with the title of Moon Dragons. Moon Dragons lived before Aenarion and fought in the wars against the Daemons. The oldest and most powerful of Ulthuan's Dragons are referred to as Star Dragons, for they are truly as ancient as the very stars of the firmament. While any Dragon can savage an entire regiment of warriors, tear a manticores apart or rip the head off of a wyvern, a Star Dragon is so physically powerful that it can battle against even the Greater Daemons of Chaos and prevail.

For thousands of years now, only a handful of Dragons have been active in the world at any one time. But there are whispers on the wind that these are the Twilight Days and there is an age-old prophecy that says all the sleepers will arise for the last battle against Chaos.

The dragons of Caledor are fiercely loyal to their riders. They have developed a bond with the Dragon Princes down the centuries which is now bred into their very spirit. Generations of Elves and Dragons have grown up together. Dragons are not dull-witted creatures, but an intelligent species, and their relationship with their Elven masters is extremely close.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sun Dragon	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7
Moon Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8
Star Dragon	6	7	0	7	7	7	2	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (7), Natural Armour (3+).

Fiery Breath: A Dragon has a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

CITIZEN LEVY

The bulk of Ulthuan's armies are composed of Spear and Archer regiments. These expertly trained and finely armed and armoured warriors are actually citizen soldiers of Ulthuan. This militia is a form of part-time army in which all take their turn to serve, every Elf providing his own battle gear in defence of his home and country. Every Elf, though he may be craftsman, tradesman or artist in peace time, must become a resolute and deadly fighter in time of war.

Over a thousand years ago, in a time of desperate need, the Phoenix King Morvael introduced a levy system whereby all Elves received military training so that they could be called upon to fight for the defence of their homeland at any time. These levies were organised into companies based within their cities, towns and villages. Morvael accurately predicted the need for a well organised but flexible army to defend Ulthuan against the increasing strength of the Dark Elves in the troubled times that lay ahead. This system has stood the test of time and remains the cornerstone of most Elven armies to this day.

When it comes to battle the High Elf citizen army has a considerable advantage over other races. Not only are High Elves naturally self-controlled, but years of preparation and constant combat readiness have attuned their skills to the perfect fighting formation. Indeed, High Elves react with such speed and agility that they appear to move at their leader's will, fighting with a

single mind where other races become indecisive and founder.

Although the full body of citizen warriors can be mobilised in emergencies, in normal circumstances only a proportion of the population of each settlement serves under arms at any one time. Each city and settlement trains and equips a body of spearmen and archers in proportion to their population, the retinues of the High Elf nobles also contribute to the levy, providing cavalry to support the warriors. These many disparate units are then formed into larger regiments as needed. Many are sent north to guard the passes and the isles, while others remain in the cities and settlements as a standing force ready to meet any threat.

Both spearmen and archers are garbed in robes of pure white, often with a border design which proclaims the wearer's home city or land. The colour white signifies purity and death amongst High Elves, so the robes are a symbol of their unity and determination to fight to the death if necessary.

So deadly are Ulthuan's militia regiments that countless battles have been won by longbow and spear alone. Few foes can brave the storm of arrows long enough to breach the grim lines of glittering spears. Thus have the invaders of Ulthuan met their doom for centuries. Thus will they meet their doom for long years to come.





ARCHERS

When keen-eyed young Elf is inducted into the citizen levy and begins his martial training he will first be educated in the rudiments of warfare, armed with a finely wrought sword and a longbow. He is educated in the use of both of these weapons until his skill far exceeds that of a man, and only when he has mastered both blade and bow is he inducted into the white garbed ranks of an archer regiment and allowed to see battle. For the High Elves, white is the colour of purity and of death, and their robes symbolise their determination to fight to the end, no matter what horrors await them on the battlefield. Lacking the battle experience of his older brethren, he fights from a distance – experiencing the carnage of war from a relatively safe place.

Once trained, an archer serves in his regiment for a decade or more, forsaking all previous allegiances. There, he will learn how to send volleys of arrows high into the air, so that they scythe into the enemy ranks from above, and when to hold fire against a charging foe, so that every shot cripples or kills. Most of all, he learns to focus his pride into a courage that will allow him to stand his ground. Ulthuan is forever beset by grave perils, and even the finest weapons are worth naught without valorous hands to wield them.

In disciplined ranks, these Archer regiments of Ulthuan unleash accurate volleys of arrows upon their foes. The Archers have a lighter corselets of scale mail and longbows constructed from alternating layers of wood, taken from the many forests around Ulthuan, which endow them with great power and range. Each Archer maintains his own weapons, and a great deal of pride and care is placed into the act of fletching new arrows for war. An Archer will often carve intricate patterns or runes onto the shaft of his individual arrows, so that after a battle he can prove which foes were slain by his shots. Protected by regiments of spearmen, High Elf archers are amongst of the most decisive troops in the army, unleashing deadly volleys of steel-fanged death upon their foes. It is common for a High Elf to spend twenty or thirty years as part of the same Archer regiment – a short time for those as long lived as the High Elves.

THE SPIRE GUARD OF TOR YVRESSE

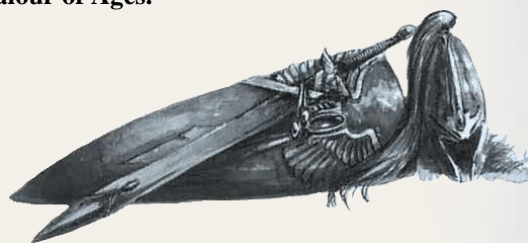
Originally formed as an honour guard by the Warden of Tor Yvresse to protect his tower, the tallest spire in the kingdom's majestic capital, the Spire Guard have since become the city's foremost defenders – the anchor around which the army of Tor Yvresse now forms. Time and time again, the Spire Guard have turned the tide of battle but stubbornly holding the line, pouring arrows into their foes to buy time for their kin to regroup and counter-attack.

The leaders of the High Elf Archer regiments are known as the Hawkeyes, and they are counted among the finest archers in the world. In Elven mythology, hawks are considered the swiftest of the hunters of the skies and the Hawkeyes bear their title with pride. Unlike the other members of Ulthuan's Archer regiments, the Hawkeyes do not move on to join Spear regiments. Having proven their expertise, a Hawkeye's services are retained indefinitely, allowing him to pass his experience on to new citizen warriors.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Archers	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Hawkeye	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.



SPEARMEN

As a High Elf's familiarity with the horrors of battle grows, and once he has proven his worth as an archer, fighting with his regiment for a decade or more, he will eventually be promoted to the Spearmen. This is the senior arm of the militia, and is expected to fight bravely in the heat of battle. With decades of experience behind him, an Elf don the armour of a Spearman and join his fellows in the rigorous training needed to fight efficiently as one body using the tall spears that the High Elves favour.

After a decade or so, if the Elf has proven his worth, he is called to fight as part of a spear regiment. Such formations are the living ramparts that preserve Ulthuan's heartlands. Once a phalanx of spears takes position on the field, it can hold the line against anything from a Goblin horde to a raging Manticore. The Elves of the formation play their parts as if every movement was part of a carefully choreographed plan, overlapping one another and providing protection at one moment, then flowing freely to exploit a gap in the enemy lines the next. Unlike the spear phalanxes of lesser races, this is all achieved without a word of command, or even a gesture. Each warrior instinctively knows the mind of his comrades to either side and acts without hesitation. The front ranker kneels, placing his trust in the second ranker to lean over and protect him, whilst the third ranker closes up and arcs his spear over his companions. Such training serves only to improve upon the natural prowess of the High Elves, and it has earned them a reputation for which they are rightly feared by their foes. After only a short time a regiment of High Elf Spears becomes a finely honed fighting machine.





Sentinel is the title given to the Elves who command the Spear regiments, and theirs is the duty to oversee the training of their comrades. Without exception they are veterans of many bloody battles, who have faced countless horrors and lived. Their hard-won experience benefits the Elves around them, instilling confidence as well as providing the regiment with a hardened warrior to take on the worst the enemy has to throw at them.

At the Siege of Tor Yvresse, a lone regiment of Spearmen from the Tor Yvresse militia held the narrow procession to the Warden's tower against overwhelming odds. When Eltharion and his warriors finally battled their way through the press to relieve them, they found the last dozen Elf Spearmen grimly standing their ground, amid scores of their fallen comrades and hundreds of slain Goblins.

On the field of battle, the Spear regiments form bastions of resistance against the enemy. A wall of deadly spear tips threatening to impale any brave enough to charge them. Thanks to their expert training over many years, Elves become so proficient as to completely outstrip the spearmen of other races.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spearmen	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Sentinel	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages, Fight in Extra Ranks (1).

THE SCIONS OF MATHLANN

The brotherhood of Cothique claim to be the chosen of the Lord of the Deeps, and few dispute their right to do so. Many times when the Scions of Mathlann have fought in defence of their coastal kingdom, a vast sea creature has risen from the depths to destroy the fleet of their foes. So do they offer great praise to Mathlann lest they fall from their fickle master's favour and one of his progeny emerge not to deliver salvation, but divine punishment.

WARRIORS

The High Elves of the more remote parts of Ulthuan do not train together like the spearmen and archers of the cities. Instead, they hone their personal fighting skills and come in times of need to fight in small warrior bands. Unlike the more regimented units of spearmen and archers these warrior bands can be very diversely armed, often favouring more traditional weapon combinations such as sword and shield or two swords.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Custodian	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.



LOTHERN SEA GUARD

Lothern is the greatest city in Ulthuan and capital of Eataine, the most powerful of all the Elven kingdoms. Uniquely amongst the Elven cities, Lothern does not raise spear and archer regiments – its defence is given over to the Sea Guard that form a corps of marines to crew the many sleek vessels of the Phoenix King's mighty fleet that circle the world in its long patrols. The riches of the High Elves are great, and the legends greater still, so there is never any shortage of villainous cut-throats who will stoop to any depth to steal their way into their fair capital and plunder their ancestral wealth. The Sea Guard patrol the shores around Lothern and man the many batteries of Eagle Claw bolt throwers that overlook the harbour approaches.

The Lothern Sea Guard can fight as effectively on land as at sea, and are equally resolute when defending the walls and fields of Lothern as they are when battling on the deck of a ship against sea-borne invaders. These dangerous duties require the Sea Guard to maintain a flexible armoury. The vast majority are welltrained in the use of spear, shield and bow – the better to combine the finest aspects of the spear and archer regiments of other cities and realms. Indeed, it is a point of pride in Lothern that the discipline of their warriors far surpasses that of any found elsewhere in Ulthuan.

Most Elven soldiery is called to arms only in times of great need, for there are too few Elves to maintain large armies all the time. The Sea Guard, however, is always kept at strength and retains a core of full-time warriors. Their sole task is to defend Lothern and the sea-ways around Ulthuan. They are trained with spear and bow, and carry both to battle, enabling them to shower missiles upon their enemy as well as to engage them at close quarters. At sea this is particularly useful, as space is cramped aboard a ship and by using two weapons the Sea Guard double their combat effectiveness.

Lothern houses the numerous Sea Guard regiments when they are not in active service, and the regiments maintain a number of large and well equipped barracks. These buildings, like any Elven structure, look elegant from the outside, however the eagle-claw bolt throwers mounted in the ornate minarets and upon shimmering blue-tiled roofs bear solemn testament to their martial purpose. Lothern is the one place in Ulthuan where a non-Elf may walk with any degree of freedom and the Sea Guard stoically ensure the protection of Ulthuan's greatest city. Each Sea Guard regiment spends three seasons of the year actively patrolling the seas around their island home and protecting Ulthuan's colonies, and it is in the remaining quarter that they recruit new warriors and hone their skills.

When the armies of Ulthuan go to war, the Sea Guard play a crucial part, crewing the many warships and acting as the vanguard for the oncoming host. The function of the Sea Guard means that they must fulfil the dangerous tasks of defending their vessels from attack, mounting boarding actions against enemy ships and attacking coastal positions. To achieve this, they are armed with both spears and bows, the better to achieve their many tasks – combining the best aspects of Elf Spearmen and Archers.

Those who have witnessed the Lothern Sea Guard in action can attest to their practiced skill. As their vessels hove to land, the Sea Guard disembark to secure the beachheads that enable the rest of the army to come ashore. Scarce has the first keel brushed against the shore when the first Elves have debarked, ranks swiftly thickening as more warriors arrive. Shields braced, the Sea Guard advance in tight formation through the churning foam, spears lowered and bows ready. While other seafaring nations, like the Norse, the men of Marienburg and even the Empire, proclaim the excellence of their own ship-borne warriors, there is no doubt that the Sea Guard are the finest marines in the Old World and beyond.

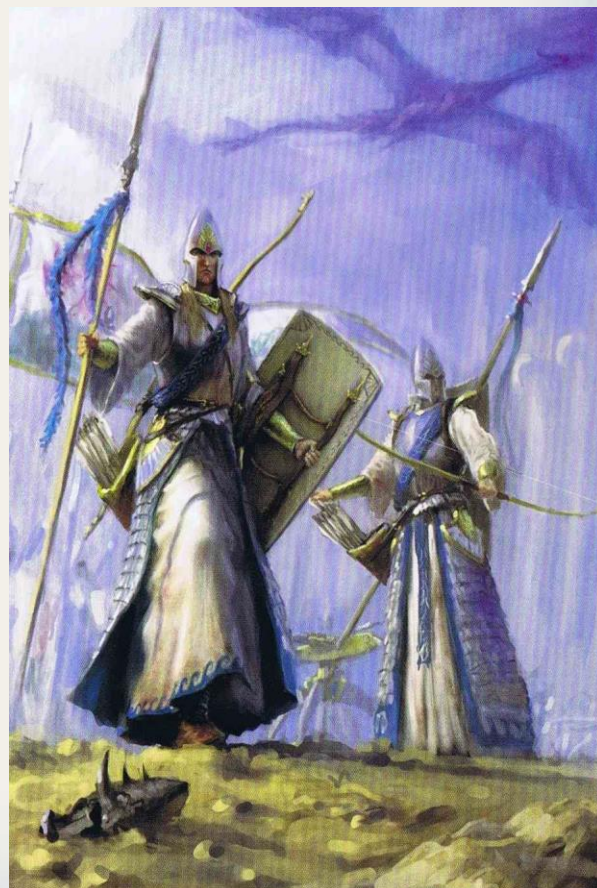
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sea Guard	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Sea Master	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

THE STORM RIDERS

The Storm Riders are a Sea Guard company whose reputation for ruthless boarding actions is legendary amongst the Black Ark Corsairs of Naggaroth. Witnesses claim that the Storm Riders strike with the savagery of the great Mervym, Amanar, whose majestic image adorns their shields. So terrible was the damage they wreaked upon the fleet of Yalthis Doomreaver that the Naggarothi commander has since offered a thousand slaves for their deaths.





LOTHERN SEA HELMS

Sea Helms are the greatest heroes of Lothern, an order founded in the time of Bel Shanaar. With both spear and bow they have perfected the quicksilver strike that cheats shields and parries to pierce throats, hearts or skulls. Sea Helms often take their place amongst the ranks of Lothern Sea Guard, so that their presence might inspire others to greatness. The Sea Helm's finely-honed instincts combine with the Sea Guard's discipline to create a force that can swiftly adapt to changing fortunes. However, most Sea Helms choose to fight from the back of a swift Lothern Skycutter, the better to dart through volleys of arrow and bolt, swoop into the heart of the foe and fell an enemy hero with a single strike. Such an attack takes great steadiness of nerve and spear-arm, but the Sea Helms have both aplenty.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sea Helm	5	5	5	4	3	2	6	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

Naval Discipline: If a unit of Sea Guard containing at least one Sea Helm is charged during the Movement phase and chooses Hold as a charge reaction, it can attempt to change formation immediately before your opponent has moved any of his charging units, as long as it is not already engaged in close combat. To do so, the unit must take a Leadership test. If the test is passed, the Sea Helm's unit can immediately make a reform as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Windrider: A Sea Helm mounted on a Lothern Skycutter (and his Lothern Skycutter) has a 4+ ward save against shooting attacks. Furthermore, when mounted on a Lothern Skycutter, a Sea Helm re-rolls failed Dangerous Terrain tests.



LOTHERN SKYCUTTERS

When the swift Hawkships of Lothern slip their moorings, they are accompanied to the open sea by Skycutters – sleek, airborne chariots that rest upon a cushion of magic and are drawn into battle by the Swiftfeather Rocs that nest along the Glittering Coast. These serve as the eyes and ears of Lothern's fleets, allowing them to plan engagements long before the enemy is even aware of their presence.

Skycutters also serve as the outriders of Lothern's armies, for they can go where their grounded kin cannot. Should a Skycutter's crew encounter a foe, their goal is to clear the skies, ensuring that Lothern will dominate the heavens in the battle to come. The bows of the Sea Guard crew can harry lesser troops, but larger foes ignore their arrows. Thus do the crew favour the compact Eagle Eye Bolt Throwers whose

steel shots can deal a ruinous blow to even the mightiest of beasts. These prized weapons are mounted upon the Skycutter's prow, allowing the Sea Guard crew to maintain a constant barrage of fire even as they dive into the fray.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lothern Skycutter	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-
Sea Guard	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8
Swiftfeather Roc	-	5	0	4	-	-	4	2	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 6+)

SPECIAL RULES: Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages, Fly (8).

UPGRADES:

Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower: *These war machines are compact, but still capable of punching through Dragon scale.*

The Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower is a bolt thrower with the following profile, and can be fired by one of the Skycutter's crew in place of his bow, even if the Skycutter moves.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	5	Armour Piercing (1), Multiple Wounds (D3)



SILVER HELMS

While the common citizens of Ulthuan fill the ranks of Spearmen and Archers, the Elven nobles satisfy a different aspect of the High Elf army. The nobility of Ulthuan has a strong military tradition of its own, and there are few amongst them who are not expert riders and warriors. For millennia Elven nobles have learnt to fight from horseback as regiments of knights, for the very survival of the Elven race depends upon their skill at arms and readiness to fight. In these troubled times all nobles must prepare themselves for war, and teach their sons the ways of the sword and bow as well as the finer arts such as poetry and song. It is not only their way of life that lies threatened, but their very existence. To this end, all noble houses send their sons to fight in the wars.

These Elven knights form a small but powerful part of the Phoenix King's armies, mounted upon swift Elven steeds, armoured in hardened steel, and bearing tall lances with diamond-hard tips which glitter like stars. The Elven word for knight is Ithiltaen, which literally means Silver Helm, a title that is derived from their distinctive tall helmets, which are polished to a mirror-like sheen and worn with gleaming white robes. The High Elves are a proud race and will have their foes know who it was that spelt their doom.

Long ago, when men were still fighting with clubs and wicker shields, the High Elves had mastered the proud, powerful horses of Ulthuan and learned how to employ them as steeds. The Silver Helm Knights are the culmination of thousands of years of experience in mounted combat. The first Silver Helms rode with the armies of Aenarion in the great war against the Daemons, and it is rare now to find an army of the High Elves that does not include them.

Where the ranks of archer and spear regiments are drawn from the citizenry of Ulthuan, the Silver Helms are recruited purely from families of noble blood drawn from all the realms. They include many of its finest and most noble sons, given a chance to fight the enemies of the High Elves and possessing the means to equip themselves in all the expensive panoply of a fully armoured horseman. Whilst such a calling is not compulsory, few amongst the nobility are prepared to invite dishonour by not fulfilling their duty. Furthermore, service as a Silver Helm is often considered the finest way for a noble to prove himself as warrior and leader both.

A Silver Helm's first lessons drive out his desire for individual glory and personal renown, replacing it with





a pride that stems from his regiment's deeds. As his training progresses, he learns to more fully master his steed. A Silver Helm must ride unflinchingly into the din of battle, and his horse must bear him thence without hesitation or spoken command, trampling foesthat block the path. There are few more glorious sights in all of Ulthuan than when a regiment of Silver Helms dips its lances and charges into the fray.

The Silver Helms are proud and defiant warriors, utterly convinced of their own superiority, and the folly and ignorance of the soldiers from lesser races. They are willing to throw themselves into the most dangerous of battles. They do so in the understanding that glory awaits those who prevail, and they are arrogant enough to believe they can succeed, no matter the odds. For these young nobles, there can be no hesitation in facing any foe – it is those victories that are hardest won which bring about the sweetest glories and earn the grandest renown.

All Silver Helms wear the traditional Ithilmar helms that set them apart from other Elven knights. Status in the Silver Helm regiments is denoted by the decoration and ornamentation that is added to the helm over the years. Thus a warrior who has shown particular valour, or bested a dangerous foe in bottle might adorn his helm with silken ribbons that flow behind him as he rides, while a knight who has slain a Daemon could have the icon of the burning sun, set with a single red gemstone on his. There is a decoration for almost every martial feat imaginable, and veteran Silver Helms often have incredibly ornate and impressive headgear. Of all the decorations that the Silver Helms prefer, only those who have served as the champion of a Silver Helm regiment, known as the High Helm, may wear the feathers of an Eagle on his helm. Such embellishment symbolises great skill and is the mark of a born leader. Though all Silver Helms vie for the right to wear the Eagle feathers of the High Helm, it is a role fraught with peril. A High Helm is expected to fearlessly seek out the champions and leaders among the enemy and slay them, no matter how dreadful they may be.

Of all the High Elf knights, it is the Silver Helms who are seen as the perfect exemplars of martial grace and valour to which young Elves should aspire. Dragon Princes are too distant and aloof, Ellyrian Reavers perhaps a touch too wild and uncivilised; Silver Helms are proud without being haughty, and brave without being undisciplined. Thus, Ulthuan's legends more often centre around the deeds of its Silver Helms than any other warriors within the ten realms.

Elves are horsemasters without peer, and their knightly hosts can be accounted amongst the most glorious in the known world. Such is the duty and right of Ulthuan's nobility – to ride to war in the raiment and splendour of the heroes of old, to fight at the forefront of battle and to repeat the glories first won by the knights of Aenarion's court. Yet all the courage and skill of Ulthuan's knights would be as nothing without

their swift Elven steeds, whose intelligence and faithfulness far outstrips the horses of other lands. Such is the trust that the Elven steeds have in their masters that they will ride unflinching into the din of battle, without so much as a spoken instruction. The bond that joins Silver Helm and steed requires none of the goading or brutality that lesser races implement to force their ignoble horses into battle.

For the Silver Helms are true cavalry masters, and their fine steeds know their commands as if they shared one mind. It is during their time fighting with the Silver Helms that the nobles of Ulthuan can truly prove themselves, and it is rare for an Elven prince or noble to be given command of a force of any size unless he has proven his valour within the ranks of the Silver Helm knights first. With this in mind, the warriors who make up the Silver Helms are often considered reckless, willing to throw themselves into the most dangerous battles.

They do so in the understanding that glory awaits them should they prevail, and all are arrogant enough to believe they can succeed, no matter the odds. At the Battle of Finuval Plains, the Silver Helms were the first regiment to reach the stranded Prince Tyrion, racing to his side even as the treacherous Dark Elves sought to murder him. With Tyrion at their head they clove through the Dark Elf formation, trampling scores of Dark Elves beneath their hooves and driving deep into the Druchii lines.

Few Human Knights can equal the martial prowess of the Silver Helms, nor their superb horsemanship. Though Humans might well be stronger and heavier, they are clumsy and blundering barbarians compared to their Elven adversaries. Though less heavily armoured than the human knights they use their greater speed well and are every bit as deadly in combat, catching their foes off guard with quick flanking moves and pursuits. Their thunderous charges have broken the back of many an invading army.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Silver Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
High Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

"We are the chosen of Asuryan, beloved of the gods and heirs to the world. Our armies are the finest in creation; swift where our foes are lumbering, cultured where they are barbaric. Give no thought to failure, nor defeat – we are the Children of Ulthuan and we shall prevail."

- Aenarion the Defender



REAVER KNIGHTS

The Reaver Knights are a common sight throughout Ulthuan as they tirelessly patrol its most dangerous areas. They were formed over fifty centuries ago by the Phoenix King Caledor the first at the start of the schism between the High Elves and Dark Elves, when Ulthuan was rent asunder with confusion and treachery, and any messenger or scout was liable to be set upon and slain by the many factions roaming the land. All of Ulthuan was in turmoil and the armies of Malekith roamed freely, slaughtering all that would not join his bloody banner. Caledor's armies were isolated and his people frightened – where would Malekith's murderous forces strike next?



With his armies already stretched to the limit, the Phoenix King called for brave young horsemen to bear his messages and ride the troubled land. Many youths answered his call, eager to prove their worth, but the greatest in number by far came from Ellyrion, a land of lush pasture, renowned for its fine horses and skilled

riders. Throughout the long and bitter war and into the dark days of the Sundering, these valiant riders served Caledor well, travelling quickly and secretly across the land, taking messages and soliciting support from amongst the Elven lands, shadowing the enemy's forces, ambushing patrols, and intercepting raiders. In small groups, they travelled quickly and secretly across the land, taking messages and soliciting support from amongst the Elven realms, ambushing patrols and intercepting raiders. Caledor named the swift Elven horsemen his Reaver Knights, and they have been known by that title ever since.

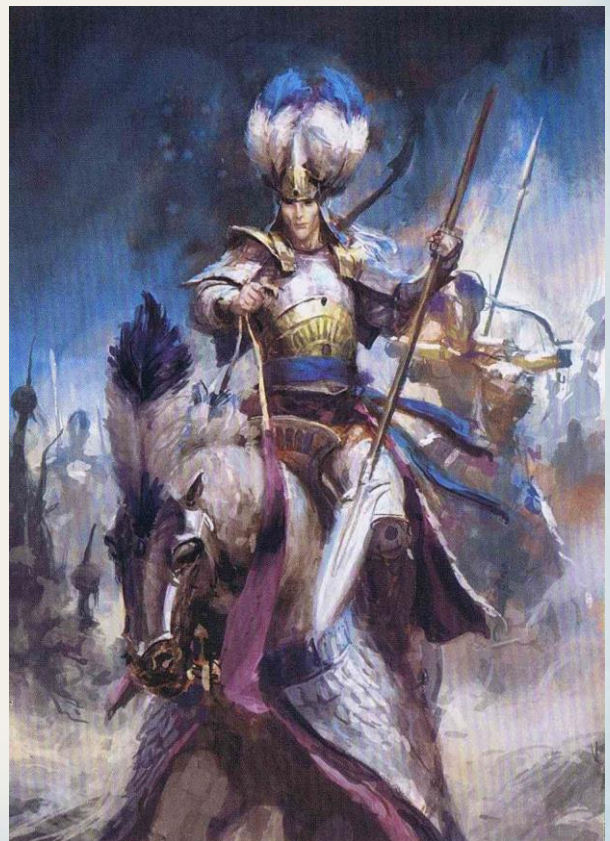
These Ellyrian Reavers were skilled at living deep inside enemy territory, finding their sustenance in the wilds and taking what they needed from their foe, launching ambush after ambush upon them. Their tactics were aggressive to the point of recklessness, striking hard and fast against the more ponderous enemy formations before vanishing into the wilderness. Soon, Malekith's dread armies became wary of leaving their fortified encampments, except in large numbers for fear of attack by the swift knights of Ellyrion. Yet the Reavers' worth lay not only in direct battle. When not fighting, they spread the word of Caledor's struggle, helped loyal Elves to escape the Witch King's clutches and fostered rebellion within his ranks. At that time, not all who followed Malekith were fully committed to his tainted cause, and some could be drawn back to the light with a well-spoken word or deed.

"We ride until the sun sets and only then do we cease. We look first to our steeds when we halt, for as they care for us when we ride, so we are obliged to care for them as we rest.

Each hoof must be diligently tended, each tired muscle cared for. Of all our weapons, our steeds are the greatest. With them we are swift, tireless, the quicksilver scions of the hunters of old. Without them we would be lumbering and slow, like our foes.

When we strike, it is with bows first and we strike the enemy where he is weakest. Ours is not the way of other knights, we attack swiftly and withdraw before our foes can gather their might. As for nourishment, we take it where we can. When we hunt, we never kill more than is needed, for we need the blessing of Memos, and the Hunter god favours not the wasteful nor the cruel..."

- Laelinn, Reaver Knight educating aspirants





Because they operated without support of any kind, living like bandits in the caves and forests, these horsemen became known as Ellyrian Reavers. Stories of their deeds spread amongst Caledor's armies, lending hope to the High Elf cause during the dark days of struggle when all seemed lost. The term Reaver Knight became a byword for dauntless courage and swift skilful warfare. After the war was over and the evil kindred was driven from Ulthuan, Caledor recognised the part played by his Reaver knights and heaped the greatest praise upon these warriors from the wilderness of Ellyrion.

Though the immediate threat to Ulthuan was over, Caledor realised that there would always be a need to patrol its shores, to track enemy raiders and hunt them down or spread news of their approach. He instituted the creation of Reaver bands formed of young Ellyrian nobles, which would live in the field for months or even years at a time, watching the coasts for any sign of enemy attack, and patrolling the shoreline of Ulthuan for any sign of Dark Elves or Norse raiders. To this day, the High Elves of Ellyrion pride themselves on the valiant manner they came to the Phoenix King's aid, and continue to serve in his armies as scouts, messengers and warriors. The Ellyrian Reavers form a deadly part of Ulthuan's armies, and a place in their ranks is much sought after.

Patrolling out of the fortress city of Tor Elys, they rove the wild lands of Ellyrion, hunting down and slaying the monstrous beasts that leave the borders of the Annulii and seek to rampage through the Inner Kingdoms. Many a Cockatrice or Chimera has been laid low by the well-placed arrows or spear thrusts of the noble youths, and many more Dark Elves have had their cruel raids cut short by the swift and deadly Reaver Knights of Ellyrion. Indeed, such pride do the



Ellyrian Reavers take in their kills that many of the young nobles keep a tally of slain foes. When the sun sets and the fighting ceases, he whose spear has felled the greatest number of enemies is granted the honour of carrying the regiment's standard into the next battle. However, he who slays the mightiest opponent receives Kurnous' favour; when next he rides to war he will do so as one of Kurnous' Harbingers, blessed with peerless aim by the wild god of the hunt.



The descendants of generations of expert horse warriors, these lightly armed cavalymen are experts at scouting, and form the eyes and ears of most of the High Elf armies. The Reaver Knights are commonly made up of the wildest and most headstrong sons of the noble houses. Many come from Ellyrion where Elves are trained in fighting on horseback from an early age. They range many miles around the army seeking enemy troops, places of ambush and advantageous sites where the army can defend itself or give battle. Once battle is joined, the Reavers will usually ride around the flanks of the enemy army, skirmishing with the enemy scouts and then turning the flanks of the enemy army, charging them in the rear as the rest of the host engages them in the front.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Reaver Knight	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Harbinger	5	4	4	3	3	1	4	2	8
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

THE HERALDS OF THE WIND

Despite the regiment's relative youth, the Heralds of the Wind are famed amongst the Reavers of Ellyrion. Their Harbinger, Toralien, has earned them great renown for his innate ability to read the ebb and flow of a battle. Thus have the Heralds of the Wind ever appeared precisely where they were needed at the crucial moment, sweeping aside war machines behind enemy lines or crashing home into their flanks to wreak utmost havoc.

SWORDMASTERS OF HOETH

At the heart of the Kingdom of Saphery stands the White Tower of Hoeth, the greatest seat of learning in the world. It was built in the reign of the Scholar King Bel-Korhadris using the powers of sorcery to raise its tall, slender structure into the sky. Inside the tower is the Shrine of Hoeth, the Elven god of Wisdom, together with many libraries which wind seemingly endlessly through the spiralling tower. The White Tower forms the greatest repository of historical and magical lore in the world, a collection of grimoires and codices gathered over the centuries by generations of Loremasters.

Only those who genuinely wish to seek wisdom can find the White Tower, for it is hidden by a glamour that defies all but the humble seeker of truth. Those that reach the tower are destined to enter the service of Hoeth and spend their lives in pursuit of wisdom under the tutelage of the Loremasters. There are many ways to travel the path of wisdom. Some fast and meditate for years, others study obscure and arcane tomes, but for a few their true path lies in martial prowess.

Of all the many seekers of wisdom, those most often seen in the wider world of Ulthuan are the Swordmasters of the White Tower, warrior-ascetics who dedicate their lives to the pursuit of wisdom and learning carefully controlled violence. They study meditation and martial arts until they are capable of super-human feats of arms, or of dealing death with their bare hands if necessary. The Loremasters do not teach them skills readily, but for some the path of wisdom lies in the exercise of physical mastery of the ways of the warrior.



At the White Tower of Hoeth, these warrior-scholars train arduously, honing their exceptional agility, mastering every nuance and facet of sword fighting. Each Swordmaster has studied warfare and personal combat for decades, often centuries - developing an expertise so incredibly complete that there is no group of warriors that can match them. Here they study the secret ways of battle, honing their bodies and skills to unbelievable levels. Some say they can cut a candle in half without disturbing the flame, others that they can fight in complete darkness, guided only by the sound of their foe's breathing.

The warrior scholars of Hoeth are first and foremost masters of the blade, and are capable of weaving a wall of impenetrable steel with either a greatsword or longsword. This is achieved through rigorous training to master both body and mind. Each flowing form requires agility and balance. As the Swordmaster moves through forms, balancing each manoeuvre with the next, he creates a graceful yet deadly dance.

These expert warriors are the Guardians of the White Tower and serve as protectors of the mages and scholars who live and study there. But the Swordmasters are not hermits. Part of their duties is to serve as messengers for the Tower's masters, and to this end they travel throughout Ulthuan, guarding travelling scholars or seeking out information to enrich the vast store that resides in the White Tower. The Swordmasters are exemplars of the martial arts, capable of incredible feats of arms. Each has studied warfare and personal combat for decades, or even centuries. It is even said that the highest masters of the order can slay a foe with but a touch, or kill with a single precisely pitched whistle. When Ulthuan marches to war, none go more eagerly than the Swordmasters of Hoeth, for only in war can they truly unleash the full extent of their deadly art.

Though adept with all manner of weapons, their favoured weapon are the greatswords of Hoeth. These mighty weapons are elegantly shaped swords, often as long as six or seven feet from the pommel to the tip of the razor sharp blade, yet is balanced so perfectly that, to a warrior skilled in its use, it seems as light as a feather. The Swordmasters' greatswords are forged beneath the Tower of Hoeth, by smiths whose secrets are the envy of even the priests of Vaul. So keen is the greatsword's edge, and so enduring are the enchantments woven into its blade, that its sharpness is never dulled, no matter how many helms or skulls are cloven by its strikes.

A Swordmaster is skilled beyond the understanding of ordinary Elves whose own agility and strength of arms are renowned by other races the world over. A Swordmaster wields his weapon with such speed and precision it is said he can raise his sword, sever an enemy's neck and return his sword to rest before a lesser warrior can even raise a shield to block him. The Swordmasters' abilities are so enhanced by their super-human mastery of body and mind that they wield their double-handed weapons as easily as an ordinary Elf would a single-handed sword. Despite being clad in the traditional armour and tall helm of their order, the Swordmasters are more nimble and graceful than any non-Elf could hope to be. As the Swordmasters advance, their blades blur and weave, knocking aside arrows or crossbow bolts harmlessly aside in mid-flight and leaving trails of bloody spray wherever Hoeth-forged steel tastes flesh.

"From Darkness I cry for you, the tears you shed for us are the blood of the Elven kind of Isha. Here I stand on the last shore, a sword in my hand. Ulthuan shall never fall."

- The Swordmasters of Hoeth

Since their inception during the reign of Bel-Korhadris, the Swordmasters have distinguished themselves on thousands of occasions. At the Battle of Hathar Ford, a single regiment of Swordmasters guarded the only river crossing for miles around. Commanded by the feared sorcerers, the Coven of Ten, a vast Dark Elf army sought swift passage across the river, but the Swordmasters denied them at every turn.

Fighting knee-deep in the swirling river, the Swordmasters inflicted grievous casualties on the Dark Elves, despite the blistering barrage of spells cast by the Coven. After hours of ceaseless combat, the river became so choked with the bodies of the Dark Elf dead, that the corpses blocked the flow of the river, which soon burst its banks. The timely arrival of the legendary High Elf Mage Teclis to the battlefield brought much needed respite from the magical assault launched by the Coven of Ten, and the Swordmasters swiftly counter attacked, driving the Dark Elves from the field.

Of the many legendary factions the fabled Swordmasters of Hoeth are the swiftest to lend their support to a growing warhost. Dozens of Swordmasters travel Ulthuan, performing the bidding of their Loremasters. When the rallying cry goes out, all nearby Swordmasters able to put aside their current burdens will do so, and forge themselves into a regiment for the duration of the campaign. Should one of the Loremasters of Hoeth choose to lend his mystical might to the cause, the number of Swordmasters in the warhost can rise quite steeply, as such revered mages rarely appear on the field of battle without an escort of the quicksilver warriors.

In battle, the Swordmasters are deadly opponents, eager to practice their great skills on the enemies of Ulthuan. Only at war against the foes of the Asur can the Swordmasters truly unleash all of their ability, testing their learning in an arena where there is no room for mistakes. This is the true test of their mettle and the one they most eagerly seek. They fight with great sweeps of their blades, the air itself humming as the Swordmaster weaves a web of death that only the very best fighters in the world could hope to survive.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Swordmaster	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	2	8
Bladelord	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

Swordmaster: *The Swordmasters' abilities are so enhanced by their super-human mastery of body and mind that they wield their double-handed weapons as easily as an ordinary Elf would a single-handed sword. Their reactions are so fast that they can knock a shower of arrows from the air using their sword, deflecting an arrow or crossbow bolt harmlessly aside.*

Models with this special rule ignore Initiative penalties from great weapons and gain the Dodge (6+) special rule against missile attacks (except templates).

LOREMASTERS OF HOETH

The path of the Swordmaster is not the only one taught within the Tower of Hoeth. Here can be found many disciplines of art, magic and war. Most scholars confine themselves to studying but a single path, honing their skills until perfection is achieved. Even amongst the ratified ranks of Elf-kind, it is unusual to find an intellect capable of mastering an entire path, let alone show accomplishment in several – but it is not impossible. Such is the achievement that marks out a Loremaster from a mere scholar.

Loremasters are invariably gifted warriors, for their intellects find even the exacting disciplines of the Swordmasters almost childishly easy to master. Similarly, each Loremaster has a faultless grasp of the principles of magical lore. However, he seldom wastes time in committing more than a sliver of battle magic to memory: he is concerned with weightier and more elusive spells that are little suited to the battlefield. Beyond this, it is rare to encounter two Loremasters who have trodden the same path to illumination. Even to an Elven mind, the realm of knowledge is a labyrinth, and none can explore all of its many chambers. Indeed, centuries of scholarship have left more than a few Loremasters with a touch of eccentricity. Nevertheless, no commander will spurn a Loremaster's services if they are offered, for their synthesis of magical fury and swordsmanship is truly formidable.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Loremaster	5	6	4	4	3	3	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Loremasters of Hoeth are Level 2 Wizards. They do not choose spells following the normal rules, but instead always know the eight signature spells from the Lore of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Swordmaster, Valour of Ages.

THE SECRET WAR

Since the time of Bel Shanaar a long and bitter struggle has raged behind the peaceful facade of Ulthuan's courts and palaces. A war fought behind closed doors by the trusted agents of the Phoenix King and the debased worshippers of the Cults of Excess.

After centuries of bitter struggle, Phoenix King Aethis requested aid from the sages of the White Tower. In response the Loremasters of Hoeth unleashed the Swordmasters upon the vile cultists. The legendary warrior-scholars wasted no time raking their unparalleled skills to the dark corners of Ulthuan's great ones, slaughtering the cultists wherever they were found.

So began the first chapter in the secret war that has lasted ever since, for the Swordmasters are implacable foes and will not rest until every member of the Cult of Pleasure lies dead.

WHITE LIONS OF CHRACE

The Elves of the northern kingdoms are a hardy folk, self-sufficient; they live in the wilds of the northernmost coast of Ulthuan. Chrace is a mountainous realm, covered with ancient forests, beautiful and wild, and famous for the battle-prowess of its warriors. Chrace is one of the main routes through which the Dark Elves seek access to the Inner Lands. The land of Chrace is a bulwark against invasion and her hunters prowl the woodlands for Dark Elf raiding parties, spies and assassins.

Countless years of warfare against Dark Elf invaders have hardened the Chracians into warriors with few equals. Chracians are tall even for Elves, and very strong: they are extremely fierce in battle, for only the strongest and the most determined can survive in this untamed land. The Elves of Chrace love their homeland, and even though they could live more peacefully elsewhere in Ulthuan, they refuse to move: there is no place in the Elven kingdoms that can match the primeval beauty of the northern mountains, and the stars shine as brightly nowhere in the world as they shine in the night sky of Chrace. But amongst these grim Elves the legendary White Lions are regarded as the foremost of all warriors.

THE HISTORY OF THE WHITE LIONS

The history of the White Lions is one long tale of heroic deeds and selfless sacrifices. Time and again these Chracian hunters have saved the life of the Phoenix King, beginning with Caledor the Conqueror himself. It is said that the White Lions have never failed in their duty, save when Tethlis the Slayer was murdered by a Dark Elf Assassin. Even this happened only because the king had previously dismissed his Chracian bodyguards.

The timeline below summarises some of the most famous of the events and battles where the White Lions have had an important role.

Chracian Hunters save prince Imrik (later to become Caledor the Conqueror) from Dark Elf Assassins. They escort Imrik to the Shrine of Asuryan and he is crowned as the Phoenix King Caledor I. Caledor forms his bodyguard from these fierce mountain-dwellers. Thus the foundations of the White Lions' traditions are found.

An army of 10,000 Dark Elves are stopped in the Cloud Pass defended by 200 Chracians, including a contingent of White Lions.

At the siege of Athel Corthain, the entire company of the White Lions is slain to the last man defending prince Allurion from the Witch Elves. Thanks to the sacrifice of the Chracians, Allurion manages to escape.

The battle of Finuvial plain. Korhian Ironglave, the Captain of the White Lions is slain by the Master Assassin Urian Poisonhlade. The White Lions exact a heavy vengeance in the ensuing battle. The Dark Elves and their Chaos allies are utterly defeated.

Korhil saves the life of prince Tyrion as his army is ambushed in the Highlands of Chrace. The White Lions heat hack the Dark Elf Shades and Assassins.

Hargammon, the Dark Elf Master Assassin of Ghroind makes an attempt on the life of Finubar the Seafarer in his palace. He is saved very last moment by Korhil, the Captain of the White Lions.

The White Lions take part in the great sea battle against the Norse. They are instrumental in the storming the Kingship of Erik Redaxe.

The White Lions take their names from the fierce predators which stalk the mountains of Chrace, and are the personal guard of the Phoenix King. They form a number of substantial regiments that protect the King's palace in peacetime and accompany him in time of war. The White Lions are powerfully built and stronger than most Elves, and those woodsmen of Chrace who prove themselves worthy to become a member of the King's elite bodyguard are expert warriors, and in battle they wield fearsome double-handed war axes. Shoulder to shoulder with their comrades, White Lions are capable of weathering the deadliest assaults before retaliating with swift, crushing blows.

Tradition has it that the White Lions are recruited from the land of Chrace, a perilous realm whose inhabitants are great woodsmen beyond compare, able to navigate forests with ease, and fierce warriors. Due to the constant threat of Dark Elf raiders the Chracians live in fortified settlements high in the wooded mountains. They have become great hunters and scouts, adept at guerrilla warfare and skilled in the use of bows and axes. Chrace is famed for its woods, and years of practice have taught the local folk to move through them without a sound. They hold the passes in the broken northlands against the constant incursions of the Dark Elves. They are sworn to protect the lands about the Inner Sea to their dying breath and are renowned for their ferocity and prowess.

The White Lions trace their origins back to the time of Caledor the First. Caledor was hunting in Chrace when he received the news that he was to be the next Phoenix King. He immediately took the road to the Shrine of Asuryan. On route he was intercepted by Dark Elf assassins who had doubtlessly learned of the new Phoenix King's identity from their spies at court. Caledor would surely have died were it





not for the intervention of a party of Chracious hunters who swept out of the forest, throwing the Dark Elves into disarray with the suddenness of their attack, before cutting the assassins down with their axes. Having overcome the assassins, the Chracious proceeded to escort the Phoenix King to the Shrine, easily avoiding further Dark Elves ambushes that lay in their path by means of their expert woodcraft. Caledor's first act, once crowned as Phoenix King, was to form the Chracious into an official bodyguard based in Lothorn.

It is a great honour amongst the Chracious to accompany the Phoenix King. Ever since the time of Caledor the First, the closest bodyguards of the Phoenix Kings have come from the forested wilds of Chrace. These are the bravest of the young Elves of Chrace, chosen for the honour of serving the Phoenix King by ancient rites. Not all are worthy to serve, and a warrior can only join the ranks of the White Lions after displaying considerable valour and skill upon the battlefield. He must then also complete the traditional rite of a Chracious warrior to demonstrate his skill and bravery by tracking down one of the fierce white lions that roam the dark forests and barren mountains of that land.

These great cats are amongst Chrace's fiercest creatures; they stand as tall at the shoulder as a horse, and a swipe of their claws is enough to shatter a spine. There are accounts of prides of white lions ravaging convoys, and even attacking isolated villages, should they become hungry enough. When they find one they must kill it in hand-to-hand combat and take its pelt. This task is not an easy one, for the lions are intelligent and canny beasts, making the contest one of wits, as well as strength. To slay such a beast is therefore an exceptionally difficult task but, if the warrior succeeds, he is entitled to wear the lion's pelt as a mark of their undoubted courage and may serve the Phoenix King as one of his bodyguard. The pelt has another use too, for the fur of a white lion is abnormally thick, and worn over armour it offers excellent protection against the arrows and shot of their enemies. When they find one they must kill it in hand-to-hand combat and take its pelt.

Although every Phoenix King since Caledor the Conqueror has offered his bodyguard their choice of replacement weaponry, the White Lion's continue to proudly bear the traditional woodman's axe into battle. Many of the axes carried by the White Lions are ancient heirlooms, handed down from father to son and warrior to warrior across centuries untold, yet their steel remains untarnished and never loses as keen edge. When wielded by the immensely strong Chracious hunters, these weapons are said to be able to fell a tree or cleave a man in half with but a single blow.

As regal bodyguards, the White Lions of Chrace are loathe to leave their assignments for ought but the direst of tragedies – duty to their charge comes before all. If an Elven lord seeks the presence of the White Lions upon the field, he is well advised to request the aid of the one they protect, and thus gain the service of their bodyguard. Only by the direct order of the King himself they may be lent to other High Elf lords and princes. This can happen when there is a danger of assassination or if war is being fought in Chrace, where the knowledge of their homeland makes White Lions invaluable.

White Lion regiments are often despatched to join the armies of Ulthuan during times of particular danger, tasked with protecting High Elf generals and mages, or bolstering the overall strength of the army. White Lions are renowned for their unflinching courage in the face of overwhelming odds and terrible horrors, protecting their charge whatever the foe

and regardless of the danger to themselves. Emboldened by their ancient duty and sworn to lay down their lives before they fail, the White Lions will fight to protect their lord long after the rest of the army has fled.

Despite their history of thousands of years of most bitter warfare, the reputation of the White Lions is untarnished, their valour unmatched. Not once during the history of the regiment have the White Lions abandoned any noble or prince that has been entrusted to their care. They are the Lions of Ulthuan, and a terrible foe in battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
White Lion	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9
Guardian	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Forest Strider, Martial Prowess, Stubborn, Valour of Ages.

Lion Cloak: *Each White Lion wears the fur of a slain lion, both as a sign of status and a protection against harm from light missiles by entangling arrow heads and the equivalent in its thick fur.*

Lion Cloaks have the following armour profile:

Combat:	Missile:	Special Rules:
-	+1/6+	-

Woodman's Axe: *The White Lions each carry a heavy axe based upon the native Chracious design of the woodman's axe. They are extremely skilled in the handling of these weapons, using them to fight bears, lions and even more monstrous creatures as well as marauding Dark Elves.*

Great weapon. White Lions may make use of one the following special rules in close combat in the situations described below:

- **Lion Rampant:** *The axe is used to hold back a charging enemy and blunt the force of his attack. The White Lion uses the thick haft of the axe like a quarter staff to defend himself against the enemy's onslaught.*

Lion Rampant can be used in a turn when choosing "Hold" as a charge reaction. The White Lions gain the Parry (6+) special rule for the duration of the close combat phase.

- **Lion Leaping:** *The warrior uses the weight of his weapon to barge over his opponent, employing his Elven speed and agility to catch his foe off balance.*

Lion Leaping can be used in a turn when the White Lions are charging. The enemy unit is subject to the Always Strikes Last special rule for the duration of the close combat phase.

- **Lion Claw:** *This method is employed against larger creatures, and is essentially a killing blow to the neck. The Chracious practice this movement using thick logs, and it is said that a well-aimed blow will cut a tree clean in two.*

Lion Claw can be used fighting against Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Beasts and Monstrous Cavalry. Against these Troop Types, the White Lions have the Heroic Killing Blow special rule in the first turn of close combat.



LION CHARIOTS OF CHRACE

Of all the beasts that prowl within the mysterious forests of the Elven realm of Chrace, the white War Lions are perhaps the best renowned. These fearsome beasts are deadly hunting cats, powerful creatures with a muscular frame and a sharp, cunning mind. Almost as tall at the shoulders as an Elven steed, a War Lion is far stronger, able to break bones with each sweep of its claws and shatter even helmeted heads with a single chomp of its fanged maw. When the War Lion prides hunt, none within their chosen grounds are safe. There are accounts of prides of white lions ravaging convoys travelling through the region and even attacking isolated villages should they become hungry enough. They will range far and wide, coordinating by instinct, in search of prey. A War Lion loyalty is to its kin, first and last. This fidelity, along with their incredibly ferocity when they attack, has given rise to a great many songs and poems throughout Ulthuan who warn of straying too close to a white lion, and it is with a clear measure of pride that the Phoenix King's bodyguard have adopted the famed White Lions of Chrace as their namesakes.

It is because of the incredible danger that the white lions present that the Chracian hunters are forced to hunt them with axe, spear and bow through the perilous forests of their homeland. Such encounters between the Elven hunters and white lions all too often go against the High Elves, for such is the sheer savagery of the lions that only the very greatest hunters can expect to triumph.

While the vast majority of White Lions serve in the Phoenix King's honour guard, there is a smaller subset of hunters more in tune with nature who take onto themselves the responsibility of fostering the War Lions of Chrace. Deeply

attuned to the natural world the Chracian hunter do not kill the white lions out of hand, and the greatest of their order have been known to raise a cub into a powerful War Lion trained to savage their foes on the field of battle.

The High Elves of Ulthuan do not regard the War Lions as evil creatures, but rather savage beasts to be feared, respected and occasionally, in the case of the hunters of Chrace, nurtured. The High Elves take no joy in needless slaughter, and often stay their blades should cubs or adolescents be discovered. These infants would doubtless become savage and deadly beasts if they were left in the wild, but with expert care, the young white lions are raised to become as loyal as Griffons.

Reared with a tenderness normally reserved for Elven steeds or other noble creatures, these 'tame' white lions swiftly form a bond with the Chracian hunters that foster them. Fiercely protective of their masters and their adopted pride, these lions are thereafter known as "War Lions" for they make formidable weapons on the battlefield. So do many of the Phoenix King's bodyguard ride to battle in Lion Chariots. Each of these white-timbered construction is drawn by a pair of snarling War Lions whose savage power is belied by their feline grace and elegantly plaited manes.

When the regiments of Chrace go to war they are often accompanied by powerful War Lions that draw the famed Lion Chariots. Sturdy war engines made in the traditions of the legendary chariots of Tiranoc, the Lion Chariots are fashioned from the same smooth white wood. These chariots are the finest expression of the Elven artisan's craft. Unlike the swift and nimble Tiranoc Chariots though, the Chariots of Chrace are drawn by a pair of ferocious War Lions, proud beasts whose feline grace and elegantly plaited manes belie their awesome power.

In contrast to the Tiranoc war chariots that sweep across the battlefield carefully picking at the foe, the Lion Chariot of Chrace is a brutal weapon of destruction that charges headlong into the fray. Proceeded by savage roars that shake the enemy to their very core, the Lion Chariots plough through skirmishers and crash fearlessly into the ranks of enemy regiments. The paired War Lions tear into the foe with fang and claw, bearing mounted warriors to the ground and creating pandemonium within tightly packed infantry formations. The crew fight from the chariot platform supporting the raging lions with deft blows from their axes, cleaving heads and shoulders with every strike. Such daring charges have become the hallmark of the Lion Chariots, earning them a reputation as courageous linebreakers capable of smashing even the most determined shieldwall. Woe to the foe who stumbles upon a stalking hunter and his lion! For them death is inevitable, the only question is will it be by axe or by claw?



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lion Chariot	7	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-
White Lion	-	5	4	4	-	-	5	1	9
War Lion	-	4	0	5	-	-	4	2	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 6+).

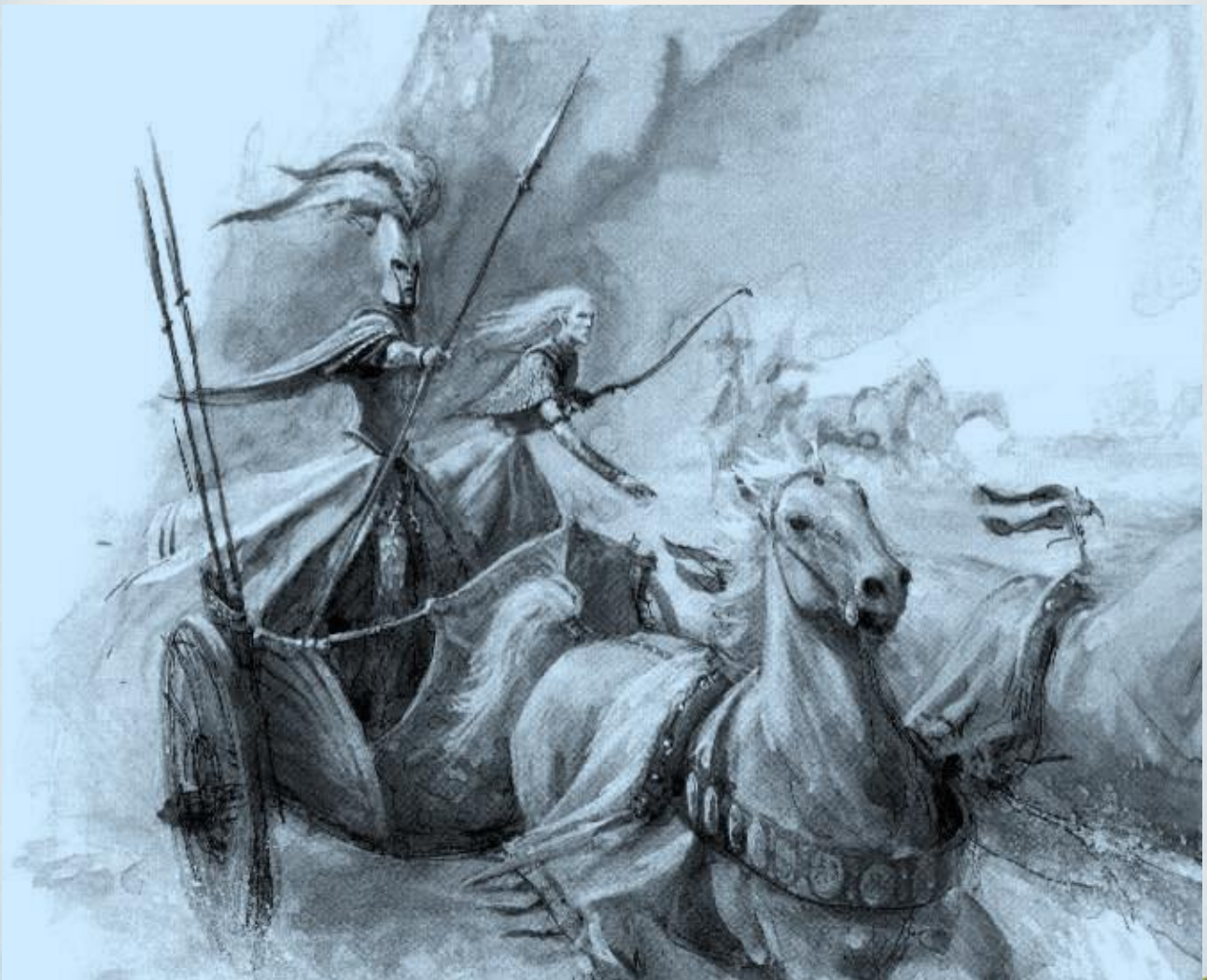
SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Martial Prowess, Stubborn, Valour of Ages.

TIRANOC CHARIOTS

Prior to the Sundering the western realm of Tiranoc was said to be the fairest of all the Elven lands, where majestic snow-capped mountains towered over sweeping flower-strewn plains and calm bays. It was a prosperous land too. Gilded ships sailed westward to the New World and south to Lustria and Cathay, bringing gold and silver aplenty to Tiranoc. For the nobles of that land there was no finer thing than to race across the smooth, fertile plains of Tiranoc atop a swift Elven chariot. Like their kin in the Shadow Realm of Nagarythe, the Elves of Tiranoc had most of their land engulfed by the raging seas and many of their grandest mansions and noblest families were lost. Entire cities were swept away by the murderous tidal wave and the once sweeping plains were left sodden marshes.

A few charioteers are all that remain of the ancient way of war of the Tiranoc nobility. In ages past the coastal plains of their realm were full of herds of noble steeds and racing charioteers. The warriors competed with each other to see who could ride the fastest, or loose the most accurate arrow from the back of a speeding chariot. Then the Sundering came, and the once fair land of Tiranoc sank below the waves.

Not all was lost though. Indeed, many of their finest warriors were elsewhere, fighting against the evil minions of the Witch King. In this way they were able to preserve their traditions and skills, but it was an embittered few that returned to their drowned land after the wars had ravaged their realm. Today Tiranoc is a much reduced land, its fertile plains lie under water, and its people are fewer in number than in former times. Yet they are still an adventurous race, proud of their fighting traditions. The effort of thousands of years has restored some of Tiranoc's greatness and to this day Tiranoc nobles continue to fight from swift war chariots, just as their forefathers did in the days of Aenarion. Since then, they have spent their time tending their herds and preparing for battle to serve in any Asur army, especially those that fight their Dark Elf kin, and will travel many days to join a force on the march. When Dark Elf armies thrust southwards through Tiranoc they are harried by charioteers and denied the chance to forage and gather supplies. Many a Dark Elf raiding force has been hounded into extinction by the brave warriors of Tiranoc





Many great and noble Elven heroes have hailed from the realm of Tiranoc, and their determination bears witness to the finer qualities of Tiranoc. Bel Shanaar, the second Phoenix King, was a prince of Tiranoc prior to his election, a skilled warrior who had distinguished himself in the wars against the Daemons. Upon his chariot, named Silver Wind, he and his chosen charioteers drove entire Daemon hosts before them. To the Elves who saw them fight, they became known as the Wind Riders. To this day whenever a large force of Tiranoc charioteers is gathered they are referred to as the Riders of the Wind, a mark of respect for the ancient warrior who oversaw the recovery of the High Elf race, and lost his life to the betrayal of Malekith.



The scattered peoples of the sundered realm of Tiranoc still keep alive the art of fighting from a fast-moving chariot. Charging in, striking at the foe and wheeling away, driving hack their enemies with their deadly skill, the Charioteers of Tiranoc are a breath-taking sight that none in the outer lands can match for speed and grace. Each chariot is drawn by two fine Elven Steeds and carries a single Tiranoc noble who controls the chariot with nothing more than a spoken word.

Charioteers traditionally carry the deadly Singing Blade, a glaive-like weapon cunningly carved and pierced so that it shrieks as it is swung. A single blow from a Singing Blade can cleave a fully armoured man in two if it is struck from a thundering chariot. The nobles are also experts in the use of bow and sword and often carry these weapons with them to war. Charging in, striking at the foe and wheeling away, driving back their enemies with their skill and power, the Charioteers of Tiranoc are a breath-taking sight that none in the outer lands can match for speed and grace.

"With the thunder of hooves and the turning of our steel-shod wheels, we are death upon the wind.

With bow in hand, ours is a vengeance rained down from afar, we are death upon the wind.

With tall spears held to our foe's throat, cold fury guiding our aim, we are death upon the wind."

- From the battle hymn of Tiranoc

When the Phoenix King calls his subjects to war, the fiery knights of Tiranoc are always among the first to answer, riding to battle at the head of a mighty chariot host. Spear-points and helms gleam in the light of the rising sun, and banners of white, gold and blue stream in the wind. As one, the charioteers give voice to the battle hymn of Tiranoc, a rousing and beautiful anthem, sung at the mustering of the host since ancient times.

In battle, the Tiranoc charioteers fight with incredible skill, deft reactions complementing the awesome speed of their straining Elven steeds. Thus do they find passage where lesser mortals could not hope to do so: they weave between enemy units at full speed, raining arrows onto unprotected flanks and raking enemy lines with steel-tipped spears. Only when the enemy is sufficiently weakened do the Tiranoc charioteers crash fearlessly into the press of melee in a glorious massed charge, the steeds biting and kicking, the riders thrusting their razor-sharp spears into the black hearts of their foes. When the chariots of Tiranoc launch a mass charge, the ground trembles beneath the thundering hooves of the Elven Steeds, bringing dread to the enemies of the High Elves.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tiranoc Chariot	8	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-
Charioteer	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8
Elven Steed	-	3	0	3	-	-	4	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.



DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

Caledor is the fabled land of Dragons, where in ancient times princes of royal blood would ride Dragons to battle. The Dragon Princes, as they were called, were the greatest warriors in all of Ulthuan, champions of the wars against the Daemons and the civil war wrought by the Witch King.

Long ago, the Dragon Princes could command enough dragons to turn the skies black with wings, destroying entire armies with their flames and mighty claws. Few indeed were those who could stand before their charge, the dragons incinerating those that escaped the lances of their masters. Once Caledor was the supreme realm amongst the Elven kingdoms, but now its power has waned, its Dragons are diminished in size and number, and those that are left slumber deeply. Today there are still Dragons slumbering in their lairs in the Dragon Spine Mountains and the caves beneath Vault's Anvil. Occasionally in times of dire need they may rouse a dragon from its centuries of slumber, but only their greatest heroes can aspire to ride such ferocious steeds.

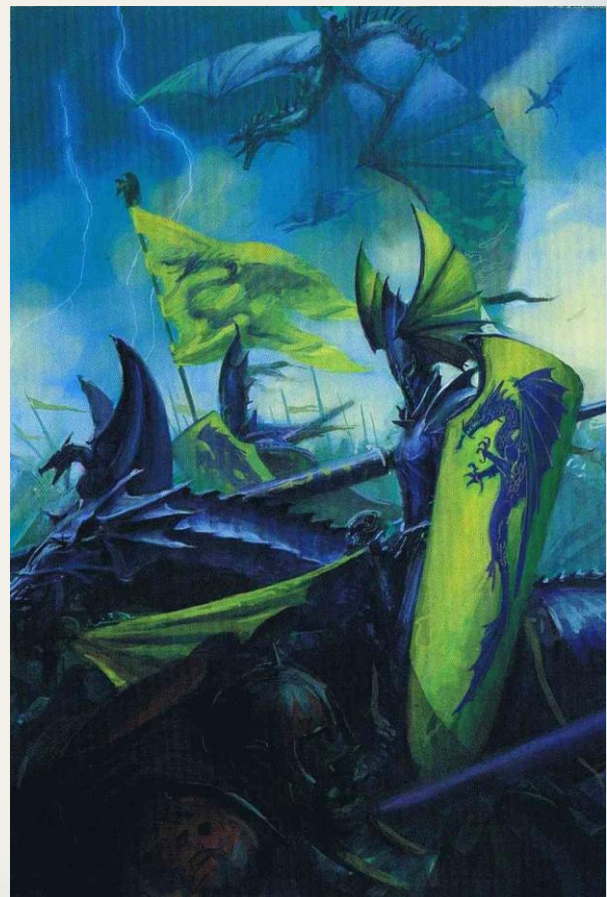
Long ago, Ulthuan was dominated by the valorous deeds and wise rule of Caledor's Dragon Princes. Now, the royal bloodline has faded, and the power of the Dragons has diminished, but Caledor's pride still shines bright, and the Dragon Princes have lost none of their own skills with sword and lance. Where in the distant past the nobles of Caledor rode Dragons, today they ride to war as knights upon swift Elven steeds caparisoned in burnished armour forged in the form of a dragon, in much the same way as Elves of other lands. However, their old pre-eminence remains a source of pride, their martial traditions are strong, and they regard themselves as the elite even amongst the nobility of Ulthuan's kingdoms. Indeed, 'Prince of Caledor' is a byword for arrogance amongst Elves of other lands.

The ancient traditions are reflected in the ithilmar armour worn by the Knights of Caledor and their steeds, modelled in the antique style of that worn by Dragon riders of old, an echo of a bygone age but no less terrible for it. Dragon Princes may no longer ride true dragons, but each piece of their battle harness carries a reminder of those glorious days. Their sturdy armour and dragon-crested helms are as much protection as the scales of a dragon itself, and every item carries the blazon of dragon wing, scale or fire. In both cases the ornately detailed armour is forged in the heart of Vault's Anvil, a volcano in the Dragon Spine Mountains using ancient enchantments bound into the cooling ithilmar that were perfected when Ulthuan was young. This dragon armour is entirely resistant to heat, in the manner of Aenarion's old armour. A Dragon Prince clad in his dragon armour can ride fearlessly through fire, be it the breath of dragons, the alchemical fury of the Dwarfs or the eldritch flames of the vile

Skaven, ensuring that no lesser flame than the fires of Vault can offer harm to the armour or its wearer.

Amongst the most prized of potential allies are the Dragon Princes – nobles, lords and proud warriors every one. The Dragon Princes cannot be counted upon to muster for the mundane drudgeries of sentry and patrol work – such tasks are for the common folk, not the inheritors of Caledor the Great. They live for the glory of besting dread and mighty foes. But if the leader of an assembling host is wise he will peak the Dragon Princes' interest with the promise of a battle worthy of gods, or perhaps confess that a particular foe is beyond his own humble talents. Lured by such glories, the sons of Caledor would gladly ride to a battle on the far side of the world.

Caledorians are haughty even by the standards of other Elves. Indeed, 'Prince of Caledor' is a byword for arrogance amongst Elves of other lands. Dragon Princes consider themselves so superior to Ulthuan's other soldiers as to have nothing remarkable in common with them at all. Worse, they pay little heed to orders – though they may consent to consider suggestions. In many warriors, this arrogance would be dangerous, yet in the Dragon Princes, this pride springs from an utter surety of deed and a martial judgement that borders on the supernatural.





The nobles of Caledor always fight as one in a unit, banding together to relive their ancient glories and remind those that would stand in their way that their traditional skill at arms has not been dimmed by the years. And who is to say that those long-gone days of heroism will not come again? The tides of Chaos and evil are on the rise once more, and even the most ancient of the firedrakes stirs in its long sleep. The Loremasters read the many signs and portents, speaking of a final battle in which the Dragon Princes will ride once again on their fabled beasts, and who can say they are wrong?



In battle the Princes of Caledor stand aloof from other High Elf regiments, forming their own band of Knights and fighting beneath their own banner. They never take to the field without it, and defend it with their lives. Such is the arrogance of the Dragon Princes that their standards remain erect whilst all the others are dipped to acknowledge the rule of the Phoenix King prim to battle. When forced to remark upon a, Dragon Princes claim that this stems from the reign of Caledor the Conqueror, who granted them this as a sign of respect



for their noble sacrifice. They say that it is not for them to countermand the word of Caledor. Such an act would be to offer far greater disrespect to the lineage of Phoenix Kings than ten thousand erect banners could ever achieve. Others point out that even before Caledor granted this boon, the Dragon Princes refused to lower their banners anyway.

When the Dragon Princes enter the fray, they choose for themselves the most dangerous battlefield assignments, seeking both glory and an opponent worthy of their skills. The finest cavalry in Ulthuan, and some say the world, the Dragon Princes crash into the enemy with arrogant disdain, slaughtering the foe with masterful strikes from both lance and sword. Such is their skill that a Dragon Prince can slay two warriors with one lance thrust, impaling both on their steel-tipped weapon. Indeed, it is said that the knights of Caledor can reduce an enemy warband to ruin more swiftly and mercilessly than any of Ulthuan's other warriors.

Only in the thick of battle does a Dragon Prince's true character emerge. Hauteur gives way to determination; arrogance to courage. Gone is the aloof noble who disdains the company of all save his own kin. In his place rides a warrior who would die without hesitation if his sacrifice would save but one of Ulthuan's people. Only when the battle-light fades from the Dragon Prince's eyes does the aspect of the Caledorian noble slide back into place. Callous pride returns, leaving those who saw the selfless hero behind the mask to question if he ever truly existed at all.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dragon Prince	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9
Drakemaster	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	3	9
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

Dragon Armour: *Forged in the heart of a volcano, this fine armour is enchanted to ward off the blows of the enemy and is all but impervious to Dragon fire.*

Heavy armour. Dragon armour grants the wearer the Immunity (Flaming Attacks) special rule.

THE FIREBORN

As the royal bodyguards of the ruling Prince of Caledor, the noble Imrik, the fireborn are the finest knights in a kingdoms famed for its peerless mastery of war. Their shields bear the image of Indraugnir, the legendary Dragon that bore Aenarion to battle, and honour bestowed upon them by Imrik himself after they slew the great Bloodthirster, Gorecleaver, and led the charge that shattered the dread legion of Skalthrak the Slaughterer.



SHADOW WARRIORS

The Shadow Warriors are survivors of the ravages of the Dark Elves in the north of Ulthuan. When the Dark Elves first split from the rest of Ulthuan many from their own lands did not join them but were still caught in the terrible war that followed, culminating in the destruction of their land by the magic unleashed by Dark Elf sorcerers. To this day they live on as a nomadic people wandering in the wildernesses of northern Ulthuan and ranging across Cothique, Tiranoc and Chrace in small, fierce bands. Sometimes they are joined by Elves who have lost their homes and families to the Dark Elves and now lust for vengeance with the cold fury that only Elves can feel.

The shadowland of Nagarythe was once amongst the most prosperous of the Elven lands. It was also the most decadent and became the focus for the worship of new and exotic gods. This culminated in the dangerous Cult of Pleasure and the growth in power of the Lady Morathi, mother to Lord Malekith who at that time was still held as a model of Elven honesty and virtue. Not all the people of the Shadowlands succumbed to the new religion of blood-sacrifice and self-indulgence, but many did, and soon the whole realm had degenerated into anarchy and bloodshed.

War followed the death of the Phoenix King Bel-Shanaar, driven to take poison by the evil accusations of Malekith. Soon the whole of Ulthuan had taken up arms either for Malekith or for Caledor the rightful successor to Bel-Shanaar. It was a period of great destruction and much uncertainty. Malekith and his followers fought from their strongholds in Nagarythe where countless hitherto secretive adherents of the Cult of Pleasure gathered to oppose the Phoenix King.

The opening battles of the Elven civil war were fought in the cities of Nagarythe, when most of the Elves there sided with the Witch King, becoming Dark Elves. Those faithful to the Phoenix King swore to fight Malekith and his treacherous forces. Fire and madness flowed through once peaceful streets. Brother fought against brother, and mothers screamed for the blood of their children. When the fighting was done, many proud cities had been destroyed forever, and the stain of kin-slaying tainted the stones long after the blood had washed away. Scattered and desperately outnumbered, the loyalists fled into the darkness. They swore before all the gods of heaven that

"We have lost our families, our lands, and our innocence. Even our kings look upon us with suspicious eyes, for all they remember are the atrocities of Malekith and his ilk, not the nobility of those who remained. It is for these reasons we fight this Shadow War, for redemption can only come from tears and blood. Only when Malekith breathes his last, his heart pierced by Nagarythe steel, shall we ask Lileath for forgiveness. Until that day nothing will stand in the path of our vengeance..."

- Filamar the Swift, Shadow Warrior of Nagarythe

they and their descendants would continue the fight against Malekith and his treacherous forces – throughout eternity, if such was the need. Thus did these ill-fated Elves become the Shadow Warriors – the darkest, most sinister and most brutal of all the High Elves.

Through that long and terrible war some of the Nagarythe, the most strong-willed of that warrior race, continued to resist Malekith. They threw in their lot with Caledor but remained in the land that they loved, fighting a desperate 'shadow war' from the forests and mountains. When Nagarythe was destroyed many of these gallant fighters were drowned under the waves, but enough survived to remember their once beautiful realm.

From carefully concealed hiding places deep within the Shadowlands, these loyal sons and daughters of Nagarythe fought a blood-soaked war against Malekith's traitors. Ambush and deception were their tools, for they lacked the numbers for more conventional war. In these battles quarter was neither asked nor offered. In the weeks and months that followed, many of the Witch King's patrols perished in lonely places, throats slit or pierced by arrows.

After the defeat of Malekith's armies on the field of Maledor, the Witch King conceived of a final battle, a battle fought in the realm of magic, in which the very gods of Chaos would be invoked to bring death and destruction upon the land. That battle was a long and hard one, and though Malekith did not succeed, Ulthuan was torn apart





in the conflict and the land of Nagarythe was sunk beneath the waves along with a large part of Tiranoc. Afterwards the Dark Elves fled northwards to Naggaroth where they founded their cold realm in exile.

The Nagarythe became a restless wandering people, drawn to fighting and unable to settle to more peaceful tasks, never staying for long in one place and, if truth be known, never really welcomed by other Elves. For the Nagarythe were always a proud and warlike people, said to be cruel and merciless in the way of Aenarion in his madness.

Though they would never speak of it near one of the Nagarythe, the other Elves of Ulthuan perceive an unnerving darkness in the souls of the Shadow Warriors, a taint that hangs over them like a veil of distrust. None question that the Shadow Warriors perform a task necessary for the existence of their homeland, but it has left the Shadow Warriors with stony hearts and a murderous streak to their personalities. They are intense and brooding, proud and warlike, and this has made them little trusted by the other Elves of Ulthuan.

Many High Elves have observed the brutal behaviour of their kin from Nagarythe and recoiled in horror. Unsurprisingly, there are High Elves that whisper that the shadow war has left the vicious warriors of Nagarythe more like their Druchii enemies than they would dare to admit.

Though much that is said of the Nagarythe is undoubtedly untrue, it is the case that they have a brooding intensity and a disturbing darkness about their eyes that makes other Elves shudder. They remain a tainted and homeless people, 'touched by the Witch King' as the Elf wives say, outcasts, many of whom have been driven to a life of perilous adventure beyond the borders of Ulthuan itself.

Despite this they are among the most loyal subjects of the Phoenix King and the tales of their daring exploits are many. It is an unusual Elf indeed who has not heard of their valour. Though they are wilder and perhaps more vicious than the rest of our people, it is because of their tragic past rather than innate cruelty. Given the bitter times through which they have lived, this is a flaw that they find easy to understand.

To this day, the descendants of the Shadow Warriors continue their grim battle against the Dark Elves – whether on the shores of Ulthuan or the lands beyond. Tactics and skills that began out of desperation have now been honed to a fine and sinister art, passed down with family names and the last precious traditions of an older, more civilised Nagarythe.

Even at times when the populace of Ulthuan does not consider itself at war, there is no respite for the Shadow Warriors. Weary and grim, the Shadow Warriors constantly patrol the barren shores and bleakest hills of Nagarythe. They keep a ceaseless vigil against approach of the evil Druchii who sank their homeland beneath the waves. To this day Dark Elves return to steal their children and slaughter their kin. Little wonder then that battles between them are bitterly fought with no quarter asked or given.

It is a lonely and thankless task, to stand as sentinels against the constant malice of the Dark Elves, but the oaths that the Shadow Warriors swore many thousand years ago bind them to their long and bitter duty. The hatred that the Shadow Warriors reserve for the Dark Elves knows no bounds, for the Sundering cost them not just their lands and loved ones, but also stained their reputation forever with suspicion and dread. Any Dark Elf captured by the Shadow Warriors can expect a long and painful death.

The Shadow Warriors' relationship with the rest of Ulthuan is a troubled one. Many High Elves mistrust them, ill at ease with their stony hearts and ruthless ways. Indeed, while they would only speak of it with caution, there are those who whisper that the shadow war has left the Shadow Warriors more like their enemies than they would dare to admit.

For their part, the warriors of Nagarythe deem their distant kin to be soft and naive. Silently, however, they remain secretly grateful that the burden of the Shadow Warriors has not yet fallen upon their whole race. Marked forever by lives of constant and bitter struggle, they stand apart from High Elf society and never directly respond to a cry for aid. Nevertheless, many a battle has been swung by an unlooked-for volley of black etched arrows, or the silent slaughter of an enemy wizard thought safe amongst his own lines. Though they be shunned and distrusted by their own folk, the bleak wardens of Nagarythe know full well where their loyalties lie.

At some point, every race has felt the wrath of the Shadow Warriors, for they go before the armies of the Asur wherever they fight, slaughtering the enemy's scouts and clearing a path for the main force. The Shadow Warriors are masters of ambush and guerrilla warfare, elite warriors even among other Elves. They strike swiftly and noiselessly from concealment with deadly accurate volleys from their longbows, before charging forth to slay any survivors with a flurry of blades.

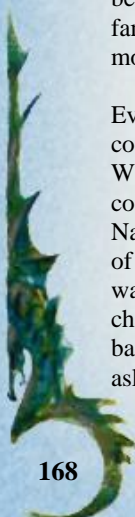
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shadow Warrior	5	4	5	3	3	1	6	1	8
Shadow Walker	5	4	6	3	3	1	6	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Hatred (Dark Elves), Martial Prowess, Scouts, Skirmishers, Valour of Ages.

THE GREY

The band of Shadow Warriors known only as The Grey take their name from the ashen cloaks that conceal them. Descended from those who sword fealty to Malekith before his treachery was revealed, The Grey have slain Dark Elves beyond counting in a blood feud spanning five millennia. Since the Sundering, they have battled ceaselessly to redeem the honor of their family names, the burden of shame and obligation passing from father to son.



SISTERS OF AVELORN

There are regions of Avelorn that the citizen levies are forbidden to enter. Some are sacred places of power, intrinsically linked with the rites of renewal by which the Everqueen helps sustain Ulthuan and its people. Others are dark and dangerous, places from which the touch of Chaos never truly faded. It is the duty of the Sisters of Avelorn to watch over such places; to ensure that the sacred lands remain sacrosanct, and that the beasts who dwell in the tainted reaches stray not – or are swiftly slain if they do.

Sisters of Avelorn are keen-eyed archers, Elf-maids chosen from the ranks of the citizen levy by the Everqueen's personal decree. By tradition, only the most gifted are welcomed into the Sisters of Avelorn for, just as the Everqueen embodies all that is ideal and unblemished in the Elven race, so too must her chosen guardians aspire to perfection; not only in mind and body, but also in pursuit of the spiritual. Such serves to raise the warriors of this maiden guard above the petty iniquities that so often pervade the Everqueen's court, ensuring that they remain incorruptible.

The command of the defence of Avelorn is entrusted to the chosen champion of the Everqueen. The Everqueen only ever nominates one Elf as her protector and no other males are allowed to bear arms in her presence, save for in times of war.

The champion of the Everqueen is counted as the foremost general of Ulthuan, second only to the Phoenix King himself. Thus it is no wonder that the dream of all young males of Avelorn is to be chosen as the consort and champion of the Everqueen.

Tyrion, the High Elf prince of the House of Aenarion is the current champion of the Everqueen Alarielle. Tyrion is the greatest Elf warrior of his age, a noble paladin well-suited for his role. He is a great general and an unmatched fighter, and thus far he has managed to protect Alarielle from harm.

This does not stop the would-be consorts of the Everqueen from gathering from all over Ulthuan to try and win favour in her eyes! There are always bands of Elf knights and nobles who are willing to show their prowess and bravery in the face of any threat.

During times of war High Elves from all over Ulthuan gather to protect Avelorn from harm. Warriors from as far as Caledor come to her side to win favour in the eyes of one of the rulers of Ulthuan.

The neighbouring realm of Chrace, where Isha is revered, is especially eager to send warriors to protect the domain of the Everqueen. A company of White Lions often dwells there as well. These are the comrades-in-arms of Tyrion from the campaign against the Dark Elves. Currently they are the guests of the Everqueen, though in times of need they can lend then considerable strength to aid the defence of the realm.

The folk of Avelorn themselves prefer longbows as their chosen weapon in battle, and if need be, the Everqueen can always call upon a considerable number of archers to aid her when Ulthuan is under attack.

The Sisters of Avelorn prefer to fight their battles at range, as their weapons do not fire ordinary arrows, but mystical bolts of white-blue flame that set tainted flesh afire. Yet the Sisters shirk not from close quarters battle, for no battlefield can overcome one who walks the dark paths of Avelorn, not charging knights, rampaging Daemons, or an entire coterie of Khainite Assassins with cruel murder in their hearts, the warrior-maids stand their ground. With precise aim and steady hearts, they loose arrows until the foe is full upon them, then draw their swords and step into the fray.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sister of Avelorn	5	4	5	3	3	1	6	1	8
High Sister	5	4	6	3	3	1	6	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

BOW OF AVELORN

Warriors of Avelorn use these enchanted bows to slay their foes with volleys of flaming arrows.

Bow. All shots with this weapon are resolved at Strength 4 with the Armour Piercing (1), Flaming Attacks and Magical Attacks special rules. These are non-physical attacks.



HANDMAIDENS OF THE EVERQUEEN

The enchanted realm of Avelorn is the most ancient of the High Elf realms. It is ruled over by the Everqueen, the chosen one of Isha, the Elven goddess of nature. She shares the rulership of Ulthuan with the Phoenix King, but where the Phoenix Kings are often warlike and bound on conquest, the Everqueens' powers rest in healing and protection.

While the Everqueen is peaceful and introverted, and her land beautiful, it is still a wild and dangerous place, troubled by the legacy of the great wars. Monsters stalk the dark reaches of the enchanted forests. Goblins raid the Elf settlements and Dark Elf infiltrators seek the slightest chance to assassinate the co-ruler of Ulthuan.

More than once the many enemies of Ulthuan have attacked Avelorn, and long ago the Everqueen Astarielle was murdered by followers of Chaos. Thus it was during the time of the second reigning Everqueen Yvraine that the Maiden Guard was formed. Never again would the spiritual ruler of Ulthuan have to confront violence unaided and unprepared. A hundred of the most loyal and brave of her female followers volunteered, and the greatest weapon masters of Ulthuan taught them the arts of war. In due time they became warriors of rare power. Since that time they have successfully protected the Everqueen against all attackers.

The Handmaidens of the Everqueen are the highest ranking of all the Sisters of Avelorn. Not the mere courtiers that their name might suggest, but a warrior guard sworn to live and die in the service of their mistress. They are paragons of Elvenkind, as peerless in artistic pursuits as they are in the bloody business of battle, equally capable of playing flutes and harps to amuse their lady as they are capable of striking down Dark Elf Assassins with a sword or shooting marauding Beastmen with longbows. Only those with great natural gifts are chosen, the most talented singers and musicians, the most beautiful, the fleetest and most graceful, but above all the most loyal. It is an incomparable honour to serve the Everqueen and those bound to her side will remain there for seven years, during which time they forswear all other companionship and even the company of their families. All the maidens of Avelorn dream of this position, for the prestige of becoming a handmaiden enhances the status of not only themselves but also their families.

The Handmaidens are warriors of rare power even amongst the High Elves, being skilled with all manner of weapons. Their weapons of choice are the bow and spear, and they wear corselets of the finest Ithilmar. To serve as a Handmaiden is a great honour. It is most commonly bestowed only upon those Sisters of Avelorn who have many times proven their swiftness with blade, their precision with bow and, above all, an unswerving loyalty to the Everqueen. On rare occasion, however, the Everqueen will elevate a member of her court directly into the ranks of the Handmaidens. Such appointments are seldom explained, but require the aspirant to forswear allegiance to all others for a period of seven years – at the conclusion of which, she is free to remain a Handmaiden or return to her former life.

Since the days of Yvraine, tradition dictates that the Handmaidens always number one hundred warrior-maids, but seldom are more than a handful seen at any one time. The Maiden Guard never leave the side of their mistress: they guard her day and night, and her silk pavilion is always protected by a dozen of these female warriors. They normally serve as heralds and messengers for the Everqueen, acting as her eyes and ears outside Avelorn. Should a Handmaiden grace a battlefield with her presence, she is treated with





reverence by the High Elves who fight at her side. Even the haughtiest of princes rejoices to have such a warrior fighting in his cause, for the presence of a Handmaiden is a clear sign of the Everqueen's favour, and moreover a portent of ultimate victory. Should the prince find his forces buttressed by the full complement of one hundred Handmaidens, he will know that the Everqueen herself has joined the fight, and there can be no surer sign that dire times are close at hand.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Handmaiden	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	1	9
Queen's Guard	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Fight in Extra Ranks (1), Martial Prowess, Quick to Fire, Valour of Ages.

"My friends, we are gathered in very dark times. Our enemies are mighty and our allies few. You stand before me ready to fight and die for your homeland, and that makes me proud of each and every one of you!"

- Alarielle the Radiant,
before the Battle of Finuval Plain

UPGRADES:

The Banner of Avelorn (Magic Standard)

Woven from living leaves and the hair of the Everqueen's Handmaidens, the Banner of Avelorn is a stunningly beautiful artefact of unsurpassed purity. It is crafted anew when an Everqueen ascends to the throne, and will one day serve as her funeral shroud. Whilst the Everqueen lives, the Banner of Avelorn is a beacon of light and life. Should she perish, the magic fades from the mortal world, spiralling into the realm beyond to shield the Everqueen from the thirsting attentions of Slaanesh.

Spells from the Lore of Light and the Lore of Life cast by a friendly Wizard that target a unit containing the Banner of Avelorn receive a +2 bonus to cast. If Alarielle the Radiant is included in your army and is slain, this ability is immediately lost.

The Horn of Isha (Enchanted Item)

The Horn of Isha is fashioned from a single pearl-white seashell. Its creation remains a mystery to all the scholars and mages of Ulthuan, but it is known that the Horn of Isha has existed for as long as there have been Everqueens. When it is winded, the call or this beautiful instrument can split the veil between the mortal and immortal realms, rousing the mother goddess to grant a blessing upon her favoured children.

One use only. The Horn of Isha can be used at the start of one of your Movement phases. For the remainder of the turn, all models in the bearer's unit receive a +1 To Hit bonus on all shooting and close combat attacks.



PHOENIX GUARD

The Phoenix Guards are the hieratic guardians of the Shrine of Asuryan, the great pyramid temple in the Sea of Dreams. The main duty of these warrior monks is to protect the island shrine and all those who make their pilgrimage there. Particularly important is the eternal flame, through which the chosen candidate for Phoenix King must walk in order to receive the blessing of Asuryan. Inside the shrine it is said there lies the Chamber of Days, and that the histories of Phoenix Kings past, present and future, are written on the ancient walls of the shrine in words of fire on the naked stone itself. These tell the histories of all the Phoenix Kings who have ever lived, and also those who are yet to come. It foretells the deaths of each and their successors.



Legend tells that any who behold that wall shall forever be cursed with knowledge of their own death. This knowledge of their fate wipes the joy from these warrior priests, their faces set instead in grim expressions of doom. The Phoenix Guards do not utter a word, for it is forbidden for those who have seen the secrets of time to speak of them, and all who do so take a magical vow of silence to not to allow a single word to pass their lips, from which they can never be released in all the time they spend as guardians of the shrine. Viewed by many as a curse, this vow is but part of a broader dedication that each Phoenix Guard makes to Asuryan; a covenant that fills the Creator God's chosen warriors with a portion of his almighty power. Thus do the Phoenix Guards benefit from divine protection that no sorcery or blade can easily breach, and know a sense of purpose that transcends their mortal origins, bordering on the divine.

As the sworn warriors of Asuryan, the Phoenix Guard lie beyond the rule of nobles and princes. Only the Phoenix King, the vessel of Asuryan's will, can command them. Indeed, they often act as the king's personal emissaries upon the battlefield, taken by many Elves as a sign that, even though the Phoenix King himself cannot be present at the battle, it is never far from his thoughts.

At certain times, during the periods assigned to the rites of Asuryan, the Phoenix Guards attend to the Phoenix King, taking over the duties otherwise undertaken by the White Lions. At other times they serve those whose ceremonial duties bring them to the Shrine, and they travel to the cities of Ulthuan during

the festivals of the Elven god. The most famous duty of the Phoenix Guard comes about when a new Phoenix King is elected. It is the role of the Phoenix Guard to accompany the newly chosen Phoenix candidate, and attend him as he enters the flame eternal, which marks his rebirth as the Phoenix King. When a Phoenix King dies, the Phoenix Guard appear without warning, and carry the Phoenix King's body to the White Ship that will convey the King to his final resting place. Stories abound of the Phoenix Guard arriving at the very instant that the council decides upon a new king or at the moment that life leaves the old king, lending weight to the legends about the Chamber of Days. However the Phoenix Guard never divulge their secrets and no one has ever seen the Chamber of Days and lived.

From ancient times, before Aenarion and the war against the Daemons, the legions of the Phoenix Guard always numbered ten thousand, and even now their number is the same. This has given rise to legends that the Phoenix Guard are immortal, or at least able to return from the dead. On this subject, like all others, the Phoenix Guard remain silent. As for the Phoenix Guard, they take the battlefield in Asuryan's name whenever they are called to do so. However, so few are the Phoenix Guard when compared with other forces, they can rarely be present in the numbers a general might wish for.





When their lord orders them to war, the Phoenix Guard are grim and resolute, clad in ornate armour, cloaks of embroidered fire that echo the sacred flame of Asuryan, and armed with tall ceremonial halberds that can cleave a foe from top to tail in a single well-aimed blow. While their stony quiet is unnerving to foes, the aura of godly might that surrounds them is far more horrifying. Their eyes blaze with a fiery intensity borne of unshakeable faith in the Creator God of the Elves, and the air around a regiment of Phoenix Guard literally throbs with the raw power of Asuryan. Any who would stand in their way are assailed by an overwhelming sense of dread. An uncanny silence reigns as they fight, no war cries or screams rend the air as they wield their halberds with deadly intensity, unnerving the enemy by their quiet courage.

Regiments of Phoenix Guard are always found where the fighting is fiercest and victory hardest won, for their gift allows them to see confluences and crux points upon battlefield that lie hidden to mortal eyes. Each warrior knows his appointed hour of death, but none seek to delay that fatal moment. Whether battle brings victory or defeat, life or death, the Phoenix Guard fight on without fear, knowing in advance if they shall fall or if they shall be victorious.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Phoenix Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
Keeper of the Flame	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages, Ward Save (4+).

"Until one has witnessed the Phoenix Guard upon the field of battle, one cannot comprehend the power that they possess. Ranks of highly trained warriors all utterly silent. Around them the very air shimmers. They are not just the guardians of a temple, they are the chosen warriors of a mighty Elven god.

No spoken word commands them, yet each knows his place within the battle plan. They do not baulk before even the vilest horrors of the world. It is said that each knows the moment he will die, and I believe it, for they face the maelstrom of battle with unflinching resolve. Who but one utterly convinced of his survival, or demise, could face a hail of arrows, or a charge from some unspeakable monster without flinching?

The horrors and the wonders they must have seen, these Phoenix Guard. How I wish they would only speak of it to mortals not gifted with such foresight."

- Taken from: A Man Among the Elves, by Herwig Alnar.

ANOINTED OF ASURYAN

In both matters martial and spiritual, the Phoenix Guard take their lead from the Anointed of Asuryan. These learned sages were once Phoenix Guards themselves, but over the centuries have chosen to immerse themselves in Asuryan's teachings. Much of their existence is spent within the Chamber of Days, learning the lessons of past and future.

Only when destiny stands upon a tipping point will an Anointed of Asuryan leave the shrine, sent thither to bear witness on the Creator God's behalf, and bring hope to his mortal children. Where the Anointed tread, the doubts and fears of their allies vanish like mist on the wind. Blows that should prove fatal are turned aside at the last moment, enemy axes shatter on contact with shields and dark sorceries collapse inward at the moment of casting.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Anointed of Asuryan	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages, Ward Save (4+).

Blessings of Asuryan: All models in a unit that contains an Anointed of Asuryan have the Immunity (Psychology) special rule and may re-roll Ward save results of 1.



EAGLE CLAW BOLT THROWERS

The Elves of Ulthuan have never developed the unreliable gunpowder technology favoured by the Men and Dwarfs of the Old World. Indeed they have never needed to, for their marksmanship is such that to rely on such crude weapons could only prove detrimental to their awesome prowess with missile-fire, content with weapons that will not blow up in their faces. Instead the Asur rely on the tried and tested war machines that have served their race since the ancient war against the Daemons, the same weapons that saw them through the Sundering and the War of the Beard – the Eagle Claw Bolt Thrower.



Centuries ago the High Elves created the Eagle Claw, or Repeater Bolt Thrower as it is often known, a torsion powered and counter weighted device which are their equivalent of cannons,

perfecting them to such a degree that they are in many ways superior to crude gunpowder weapons. It is a torsion and counter-weight system, the result of which is a long, spear-like bolt hurled at the enemy with incredible force and accuracy.

The Eagle Claw is lightly made, though sturdy, and is easily portable. This makes it highly adaptable and it is widely used both on ship and on shore. In fact, the same individual weapon can be used in either location as they are designed to be taken from their mountings and carried with the Sea Guard when they venture forth. The constantly vigilant Lothorn Sea Guard are masters of the Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers that also bristle from the sides of Ulthuan's warships and the battlements of her fortresses. The same Lothorn Sea Guard crew the Repeater Bolt Throwers that the High Elves deploy on the battlefield. That being said, Eagle Claws can be found not only in Lothorn, but throughout the ten kingdoms.

Made from composite layers of star wood, which are magically bound together, the Eagle Claw has a strength and accuracy unmatched by the barbarous weapons of other races. Such is the precision that the bolts are thrown with, that an individual warrior can be accurately impaled several hundred yards away. The force of this individual bolt is such that even the mightiest creatures can be severely wounded, if not killed and several men standing in file can easily be skewered by the same shot.





The bolt thrower's canny design allows its crews to alternate fire modes at need: it can loose single shots capable of disembowelling a rampaging Giant, or clutches of six lesser bolts in rapid succession, hence the term repeater. However, when a volley is fired, the energy of the weapon is divided and the bolts are less effective. Each bolt is the length of an Elven sword, launched with enough force to cut down even the best armoured warriors in a hail of steel-tipped death. This is used to mow down massed infantry before they reach the High Elf lines. This flexibility allows the High Elf armies to halt their enemies whether they are heavily armoured knights and other tough targets by means of a single shot, or teeming hordes of rabble with a volley of darts.

Eagle Claw crews are swift and skilled, reloading the bolt thrower fast enough that only seconds separate one deadly volley from another. Any who

fight the armies of the High Elves learn quickly to fear the dark clouds of bolts falling like a deadly rain from the heavens. Repeater Bolt Throwers may lack the outright destructive potential of cannons and the devastating pyrotechnics of mortars, but their elegant potency more than compensates. The ability to accurately fire bolt after bolt, without fear of malfunction, makes them amongst the most dreaded war machines in the world.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Eagle Claw	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Sea Guard Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Bolt Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

Repeater Bolt Thrower: The Eagle Claw can fire either as an ordinary bolt thrower or can instead fire six smaller repeating bolts, with the profile given below. Note that, unlike firing a single bolt, repeating bolts do not pierce ranks.

<u>Range:</u>	<u>Strength:</u>	<u>Special Rules:</u>
48"	4	Armour Piercing (1), Multiple Shots (6)

"An army that seeks to fight without the protection of the Eagle Claws is clearly courageous or inept. Either way, I wish no part in it."

- Eolaran Greyhawk, Sea Master



PHOENIXES

FLAMESPYRE PHOENIXES

The Phoenixes of Ulthuan dwell amongst the Flamespyres – great alabaster pillars of rock that stand sentinel about the Shrine of Asuryan. These constantly burn with magical flame, for Aqshy – the Wind of Fire – gusts about these rocks as it is drawn inexorably towards the Isle of the Dead. Yet Aqshy has left its mark on more than the silent stones. It is believed by the High Elves of Ulthuan that the Phoenixes of Flamespyre have dwelt so long near the Shrine of Asuryan that they have absorbed some of the magic of that region. Aqshy is always present in gale-like force there, and legends say that this is how the Flamespyre Phoenixes eventually become attuned to its powers over the generations, harnessing it at whim.

Whether that tale is truth or myth can be debated – what cannot be denied is that when riled, a Flamespyre Phoenix will burst into flame. When a Flamespyre Phoenix is enraged, its plumage explodes into a magical flame, causing the creature to leave a trail of angry fire in its wake. Phoenixes are fey and unusual creatures, and the mantle of fire that surrounds them gives the beasts some manner of arcane protection from blade or arrow. These powers can wax or wane, boosting the Phoenixes' might as the ever-changing Winds of Magic blow hotter.

Flamespyre Phoenixes lack the gift of a civilised tongue. However they understand Elvenspeak well enough and, if treated with proper respect, can be bargained with. Indeed, an accord exists between them and the Phoenix Guard, with the latter often calling upon the birds to serve as war-mounts. This is a truly fearsome combination, the clear-headed judgement of the Phoenix knight directing the Flamespyre's fires to where they can cause the most damage.

It is a daunting sight to see an enormous and enraged bird of prey, even more so when it is wreathed in fiery glory. Foes have been known to flee as soon as a Flamespyre Phoenix swoops towards them, for it takes great courage to stand your ground while a flying creature streaks down with talons outstretched. In its diving attack the Phoenix looks like a blazing meteor, a hurtling raptor of flame that leaves behind it a trail of smoke and sparks.

In combat, the noble Phoenix's beak and claws can rip and tear with a savage strength – the sheer heat of these attacks burning hair and setting anything flammable ablaze. Even creatures of ethereal nature are not proof against the flame-streaked claws of the Flamespyre Phoenix. Should a Phoenix itself be slain, dependent upon the Winds of Magic, it explodes, leaving naught behind but a shower of flaming cinders. The beast's demise might be marked with a geyser of flame to torch its attackers. If the Winds of Magic are at ebb, the creature perishes, as all living beings eventually must. Yet if the air is sufficiently suffused with magic, the fiery fragments swiftly recombine; with a booming inrush of air and a flash of searing light, the Phoenix is reborn out of the flames to fight anew.

It is said that during Grom the Paunch's invasion of Ulthuan none could stand before his massed Troll formations. No High Elf could stand long before such brute force, and the loathsome creatures instantly healed any damage that was done to them. At last, however, the Trolls were defeated when an arrow-wedge formation of Flamespyre Phoenixes swooped down from the skies to rip each and every one of the foul creatures apart, their ability to heal themselves of wounds useless against the flurry of fiery claws that assailed them.





	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flamespyre Phoenix	2	5	0	5	5	5	4	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Flaming Attacks, Immunity (Flaming Attacks), Fly (8), Magical Attacks, Ward Save (5+).**

Attuned to Magic: When rolling to determine the strength of the Winds of Magic in the controlling player's Magic phase, compare the highest D6 rolled with the table below to determine what effects the Phoenix will have (the effect rolled will last until the start of the controlling player's next Magic phase):

D6	Result
1	Magical Dearth: The Phoenix's Ward save is reduced to 6+.
2	Ebbing Zephyr: The Phoenix has -1 Strength.
3	Magical Draught: The Phoenix has +1 Initiative.
4	Energising Breeze: The Phoenix has +1 Attack.
5	Invigorating Winds: The Phoenix has +1 Strength.
6	Howling Gale: The Phoenix's Ward save is increased to 4+.

Phoenix Reborn: As soon as a Flamespyre Phoenix loses its last Wound (including unsaved Wounds that killed the monster as a result of the Heroic Killing Blow or Multiple Wounds special rules), remove the model and place a Phoenix Reborn counter (a small coin will do) to mark the centre of the death spot. If your army contains several Flamespyre Phoenixes, you will need to place a Phoenix Reborn counter for each one that is slain (and a way of telling the counters apart).

At the end of the turn roll a D6 for each Phoenix Reborn counter and consult the table below:

D6	Result
1-2	Dead Embers: The Flamespyre Phoenix is dead, never to return – remove the Phoenix Reborn counter from play.
3-5	Flame Kindled: Centre the large round template over the centre of the Phoenix Reborn counter. All models (friend or foe) hit by the template suffer a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. This is a non-physical attack. The Phoenix Reborn counter remains in play – roll again at the end of the next turn (yours or your opponent's).
6+	Rise from the Ashes: Place the Flamespyre Phoenix anywhere that is within 6" of the centre of the Phoenix Reborn counter and at least 1" away from any unit, and then remove the marker from play. If it is not possible to place the Phoenix due to the aforementioned restrictions, treat this result as a Flame Kindled result instead. Reborn Flamespyre Phoenixes return with D3+2 Wounds. The reborn model suffers no bonuses or penalties incurred from its former existence – i.e. if the model was fleeing or affected by an augment or hex spell at the time of its death, the reborn model will not be.

If a Flamespyre Phoenix has a rider when it loses its last Wound, both monster and rider are removed and replaced with a Phoenix Reborn counter as described above. However, add +1 when rolling on the Phoenix Reborn table for a Flamespyre Phoenix that had a rider when it was removed.

If the result is Dead Embers, both monster and rider are slain, never to return. However, if the result is Rise from the Ashes, the character returns to life with its starting number of Wounds, riding atop the reborn Flamespyre Phoenix.

At the end of the game, remove all Phoenix Reborn counters from the board – these Flamespyre Phoenixes and any riders they had count as casualties.

Wake of Fire: If a Flamespyre Phoenix moves over an unengaged enemy unit in the Remaining Moves sub-phase, it suffers D6 Strength 4 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule. This is a non-physical attack.

FROSTHEART PHOENIXES

As a Flamespyre Phoenix ages, it gradually loses its fire and heat. So imbued with magic are these creatures that they begin to sap the warmth from the very air around them. Finally the plumage that once blazed with fire grows heavy with frost and ice. Once this occurs, the Phoenix must leave the Flamespyres, for the chill that surrounds it causes agony in its brightly burning kin. Most such Frostheart Phoenixes dwell in lonely exile on amidst the chill winds of snow-capped mountains about the Eataine coast, until their bodies finally freeze solid into a block of solid ice, leaving curious frozen statues along the lonely crags and cliff tops – forever haunting them like some majestic guardian statue. Some, however, take a last journey – either going to the Shrine of Asuryan to offer final service as a warsteed, or else beginning one last epic flight. It is these Frostheart Phoenixes that are bound to service by magic.

The Frostheart Phoenix does not possess the fire and vitality it commanded in its flaming youth, it is a much harder mount. However, the ice sheath that forms around it is as hard as glass and offers a greater amount of protection. The great bird of prey also becomes stronger in the frozen twilight of its long existence. The mere presence of the ice-rimmed bird saps the heat and vigour out of any nearby, and enemies – not having the benefit of the rider's enchanted armour – find their own strength and resolve eaten away. In battle this deadly chill can be the difference between life and death, as foes find their movements slowed and weakened by the cold. Thus, as the High Elves have learned, sending a Frostheart Phoenix into combat alongside other regiments can be the key to victory. With frost-numbed reactions and muscles sapped by the dread chill emanating from the Frostheart, even the most formidable of enemy units can be more easily destroyed. Perhaps because it knows that it cannot be reborn out of fire, a Frostheart Phoenix will fight with even more ferocity in the defence of their homeland than it did during its flame-wreathed youth, determined to end their existence striking a final blow against the enemies of Ulthuan.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Frostheart Phoenix	2	6	0	5	6	5	3	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Attuned to Magic, Fly (8), Ice Attacks, Magical Attacks, Natural Armour (5+), Ward Save (5+).**

Blizzard Aura: Any enemy unit in base contact with one or more Frostheart Phoenixes suffers -1 to its Strength (to a minimum of 1). This has no effect on models with Immunity (Ice Attacks).



MERWYRMS

The mages of Lothorn are able to summon forth and bind the beasts of the deep, imposing their will upon the creatures' primitive minds. The Merwyrm is a rare example of such a beast that is capable of fighting on land, and this distant relation (some would say ancestor) of the dragons of Caledor is a truly deadly and terrifying foe.

Merwyrms are one of the most ancient creatures to be found in the Old World, a distant kin to the mighty winged Dragons that once ruled the skies. Loremasters believe that once their scaled forms swarmed in the primordial oceans of the Old World, but now they are rarely heard of save in the tales of embittered sailors who claim to have lost ships and crewmates to these beasts.



All Merwyrms possess long, almost serpentine and sinuous bodies, covered in scales and corded with muscle, with four stubby limbs each tipped with razor-sharp claws. Unlike Dragons the more primitive Merwyrms do not possess wings, the lashing of their bodies serving to propel them through the deeps at great speed or with frightening gait across dry ground when their hunger takes them there to pursue prey, much to the dismay of any who believe they might be easily escaped by taking to the land. Merwyrms are also hardy and adaptable creatures, their bodies healing at a tremendous rate, fuelling their never-ending hunger and endless search for food.



Merwyrms are most commonly found in the dangerous coastal waters of the Sea of Claws, and are bright silver-green and highly venomous. When food is scarce they have been known to assault coastal villages, devouring the inhabitants, but other rarer sub-breeds are known to exist such as the albino Pagowym which dwells in the frigid seas of Naggaroth, and the legendary black Sciowyrms found only the deepest ocean trenches. Masters of the primordial darkness that surrounds them in the deeps, they are said to be one of the few creatures that dares to hunt the mighty Kraken.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Merwyrm	6	6	0	5	5	5	3	5	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Natural Armour (3+), Regeneration (4+).

Powerful Tail: *The Merwyrm's mighty tail powers it through the ocean, and on land it serves as a powerful weapon able to snap the bones of mighty beasts and shatter castle walls.*

The Merwyrm may make one extra Attack at Strength 7 and Initiative 1.

Golden wings swept back from his helm and though he had never before laid eyes upon this warrior, he instinctively knew him, for his identity was a curse and the terror of the Druchii.

Tyrion, Defender of Ulthuan...

Tall banners of white streamed behind the cavalry and their silver lances lowered in unison as they charged out. Elven soldiers armed with spears and long swords spread out behind the cavalry, cutting into the disorganised ranks of the Druchii as they milled at the base of the wall.

'Halt!' shouted Asperon. 'Form shield-wall!'

Even as he gave the order, he could see it was already too late.

His warriors were spread out, scattered as they raced to the opened gate, and easy prey for mounted warriors.

He snatched the shield from the warrior next to him and raised his sword as the pounding of hooves on stone swallowed them and the charge slammed home with a deafening thunderclap of splintering lances and screams.

ELVEN MOUNTS

ELVEN STEEDS

The horses of the Elves are renowned for their beauty and speed. It was the Elves who first brought real horses to the Old World, and all the breeds of horses known to Man are descended from Elven steeds, but their bloodline is mingled with that of rough wild horses and so is far inferior to the gracious and swift mounts of the Elves.

The best and most highly prized Elf steeds are the sleek dappled horses of Ellyrion. None can match the nobility of the Ellyrian breed which come only from the Kingdom of Ellyrion and nowhere else in the world. Elven Steeds are almost always grey or dappled, and more occasionally pure white. Bays and chestnuts are very uncommon and are regarded as an indication of poor blood. Black horses are said to have evil tempers and are shunned.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.



PEGASI

Pegasi are winged beasts that resemble the mightiest of draft horses with elegant feathered wings. Their coats sparkle under the sun in a manner reminiscent of light playing over new-fallen snow. It is cunning and intelligent beyond the measure of any ordinary steed. Their hides are white and glisten like snow, while their wings are broad with long elegant feathers. They are social beasts that live in great herds, and can most commonly be found in the Grey Mountains. They are also a prolific race, and there are herds scattered across the four corners of the world, where they prefer to nest in high plateaus and mountain ranges.

While they may appear to be graceful beasts, they are every bit as sturdy as well-trained warhorses. When carrying riders they are fearless, and will employ their mighty hooves with deadly accuracy, capable of staving a soldier's head in with a well-placed blow. While they seldom take to the ground, preferring the sky, when they do they are swift runners. Pegasi that haven't been battle trained are far more likely to fly away than fight, excepting when their foals are in danger.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (9).

UNICORNS

Unicorns are proud and mystical creatures that dwell in or near forests, particularly those that are rich with arcane energies, such as Avelorn, one of the few places where they still can be found. Unicorns themselves shimmer with magical power, a gleaming aura that also bears an enfolding glamour that bewitches and beguiles any who come near. Scant wonder it is then that the Unicorn has gained a reputation as a noble beast, though in truth it is quite temperamental and stubborn, both selfish and vain.

Unicorns move with a graceful ease that hints at their true speed and quickness. In battle, a Unicorn can rear up, delivering blows with its hardened hooves, but the steed is most dangerous when it gets a change to charge with its horn lowered. The radiant glow of the Unicorn offers some protection as well, shielding the majestic beast somewhat from both physical blows as well as from hostile magics. The very presence of Unicorn is harmful to other creatures summoned or created through sorcerous means. The selfish nature of the Unicorn means that it tends to feel no kinship with such creatures, despite their common origins. If anything, Unicorns pity all other beasts for their misfortune at being something far less glorious than themselves!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Unicorn	10	4	0	4	4	2	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Magical Attacks, Magic Resistance (2).

Impale: Unicorns gain +1 Strength to their Impact Hits.

Prince Temakador rode to the top of the ridge, reining in his steed and surveying the scene below him, looking down onto the beach in disgust. He turned to Aesanir the mage, who was eerily floating at the same eyelevel beside him.

"Look at them; filthy creatures," said Temakador, gesturing with his hand to the shore below. The beach was rapidly filling up with Orcs and Goblins as they disembarked from their roughly hewn, almost unseaworthy, vessels.

"They will not be here for long," said Aesanir.

"You've seen it then? Your scrying has predicted their defeat?"

"No. Your fate and that of the oncoming battle remain clouded in the mists. Although I have seen the arrival of a great ally, even now one of my kin, barely a child, rides to us upon a mount of Caledor. Both will take great pride in cleansing our shores."

"That is welcome news. Come, we must prepare." With that, the Prince turned his steed about and rode away; it was time for war.



GREAT EAGLES

The ancient and proud race of Great Eagles has lived among the peaks since long before the rise of Mankind. From the vantage point of their eyries, the Eagles keep a close watch on the world, carefully observing the deeds of ground-dwelling creatures. It takes considerable centuries to earn the trust of these noble creatures, and thus far, only the Elves have done so – the Eagles view other races with either mild distrust or outright loathing.

Great Eagles are the largest birds of prey in Ulthuan, with a wingspan that measures over thirty feet and having razor-sharp talons. They are exceedingly intelligent and a few of their eldest are even rumoured to be capable of speaking in the tongues of other races. The vision of Great Eagles is so sharp that they can clearly watch the movements of ground animals from miles away. Correspondingly, they are capable of executing devastating ambushes wherein they attack an opponent from such a great height that their target isn't aware of his danger till their claws sink into his flesh.

Great Eagles are large and intimidating creatures and it does not pay to be caught in the open by them. When a Great Eagle swoops down upon prey, its vast wing span blots out the sun and all the victim can see is the oncoming razor-sharp beak and powerful rending talons. The plummeting dive of but a single such bird is indeed a formidable sight, but it pales in comparison to the dreadful yet elegant vision of an entire war-flock plunging out of the skies towards a foe. In perfect unison, each of the mighty raptors peals out of flight and streaks downward, striking their foes like thunderbolts.

The pact that binds the Great Eagles to the High Elves is ancient, lasting since the time that the legendary Caradinor and Sulinash the Great Eagle rode to war against the

Daemons of Chaos in the times before the Sundering, and such were their heroic deeds that songs are still sung of them. The histories tell that the two races have fought in one another's cause since the time of the Daemon invasion, but legend carries the friendship deeper into the past. Indeed, in some tales, it was Talyn, King of the Eagles, who bore Ereth Khial away to the Underworld at Asuryan's command. The Great Eagles have been firm allies of the High Elves since this time, and the sight of one soaring high above a battle is still considered a portent of victory.

Like the High Elves, Great Eagles are haughty creatures who long remember insults, and do not suffer foolish company gladly. Compared to Griffons, or even Elven steeds, Great Eagles are highly intelligent and require no training and very little coaxing to join the Elves in battle. Their depth of understanding and their intellect is greater than any creature save perhaps Dragons. Some of the wisest of their people are said to be able to converse with the Great Eagles of the Anulii as easily as if they were passing the time of day with their own brothers.

The Eagles soar over the mist shrouded peaks and rocky spires and when to speak with the Loremasters. In this way the dire forces of evil can never make the way down from the Anulii without finding the warriors of Ulthuan waiting for them. When High Elf armies assemble, the noble Eagles too join the battle. With powerful talons the Great Eagles swoop down upon the crew of enemy war machines and tear them apart, before using mighty wings to bear themselves swiftly away and out of reach.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (9).

UPGRADES:

Swiftsense: The model gains +1 Initiative.

Shredding Talons: The model gains the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.



"They are indeed a proud race, pitying all others who are wingless and thus cannot experience the joys of flight. They can be kindly, after their fashion, though they do not understand most of our ways. They detest all the green skinned races as Orcs slaughter or drive off the herds of mountain goats they naturally prey upon and Goblins find Great Eagle eggs to be a rare delicacy. Ethelior the Cunning has lived long in their whistling songs for his devious trap whereby he destroyed a massive Orc horde by shrieking through the mountain passes in such a way that he set off an avalanche. Once, long ago, even as we count time, Asur heroes rode upon their backs into battle. I have heard that at this, what looks to be the beginning of the Ending of Days that the old ways have returned and once more, the Great Eagles carry some of the heroes of the Asur to war."

- Nethlareil, Elf Scholar





GRIFFONS

Griffons are huge beasts that appear to be formed from a curious mixture of creatures. Their heads are like that of a huge bird of prey, whilst their bodies resemble that of a lion or other great cat, complete with clawed rear legs and a long tail. All this is borne aloft by a large pair of wings that carries the Griffon across the high mountains where it dwells. Their beaks are hooked and can easily sever a man's limb. Their claws, which are reminiscent of a hawk's talons, they keep sharp by regular scoring against stone. A Griffon will typically grow to be two or three times the size of a horse and is easily strong enough to bear an Elf aloft and into battle upon its back.

Griffons swoop down on their prey, screaming war cries as they come. They continue to attack until no opponent is left moving. Survivors of Griffon attacks often have dreams of being hunted down and rent limb from limb for years afterward. Griffons are fierce and wild creatures, never entirely tame, no matter how many years of domestication they've endured.

Despite being large and monstrous creatures, the wild Griffons of the Annulii Mountains or the rocky slopes of Chrace are creatures of noble bearing and keen intelligence, though they are far from tame and placid. This is in part due to their proud and regal bearing – Griffons are not ravenous and frenetic like Manticores. Instead a Griffon strikes with swift and precise grace, its motion poised and controlled. Yet this elegance in no way undermines its deadliness, for a Griffon is more than capable of using its talons and razor beak to rip a foe apart. Skilled and efficient fighters, Griffons do not kill indiscriminately, although they show no reluctance when hunting or protecting their territory. Such is the Griffons wild appearance, that a stranger to Ulthuan might deem it merely another savage beast of the mountains. Yet all Elves know that Griffons are seldom given to cruelty – at least, so long as you do not offer harm to those they think of as kin.

Feral Griffons are canny creatures and expert hunters, able to anticipate their prey's every move. Once a target has been spotted, a Griffon will relentlessly stalk it, waiting days if need be for the correct moment to strike. The ear-splitting shriek of a diving Griffon is highly feared and has been known to send entire armies ducking for cover, lest one of their number be the beast's chosen quarry. In their own language, the High Elven word for Griffon can be translated as "savage perfection", which aptly captures the creature's deadly grace.

Griffons prefer their meat raw and screaming, though they'll scavenge if no other prey presents itself. This is fairly rare, though, as their hunting grounds tend to range for hundreds of miles around their chosen mountain aerie. Their eyesight is as sharp as the raptors that they resemble and they can see motion from miles away. Their war cry causes fear in all but the hardest souls and Griffon mounts must be forcibly restrained from hunting down fleeing opponents, as it is in their nature to rend all foes that flee from them.

The Griffon can be ranked amongst the most intelligent of beasts. For an Elf to have a hope of mastering a Griffon, it must be captured and trained while still young. The destructive power of such a creature makes the danger of raising one more than worth the effort, for once trained,

Griffons are fiercely loyal, compensating for their deficit in intelligence with a cunning and savagery, forging a bond that only death can shatter. The people of Chrace, renowned hunters and scouts, are particularly famed for their skills at raising and training the Griffons that circle above the high mountains of their land.

A patiently hand-reared hatchling can be trained to bear a noble upon its back, making a formidable mount in times of war, and can even be taught to anticipate a wide range of commands. So has the Griffon become the steed of choice for many heroes of Ulthuan. Griffons are particularly favoured by those who fight in the thick of the fray. Indeed, many a battle has been won at the moment a shrieking Griffon descends into the heart of the enemy army, leaving a trail of dismembered and disembowelled bodies in its wake.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Griffon	6	5	0	5	5	4	4	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (8).

UPGRADES:

Swooping Strike: The model gains the Devastating Charge special rule.

Shredding Talons: The models gains the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.



TYRION

Defender of Ulthuan

Prince Tyrion is the greatest living warrior of the High Elves, champion of the Everqueen, the victor of Finuval Plain and the most famed High Elf hero of the age. Born into one of the oldest families of Ulthuan, Tyrion and his brother Teclis are descendant of the first Phoenix King and traces his line from Aenarion's firstborn son, Morelion. Among the High Elves the name of Tyrion and Teclis is spoken with hushed respect. Their fame extends throughout Ulthuan and into the lands beyond. It is their destiny to perform mighty deeds and shape the fate of kingdoms.

Tyrion is so valiant and skilled that some Elven bards say that he is Aenarion reborn. Since his meteoric rise to fame during the Great Chaos Incursion, many have spoken in hushed tones of his destiny to lead the High Elves towards a new and glorious future, and perhaps one day to take the Phoenix Crown. If Tyrion hears such gossip, he pays it no heed, for his only concern is the safety and protection of Ulthuan and the Everqueen. He is unswervingly loyal to the current Phoenix King, Finubar the Seafarer.

Tyrion is tall, proud and fair, a master of weapons, a match for the Dragon Princes of old in battle-prowess and skill. The chosen champion of the Everqueen of Avelorn, he is a warrior without peer and a foe without mercy. Among the Dark Elves of Naggaroth he is known as the Reaper, to the Goblins of Red-Axe Pass he is Orcbane, and to the north the Norse know him as Mankiller. For two centuries he has stood between the Elves of Ulthuan and their many foes. He is a mighty champion, an unbreakable shield against the darkness. He has led countless High Elf armies, and he has

always been victorious. He is loved by all in Ulthuan and feared by his enemies. In battle Tyrion wields the magical wargear of his distant ancestors, and rides Malhandir, the last of the bloodline of the father of horses. He is an unmatched warrior, the hope of Ulthuan, Aenarion the Defender reborn.

Tyrion was the first commander at the glorious Battle of Finuval Plain, when he routed the host of the Witch King and slew the Witch King's personal champion, Urian Poisonblade. In that one battle, he made a name for himself that will echo through the ages, and were that his only act his name would be recorded in the Book of Days with honour. His accolades reach further though, for without his quick thinking and the might of his sword arm, the Everqueen herself would have been slain, and all of Ulthuan would have been thrown into turmoil.

Alone among all the courtiers of Avelorn, Tyrion was able to defend the spiritual leader of the High Elves, and whisk her away to safety. It is common knowledge now that Tyrion is the consort to Alarielle herself, and few are surprised. Time and again he has shown the strength of character and the implacable will that made his forefathers great.

In the years since the Great Incursion, Tyrion has busied himself strengthening Ulthuan's armies and all know that whenever danger comes to the High Elves island home, the enemy will be met by Tyrion. He is the protector of the Everqueen and the defender of all Ulthuan.

Though Tyrion is a great warrior, he is no politician, and he is much given to speaking his mind or openly seeking truth where others would prefer only silence. But for his lineage and battle record, he would long ago have been ostracised by those nobles who hold themselves to be cleverer and subtler than he. As it is, none wish to directly challenge he who banished the Daemon N'kari at the Phoenix Shrine, slew Urian Poisonblade upon the Finuval Plain and set the verminous horde of Kritsqueel to flight with the aid of none save his noble steed Malhandir. Moreover, Tyrion enjoys not only royal patronage, he also counts many of Ulthuan's greatest heroes amongst his closest friends and allies. Indeed, some Elves even whisper that Finubar has bidden Tyrion form a warriors' council – a body answerable to none save the Phoenix King himself.



"I shall turn every coastline, every forest and every mountain into a redoubt. They will never take our island."

- Prince Tyrion, Defender of Ulthuan



Alas, Tyrion's future may yet come to naught. Across the long millennia, all who have sprung from the line of Morelion, son of Aenarion, have been beset by a terrible curse. It has taken many forms as it has passed through the generations, ranging from madness of spirit and weakness of body to other, more insidious, taints. It is a doom that follows them and none know yet what fate the gods hold in store for these bravest and noblest of Ulthuan's princes. Thus far, Tyrion appears unafflicted, though some whisper his black moods and short temper are but early signs that all should heed. It may yet be that the High Elves' most stalwart defender might one day fade into tragedy, or madness. Until that day, those who would threaten Ulthuan must first defeat Tyrion, heir of Aenarion.

In these troubled times, Tyrion is leading his people once more against the armies of Naggaroth. Some ask why it is he and not the Phoenix King who fights against Malekith, and dissent at the Court in Lothorn is growing that King Finubar allows Tyrion to share this burden alone. Some even say that Tyrion should take up the Phoenix Crown himself. The oldest and wisest Elves speak out against this careless talk; those who remember the dark and treacherous times of the Sundering care not for it to be repeated again.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tyrion	5	9	7	4	3	3	10	5	10
Malhandir	10	4	0	4	3	1	5	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Curse of Aenarion, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

Defender of Ulthuan: *Prince Tyrion is renowned across the island continent of Ulthuan as the finest warrior of the Elven race. Even Finubar, the Phoenix King bows to Tyrion's incredible wisdom in matters of warfare.*

If Tyrion is your army's General, his Inspiring Presence has a range of 18".

Riposte: *Tyrion is an expert at turning aside his foes' attacks, avoiding their blows and counter-attacking before they can react.*

Tyrion has the Parry (6+) special rule, even while mounted. For each successful Parry made (every '6' rolled when making Ward saves), he may immediately make an additional Attack back at the model who struck the blow.

Feint: *Tyrion is nimble and lithe, twisting easily past his opponent's guard and turning suddenly to attack from unpredictable angles.*

Tyrion may re-roll any failed rolls to Hit in Close Combat.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sunfang (Magic Weapon)

This ancient sword was forged to slay Daemons in the earliest days of Aenarion's rule. The Runesword of Tyrion is a fearsome weapon, easily able to cleave through flesh and armour alike. It is also known as Sunfang for the gleaming runes that shimmer up and down its length, blazing with the captured fires of the sun. The white-hot runes smouldering along its length contain incredible power and promise blazing ruin to its victims.

Hits from Sunfang are resolved at +3 Strength and have the Flaming Attacks special rule. In addition, Sunfang's bearer can make a Strength 3 Breath Weapon attack once per game. Hits from this attack are magical, and have the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Dragon Armour of Aenarion (Magic Armour)

This mighty armour was forged on Vaul's Anvil long ago to protect Aenarion. Upon his death, the armour was thought lost for thousands of years, until it was uncovered by Tethlis the Slayer. Since then, it has been borne only by the very greatest of Ulthuan's gloried heroes.

Dragon armour. The Dragon Armour of Aenarion grants Tyrion a 1+ armour save and a Ward save (4+).

Heart of Avelorn (Enchanted Item)

This highly polished blood-red ruby glows slightly with an inner light and is warm to the touch. It was a gift from the Everqueen to Tyrion for his great bravery, and protects the bearer from hostile magic and death itself. It is said that if Tyrion were to fall, the Heart of Avelorn would break and restore him to lift. Such renewal would not be without price, however. Should the Heart of Avelorn shatter, then whatever bond lies between Alarielle and Tyrion would also be sundered, never to be healed in all the ages of the world.

The Heart of Avelorn gives Tyrion the Magic Resistance (2) special rule. In addition, if Tyrion suffers an unsaved Wound that would kill him (including unsaved Wounds that killed him as a result of the Killing Blow, Heroic Killing Blow or Multiple Wounds special rules), roll a D6 before removing him as a casualty; on a 2+ Tyrion negates the Wound and the Heart of Avelorn is destroyed. Otherwise, Tyrion is removed as a casualty as normal.

"Though our fair homeland is beset on all sides, we shall resist, as our forefathers did before us. In these dark times, as our tainted brethren ravage our shores, we stand defiant and shall emerge victorious. For we are the Asur, the true kin of Aenarion, and Ulthuan shall never fall."

- Prince Tyrion, Defender of Ulthuan



TECLIS

High Loremaster of the White Tower

Twin to the mighty Tyrion, Teclis is wholly the opposite of his brother. Where age-old curse on the line of Aenarion has yet to leave an obvious mark upon Tyrion, it has affected his brother Teclis more strongly. Where his brother was mighty, he was weak. Where Tyrion was golden-skinned and yellow-maned, Teclis was pale, dark and gaunt. Where Tyrion was fair-spoken and noble-minded, Teclis was caustic-tongued and bitter. Where Tyrion was fair-spoken and noble-minded, Teclis was caustic-tongued and hither. Indeed, so feeble is Teclis that his body can only be sustained by the consumption of magical potions of his own creation. Indeed he would never have survived to maturity if it had not been for the curative powers of the magical brews he drinks daily. Yet no-one, least of all Tyrion, sees Teclis as the weaker twin – his destiny merely lies along another path.

From birth he was sickly and consumptive. As a child, he was driven by an insatiable curiosity and showed an awesome gift for sorcery. He was schooled by the shadowy Loremasters of the Tower of Hoeth, who

TIDINGS OF THE WHITE TOWER

The Mighty Teclis, Lord of the White Tower, Commander of the Swordmasters of Hoeth, most accomplished sorcerer in this age of the world, breathed a slow sigh of relief

"At long last... ", he said as he surveyed the horizon from the topmost pinnacle of the White Tower. There in the distance, obscured by a haze of magic that shifted like rippling water, a host moved resolutely forward. Teclis turned to his brother beside him and could not help a weary smile.

"No longer will I be pressed into service as a mere merge with a single spell. No longer will I be forced to endure the indignity of serving in the armies of Ulthuan under an assumed identity, bereft of all my magic items and subordinated to the command of some incompetent lordling. At last they have come..."

"You mean," gasped Tyrion as he peered into the distance, his eyes less sensitive to the magical field than his brothers, yet his heart too full of the same hope, for had he not also suffered the indignities of expedience. His horse, to which he seemed peculiarly attached, snorted expectantly and its white horse-breath plumed in the cool air.

"Yes brother, it is everything we ever dreamed of... reinforcements," cried Teclis, and it was true, for out of the mists of sorcery there strode mages and commanders aplenty, and behind them a great army of Sea Guard, Reavers bearing bows, Silver Helms riding mailed horses and more besides.

recognised in him great power. Within the precincts of the White Tower, guarded by magical illusions of great cunning, he learned the intricacies of sorcery, and rose to become a true master of High Magic. Of all the High Elves, he is blessed with the greatest understanding of High Magic. Teclis dwells in the White Tower of Hoeth, and has studied in their secret libraries for more than an entire human lifetime, delving ever deeper into the arcane mysteries. Mages from all over the Ulthuan come to sit at his feet to learn the secrets of the mystical arts.

Teclis is not a master of swordplay nor strategy. However, he is the greatest living Mage in this age, a mage so powerful that spells and magical artefacts are named after him, and his mastery of the magical arts is unsurpassed by any other living creature. Teclis has been blessed with a talent for magic that makes him preeminent, not only amongst the mages of Ulthuan, but in the whole world. Though it is little acknowledged in Naggaroth, the Witch King accedes that Teclis is his superior and, since the Battle of Finuval Plain, has taken care not to come into direct conflict with his younger cousin. It is even claimed that Teclis' power approaches that of the great Necromancer Nagash, so it is fortunate that he has devoted his life to thwarting the powers of Chaos and death.

The twins also differ greatly in their strategic outlook. Where Tyrion sees the protection of Ulthuan as his chief duty, Teclis seeks to safeguard the whole world. It was Teclis who first taught Imperial wizards how to control the raging energies of the magical realm, and on his instruction the Colleges of Magic were established. It was only with the aid of Teclis that Magnus the Pious was able to push back the forces of the Dark Gods in the Great War against Chaos. Truly Teclis is one of those legendary heroes whose actions shape the world.





Since then, Teclis has walked abroad in many other lands, sharing his wisdom with those who have need of it, and wielding his magics to keep the dark forces of Chaos at bay. Teclis has fought in wars from the northern Chaos Wastes to the distant lands of Lustria and mystic Cathay, and during these long years he has found no match to his mystical skill. Thus will Teclis' legend endure long after heroes of the sword have been forgotten, for his actions shape not a battle, nor even a campaign, but the future of the world itself. Ulthuan is descending to a new age of darkness, and it may yet be that it does not survive the battles to come. If the realm does endure the woes that betide, it will be through the sword of Tyrion and the sorceries of Teclis. Unless, of course, the curse of Aenarion claims them first...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Teclis	5	3	3	2	2	3	5	1	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Teclis is a Level 4 Wizard. He does not choose spells following the normal rules, but instead can choose either to know all of the spells in the Lore of High Magic, or choose one spell from each of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES: Curse of Aenarion, Elven Grace, Lileath's Blessing, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

THE BLESSINGS OF LILEATH

During the Golden Age, the goddess Lileath presented three gifts to the Elves. It is many thousands of years since the gifts of Lileath were wielded as one, for two of them have long since been lost to the tides of ruin and war.

The first was the Star Crown, said to have granted the bearer vision of all times and places known to the gods. The Star Crown was shattered during Malekith's first assault on Saphery. To this day, the Loremasters of Hoeth search in desperation for the lost fragments of the Star Crown. Even the merest shard of the crown contains great power, and many an Elven mage dreams of harnessing that might to his own ends.

The second was the Amulet of Sunfire, which brought hope to those in despair. So bright and pure did it burn that no evil creature could bear its presence, whilst those beings who with truly noble hearts found in it a source of hope and vigour. The Amulet of Sunfire was lost forever during Morvael's reign. Against the counsel of Hoeth's Loremasters, the Phoenix King gifted it to his son, Araoael, as the prince took ship for a distant land. Alas, Prince Aravael never reached his destination, but was spirited to a watery grave in the depths of the Churning Gulf when he was thrown from the prow of his ship during a raging storm – the Amulet of Sunfire has never been seen since.

The last gift was the Moon Staff, into which it was said the goddess had poured much of her power, so much did she love the Elves. Alas, only the Moon Staff has survived to the reign of Finubar the Seafarer.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Teclis (Magic Weapon)

This sword was forged by Teclis, a powerful weapon to protect himself as he began the perilous quest to rescue his brother Tyrion and the Everqueen. It is charged with celestial power. Crackling energies play across its shining surface and when it strikes opponents they are blasted apart.

All hits from the Sword of Teclis wound on a 2+, and Wounds caused by it Ignore Armour saves.

Potion of Inner Strength (Enchanted Item)

Since his sickly childhood, Teclis has carried supplies of these revitalising tonics wherever he goes. Both sparkle in the light as if the Loremaster had captured stars to brew his potion, but whilst Sariour is a golden, sunlike yellow, Charoi is the deepest blue of night.

One use only. At the start of any turn, Teclis may drink his Potion of Charoi. When he does so, he will increase his Weapon Skill and Initiative to 6, and Strength, Toughness and Attacks to 3 for the remainder of the turn.

Moon Staff of Lileath (Arcane Item)

The Moon Staff is imbued with the immortal power of the goddess Lileath, eternally youthful daughter of Isha, which flows through Teclis and invigorates his feeble frame. In times of great need, Teclis can call upon the full power of the staff. Doing so allows him to unleash a fearsome barrage of magical power, or else dissipate dangerous sorcerous energies before they spiral out of control, but also leaves the staff temporarily drained.

The staff gives Teclis 1 extra Power and Dispel dice in each Magic phase. Once per game, The Moon Staff of Lileath can unleash its full power. It can either be used at the start of any of Teclis' Magic phases, in which case a bonus power dice is added to every casting attempt Teclis makes that phase (at least one normal Power dice must be used), or if Teclis suffers a miscast he can choose to ignore it (before any roll on the Miscast table is made). In either case, his staff will cease to provide any additional dice for the rest of the battle.

Scroll of Hoeth (Arcane Item)

The scrolls inscribed in the White Tower by the Loremasters are far more potent than those made by mundane wizards. Though clearly ancient and seemingly fragile, this well-worn heirloom has seen a thousand battles and will see many more.

One use only. The Scroll of Hoeth follows the rules of Dispel Scrolls. In addition, immediately after the dispel has been resolved, both Teclis and the caster must roll a D6; if Teclis scores higher, the caster immediately forgets the spell; otherwise, nothing else happens.

War Crown of Saphery (Arcane Item)

The War Crown is an ancient symbol of the magical realm of Saphery, seldom seen outside the walls of the White Tower except in times of peril. It was forged by the awesome Mage Lords of Saphery in the time of the first incursions of Chaos. It was gifted to Teclis by the former High Loremaster on the eve of the young mage's departure on the quest for his brother Tyrion. It empowers its wearer with all the knowledge of magic gleaned by the High Elves over their thousands of years of study, raising him beyond any other mortal wizard.

The War Crown of Saphery allows Teclis to re-roll the result of any randomised spell effects (such as the number of hits inflicted by a magic missile).



ALARIELLE THE RADIANT

Everqueen of Avelorn

Ulthuan is co-ruled by the Everqueen, the chosen representative of Isha the Elven goddess of earth, plants and forests. Alarielle is the name of the ruling Everqueen, and she is said to be the most beautiful to have borne the favour of Isha since the far off days of Astarielle, a beauty matched only by the dark seductiveness of the depraved Morathi, the Hag Sorceress of the Dark Elves.

To the Asur, Alarielle represents the living embodiment of the goddess Isha, and if she were ever to fall, her loss would be seen as a presage of the final destruction of Ulthuan itself. The sorcerous power of the High Elves flows strongly with the Everqueen, and she uses her skills for the protection of Ulthuan, weaving delicate yet deceptively potent magic that befuddles the enemies of her people. Her power is that of nature itself, and it is said that where the Everqueen walks, the fields start to blossom and flowers spring forth from the ground. The white birds of Avelorn come to rest on her hand, and her silvery laughter rings throughout the blessed glades of the Gaen valley. Her flowing hair is like a golden cloud, and it is said that so great is her beauty that it can move even the immortal gods. Her power is that of nature itself, so when she mourns the skies weep with her, and when her eyes darken thunder roars across the Gaen valley, a warning to all who wish harm to the Asur homeland.

Alarielle's reign has not been peaceful for her powers were sorely tested when Dark Elf armies and legions of Chaos poured into Ulthuan and overran Avelorn. For a while it was believed Alarielle had perished in the fighting. To the Elves the Everqueen embodies the spirit of Isha, and her loss could presage the destruction of all Ulthuan. In fact she was not slain, but hidden and protected by Prince Tyrion, although her powers were very much reduced whilst those of Chaos were nourished by the slaughter of battle. The power of Chaos grew increasingly greater as devastation swept the land. At last the Everqueen made her way to take part in the Battle of Finuval Plain where Chaos was defeated. The Everqueen and her Maiden Guard were then restored to the land of Avelorn. She dwells there to this day, in the company of her Champion, Prince Tyrion.

Since the Golden Age, the Everqueen has served as Isha's chosen priestess in the mortal world. Whilst the tradition of the Phoenix King is relatively new – a mere six and a half thousand years in age – there has always been an Everqueen. Alarielle is the eleventh Everqueen to rule since the time of Aenarion. Her flowing hair is like a golden cloud, and it is said that so great and timeless is her beauty that it can move even the immortal gods to tears. The Everqueen's power is that of nature itself. Where Alarielle walks, the fields start to blossom and flowers spring forth from the ground. When she is joyful, the skies clear and the land for leagues around blooms with life and light. When she mourns, the skies weep with her, and when her eyes darken with rage, thunder roars across the hills.

The Everqueen radiates harmony and order, her power is the power of Isha herself. As a servant of light and nature, the Everqueen is opposed to corruption in all its forms. Thus does she remain above the petty intrigues of her own court – not even the most devious heart can conceal an untruth from her pure, unflinching, gaze. More importantly, her presence is

anathema to tainted creatures of all kinds. Daemons which approach her feel this power. It dissolves the magic which binds them together and holds them on the earth. They feel their energies dissipate and the Realms of Chaos draw them back to mindless oblivion. She can banish Daemons with a single touch, and unravel the dark bindings of the Undead with but a gesture. All the benevolent gifts of Isha are hers to wield; no wound is beyond her skill to mend, and there is no shadow upon the heart that she cannot banish. Alas, Alarielle's powers recede as the dark tide of Chaos grows stronger and the mortal world cries out in torment. When the power of Chaos is at its peak, even her mortal form grows weak; the brilliant gold of her hair fading almost to pure white, her limbs growing enervated and brittle. At such times the Elven race stands upon the brink of extinction – should the Everqueen perish, her people would surely pass into darkness soon after.

The Everqueen does not fight in a conventional manner, and eschews weapons of all kinds, but she is no less dangerous for it. Her touch, so soothing to the pure-hearted, is anathema to those with even a taint of corruption in their hearts. The victim might not feel anything at first, but as the magic of her touch travels through his body, it grows more powerful, feeding off every black desire and cruel purpose. Moments later, the foe is naught but a cleansed and withered corpse, his evil forever purged by Isha's light. Moreover, Alarielle wields the Winds of Life and Light with all the skill of Saphery's most learned High Mages, and can call forth great storms of cleansing energy to sweep the agents of darkness from her hallowed presence.





Whilst most of her predecessors deliberately stayed as distant from war as circumstances would allow, Alarielle has made a point of leading armies in Ulthuan's defence. At the start of her reign, she had little choice, for Avelorn was overrun by Dark Elves and worshippers of Chaos. With her nation overwhelmed and the Phoenix King under siege in Lothorn, it fell to Alarielle to rally the High Elves to Ulthuan's defence upon the Finuval Plain. Since then, Alarielle has commanded many armies in the Phoenix King's stead, whilst Finubar remains ensconced in the highest tower of Lothorn, pursuing an agenda hidden from all but his closest allies.

Despite Alarielle's many victories in the years since the Battle of Finuval Plain, many Elves are secretly appalled by her actions. Tradition dictates that the Everqueen sees to the spiritual defence and well-being of the Elves, leaving the Phoenix King to prosecute wars of blood and fire; and the High Elves value tradition above almost all. Others see this as a sign that Isha herself has become more warlike in these desperate times; that the misery and destruction of the mortal world has roused even the gods to battle.

Not whilst she still draws breath will Alarielle allow Avelorn's beauty to be despoiled by war – a determination that many beings of tainted heart have encountered to their ruin. So it is that a High Elf army might find glorious aid in its darkest hour. As dawn breaks, one of the Everqueen's Handmaidens sounds the Horn of Isha, so that the goddess might notice her high priestess upon the field of battle.

Then the Banner of Avelorn is raised high, its living threads shimmering in the sunshine. As word spreads of Alarielle's arrival, despair vanishes like shadows in daylight and a newfound resolve arises to take its place. Then the Horn of Isha sounds once more, spurring the assembled Elves onward into deeds of legend. With her elite Maiden Guard standing at her side, and championed by Prince Tyrion himself, Alarielle defends her people against any and all who threaten their peace.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Alarielle	5	4	4	3	3	3	6	1	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Alarielle the Radiant is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, the Lore of Light and the Lore of High Magic. She can choose all of her spells from the same lore, or from two or more of the above lores in any combination.

SPECIAL RULES: **Elven Grace, Lileath's Blessing, Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.**

Boon of Isha: *The Everqueen can focus the power of Isha that flows throughout the world, and harness it to invigorate the pure of heart.*

All attacks made by models in the Everqueen's unit adds +1 to all of its To Hit rolls and are magical attacks. In addition, all models in her unit have Immunity (Fear, Terror).

"Hail bright flower of the goddess, chosen of Isha. Dawn's hope and heart's home; the glory of Ulthuan shines in your eyes!"

- Passage from Paean to the Everqueen

Chaos Bane: At the start of each of Alarielle's Magic phases, before rolling for the Winds of Magic, every unit with the Daemonic special rule within 12" of Alarielle the Radiant suffers D6 Strength 4 hits, distributed as for shooting attacks. However, Alarielle suffers a -D3 penalty to her casting attempts if there is one or more models with the Daemonic special rule within 12".

Touch of the Everqueen: *Alarielle does not fight as such, for she is the embodiment of peace rather than war. However, her lightest touch can stun a foe for a moment, disorientating them with a blinding flash of light.*

If Alarielle's makes a successful roll To Hit in close combat, that model is reduced to Weapon Skill 1 for the remainder of that phase.

Handmaidens: If Alarielle is with a unit of Handmaidens of the Everqueen, the whole unit becomes Unbreakable.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Shieldstone of Isha (Talisman)

Upon her breast Alarielle wears a gem of unsurpassable workmanship. This is the Shieldstone of Isha, as old as Ulthuan itself and pulsing with inner energies. It is magically attuned to the Everqueen's aura, and only the Everqueen can release the magical power it contains. The stone wards away harm from the purehearted, deflecting mortal blows and dashing arrows to the floor.

The Shieldstone of Isha grants Alarielle the Radiant and her unit a Ward save (5+) against any mundane attacks.

Star of Avelorn (Enchanted Item)

About her noble brow the Everqueen wears a light diadem of ithilmar in which is set a single radiant gem, given by Aenarion in trust to Astarielle. This is no ordinary gem, but is said to be a star taken from the heavens by Isha and bound within a magic crystal, and holds the power to heal mortal wounds.

At the start of your Movement phase, nominate a single friendly character within 12" – that model immediately regains a single Wound lost earlier in the battle. Alarielle can only restore her own Wounds if there is no other viable target within range.

Stave of Avelorn (Arcane Item)

The Stave of Avelorn is the symbol of Alarielle's rule over the land of Avelorn. It is an ancient heirloom which is passed from one Everqueen to the next, as it has been since before the time of the Phoenix Kings. The power absorbs the magic that flows through the land and gathers it up, enabling Alarielle to direct it as she wishes. In ancient times the Stave accomplished great deeds of sorcery. Today its power is diminished because so much of the magic of Avelorn is drained away by the Vortex created during the War of Sundering. Nonetheless it remains a potent reminder of the days when Elven mages bestrode the world like colossi and all nature bent to their will.

One use only. The Stave of Avelorn is used in the Magic phase. When used, it allows Alarielle to immediately attempt to cast a spell she has already cast that phase, even if the casting attempt failed, or was miscast. The spell is otherwise cast according to the normal rules.



ELTHARION THE GRIM

Warden of Tor Yvresse

Eltharion the Grim is one of the greatest of all Elven lords, the son of the noblest stock and a superb warrior. Many times has he achieved what would have been thought impossible. In the 260th year of the reign of the current Phoenix King, Finubar the Seafarer, Eltharion became the first High Elf ever to lead a successful raid against Naggarond and return alive. Even before the High Elves made landfall, Eltharion had proved himself a master tactician, defeating the large Dark Elf fleet sent to oppose him. In a brilliant move he had hidden his Dragonships behind a vast island of rock, and as the rest of his fleet fell back they appeared on the flank of the Dark Elves' sea-beasts and tore into them with their razor-sharp rams. As the Dark Elf fleet was thrown into confusion, the retreating High Elf ships returned to the fray and laced them with bolt thrower shot, and in minutes the Dark Elves had been annihilated.

The High Elf army was small but Eltharion force marched through the bleak landscape of Naggaroth, taking by surprise the Dark Elf garrisons and settlements they discovered and razing them to the ground. Eltharion himself on his Griffon, Stormwing, rode down those that fled, to ensure that not one Dark Elf escaped to send word to the Witch King. When at last they reached Naggarond the boldest Elves disguised themselves in captured Dark Elf garb and entered the city, opening the gates from within. The waiting High Elves poured into the city and ran riot, burning buildings and slaying all who opposed them. It was as they prepared to fall back and return to

their ships that disaster struck and Eltharion was wounded by the blade of a Witch Elf. He struck back beheading his attacker, but the damage was done and the envenomed sword had left its poison in his blood. The raid had been a success and the High Elf force escaped to Ulthuan with minimal losses, but by the time they docked at Chrace, Eltharion was near death.

The night of their return the High Elves pitched camp near the shore, for the journey had been arduous and the hour was late. None amongst them had the skill to counter the Dark Elf venom, and it was with heavy hearts that Eltharion's most trusted lieutenants laid him in his tent, knowing he would be dead by morning.

During the night, Eltharion stirred. Opening his eyes dreamily he saw an apparition, and with horror realised that the ghostly form was that of his father Moranion. The ghost was bloodied and mangled by blade-marks and arrows, and Eltharion knew his father was dead. The spirit spoke, telling him that their ancestral home of Athel Tamarha had been destroyed and most of his family were slain. When Eltharion fully awoke, miraculously cured of the Dark Elf poison, the ghost was gone, but looking clown he saw the Fangsword, ancient heirloom of his family, resting where his father's spirit had been. He knew his destiny was to avenge his father and his home. He arose from his bed and grasped the sword, feeling new strength flow into him as he lifted it.

In the morning the astounded High Elf commanders found their Lord awake and alert, pale and wan but strong. His face was dark as he told them of his vision and his quest. He bade them return to their ships. With all the speed they could muster they sailed for Yvresse. Crashing through the waves into the harbour they found the great city under siege, Goblins and Orcs running through the streets in battle with beleaguered Elf defenders. Wasting no time they raced ashore and joined the fight.

The senses bestowed upon Eltharion by his magical talisman allowed him to see the force behind the greenskin army. Circling the great Warden's Tower and absorbing the energy of a mighty watchstone was a foul Goblin wizard mounted on a huge Wyvern, and Eltharion knew that this was his father's killer. Stopping only to give a single order to his finest troops he flew high into the air and charged the shaman.

Eltharion was a mighty warrior but the shaman was drawing incredible energy from the watchstone, and with his magic he blasted the High Elf. It was all Eltharion could do to deflect the evil spells. Just when it seemed he would be overwhelmed, however, the elite troops he had sent to the tower completed their mission and intoned the Invocation of Ending in front of the watchstone. The shaman's power was severed and he faltered, shocked. It was all the chance Eltharion needed. The Fangsword lashed out and severed the Goblin's head, sending it plummeting to the streets below.





With that act the greenskin attack faltered. The tide turned, and the heartened Elves counter-attacked and drove the invaders from the city. Eltharion did not stop to savour the victory but instead went to the Warden's Tower, and struggled for the whole night to seal away the watchstone's power. The following morning could not even the sunrise nor the cheering crowds force a smile from him. He was elected Warden of Tor Yvresse in recognition of his feats but from then on the haunted hero was forever known as Eltharion the Grim.

Eltharion's early rule was split equally between scouring greenskins from the land, and overseeing repairs to Yvresse's network of waystones. In the first task, Eltharion was aided by the nobles of his realm, who rallied to his banner with an enthusiasm not seen for many long generations. In the second, he sought the assistance of the Loremaster Belannaer. Though Eltharion had successfully stabilised the waystone of Tor Yvresse, he felt that luck had guided his hand rather more than judgement in that task, and he did not wish to see ill-fortune or rashness on his part destroy Ulthuan.

With his realm thus secured, Eltharion took his blade overseas; not to the chill shores of Naggaroth in the west, but east to the lands of the Old World and beyond. Yvresse had but barely endured the onset of one Waaagh!, and Eltharion swore that no other would reach Ulthuan's shores.



Atop his Griffon, Stormwing, Eltharion swept through the Badlands like a wind of blades. He slaughtered Warbosses and ran their armies to ruin. He toppled Orc fortresses that had survived earthquakes, Bretonnian crusades and the vengeance of the Dwarfs. Yet, miraculously, there always seemed more greenskins for him to fight. Finally, Eltharion learned the truth. His reputation had spread so far and wide that Warbosses were actually seeking his army, knowing that the "Pointy-'ead" would "give 'em a proper fight."

This revelation ended Eltharion's battles in the Badlands. He now knew that to continue would not abate the greenskin threat. Returning to Yvresse, Eltharion began to train its armies and fortify its cities as never before. The next time a Waaagh! made landfall on the shores of Ulthuan, the folk of Yvresse – and their grim Warden – would be ready for them.

Eltharion is a consummate warrior, an excellent general and also, thanks to the Talisman of Hoeth, a Sorcerer of significant ability. He dwells in a high tower overlooking the ancient metropolis and can be seen flying high above it on his ferocious and loyal War Griffon Stormwing.

Eltharion lost nearly all of his family and saw his ancestral lands ravaged and burned in the cataclysmic Goblin invasion of Yvresse led by Grom the Paunch. Few feel a hate as intense as the utter loathing Eltharion reserves for Grom. To this day he holds a bitter hatred in his heart for all Goblins. Though he is a dour, forbidding ruler, the people of that fair city love their grim guardian dearly. While he keeps vigilance over the land, no evil can threaten the Elves of Yvresse.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Eltharion	5	8	7	4	3	3	8	4	10
Stormwing	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (8), Hatred (Orcs & Goblins), Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Fangsword of Athel Tamarha (Magic Weapon)

Eltharion always wields the Fangsword in combat, striking down his foes from the back of his faithful mount Stormwing. The Fangsword is a rune-encrusted longsword which has been passed down through Eltharion's family for generations. Eltharion inherited the Fangsword from his father after he died in the defence of his home in Athel Tamarha. The weapon strikes with a savage force that can rend apart the strongest armour.

Attacks made with the Fangsword are resolved at +2 Strength and Ignores Armour saves.

Helm of Yvresse (Magic Armour)

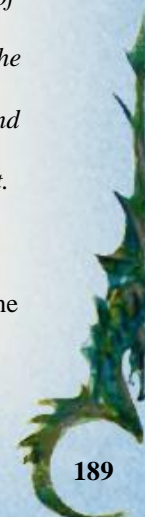
The Helm of Yvresse is the ceremonial crown and symbol of the Warden of that proud city. Made from shining ithilmar and gold, and decorated with majestic feathers, the Helm of Yvresse provides protection from harm and focuses the mind of its wearer, allowing a concentration and depth of thought unmatched by mere mortals.

6+ armour save. The Helm of Yvresse grants Eltharion a Ward save (5+). In addition, Eltharion may re-roll any failed Leadership-based test.

Talisman of Hoeth (Talisman)

The Talisman of Hoeth was created by the Warden of Tor Yvresse, a mighty and wise mage. This finely wrought medallion allows its wearer a measure of the original Warden's magical knowledge to the uninitiated. Any who wear the Talisman of Hoeth find themselves imbued with incredible magical powers, able to command the Winds of Magic as if born to it.

This item grants Eltharion the Magic Resistance (1) special rule. The Talisman of Hoeth also makes Eltharion a Level 2 Wizard, who uses spells from one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic found in the Warhammer rulebook.





ALITH ANAR

The Shadow King

After the destruction of their land, the Nagarythe who remained loyal to Caledor became a restless wandering people. Today they are outsiders even within Ulthuan, tainted by association with their treacherous kin, a frightening reminder of the potential for evil within Elven hearts. The Nagarythe of old were said to be cruel and merciless, and today the sinister Shadow Warriors are the most ruthless of the High Elves of Ulthuan. They are said to be 'touched by the Witch King' and many are driven to a life of perilous adventure beyond the borders of Ulthuan.

There are many stories of Elven heroes of the Nagarythe, of brave and valiant warriors, of remarkable deeds, and of battles against the darkest of foes. The most popular tales concern Alith Anar, known as the Shadow King. Alith Anar's adventures are shared throughout the courts of the Asur, each a tale of courageous defiance against Malekith and the Druchii. The tales of the Shadow King that stem from the years following the destruction of Anlec are, by now, undoubtedly a blend of fable and reality. Today it is impossible to say which of these stories are true and which are invented, for the Nagarythe are understandably secretive about their history since the Sundering.



Tradition maintains that the Nagarythe chose a new Itadei to rule over them after Malekith fled to the west together with his mother Morathi. Of all the remaining great families, only one remained untainted by the corruption of the Nagarythe court despite years of Persecution at the hands of Morathi and her kin. Alith Anar was the heir of that line: his father Eothlir died fighting in battle, and his grandfather Eolaran the Proud was murdered in the dungeons of Anlec. In the shattered groves beneath the Dragon Pass the Nagarythe swore their pact of obedience to Alith Anar, and in oaths of blood they pledged their lives to the destruction of Malekith and all his followers.



In those days there were many Dark Elves still hiding in the lands of Ulthuan, and the Shadow Warriors busied themselves rooting out these vestiges of evil. All these tasks Alith Anar undertook with a vengeance, and soon there were few of the Dark Elf brigands that did not know and fear his name. As he attacked and hurtled each enemy encampment his fame grew. None were left alive. Those of his foes who survived the fighting were crucified upon the trees where those who passed could witness their grisly fate, and as he attacked and burned each enemy encampment, his fame grew.

After the Battle of Griffon Pass, Alith Anar captured seven hundred Dark Elves and had them nailed high upon the white cliffs overlooking the narrow valley, where they hung until they died, and then their corpses hung for years afterwards until their flesh rotted and their bones tumbled into piles beside the road. Such is the power of the place that these bones can be seen to this day, together with the red marks left by Alith Anar's iron nails upon the cliffs.

For years Alith Anar led his warriors against his enemies within Ulthuan. Later he led them against the newly raised fortresses of Naggaroath. The Shadow Warriors soon became a thorn in the Witch King's side, harassing his ships, ambushing his warriors, and plundering his convoys. There was nothing the Shadow Warriors would not dare. It was said that Alith Anar danced in disguise with Morathi at the court of the Witch King before stealing the Stone of Midnight from her treasury. Mortified, Morathi sent Witch Elves to hunt him down, but he tricked them into drinking poison mixed with blood, and so escaped to Ulthuan and the camp fires of the Shadow Warriors where his warriors hailed him as the Shadow King.



As to the fate of Alith Anar none can say. His heirs have ruled the wandering folk of Nagarythe ever since, though none have taken the title of Shadow King which remains his alone. They are the Aesonar, the sons of Anar, who even the Phoenix King has never knowingly met nor spoken to. Yet round the campfires of the Shadow Warriors they still speak of Alith Anar as a living warrior, an Elf of the shadows, a mortal spirit of vengeance, bound to walk the earth until the Witch King is laid to rest. They tell that on the darkest night of the Season of Frost, a grey-hooded figure can be seen kneeling before Eothlir's tomb, head bowed in silent contemplation of the bloody deeds the coming year will bring. Other High Elves scoff at such tales, but few amongst them would not wish to be proven wrong. For his part, the Witch King has passed beyond the veil of mortal concerns, but if Malekith any longer fears anything, he fears the vengeance of Alith Anar.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Alith Anar	5	7	7	4	3	3	9	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Hatred (Dark Elves), Martial Prowess, Scouts, Valour of Ages.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Shadow Crown (Enchanted Item)

The Shadow Crown is the symbol of the rightful rulers of Nagarythe, a simple silver circlet set with a single diamond. The Witch King covets this crown greatly, for without the crown his claim to the throne of Nagarythe is a hollow one. Thanks to the magic contained within the crown, Alith Anar has managed to escape death on scores of occasions. By speaking the name of his kingdom, and defiantly claiming his rulership, Alith Anar can freeze time for a blink of an eye, giving himself a brief instant to slip away from danger.

Alith Anar and his unit have the Swiftstride special rule.



The Moonbow (Magic Weapon)

The Moonbow is an exquisite weapon forged from a pale metal that glitters in the moonlight. The Shadow Warriors claim it was handed to Alith Anar by the goddess Lileath. This bow has been the bane of countless Dark Elves and its reputation is legendary. The merest whisper of the arrows shot by the Moonbow will strike fear into the hearts of the Druchii.

The Moonbow is a bolt thrower with the profile given below. Alith Anar can shoot the Moonbow even if he moves (but not if he marches).

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	7	Armour Piercing (1), Multiple Wounds (D3), Quick to Fire

Any unit of Dark Elves that suffers one or more casualties from the Moonbow also suffers a -1 penalty to their Leadership until the end of the phase.

Stone of Midnight (Talisman)

This stone was a gift to Morathi from Aenarion, the first and mightiest of all the Phoenix Kings. It was stolen from her palace by Alith Anar who made a mockery of all the sorcerous wards and guardians of the Hag Queen. Morathi has promised the gift of eternal youth, an entire room filled with gold, and a night of debauchery spent with the most beautiful of her Witch Elves for anyone whoever returns her treasure. But even the bravest of the Dark Elves fear to hunt the Shadow King. The Stone of Midnight exudes an impenetrable mist of darkness, and anyone trying to strike at the possessor will be confronted by his worst nightmares, visions of his own death and failure of all the works of his life.

The Stone of Midnight grants Alith Anar a Ward save (4+). In addition, enemies suffer a -1 penalty To Hit when shooting against Alith Anar or a unit he has joined.

"The Druchii tore your lives from you and threw them upon sacrificial pyres, and anointed their priests with the blood of your kin! When you look at your foe, do not see another Elf. See them for what they are; creatures less than animals. Hesitation is death, doubt is weakness. You are the blade that will strike down the wicked. You are the Shadow Warrior, the faceless bringer of justice. Do not long for peace, for there can be none while any Druchii still draw breath.

If you come to treat with me, hear my oath to the dead. Nothing is forgotten, nothing is forgiven! We fight for loved ones lost. We fight for futures blighted. We fight to reclaim a land that was once gloried above all others. We fight for Nagarythe!"

- Alith Anar, the Shadow King



IMRIK

Lord of Dragons, Dragon Prince of Caledor

In Caledor, the Dragons lie sleeping within the cold volcanoes of the mountains known as the Dragon's Spine. They dream of the ancient days when they soared through the magic-laden air of Ulthuan, spitting fire and destruction upon the enemies of the Dragon Princes.

Caledor is now a silent realm. No longer do the skies ring to the cries of dragons and the roar of their fiery breath. No more do the caves rumble with their sonatas nor does the earth shake beneath their heavy tread. Instead, there is nothing but the hollow echo of the Elves' footsteps in the ancient halls.

Today the mountains have cooled and the Dragons have dwindled in power. Few of the creatures can be wakened when the clarion calls of war ring from mountain peak to mountain peak, summoning the scattered folk of Caledor to battle.

Like the Dragons themselves the line of Dragon Princes is fading. Prince Imrik, Lord of Dragons, is the last direct descendant of the great Caledor Dragontamer, the Phoenix King of the ancient times. In him is invested all the power and nobility of that great house. His proud bearing and unmatched battle prowess harkens back to the ancient times when the Dragon Princes were at the height of their power. Imrik has walked the ancient halls and the mountains of Caledor for centuries on end, mourning the decline of his heritage.

He is one of the few Dragon Princes who is still able to wake the sleeping dragons from the caverns beneath the mountains. However, even he can only stir a few of the majestic creatures from their slumber at any time, and he attempts this only in times of great need - for each time a dragon is roused, it is harder to wake it again once it falls back into its dreams. Gone are the days when his followers rode into battle atop mighty fire drakes. Now it is Imrik alone who fights in the traditional manner of his house.

And fight he does! In the defence of his homeland, and indeed of all Ulthuan, Imrik is a stalwart bastion of strength. Together with Tyrion and Teclis, the descendants of the great house of Aenarion, he stands as an unbreachable wall between the many foes of the High Elves and the mystical isle of Ulthuan.

"This world is ours to rule as we wish. We earned this right at the dawn of time, when it was we, and we alone, that defeated the forces of Chaos and drove them back to their foetid realm. The lower races must learn this lesson and submit to our rule - if they do not do so willingly, then we will make them do so by force of arms."

- Imrik, Dragon Prince of Caledor

The mighty firebrakes recognize the spirit of Caledor living within Imrik and hold a deep respect for him. The dragon Minathnir has a particularly strong bond with the prince and is the only dragon who will wake from his slumber whenever Imrik calls. Borne upon the back of this mighty and ancient creature, Imrik descends on his foes with ferocity, striking terror in their hearts at the glorious sight. When Imrik's ire is raised, he is a fearsome opponent and his pride and fiery temperament are legendary. A staunch defender of his people, he fights furiously against any who threaten his land or his people. Imrik is the pride of his homeland, representing the ideal combination of strength and nobility to the scattered people of Caledor, yet they mourn that he is the last of that proud bloodline and fear the day that he is taken from them.

Prince Imrik is the greatest High Elf warrior of his age. The people of Ulthuan say that the nobility of Phoenix King Caledor and the battle prowess of Phoenix King Tethlis have been reborn in the Lord of the Dragons. He leads his Dragon to the attack, plunging to the ground with the destructive fury of a lightning bolt. The great scaly beast seizes its victims and tears them limb from limb as Prince Imrik pierces the enemy ranks with his devastating Star Lance. Few can stand before him and none living can look upon the fire of his eyes or match the strength of his arm.





	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Imrik	5	8	7	4	3	3	9	4	10
Minaithir	6	7	0	7	7	7	2	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Fiery Breath** (Minaithnir only), **Fly (7)**, **Martial Prowess**, **Natural Armour (3+)**, **Valour of Ages**.

Dragon Kin: For millennia Imrik has learnt the lore and languages of dragons. He has walked the deep caves where the great beasts sleep and dream, and even the most proud and mighty firebrakes obey his every word.

No Dragons will fight Imrik. If they are in base contact with other models (and not in a challenge) then they fight them instead, otherwise they may do nothing. Their riders (if they have any) still fight as normal.

Loyal Bond: Imrik rides the majestic dragon Minaithnir. They have a mutual bond between them – the last of the true Dragon Princes, and one of the last of the dragons. Minaithnir is fanatically loyal to his master.

Whenever Imrik takes an unsaved Wound, Minaithnir will become subject to Hatred against the model or unit that inflicted the Wound for the remainder of the turn.



MAGIC ITEMS:

Star Lance (Magic Weapon)

The Star Lance was created at the command of Aenarion the Defender and gilled to the nobles of Caledor for their unflinching courage. Forged from the metal of a fallen star, this weapon's graceful lines belie the formidable power it grants its wielder. Since the days of its making, the Star Lance has seen battle in the service of every Phoenix King, carried to war each time by a trueblood hero of Caledorian descent. Legend has it that the Star Lance strikes with the wrath of a mighty Star Dragon, and cannot be unmade whilst the fires of Vaul's Anvil still smoulder. With a blade of such keenness no armour can protect Imrik's foes.

Lance. When charging, Imrik gains the Strength Bonus (1) in addition to the normal Strength Bonus from his Lance, for a total of Strength Bonus (3) and Ignores Armour saves special rule.

"I walk through the Dreaming Halls and I feel change in the wind. In the rhythm of their slumber, I see omens. Minaithnir tells me that he, too, feels his brethren swimming towards consciousness. I dwell in hope and fear. Hope that my Dragon brothers and sisters will shake off their grand slumber to rise again and that once more all the Lords of Caledor will ride to battle on the backs of Dragons as of old. And fear that if we do, when we do, it will be our last ride."

- Imrik, Dragon Prince of Caledor

Armour of Caledor (Magic Armour)

This armour is the heirloom of the house of Caledor, the greatest of all the Dragon Princes. For well over four thousand years the masters of the house of Caledor has worn this armour in battle. It is a suit of Ithilmar, unsurpassed in its beauty, lightweight and flexible, and yet stronger than any armour made of mortal steel. However, the Armour of Caledor is not a single suit. Rather, it is an amalgam of components gathered across the millennia. Every piece of the Armour of Caledor has been taken from the recovered fragments of now-lost armour that was once worn by a mighty Caledorian hero. The gorget, for example, was worn by Caledor the Conqueror during the War of Blood Gorge, whilst the left vambrace belonged to Maldrik Firesworn, Saviour of the Silver Isles. The chestplate still bears the scars earned when it preserved Alkar Dragonhelm from the poisoned daggers of the Khainite Assassin Master, Halkir Venomheart. There are many more such tales, for every scale and plate has earned its place in Elven history many times over. When a noble of Caledor dons this armour, his resolve and fortune are redoubled. Some say this is merely a noble heart rising to the challenge of his forebears, but others claim it is nothing less than the power of the ancestors themselves flowing through him.

The Armour of Caledor grants the wearer a 2+ armour save. In addition, the Armour of Caledor grants the bearer the Ward Save (6+) and Immunity (Flaming Attacks) special rules.

Dragonhorn (Enchanted Item)

This war horn was made from the horn of an ancient dragon, gifted to Imrik's distant ancestors in elder days. The dying fire drake summoned all his remaining power to enchant his remaining, unbroken horn as he lay bleeding in the aftermath of the Battle of the Glade of Tears. When Prince Imrik goes to war, all can hear the call of his warhorn, full of challenge and pride. No Dragons can ignore its sound, but rise from their slumber, ready to do battle once more.

One use only. At the start of any of his own turns, Imrik may sound the Dragonhorn. This fills his army with pride, and all friendly High Elf units may re-roll any failed Rally and Psychology tests until the start of their next turn.



BELANNAER THE WISE

Bladelord of the White Tower, Loremaster of Saphery

At the heart of the Kingdom of Saphery stands the White Tower wherein lies the shrine of Hoeth, the Elven god of Wisdom. This is the greatest repository of historical and magical lore in the world, a collection of grimoires and codices gathered over the centuries by generations of Loremasters. The oldest living Loremaster is Belannaer the Wise, second only in power to the Warden of the White Tower, High Loremaster Teclis himself.

Belannaer first sought the Tower of Hoeth as a young prince in the reign of Bel-Hathor. The first time he approached the tower he found his path spiralling back upon itself so that his long journey carried him wearily back to his starting place. Refusing to give up, he strove harder and more purposefully to reach the tower and returned to his beginning even more swiftly and even more exhausted. Despairing of ever reaching the tower, he resolved to find wisdom in his own heart and turned his back upon the White Tower. But now, to his surprise, no matter how he attempted to turn aside, he found the tower's needle thin spire looming up in front of him. This was the first step of Belannaer upon the path of wisdom.

At the time when the Norse began raiding Ulthuan in earnest Belannaer was one of the wizards whose magic shrouded the coasts of Ulthuan in a maze of spells,

making it almost impossible for raiders to reach the Elven Kingdoms. Later he accompanied Finubar in his travels eastwards to the Old World, and shared in his rediscovery of the lost kindred of Wood Elves and the first contact with human realms. Belannaer became a great mage and a teacher of sorcery to true seekers of knowledge. As a frail youth Teclis himself studied at the feet of Belannaer, absorbing and eventually coming to surpass his master's knowledge. When Teclis resolved to leave the White Tower and go in search of his brother Tyrion, it was Belannaer who persuaded the then High Loremaster Cyeos to give Teclis the War Crown of Saphery and release him from his vows of obedience.

These days Belannaer sits in the White Tower and reflects upon a lifetime of study. He is painfully aware that his duties are not yet ended. He senses that a greater challenge lies ahead, and that his powers will be sorely tested before he is allowed to find peace. Amongst his many tasks he gathers information from the Swordmasters who roam the lands of Ulthuan, searching out Dark Elf spies and uncovering their destructive plots. When the enemies of the White Tower strike he will be ready, and the Swordmasters shall accompany him as they march to do battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Belannaer the Wise	5	6	5	4	3	3	9	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Belannaer is a Level 3 Wizard. He does not choose spells following the normal rules, but instead always know the eight signature spells from the Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Swordmaster, Valour of Ages.

Glamour of Hoeth: *Belannaer and the unit he is with are surrounded by shimmering magic that confuses and disorients, so deeply is the old Loremaster imbued with magic. Enemies find it inexplicably difficult to judge the distance to their foe, seeing their targets receding before their eyes.*

Enemies who declare a charge against Belannaer or his unit must re-roll successful charge distance rolls.

"Enlightenment is achieved by mastering not only the body, but the soul. Only then can a warrior truly understand the value of life, and why it should be protected at all costs."

- Belannaer the Wise



A Smith

MAGIC ITEMS:

Blade of Bel-Korhadris (Magic Weapon)

This sword was the weapon of Bel-Korhadris, the Phoenix King who ordered the construction of the White Tower of Hoeth. The Blade of Bel-Korhadris is usually attached to the highest pinnacle of the Tower of Hoeth, where the setting sun catches its tip at the Hour of Dragon. The magic of the blade catches and entraps the rays of the sun and makes the sword blaze throughout the night. When the Swordmasters go to war, Belannaer takes the sword with him and vows to use it only for good, faithful to the principles of the great Scholar-King.

This blade has the Ignore Armour saves special rule against non-magical armour, but magic armours works as normal. In addition, once per battle, at the beginning of any close combat phase, Belannaer can unleash the fires of the captured star. He then gains +D6 Attacks with the Flaming Attacks special rule that turn.



Cloak of Stars (Talisman)

The Loremaster of Hoeth wears an enchanted cloak. The runes woven into its fabric tell of the virtues of wisdom, patience and self-control. They warn that violence is not a path to wisdom. Those that attack the wearer of the cloak will feel the weight of the world resting ever heavier on them, and their blows lack strength and purpose.

All shooting and close combat Attacks that strike Belannaer will be resolved at -1 Strength (with a minimum of 1).

"Life is a spark of light in the midst of endless darkness. We cling to love and hate, joy and pain, belief and fear, for they make us feel alive. Some of us are glorious, mighty men who will forge legends and burn like fiery stars in the darkness, casting the brief hope of life to this world.

But in the end we will have to give up everything we have, and descend back to the endless, dreamless darkness, to be forever forgotten."

- Belannaer the Wise

Staff of Cyeos (Arcane Item)

The old High Loremaster left just one mighty artefact as an heirloom to his most beloved pupil Belannaer - a magic staff crafted by his own hand.

Belannaer may add an additional free Power Dice to one spell attempt each turn.

Book of the Phoenix (Enchanted Item)

The Book of the Phoenix tells the ancient legend of Asuryan - an allegorical story of the fate of all civilizations of birth, growth, glory, decline and eventual destruction.

At the beginning of the battle Belannaer may read one of the verses of the book. The effect will last for the end of the game, unless the Book is destroyed or nullified by some means.

- **The Verse of Rebirth:** If Belannaer is ever killed, he will immediately burst into flames causing a Flaming Strength 6 hit on each model, friend or foe, in base-to-base contact with him, and return to life with D3 wounds. He may be positioned in any High Elf unit on the battlefield. This does not apply if Belannaer is caught in pursuit. One use only.
- **The Verse of Flame Eternal:** This verse will allow Belannaer to automatically cast one of his spells without using any power dice once per Magic phase. It can still be dispelled as normal, at a Power Level of 5.
- **The Verse of Destruction:** This verse will double the strength of Belannaer, giving him an effective Strength of 8.





SEA LORD AISLINN

Master of the Mists, Herald of Mathlann

The current Sea Lord, Aislinn, is a phenomenal tactician and an implacable foe. Under his control the High Elf fleet has gained scores of impressive victories. While none question his successes, it has been noted that Lord Aislinn carries out his duties with ruthless enthusiasm and an air of viciousness that many in the courts of Ulthuan find distasteful.

The fleets of the Lothern navy guard the coasts of Eataine, but they also range far and wide, sailing every ocean of the world and patrolling the sea-lanes for the enemies of the Elven people. The fleet of the Sea Lord Aislinn, dubbed 'the Pernicious' by his peers, has been extremely active in recent months, dispatching small patrols of Lothern Sea Rangers to carry out stealthy hit and run attacks along the southern coast of Norsca, recovering lost artefacts, rescuing prisoners, and even assassinating powerful enemy warleaders. Lord Aislinn's exact motivations are far from clear, but his attacks have caused untold confusion amongst those tribes attempting to join Archaon's invasion.



Determined to stop Norse raids upon Ulthuan altogether, Aislinn has overseen a violent campaign of attacks on the Norscan coastline. Warriors of the Sea Guard, bolstered by Shadow Warriors have wiped out entire Norse settlements, spreading confusion and fear along the coast. Battle hardened Sea Guard scythe down defenders with volleys of arrows and salvos of bolts from their Bolt Throwers. Any enemy warriors that manage to survive the onslaught must battle the grim faced Lothern Sea Guard in their serried ranks, spears lowered. Once the defenders have fled, or been slain, the settlement is razed to the ground, and the Sea Guard melt away into the swerving mists.

Not content to contain the longships of the Marauders and prevent their attacks, Lord Aislinn adopted an offensive strategy and struck at the villages of the Norscan coast. Aided by the Sea Rangers and Sea Guard, his ships' companies wiped out settlements, slaughtered livestock, and spread confusion and fear along the coast. The terrified survivors of the Sea Lord's attacks carried tales of the White Warriors, the Sea Ghosts, from village to village.

These attacks were heralded by a strange calmness on the Sea of Claws. In the pre-dawn gloom, an eerie mist would rise from the waters and swathe the village in a glittering, white blanket of cloud. Under this cover, the Hawkships would glide silently onto the shores, their companies spreading out with well-trained precision and speed. Haunting, distant voices would be heard, echoing along the fjords and stirring the Norse from their sleep. As they emerged from their huts and lodges, weapons ready, they would be struck down from the mists by white-shafted

arrows, their death cries sounding alongside the lilting calls of the sea spirits brought forth by the Sea Lord's mages.

Volleys of bolts, launched from the Hawkship's batteries to cut down any group of warriors that managed to assemble, would scythe unerringly through the pale cloud. Any who withstood this onslaught would rush forward to confront their attackers, only to find themselves facing the glittering, disciplined ranks of the Sea Guard of Lothern. Those who survived the hail of arrows from the massed bowmen would be mercilessly impaled upon the spear tips of Lord Aislinn's warriors. Once the defenders had fled or been slain, the village would be razed with alchemical fire, and the host would depart as silently and swiftly as it appeared.

The Sea Lord is a veteran of centuries of hit and run, ship to shore warfare. He takes an almost cruel delight in using the sea mists summoned forth by the Lothern sea-mages to make demoralising attacks upon his enemies before they can form a coherent battle line.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sea Lord Aislinn	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Naval Discipline, Valour of Ages, Windrider.

Master of the Mists: Immediately after both armies have been fully deployed (including scouts), each unit of Lothern Sea Guard and Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers in Aislinn's army gets to fire as if it was the Shooting phase, adding +D6" to their range.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Bow of the Seafarer (Magic Weapon)

This longbow was made from a single piece of rare silverwood, and gifted to Aislinn of the Sea Guard by Finubar himself. It is a mighty weapon, and many say it can even sink ships!

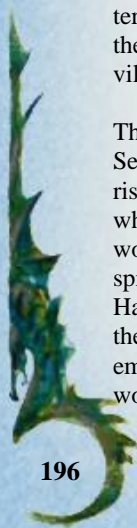
The Bow of the Seafarer is a bolt thrower with the profile given below. Aislinn can shoot the bow even if he moves (but not if he marches).

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
30"	6	Armour Piercing (1), Multiple Wounds (D3), Quick to Fire,

Mask of the Merlord (Magic Armour)

Discovered by Admiral Gdadid, the gold surface of this strange war mask ripples with magical power.

This mask confers a 6+ armour save. In addition, the wearer gains the River Strider special rule.



CARADRYAN

Captain of the Phoenix Guard

Caradryan of Eataine was the son of a great merchant prince, and an arrogant lordling in his youth. Handsome, rich, powerful and arrogant, he was an archetype of the jaded High Elf aristocrat. He was uncaring and self-indulged, proud and vain. There was no rumour he would not foster, no intrigue to which he would not stoop. By all accounts, his petty nature was such that even his family would have long ago cast him out, were it not for the fact that such an act would have been a break with all tradition.

Caradryan's life changed when he made a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Asuryan, a journey which all High Elf nobles are expected to undertake at least once in their life. There, in perhaps the worst display of arrogance in his life, Caradryan allowed his curiosity to overcome his good judgement and sneaked into the holy Chamber of Days. What he witnessed there no-one knows, but when he emerged from the chamber he was a changed man. On his forehead was a glowing rune of Asuryan, marking him as the servant of the Creator God. Why Asuryan had chosen Caradryan as the instrument of his will is unknown but on that day Caradryan gave up all his Worldly possessions and took the vows of the Phoenix Guard. He has not uttered a word ever since.

Caradryan spends long days in secluded meditation in the Chamber of Days, reading the fiery letters that tell of the past, the present and the future. At other times, he stands atop the walls of the Shrine, his keen gaze scouring the lands of Ulthuan. Indeed, it is said that no event is so small as to evade Caradryan's gaze, and no sound small enough to escape his hearing. Some have accused him of harnessing the prophecies of Asuryan in order to influence the future – a



transgression against the Creator God ranked amongst the highest of blasphemies. However, the truth of the matter is that Caradryan simply notices things that others do not, and has no prattling tongue to distract him from matters of greater import.

Over his long years of study and contemplation, Caradryan has become ever closer to the thoughts of Asuryan, until finally the hand of the Creator marked him as the Captain of the Phoenix Guard. Now he leads the Phoenix Guard during times of peace and war, taking orders from no worldly master and appearing on the battlefield only by the will of Asuryan. There is divine strength in his hand, and the wisdom of Asuryan sits upon his noble brow.

Caradryan normally fights at the head of the Phoenix Guard, as befits his rank, but sometimes conducts the battle from the back of Ashtari, oldest and wisest of the Phoenixes of the Flamespyre. Theirs is a bond that goes back centuries, to Caradryan's earliest days of service. At the battle of Finuval Plain, Ashtari picked an unequal fight with the Black Dragon Korzarandar, and it was only Caradryan's intervention that rescued the Phoenix from a grisly fate. Since those days, both Ashtari's flames and impetuosity have faded to naught, but his loyalty to Caradryan burns as brightly as ever.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Caradryan	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9
Ashtari	2	6	0	6	6	5	3	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Magic Resistance (1), Martial Prowess, Valour of Ages, Ward Save (4+).

Mark of Asuryan: *Though Caradryan has taken a strict vow of silence, he is privileged to know the secret words that will unleash the fury of Asuryan. Should he suffer a mortal blow, he will call upon the Lord of the Gods to avenge him.*

If Caradryan is slain in close combat, the unit that killed him immediately suffers D3 Wounds with no armour saves allowed. These Wounds are distributed as for shooting attacks. Any Wounds inflicted count towards combat results. If Caradryan is killed in a challenge, then only his opponent takes these Wounds – any excess Wounds caused by the Mark of Asuryan count towards overkill.

MAGIC ITEMS:


The Phoenix Blade (Magic Weapon)

This ancient, flame-wreathed blade was enchanted for Kor-Baelon, the first Captain of the Phoenix Guard.

Polearm. Close combat attacks made with the Phoenix Blade have the Flaming Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

"If the ignorant must be slaughtered to destroy the truly wicked, then so be it."

- Caradryan, Captain of the Phoenix Guard



KORHIL

Hunter Captain of the White Lions

When the Captain of the White Lions met his death at the hands of the Dark Elf Assassin Urian Poisonblade, the bodyguard of the Phoenix King gathered to select a new leader from amongst their ranks. Their choice, approved and blessed by the Phoenix King, was the warrior Korhil. Korhil was a famous warrior even before his rise to captain.

Years before, it had been he who had hunted and slain the great lion Charandis. This was a particularly dangerous, massive and ferocious, mutated by the warping power of Chaos seeping from the magic-riven Annulii Mountains into an armour-hided brute that was mighty even by the standards of other white lions. Dozens of Chraccian hunters had tried to bring Charandis down, but the beast had slain them all, and countless innocent Elves besides. The young Korhil, however, was not to be deterred, and he headed into the Chraccian uplands in search of his prey. Charandis' trail was not hard to follow, for it was marked with the bloody bodies of those who had attempted to end his rampage. When Korhil finally encountered Charandis, the lion was near mad with bloodlust, and savage beyond belief. Yet Kurnous was with the young hunter that day. Soon realising his axe-blows had no effect on

Charandis' magical hide, Korhil shifted tactics. In a feat of physical strength unheard of for an Elf, he wrestled the raging beast to the ground and throttled the life from its thrashing body with his bare hands.

His first taste of battle came soon afterwards. A Dark Elf reaver band ran riot in Chrace until they came to Korhil's village where the young Elf slew their leader Saurios Nightblade in single combat. This was reckoned a great feat of arms, for Saurios was a master swordsman schooled by the Assassins of Naggaroth, whilst Korhil was still but a young lad.



Korhil's success earned him an instant invitation to join the Phoenix King's White Lion bodyguard. Only twice before had such an offer been made to so young a warrior, and Korhil was swift to accept. In the decades that followed, the young hunter grew into a grizzled White Lion veteran, proving his worth time and again against Dark Elf Assassins and the dread beasts of the Annulii.

Korhil has served his Lord, Phoenix King Finubar the Seafarer, with unfailing loyalty for many years, and has stood steadfastly beside him at many battles. Indeed, Korhil's gemstone-set belt was a gift from Finubar following the Battle of Tor Achare, where Korhil hurled himself in the path of Morech the Black's Manticore. Korhil was badly mauled, but gave far better than he got, disembowelling the beast with a single swing of his axe before unconsciousness took him. Such is his duty, and for this he seeks no reward other than to march beside his Lord at the forefront of battle.

"Do not be deceived by the rugged beauty of Chrace, for behind that serene mask lies a beast like none other. No, no I speak not of the War Lion but of its White Lion master whose will can bring such a beast to heel!"

- Kitharl Woodwalker, Huntsman of Chrace



The White Lions claim Korhil to be the mightiest Elf in all of Ulthuan, which may well be true, for he is without doubt amongst the tallest of all his kindred. Yet Korhil is no lumbering giant, for he wields his long axe with a dexterity and grace that makes even his fellow White Lions appear cumbersome. His honest demeanour and noble bearing have won him many friends amongst the Lords of Ulthuan, and the heroes of other races besides. Korhil has ever repaid this friendship with the same loyalty he offers his liege, and gladly marches to his allies' aid should the Phoenix King consent to sparing his services. Thus has Korhil's axe spilt blood in many lands, and in the cause of many peoples not his own. Korhil has served his Lord, the Phoenix King Finubar the Seafarer, with unfailing loyalty, standing steadfastly beside him and saving his life on several occasions. Such is his duty, and for this he seeks no reward other than to march beside his Lord at the forefront of battle. So strong is Korhil's integrity, and the trust that Finubar places in him, that the Captain of the White Lions has led the armies of the Phoenix King on a number of occasions, acting as both Finubar's champion and general.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Korhil	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Forest Strider, Martial Prowess, Stubborn, Valour of Ages.



MAGIC ITEMS:

Chayal (Magic Weapon)

Meaning "Lion's Claw", the Captain of the White Lions has carried this keen-edged and finely balanced axe since the regiment's founding. Korhil is but the most recent of a long and honoured line. Lighter than a child's wooden toy, a warrior of sufficient skill can wield Chayal with incredible speed, effortlessly hacking off heads and limbs with every stroke.

Two hand weapons. Close combat attacks made with Chayal are resolved at +2 Strength and have the Killing Blow special rule.

Pelt of Charandis (Magic Armour)

When Korhil slew the great lion Charandis he afterwards skinned it and wore its fur proudly upon his broad shoulders. Years later it was remade into a magnificent cloak and enchanted by the Loremaster Finreir, and re-presented to Korhil as a gift from the Phoenix King himself in return for his loyal service.

The Pelt of Charandis have the following armour profile:

Combat:	Missile:	Special Rules:
+1/6+	+2/5+	Immunity (Poisoned Attacks)



THE LION GUARD OF FINUBAR

The guardians of Finubar have proudly kept their warrior traditions and honoured the inheritance of their Chracian forefathers. It is no easier to be included in the Lion Guard than it was in the distant days of Caledor the Conqueror. The company is based in Lothern, and they form the core of the palace guard of King Finubar during peacetime. At war they form the core of the High Elf infantry, and protect their lord from any attack.

The current captain of the White Lions is warrior Korhil. He is strongest amongst his brother Chracians, a tall, powerful warrior with a commanding presence. His loyalty to his liege lord Finubar the Seafarer is legendary. He has saved the Phoenix King several times both on the battlefield and during times of peace, and he has been severely wounded several times in the line of duty.

The warriors of this regiment are veterans of countless battles. They suffered grievous casualties during the Great War Against Chaos, fighting on the Finuval plain and during the War of the Isles. They also took part in the expedition of Prince Tyrion which saw the liberation of the Blighted Isle and the Altar of Khaine.

The banner pole carried by the White Lions bears the symbols and the heraldry of the Phoenix King Finubar himself. The standard itself shows the famous White Lion of Chrace. This is the original banner carried by the bodyguard of Caledor the Conqueror. To date it has never been captured on the battlefield. The rune on the standard is Charoi, which symbolizes strength and ferocity.



SELAFYN

The Slayer of Monsters, Hawk of the Annulii

In the north of Ulthuan between the Forests of Avelorn and the coastlands of Chrace lies the most dangerous part of the Annulii Mountains. It is an unearthly place, where writhing mist enfolds the bare hills in its chill embrace and the heaths are shunned by bird and beast. As the winds of magic are drawn to Ulthuan, their power eddies and flows around the Annuli. All manner of dark things have sought refuge in the peaks, so fortified gates guard the passes and a network of watchtowers and patrols ward against them. The dangers posed by the creatures that dwell in the hills waxes and wanes with the winds of magic in a way even the greatest sorcerers do not fully understand.

Selafyn is one of the Wardens of the Annulii Mountains and it is his duty to track and combat whatever comes out of the mists. It is a task he knows well, for it has been the duty of his family since the Sundering. To Selafyn, the magnificent isolation of the mountains is infinitely more desirable than the precise formality of the court. When hunting he has an unerring instinct that tells him when and where to find his prey. He always knows when the danger is greatest and does not hesitate to place himself in harm's path.

His skill in banding monsters has not gone unnoticed, on one occasion he concluded a Manticore hunt at the very gates of Tor Achare, finishing the pain of the blood-maddened beast with an elegant sword thrust to the eye. Such deeds linger in the observer's mind and have led to Selafyn being called to join the Ulthuan Warhost when it battles the Dark Elves. The Dark Elf armies frequently include all manner of unnatural abominations under the thrall of their Beastmasters, and it is fighting these, under the eyes of the great Lords of Ulthuan, that has continued to build Selafyn's growing reputation. Although the taciturn Warden lacks high sophistication, his forthrightness and

honesty have won him courtly friends, charmed by his coarse naiveté. While his sword arm remains strong his star will continue to rise.

Selafyn accomplished his most acclaimed feat when the Great Chaos Incursion struck the world and the blood mist flowed from the Blighted Isles, when Black Arks appeared off Chrace, and battle was joined. The arrow storm was thick but, although it cost them dear, the Dark Elves continued to fight at range until the High Elf archers' quivers were spent. Only then did the Dark Elf Corsairs and spearmen glide forward, formed into great columns, between each of which came a Beastmaster and his charges. High Elf spears and the fabled White Lions met them half way across the field of battle, but for all their valour they were overmatched, and a huge hydra at the centre of the Dark Elf army seemed certain to break the High Elf line. It was then that Selafyn attacked. Appearing from nowhere, with each swing of his sword he cut off one of the hydra's heads, driving it hack into the press of Dark Elves. As the last head was tumbled, the beast's death throes threw their ranks into disorder and the Dark Elves broke before a renewed onslaught from the White Lions.

Selafyn could have parleyed his triumph into a place at court, trading the cruel howl of the mountain winds for the soft songs of minstrels, but he freely chose his birth right, and remains the Hawk of the Annulii.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Selafyn	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Elven Grace, Martial Prowess, Scouts, Valour of Ages.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Foe Bane (Magic Weapon)

This strange and twisted blade was taken from the body of a Chaos champion. Quite why he should have carried it is unknown, as is the name of the brave Elf that slew him.

Against Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Monstrous Beasts and Monsters, this sword will always wound on a 2+.

Armour of Protection (Magic Armour)

This simple suit of ithilmar armour is adorned by a single Sarathai rune on the breastplate. The World Dragon itself is said to protect the wearer.

Heavy armour. Selafyn gains a Ward save (4+).

Every year, strange and unusual creatures emerge from the mists of the Anulii and descend the steep mountainsides to ravage the country beyond. Sometimes, when the winds of Chaos are strong, there will be a multitude, at other times barely a handful, but they are always there.

These vicious beasts are not an invasion in any organized fashion, although they pose a very real threat nonetheless. To protect themselves, the High Elves have built numerous watchtowers to act as bases for their patrols. These towers look out over the easiest routes down the mountains and are always manned by keen-eyed Elves. It is the patrols, however, usually find the wandering monsters, and they who have to dispatch them.



THE LORE OF HIGH MAGIC

True Magic, Qhaysh

DRAIN MAGIC (Signature Spell)

Cast on 7+

Manipulating the swirling tides in the Winds of Magic with a skill won through years of practice, the Mage conjures a vortex of anti-magic to calm the raging winds, making even the simplest magical task an arduous labour.

Drain Magic can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) and has a range of 24". If the target is a friendly unit, *Drain Magic* is an **augment** spell. If the target is an enemy unit, *Drain Magic* is a **hex** spell. In either case, all Remains in Play spells affecting the target unit are immediately dispelled, and the effects of all other spells on the target unit immediately come to an end. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all units (friend and foe) within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

SOUL QUENCH (Signature Spell)

Cast on 8+

White light bursts forth, banishing the spirits of those it touches.

Soul Quench is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that causes 2D6 Strength 4 hits. The caster can choose for this spell to instead inflict 3D6 Strength 4 hits. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

1. APOTHEOSIS

Cast on 5+

Waves of pure magic infuse the wizard's ally.

Apotheosis is an **augment** spell that targets a single model within 18". The target immediately regains a single lost Wound. Note that this may not take the model above its starting value of Wounds. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of *Apotheosis*. If they do so, the target instead immediately regains D3 lost Wounds, in which case the casting value is increased to 10+. Regardless of how many lost Wounds (if any) are recovered, the target also gains the Fear special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

2. HAND OF GLORY

Cast on 5+

The High Elf Mage draws on the Winds of Magic and channels its power to embolden the Asur around him. With a simple sign, the wizard grants his allies the might of old. All around the caster, High Elves recall the glory of Aenarion and fight on with courage

Hand of Glory is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit's Movement, Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill or Initiative (you choose which) is increased by D3 until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell that instead increases all four characteristics (don't roll a separate D3 for each – make one roll and apply it to all four characteristics). If they do so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

SHIELD OF SAPHERY (Lore Attribute)

As the Mage bends the Winds of Magic to his will, a shroud of glittering magical energy descends upon his allies, protecting them from all harm. Arrows and bolts wash harmlessly past the Elves, while sword blows and spear thrusts become enfeebled, robbed of all strength at the Mage's command.

Each time a spell from this lore is successfully cast, the caster and their unit immediately gain a Ward save (6+) (which can then be increased by further castings thanks to this lore attribute) until the beginning of the caster's next Magic phase.

3. WALK BETWEEN WORLDS

Cast on 8+

As the mage intones this ancient incantation he begins to fade from view, becoming as insubstantial as a ghost. For a moment, the wizard's allies tread immortal pathways.

Walk Between Worlds is an **augment** spell that targets a single unengaged unit within 24". The target gains the Ethereal special rule until the end of the phase and can immediately move up to 10" as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell, in which case the target instead gains the Ethereal special rule until the end of the phase and can immediately move up to 20" as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase. If they choose to do so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

4. TEMPEST

Cast on 12+

Without warning an eight-winded storm breaks about the foe.

Tempest is a **direct damage** spell. Place the large round template anywhere within 30" of the Wizard – it then scatters D6". All models hit by the template suffer a Strength 3 hit (models with the Fly special rule suffer a Strength 4 hit instead). If a unit suffers any unsaved Wounds from this spell, it suffers a -1 modifier to all To Hit rolls (both shooting and close combat) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase (shooting attacks that do not use Ballistic Skill must roll 4+ on a D6 before firing, or the shot(s) are lost).

5. ARCANE UNFORGING

Cast on 13+

The magic of unmaking flies true from outstretched hands. Glowing swords grow dim, blood-warm chalices cool and enchanted scrolls crumble into dust, their magical energies drained as the Mage turns the fury of Vaul's forge upon the magical trappings of the enemy.

Arcane Unforging is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24" that targets a single enemy character (even if in a unit). The target suffers a single Wound which Ignores Armour saves on a dice roll greater than or equal to the model's unmodified armour save (excluding Natural Armour, models without an armour save cannot be wounded). The owning player must then reveal to the caster all the magic items possessed by the target (if any). If the target has one or more magic items, randomly select one of them – that item is immediately destroyed on the roll of 2+ and cannot be used for the rest of the game. Note that this spell has no effect on magic items that are mounts, magic items that contain bound spells that have miscast during the game, and any magic items labelled as 'one use only' that have already been used during the game – do not include these when randomly selecting a magic item.

6. FIERY CONVOCATION

Cast on 19+

With a single secret word, pure white flames emerge from the air itself and envelop the target immolating the unworthy foe. With every passing second the flames grow hotter, swiftly intensifying until they can sear flesh or even melt steel.

Remains in play. *Fiery Convocation* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". Every model in the target unit takes a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. At the end of every subsequent Magic phase, every model in the target unit suffers a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule.



VAUL'S FORGE

On the following pages are magic items available to High Elf armies. These can be taken in addition to any of the magic items listed in the Warhammer rulebook.

THE BLADE OF LEAPING GOLD 55 points

Magic Weapon

A more finely balanced sword than this was ever made. With this sword, Alcandor of Cothique singlehandedly held the gates of Tor Estara for seven days. Mentheus, right hand of Morvael the Impetuous, wielded it until his death upon the walls of Anlec, having spilled more Dark Elf blood than any other since the time of Tethlis the Slayer. An ordinary blade would be dulled by such a roster of endless war, but this sword has never lost its edge. To the valiant, it lends supernatural speed and vigour; to the craven and corrupt, it brings only swift death.

The Blade of Leaping Gold grants the wielder +3 Attacks. In addition, any roll of 6 To Wound made with the Blade of Leaping Gold Ignores Armour saves.

THE REAVER BOW 30 points

Magic Weapon

Imollar was a noble of Ellyrion, and a marksman of considerable note. It was said that his arrows could fly true through stormy winds and still find their mark, even he took but a moment to aim. Upon hearing this, Prince Arathion, himself a skilled archer – and one burdened by a surfeit of pride – challenged Imollar to an archery contest, staking as prize a most fabulous weapon from his own collection – the Reaver Bow. So it was nobles from across Ulthuan bore witness to a contest of skill not to be seen again for generations. As the final arrow found its mark, Imollar was crowned as the greatest archer of all, and Arathion discovered humility – along with the folly of staking his family's treasured heirlooms as wagers in a contest of pride.

Elven Longbow. All shots from the Reaver Bow are resolved at Strength 5. In addition, it has the Multiple Shots (3) special rule.



SHIELD OF THE MERWYRM 25 points

Magic Armour

In the murky deeps far below Lothern's Emerald Gate slumbers Amanar, ancient protector of the city. Only in hours of greatest need does the merwyrm rouse and rise to the surface to consume those who would bring about Lothern's ruin. The records kept in the Glittering Tower tell that Amanar has manifested but three times in recorded history. The first was during the Daemon invasion, where he swallowed whole a legion that laid siege to the city. The second came during the Sundering, where his broad back held Lothern high above the tidal waves that swamped Ulthuan. The third, and to date final, appearance of Amanar came during the Great IncurSION. With a great sweep of his tail, he scattered much of the Dark Elf army; then, ignoring the pinpricks of their blades, he turned and bore the Black Ark Intolerable Delight beneath the waves, never to be seen again. No sight has there been of Amanar since that day, but a single great scale was recovered after the battle was done, which now forms the unbreakable heart of this shield.

Shield. The bearer of the Shield of the Merwyrm gains the Parry (4+) special rule instead of the normal 6+.



SHADOW ARMOUR 25 points

Magic Armour

The Shadow Armour was crafted with skills now lost to the High Elves. Some believe it was forged in the hidden camps of Shadow Warriors, whilst others hint it is not of Elf make at all, but a gift from Loec, the trickster god. The shimmering armour weighs almost nothing and exists somewhere between the real world and that of magic, allowing its wearer to pass all but unseen by mortal eyes. The first to don it was Prince Temakador, one of the handful of nobles who saw Aethis' reign for the folly it was and fought a bitter campaign of ambush and sabotage against the Dark Elves as the Phoenix Court descended into complacency. Many times did Aethis' agents seek Temakador's arrest, but each time he was thought cornered, he melded into the darkness and slipped away.

Model on foot only. Medium armour. The wearer has the Scouts and Strider special rules.

GOLDEN CROWN OF ATRAZAR 20 points

Talisman

This golden circlet, studded with rare and magical gems, radiates an aura that protects its wearer from harm. No mere gemstones are set about this circlet, but brilliantly polished shards taken from waystones all across Ulthuan. Thus can the bearer of the Golden Crown draw upon the magics of the Great Vortex to guard himself from harm. Few wear the Golden Crown for long, however, for the spirits of the dead hang heavy about its brow, and their whispered praises and encouragements would inflate the wearer's pride to epic proportions, driving even the noblest mortal into a dangerous, self-obsessing madness.

One use only. The Golden Crown of Atrazar bestows a Ward save (2+) against the first wounding hit suffered by the wearer (which cancels out not only the Wound, but also any Killing Blow or Multiple Wounds special rules the attack has) after which its power fades and it cannot be used again during the game.

MORANION'S WAYSHARD 25 points

Enchanted Item

In the days of his youth, Moranion – of Athel Tamarha – wandered the realm of Yvresse as one of its Mistwalkers. Few could tread the fog-wreathed paths as surely as he, for he bore a wayshard attuned to the great watchstone at the realm's heart. Thus did Moranion walk the Daemon-haunted mists as easily as he would have done under clear skies, leading ambushes of spear and bow to destroy the invaders. Though Moranion now sleeps eternally, his wayshard still glimmers with power. Those who can unlock its secrets will never again find themselves lost, no matter how far they might stray.

Model on foot only. The bearer of Moranion's Wayshard has the Ambushers special rule. They can also give the Ambushers special rule to a friendly unit of Archers, Spearmen or Warriors from *Warhammer: High Elves* up to 30 models in size, immediately before deployment. If they do so, the bearer immediately joins the unit and cannot leave it until the turn after the one in which the combined unit has deployed.



GEM OF SUNFIRE 25 points

Enchanted Item

Bound within this brilliant jewel is the angry essence of Angranir, greatest of the Flamespyre Phoenixes. During the civil war, Angranir was struck down by sorceries meant for Caledor, and neither priestess of Isha nor learned physician could heal him. So it was that Aeldamar, High Mage of Tiranoc, was instructed to save the Phoenix's spirit, so that the noble bird's light could bring hope to Ulthuan for long years to come. Alas, by then, all that remained of Angranir was a burning brand of magic which, while formidable of temperament, now lacked any of the firebird's intelligence or majesty. Nonetheless, Aeldamar did as he was bid, and preserved the enchanted flame within a many faceted topaz. Mindless still, Angranir's fire lends its heat to the fires wielded by the bearer.

One use only. At the start of any of your turns, when the Gem of Sunfire is used, all of the bearer's spells, shooting attacks and close combat attacks (and their mount's, if they have one) have a +1 bonus To Wound (rolls of 1 still fail) provided that they also have the Flaming Attacks special rule.

KHAINE'S RING OF FURY 35 points

Enchanted Item

The Elves are justly famed for their magical rings, and the black iron Ring of Fury, is one of the most feared. Khaine once had eight rings, or so the legends tell. Hekarti, Goddess of Magic, designed each of them to embody a single Wind of Magic. Vaul, the Godsmith, wrought them with all his cunning, binding to each a glittering gemstone that shone with the power of the winds. Khaine was much pleased with these gifts, for they gave him a mastery of magic which he had never before known. Yet the Lord of Murder was not to keep his prizes for long. Neither Hekarti nor Vaul had any love for Khaine, and had fashioned the rings out of fear of reprisal, rather than for filial duty; moreover they worried for how the godly balance of power would be altered by what they had done.

Thus did Hekarti and Vaul, whose love for each other could have filled only the very meanest of vessels, then conspire together to see Khaine divested. So did they tell Atharti, the Lady of Desire and most covetous of all the divine host, of Khaine's new treasures, hoping that she would distract the Lord of Murder long enough for the rings to be reclaimed. Atharti immediately resolved to take the rings for her own, but Khaine would not part with them, no matter what seductive wiles she brought to bear. Eventually, they came to blows and, in the process, the rings were lost. To the great dismay of all who sought them, the rings had fallen into the mortal world, where Asuryan's law forbade the gods from treading. Over the centuries that followed, only one ring has been found, the black iron Ring of Fury. It has been brought to the battlefield only at times of greatest need, for no one wields the power of the gods lightly. Fewer still find it wise to so openly taunt the Lord of Murder with his loss.

Bound spell (power level 3). Khaine's Ring of Fury contains the *Soul Quench* spell (see the Lore of High Magic).

CLOAK OF BEARDS

15 points

Enchanted Item

For millennia the High Elves have fought bitterly against the Dwarfs, collecting beards as a token payment for their black theft of the Phoenix Crown and weaving them into a cloak that mocks and scorns the Dwarfs with its existence. To many High Elves, the Cloak of Beards is a relic of an unhappy hour. But, for a few, notably those whose ancestors fought in Caledor's final battle against Gotrek Starbreaker, it is a valued reminder of the perfidiousness of Dwarfs. This latter group ensure that the Cloak of Beards is never lost: indeed, with every generation, it grows longer and more fulsome, as more beards are seized and woven into its folds. Now, its power is such that its mere presence subverts prideful Dwarfen works. Such is the enmity focussed in this item that Dwarf runes, the pride of their race, are drained of their power if they come too close.

The wearer of the Cloak of Beards causes Fear. Against models chosen from *Warhammer: Dwarfs*, the wearer causes Terror instead. However, all models from *Warhammer: Dwarfs* gain the Hatred special rule while attacking the wearer. In addition, at the start of each Close Combat phase, roll a D6 for each magic item carried by each model from *Warhammer: Dwarfs* that is in base contact with the bearer. On a roll of 4+, that magic or runic item is destroyed and cannot be used for the rest of the battle; it will count as a mundane version of whatever item it is instead. Note that this has no effect on magic items that are mounts, war machines, magic items that contain bound spells that have already miscast during the game, and any magic items labelled as 'one use only' that have already been used during the game – do not roll to see if these magic items are destroyed.



BOOK OF HOETH

60 points

Arcane Item

The Book of Hoeth is one of Saphery's most treasured artefacts. This well-worn tome has been studied by mages throughout the ages and has helped some of the greatest understand the inner workings of the realm of magic. The very first pages are laid down in the hand of Bel-Korhadris himself; and every subsequent entry bears the seal of the greatest Loremaster of his time. Yet a great many of the Book of Hoeth's pages remain blank: the scholars of the White Tower are aware that even their knowledge has limits, boundaries that must be driven back for complete mastery of magic is to be achieved.

The Book of Hoeth allows the bearer to re-roll a single dice from each of his casting or dispel attempts. Results of 6 cannot be re-rolled.



BANNER OF THE WORLD DRAGON 40 points

Magic Standard

Elven legends tell that Draugnir, Father of Dragons, was welcomed in Asuryan's court as an equal, for mortal Elves and gods alike were awestruck by his might and nobility. Alas, not all the Elven pantheon were so enamoured. Anath Raema, sister to Khaine and goddess of the savage hunt, saw him as nothing more than an upstart beast to be harried and hunted as any other. Taking up her spear, she pursued the Dragon through the heavens. The contest that followed shook the world to its core, roaring even wise Asuryan from contemplation. The Creator halted the battle, but came too late to save Draugnir, whose wounds were beyond healing. With a single word, Asuryan banished Anath Raema to the Mirai forevermore. From the corpse of his fallen friend, he worked to create a new land where Elves and Dragons could live in peace, beyond the jealousies of the gods. From Draugnir's bones, he forged Ulthuan's mountains, and from the Dragon's flesh he created its broad plains. Draugnir's glittering scales Asuryan gave into the keeping of Isha. She, in turn, passed them to her mortal children, the Elves, who wrought many fabulous works with them, chief amongst them a mighty standard, woven with silver and hung with gems of all shapes and hues. It is made of the finest silks and cloth of gold, with a thousand emerald Dragon scales that sparkle in the firelight. This Banner of the World Dragon endures to this day, a reminder not only of the bond between the Elves and Dragons, but also of that which binds both races to their ancestral home.

All models in a unit that carries the Banner of the World Dragon have the Magic Resistance (5) special rule. Furthermore, all Dragons (friend or foe) within 12" of the Banner of the World Dragon have the Stubborn special rule.







HIGH ELVES ARMY LIST

The High Elf army is one of the most diverse in the Warhammer game. As its commander, you can assail the foe with hawk-eyed archers and stalwart spearmen, proud knights and mighty Dragons. Your heroes rank amongst the game's most skilled fighters, and your mages surrender primacy to none in their mastery of the mystic arts.

A High Elf army is a precise tool of war, replete with specialised troops capable of handling any foe. As its commander, it is your task to muster the correct balance of troops to ensure more glorious victories for the Phoenix King.

This section of the book helps you to turn your collection of High Elves miniatures into an unstoppable host, ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristic profile for quick and easy reference during your games.



USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

ARCHERS

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Archer	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
Hawkeye	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Elven longbow

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Archer to a Hawkeye.....10 points
- May upgrade one Archer to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Archer to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with one of the following:
 - Light armour.....½ point per model
 - Medium armour.....1 point per model

- Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.
- Profiles.** The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).
- Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry, monstrous cavalry' and so on).
- Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.
- Unit Size.** This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.
- Equipment.** This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.
- Special Rules.** Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.
- Options.** This is a list of optional weapons and armour; mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.



LORDS

TYRION

400 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tyrion	5	9	7	4	3	3	10	5	10	Cavalry (Special Character)
Malhandir	10	4	0	4	3	1	5	2	7	-

Magic Items:

- Sunfang
- Dragon Armour of Aenarion
- Heart of Avelorn

Mount:

- Malhandir (Elven Steed)

Special Rules:

- Curse of Aenarion
- Defender of Ulthuan
- Feint
- Martial Prowess
- Riposte
- Valour of Ages

TECLIS

460 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Teclis	5	3	3	2	2	3	5	1	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Sword of Teclis
- Moon Staff of Lileath
- Scroll of Hoeth
- War Crown of Saphery

Special Rules:

- Curse of Aenarion
- Elven Grace
- Lileath's Blessing
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Magic:

Teclis is a Level 4 Wizard. He does not generate spells following the normal rules, but instead can choose either to know all of the spells in the Lore of High Magic, or choose one spell from each of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook.



ALARIELLE THE RADIANT

385 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Alarielle	5	4	4	3	3	3	6	1	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- The Shieldstone of Isha
- Star of Avelorn
- Stave of Avelorn

Special Rules:

- Boon of Isha
- Chaos bane
- Elven Grace
- Handmaidens
- Lileath's Blessing
- Martial Prowess
- Touch of the Everqueen
- Valour of Ages

Magic:

Alarielle the Radiant is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, the Lore of Light and the Lore of High Magic. She can generate all of her spells from the same lore, or from two or more of the above lores in any combination. Declare how many spells she will use from each lore before spells are generated.

ELTHARION THE GRIM

475 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Eltharion	5	8	7	4	3	3	8	4	10	Monster (Special Character)
Stormwing	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	8	-

Equipment

- Spear
- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Fangsword of Athel Tamarha
- Helm of Yvresse
- Talisman of Hoeth

Mount:

- Stormwing (Griffon)

Special Rules:

- Fly (8)
- Hatred (Orcs & Goblins)
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

LORDS

ALITH ANAR

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Alith Anar	5	7	7	4	3	3	9	4	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Magic Items:

- The Moonbow
- The Shadow Crown
- Stone of Midnight

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Hatred (Dark Elves)
- Martial Prowess
- Scout
- Valour of Ages



IMRIK

575 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Imrik	5	8	7	4	3	3	9	4	10	Monster (Special Character)
Minaithir	6	7	0	7	7	7	2	6	9	-

Magic Items:

- Star Lance
- Armour of Caledor
- Dragonhorn

Mount:

- Minaithir (Star Dragon)

Special Rules:

- Dragon Kin
- Fiery Breath
- Fly (7)
- Loyal Bond
- Martial Prowess
- Natural Armour (3+)
- Valour of Ages



BELANNAER THE WISE

405 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Belannaer the Wise	5	6	5	4	3	3	9	3	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Blade of Bel-Korhadris
- Cloak of Stars
- Staff of Cyeos
- Book of the Phoenix

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Glamour of Hoeth
- Martial Prowess
- Swordmaster
- Valour of Ages

Magic:

Belannaer is a Level 3 Wizard. He do not generate spells following the normal rules, but instead always know the eight signature spells from the Lore of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook.

SEA LORD AISLINN

240 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sea Lord Aislinn	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	3	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Magic Items:

- The Bow of the Seafarer
- Mask of the Merlord

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Master of the Mists
- Naval Discipline
- Valour of Ages
- Windrider

Options:

- May be mounted on a Lothern Skycutter* (replacing one of the crew).....85 points
*If Aislinn is mounted on a Lothern Skycutter he may not buy any upgrades for it.



LORDS

PRINCE

125 points

Profile

Prince

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Spear.....4 points
 - Lance (mounted only).....8 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Polearm.....8 points
- May be armed with an Elven longbow.....5 points
- May replace medium armour with one of the following:
 - Heavy armour.....3 points
 - Dragon armour.....5 points
- May take a Lion cloak (unless wearing Dragon armour).....3 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Ithilmar Barded Elven Steed.....27 points
 - Pegasus.....30 points
 - Great Eagle.....50 points
 - Tiranoc Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....70 points
 - Lion Chariot (requires Lion cloak, replacing one of the crew).....110 points
 - Griffon.....150 points
 - Sun Dragon.....235 points
 - Moon Dragon.....300 points
 - Star Dragon.....390 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points



ARCH MAGE

185 points

Profile

Arch Mage

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

An Arch Mage is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from any one of the eight Lores of Magic or High Magic.

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Lileath's Blessing
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Elven Steed.....20 points
 - May be upgraded to have Ithilmar barding.....7 points
 - Unicorn.....40 points
 - Great Eagle.....50 points
 - Sun Dragon.....235 points
 - Moon Dragon.....300 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points





LORDS

LORD OF AENARION

185 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Lord of Aenarion	5	8	7	4	3	3	9	5	10	Infantry (Character)

Note: A Lord of Aenarion can never be the army's General.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Battle Trance
- Curse of Aenarion
- Elven Grace
- Frenzy
- Hatred (Forces of Destruction)
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....10 points
 - Lance (mounted only).....10 points
 - Polearm.....10 points
 - Shield.....3 points
- May be mounted upon an Ithilmar barded Elven Steed.....27 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

LOREMASTER OF HOETH

230 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Loremaster	5	6	4	4	3	3	7	3	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

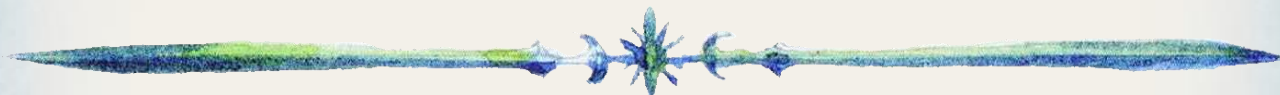
- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Swordmaster
- Valour of Ages

Magic:

A Loremaster of Hoeth is a Level 2 Wizard. He does not generate spells following the normal rules, but instead always knows the eight signature spells from the Lores of Magic.

Options:

- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points



CHARACTER MOUNTS

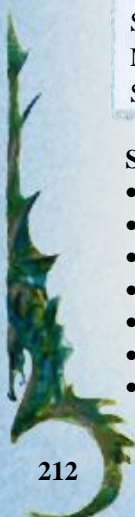
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	War Beast
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6	War Beast
Unicorn	10	4	0	4	4	2	5	2	8	War Beast
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	3	8	Monstrous Beast
Griffon	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	7	Monster
Sun Dragon	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7	Monster
Moon Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8	Monster
Star Dragon	6	7	0	7	7	7	2	6	9	Monster

Special Rules:

- *Pegasus*: Fly (9).
- *Unicorn*: *Impale*, Magical Attacks, Magic Resistance (2).
- *Great Eagle*: Fly (9).
- *Griffon*: Fly (8).
- *Sun Dragon*: Fiery Breath, Fly (7), Natural Armour (3+).
- *Moon Dragon*: Fiery Breath, Fly (7), Natural Armour (3+).
- *Star Dragon*: Fiery Breath, Fly (7), Natural Armour (3+).

Options:

- A Great Eagle may have any of the following:
 - Shredding Talons.....5 points
 - Swiftsense.....5 points
- A Griffon may have any of the following:
 - Shredding Talons.....5 points
 - Swooping Strike.....5 points





HEROES

KORHIL

150 points

Profile

Korhil

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 6 6 4 3 2 7 3 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Chayal
- Pelt of Charandis

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Forest Strider
- Martial Prowess
- Stubborn
- Valour of Ages

Options:

- May be mounted on a Lion Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....100 points



CARADRYAN

170 points

Profile

Caradryan
Ashtari

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 6 6 4 3 2 7 3 9
2 6 0 6 6 5 3 5 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)
Monster

Equipment

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- The Phoenix Blade

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Mark of Asuryan
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages
- Ward Save (4+)

Options:

- May be mounted on Ashtari (Frostheart Phoenix).....275 points

SELAFYN

150 points

Profile

Selafyn

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 6 6 4 3 2 7 3 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment

- Shield

Magic Items:

- Foe Bane
- Armour of Protection

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Scouts
- Valour of Ages

"The gods favour armies with the most disciplined infantry, fastest cavalry, surest archers and greatest generals."

- Attributed to Annuriel of Cothique



HEROES

NOBLE

60 points

Profile
Noble

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Spear.....3 points
 - Lance (mounted only).....6 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Polearm.....6 points
- May be armed with an Elven longbow.....5 points
- May replace medium armour with one of the following:
 - Heavy armour.....2 points
 - Dragon armour.....5 points
- May take a Lion cloak (unless wearing Dragon armour).....3 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Ithilmar Barded Elven Steed.....18 points
 - Pegasus.....20 points
 - Great Eagle.....50 points
 - Tiranoc Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....70 points
 - Lion Chariot (requires Lion cloak, replacing one of the crew)...110 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Noble or Lothorn Sea Helm in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner with no points limit.

However, a model carrying a magic standard can only carry other magic items up to a total of 25 points.



MAGE

85 points

Profile
Mage

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages
- Lileath's Blessing

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - May be mounted upon an Elven Steed.....14 points
 - May be upgraded to have Ithilmar barding.....4 points
 - Unicorn.....40 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

Magic:

A Mage is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from any one of the eight Lores of Magic or High Magic.

ANOINTED OF ASURYAN

160 points

Profile
Anointed of Asuryan

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Polearm
- Heavy armour

Options:

- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Flamespyre Phoenix.....225 points
 - Frostheart Phoenix.....260 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

Special Rules:

- Blessings of Asuryan
- Fear
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages
- Ward Save (4+)

Note: An Anointed of Asuryan can never be the army's General.





HEROES

LOTHERN SEA HELM

55 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sea Helm	5	5	5	4	3	2	6	2	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Spear
- Medium armour
- Shield

Options:

- May be armed with an Elven bow.....5 points
 - May be mounted on a Lothern Skycutter* (replacing one of the crew).....85 points
 - May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points
- *A Sea Helm mounted on a Lothern Skycutter may not buy any upgrades for it.

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages
- Naval Discipline
- Windrider



DRAGON MAGE OF CALEDOR

325 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dragon Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	6	2	8	Monster (Character)
Sun Dragon	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7	-

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Magic:

A Mage is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire.

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Reckless
- Valour of Ages
- Warrior Mage

Mount:

- Sun Dragon



MISTWEAVERS

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Mistweaver	5	4	4	3	3	2	6	2	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Mistweaver is a Level 1 Wizard who uses Mist Magic.

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Lileath's Blessing
- Martial Prowess
- Mist Magic
- Valour of Ages



CORE UNITS

ARCHERS

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Archer	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
Hawkeye	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Elven longbow

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Archer to a Hawkeye.....10 points
- May upgrade one Archer to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Archer to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with one of the following:
 - Light armour.....½ point per model
 - Medium armour.....1 point per model

SPEARMEN

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Spearman	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
Sentinel	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Spear
- Medium armour
- Shield

- Elven Grace
- Fight in Extra Ranks (1)
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Spearman to a Sentinel.....10 points
- May upgrade one Spearman to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Spearman to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

WARRIORS

8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
Custodian	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Warrior to a Custodian.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may swap their shields for additional hand weapons....free
 - The entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers.....free
- The entire unit may upgrade their light armour to medium armour (if using shields).....1 point per model

LOTHERN SEA GUARD

14 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sea Guard	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry
Sea Master	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Spear
- Elven bow
- Medium armour
- Shield

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a Sea Master.....10 points
- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Sea Guard to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

CORE UNITS

SILVER HELMS

22 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Silver Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Cavalry
High Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Cavalry
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Options:

- May upgrade one Silver Helm to a High Helm.....10 points
- May upgrade one Silver Helm to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Silver Helm to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

Equipment:

- Lance
- Heavy armour
- Shield
- Ithilmar barding

Mount:

- Elven Steed

REAYER KNIGHTS

14 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Reaver Knight	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Cavalry
Harbinger	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Cavalry
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Fast Cavalry
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Options:

- May upgrade one Reaver Knight to a Harbinger.....10 points
- May upgrade one Reaver Knight to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Reaver Knight to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit must be equipped with at least one of the following:
 - Spears.....1 point per model
 - Elven bows.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may choose any of the following:
 - Shields.....1,5 point per model
 - Replace light armour with medium armour.....1,5 point per model
 - Ithilmar barding.....1,5 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Mount:

- Elven Steed



SPECIAL UNITS

SWORDMASTERS OF HOETH

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Swordmaster	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	2	8	Infantry
Bladelord	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	3	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Swordmaster
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Swordmaster to a Bladelord.....10 points
- May upgrade one Swordmaster to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Swordmaster to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

WHITE LIONS OF CHRACE

15 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
White Lion	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9	Infantry
Guardian	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Woodman's Axe
- Medium armour
- Lion cloak

- Elven Grace
- Forest Strider
- Martial Prowess
- Stubborn
- Valour of Ages

- One White Lion may be upgraded to a Guardian.....10 points
- One White Lion may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One White Lion may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

LION CHARIOT OF CHRACE

110 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Lion Chariot	7	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
White Lion	-	5	4	4	-	-	5	1	9	-
War Lion	-	4	0	5	-	-	4	2	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (White Lions):

Special Rules:

Crew: 2 White Lions

- Woodman's Axe
- Medium Armour
- Lion Cloak

- Fear
- Martial Prowess
- Stubborn
- Valour of Ages

Drawn by: 2 War Lions

TIRANOC CHARIOT

70 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tiranoc Chariot	8	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Charioteer	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8	-
Elven Steed	-	3	0	3	-	-	4	1	-	-

Unit Size: 1-3

Equipment (Charioteers):

Special Rules:

Crew: 2 Charioteers

- Spear
- Elven bow
- Medium Armour

- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Drawn by: 2 Elven Steeds

SPECIAL UNITS

DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

28 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dragon Prince	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	Cavalry
Drakemaster	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	3	9	Cavalry
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Lance
- Dragon armour
- Shield
- Ithilmar barding

- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

Mount:

- Elven Steed

- May upgrade one Dragon Prince to a Drakemaster.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dragon Prince to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dragon Prince to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

SHADOW WARRIORS

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Shadow Warrior	5	4	5	3	3	1	6	1	8	Infantry
Shadow Walker	5	4	6	3	3	1	6	1	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Elven longbow
- Light armour

- Elven Grace
- Hatred (Dark Elves)
- Martial Prowess
- Scouts
- Skirmishers
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Shadow Warrior to a Shadow Walker.....10 points
- May upgrade one Shadow Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Shadow Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....1 point per model
 - Shields.....1 point per model

SISTERS OF AVELORN

18 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sister of Avelorn	5	4	5	3	3	1	6	1	8	Infantry
High Sister	5	4	6	3	3	1	6	1	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Bow of Avelorn
- Light Armour

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Sister of Avelorn to a High Sister.....10 points

EAGLE CLAW BOLT THROWER

60 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Eagle Claw	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Bolt Thrower)
Sea Guard Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	-

Unit Size: 1 Bolt Thrower and 2 Sea Guard Crew.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Martial Prowess
- Repeater Bolt Thrower
- Valour of Ages

Options:

- May take an additional Sea Guard Crew.....7 points

RARE UNITS

PHOENIX GUARD

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Phoenix Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9	Infantry
Keeper of the Flame	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Polearm
- Heavy armour

- Fear
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages
- Ward save (4+)

- May upgrade one Phoenix Guard to a Keeper of the Flame.....10 points
- May upgrade one Phoenix Guard to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Phoenix Guard to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

HANDMAIDENS OF THE EVERQUEEN

20 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Handmaiden	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	1	9	Infantry
Queen's Guard	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	2	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Spear
- Bow of Avelorn
- Light Armour

- Elven Grace
- Fight in Extra Ranks (1)
- Martial Prowess
- Quick to Fire
- Valour of Ages

- May upgrade one Handmaiden to a Queen's Guard.....10 points
- May upgrade one Handmaiden to a musician.....10 points
- May carry the Horn of Isha.....20 points
- May upgrade one Handmaiden to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May carry the Standard of Avelorn.....10 points



GREAT EAGLES

50 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	3	8	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1-3

Special Rules:

Options:

- Fly (9)

- May have any of the following:
 - Shredding Talons.....5 points per model
 - Swiftsense.....5 points per model

Note: You may take 1-2 units of Great Eagles as a single Rare choice.

LOTHERN SKY CUTTER

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Lothern Skycutter	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Sea Guard	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8	-
Swiftfeather Roc	-	5	0	4	-	-	4	2	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

Special Rules:

Options:

Crew: 3 Sea Guard crew

- Spear
- Elven bow
- Medium armour
- Fly (8)
- Martial Prowess
- Valour of Ages

- May exchange one Sea Guard crew for an Eagle Eye Bolt Thrower.....25 points

Drawn by: 1 Swiftfeather Roc

RARE UNITS

FLAMESPYRE PHOENIX

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Flamespyre Phoenix	2	5	0	5	5	5	4	3	8	Monster
Frostheart Phoenix	2	6	0	5	6	5	3	4	9	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules (Flamespyre Phoenix):

- Attuned to Magic
- Flaming Attacks
- Fly (8)
- Immunity (Flaming Attacks)
- Magical Attacks
- Phoenix Reborn
- Wake of Fire
- Ward Save (5+)

Special Rules (Frostheart Phoenix):

- Attuned to Magic
- Blizzard Aura
- Fly (8)
- Ice Attacks
- Magical Attacks
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Ward Save (5+)

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Frostheart Phoenix.....35 points

MERWYRM

205 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Merwurm	6	6	0	5	5	5	3	5	7	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Natural Armour (3+)
- Powerful Tail
- Regeneration (4+)



SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Alarielle	5	4	4	3	3	3	6	1	10	In
Alith Anar	5	7	7	4	3	3	9	4	10	In
Arch Mage	5	4	4	3	3	3	5	1	9	In
Belannaer	5	6	5	4	3	3	9	3	10	In
Eltharion	5	8	7	4	3	3	8	4	10	Mo
- Stormwing	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	8	-
Imrik	5	8	7	4	3	3	9	4	10	Mo
- Minathir	6	7	0	7	7	7	2	6	9	-
Lord of Aenarion	5	8	7	4	3	3	9	5	10	In
Loremaster	5	6	4	4	3	3	7	3	9	In
Prince	5	7	7	4	3	3	8	4	10	In
Teclis	5	3	3	2	2	3	5	1	10	In
Tyrior	5	9	7	4	3	3	10	5	10	Ca
- Malhandir	10	4	0	4	3	1	5	2	7	-

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Anointed of Asuryan	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In
Caradryan	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In
- Ashtari	2	6	0	6	6	5	3	5	9	Mo
Dragon Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	6	2	8	Mo
- Sun Dragon	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7	-
Korhil	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In
Lothorn Sea Helm	5	5	5	4	3	2	6	2	9	In
Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8	In
Mistweaver	5	4	4	3	3	2	6	2	8	In
Noble	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In
Selafyn	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Archer	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	In
- Hawkeye	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	In
Lothorn Sea Guard	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	In
- Lothorn Sea Master	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	In
Reaver Knight	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Ca
- Harbinger	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Ca
- Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-
Silver Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Ca
- High Helm	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Ca
- Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-
Spearman	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	In
- Sentinel	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	In
Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	In
- Custodian	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	In

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Dragon Prince	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	Ca
- Drakemaster	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	3	9	Ca
- Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	-
Eagle Claw	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	WM
- Sea Guard Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	-
Lion Chariot	7	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-	Ch
- White Lion	-	5	4	4	-	-	5	1	9	-
- War Lion	-	4	0	5	-	-	4	2	-	-
Shadow Warrior	5	4	5	3	3	1	6	1	8	In
- Shadow Walker	5	4	6	3	3	1	6	1	8	In
Sister of Avelorn	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	In
- High Sister	5	4	6	3	3	1	5	1	8	In
Swordmaster	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	2	8	In
- Bladelord	5	6	4	3	3	1	6	3	8	In

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Tiranoc Chariot	8	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Charioteer	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8	-
- Elven Steed	-	3	0	3	-	-	4	1	-	-
White Lion	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	1	9	In
- Guardian	5	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	9	In

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Flamespyre Phoenix	2	5	0	5	5	5	4	3	8	Mo
- Frostheart Phoenix	2	6	0	5	6	5	3	4	9	Mo
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	3	8	MB
Handmaiden	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	1	9	In
- Queen's Guard	5	5	5	3	3	1	6	2	9	In
Lothorn Skycutter	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Sea Guard	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8	-
- Swiftfeather Roc	-	5	0	4	-	-	4	2	-	-
Merwyrm	6	6	0	5	5	5	3	5	7	Mo
Phoenix Guard	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	1	9	In
- Keeper of the Flame	5	5	4	3	3	1	6	2	9	In

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Elven Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	WB
Great Eagle	2	5	0	4	4	3	4	3	8	MB
Griffon	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	7	Mo
Moon Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8	Mo
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6	WB
Star Dragon	6	7	0	7	7	7	2	6	9	Mo
Sun Dragon	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7	Mo
Unicorn	10	4	0	4	4	2	5	2	8	WB

Troop Type Key: In = *Infantry*, WB = *War Beast*, Ca = *Cavalry*, MI = *Monstrous Infantry*, MB = *Monstrous Beast*, MC = *Monstrous Cavalry*, Mo = *Monster*, Ch = *Chariot*, Sw = *Swarms*, Un = *Unique*, WM = *War Machine*.









HIGH ELVES

For thousands of years, the High Elves have defended the world from the threat of Chaos, a line of shining silver against an unending horde of darkness. When the Phoenix King calls, warriors from across ten mighty kingdoms answer. Princes don armour and weaponry heavy with enchantment, proud knights muster beneath ancient banners, mages prepare unparalleled magics and the legendary monsters of a bygone age gather in the skies above. Let the servants of destruction beware - the High Elves march to war!

Inside you will find:

- A Bestiary describing every unit, monster, hero and war machine in your army.
- An army list to arrange your collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force.
- A comprehensive section that details the land of the High Elves, their culture and their history.

Warhammer: High Elves is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.

A supplement for

WARHAMMER

The Game of Fantasy Battles