

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

ORDER BATTLETOME

SYLVANETH





From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. The formless and the divine exploded into life. Strange, new worlds appeared in the firmament, each one gilded with spirits, gods and men. Noblest of the gods was Sigmar. For years beyond reckoning he illuminated the realms, wreathed in light and majesty as he carved out his reign. His strength was the power of thunder. His wisdom was infinite. Mortal and immortal alike kneeled before his lofty throne. Great empires rose and, for a while, treachery was banished. Sigmar claimed the land and sky as his own and ruled over a glorious age of myth.

But cruelty is tenacious. As had been foreseen, the great alliance of gods and men tore itself apart. Myth and legend crumbled into Chaos. Darkness flooded the realms. Torture, slavery and fear replaced the glory that came before. Sigmar turned his back on the mortal kingdoms, disgusted by their fate. He fixed his gaze instead on the remains of the world he had lost long ago, brooding over its charred core, searching endlessly for a sign of hope. And then, in the dark heat of his rage, he caught a glimpse of something magnificent. He pictured a weapon born of the heavens. A beacon powerful enough to pierce the endless night. An army hewn from everything he had lost. Sigmar set his artisans to work and for long ages they toiled, striving to harness the power of the stars. As Sigmar's great work neared completion, he turned back to the realms and saw that the dominion of Chaos was almost complete. The hour for vengeance had come. Finally, with lightning blazing across his brow, he stepped forth to unleash his creation.

The Age of Sigmar had begun.



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THE SYLVANETH

They are the gale that howls through forest canopies. They are the fury of the wild places. They are the stabbing thorn and the tearing root, the grinding rock and the choking vine. They are the sylvaneth, vengeful forest spirits of terrifying power, and to those who despoil their lands, they are death.

The sylvaneth are the offspring of the goddess Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood. They are beings of nature, creatures of life magic whose flesh and sinew are crafted from the living boughs of the wyldwood.

The relationship between the sylvaneth and the Mortal Realms is wholly symbiotic, as are their bonds with each other – all the children of Alarielle are connected by the haunting spirit-song that courses through them. The unifying energies of this strange melody bind the sylvaneth together as one people.

Fey creatures of the wilderness, the sylvaneth can appear capricious or cruel to some. Their motivations seem inconstant, their deeds whimsical and strange. The sylvaneth are not moved by mortal desires such as expanding their borders or amassing plunder. Instead, they are driven to safeguard the natural cycles of the Mortal Realms no matter how weird or dangerous those might be, and to cleanse the land of that which taints it. The sylvaneth can thus prove difficult allies, for their goals and motivations often conflict with those they are fighting alongside.

Though sometimes misunderstood by mortal allies, the sylvaneth are good and noble beings, staunch enemies of Chaos. During the Age of Myth, the sylvaneth claimed places of natural power all across the Mortal Realms. It was these places they fought and died to defend during the Age of Chaos, battling with wild determination even as their Everqueen fought her own war against Nurgle in the Realm of Life. Despite their efforts, the sylvaneth were driven back, until only scattered pockets of resistance remained. Their doom seemed assured. Yet extinction was not to be their fate...

Long were the withering years, and great the miseries that the sylvaneth endured. Their endless song grew mournful, and much was lost that could never be replaced. Rotblight took the Spire of Emerald Dreams. The City of Fronds was burned to ash. Crawling things wormed through the Pristine Heart, and brought dreaming Lilandyr to ruin.

But every waning has its bloom. Every death brings life anew. The cycle turns and turns again, and hope springs up once more.

From amidst the bloody loam of war it grew, a seed of power beyond belief. By magic it had been purified. By the lives of beloved ones it had been saved. By the hand of a champion had it been sown. And now, in the darkest hour, that seed became a goddess.

Alarielle was reborn, and her children rejoiced. No bitter and waning thing was she, but a goddess of war, full-formed and at the height of her powers. With her coming, the spirit-song swelled. Harmonies rose and twined like the branches of some mighty tree. It was a song of vengeance, a song of rebirth, a song of rage. It was a song of war, and from its spiralling chorus, the sylvaneth drew strength.

All across the Mortal Realms, the sylvaneth raised their heads. New life filled them, and with it new purpose. Shimmering life-motes lit the soulpod glades. The thrum of fierce joy and vengeful anger filled Alarielle's children. They would be victims no more. Now, the wyldwoods would be roused to wrath. Now, the invaders would be driven out and the lands cleansed of taint. Now, the sylvaneth would rise again.



ALARIELLE AND THE WAR OF LIFE

To Ghyran and its peoples, Alarielle is all. As fares the Everqueen, so too does her realm and her people. In the earliest days of the Age of Chaos, Nurgle began his insidious invasion of Ghyran, a war that would drive Alarielle and her subjects to the very edge of annihilation.

The War of Life began with an unctuous slithering in a lost, dank corner of Ghyran. Corruption seeped from the Garden of Nurgle into that of Alarielle, and there it bred with obscene ebullience. So swiftly did Nurgle's spawn multiply that tides of squirming terrors were soon sweeping across the lands at an unstoppable pace.

The Queen of the Radiant Wood rose to repel this foul invasion, and a war began unlike any other. Renewal

battled entropy, healing magic fought infection. Tallyband upon Tallyband of Nurgle daemons trudged through the Jade Kingdoms, the land writhing and screaming at their tainted touch. In response, the sylvaneth glades moved to stand against them as one, Alarielle and her Regents hurling hundreds of clans into battle with every passing day. The war ground on. Weeks became months, then years, then centuries – but still the battles raged with no end in sight.

At first, sylvaneth clans flooded into Ghyran from the other Mortal Realms, surging through Realmgates to aid their queen. But as the Age of Chaos darkened, and corruption spread far and wide, those enclaves in the other realms found themselves hard-pressed even to stand to their own defences. Soon, the flow of sylvaneth reinforcements into Ghyran dried up entirely. Alarielle and her children fought on, never knowing if they were the last of their kind.





For seasons beyond measure, the Queen of the Radiant Wood fought on. Only slowly did loss and betrayal render her strength brittle, like a fallen branch rotting from within. Many of the human tribes of the Jade Kingdoms – who worshipped Alarielle in all her forms – turned from her light in the hopes that Nurgle would spare them. Soulpod glades burned and ancient places of power fell. The sacred Tear of Grace was unveiled, but its power was twisted out of true, forcing the sylvaneth to hide their weapon once again. Woodlands contorted. Rivers congealed. Every day, the suffering of her land and her followers sapped Alarielle's strength until, at last, she became grieved and sorrow-haunted.

By the time Sigmar's Storm broke across the Mortal Realms, Nurgle had all but claimed Ghyran for his own. The last enclaves of sylvaneth were

hidden. The kings and queens of the glades had withdrawn for safety behind veils of sorcery and misdirection. Here and there, fierce war leaders still led the fight against the myriad armies of Nurgle and their verminous allies, but for all intents and purposes, the War of Life had been lost. Overcome by melancholy, Alarielle fled to the hidden vale of Athelwyrd. Concealed from Nurgle's rheumy eyes, the faded goddess had chosen defeat. She wished only to brood amidst the echoes of glories past, giving in to the mercurial nature of her people and becoming more bitter by the day. Blinded by her anguish, Alarielle did not know that an old friend was seeking her out.

As his war of reconquest rolled out across the Mortal Realms, Sigmar sent Stormcast Eternals to locate the Queen of the Radiant Wood. These envoys brought offers of a renewed alliance

against the Chaos Gods and overcame many perils to find Alarielle. In doing so, the Stormcasts inadvertently led the hordes of Nurgle straight to the goddess' hiding place. The battle that followed was brief and vicious. Stirred to war, Alarielle fought to protect Athelwyrd, but the enemy was too many and too strong. In the end, the goddess was forced to flee, escaping Athelwyrd with a ragged band of sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals. Alarielle angrily blamed the Stormcasts for her terrible predicament, yet in being ousted from her hiding place, the goddess had realised that she still possessed the will to fight. On the heels of this revelation came crushing doubt. What if, in her misery, Alarielle had left it too late to make a stand? What if she had failed as no mother should? It was this thought that robbed the last of Alarielle's strength and saw her transform into a soulpod.

Soulpods are sacred to the sylvaneth in a way that no other living thing could be, save perhaps their mother goddess. They are the wellsprings of life from which the sylvaneth are born and are enriched by the spirits of those whose days are done. These strange life forms are a singular expression of the natural cycle that exists at the heart of everything the sylvaneth stand for, and without them, Alarielle's children would slowly die out.

Soulpods take many different forms, for life delights in variety. Some are tall emerald plants, their stalks and boughs heavy with glowing golden cocoons. Others grow as gnarled trees, as kaleidoscopic fungal orbs, or as thorn-studded seeds with diaphanous wings. Some are clouds of magical spores, churning masses of subterranean roots, or even stranger things.

The soulpods are the loves and hopes of Alarielle given form, living expressions of her oldest dreams from the days before days. The eldest of them grew from those very kernels of thought, and live on as an eternal echo of the world-that-was. Within them lies a deep and abiding magic, a force for good that cleanses the lands in which the soulpods grow.

Soulpod groves exist at the heart of every sustainable sylvaneth enclave, and birth each new generation of forest spirits. Even Alarielle does not know what will emerge from each budding soulpod, for life is capricious and beautiful in all its forms. Whatever beings sprout forth swell the sylvaneth ranks for war, and it is for this reason that the servants of Chaos seek to destroy the soulpods with as great a fervour as the sylvaneth defend them.



ACROSS THE FROZEN OCEAN

With Alarielle at the mercy of the plague god Nurgle, it fell to her protectors to save the goddess – and by extension, all of Ghyran – from catastrophe. Led by the Lady of Vines, and Lorrus Grymn of the Hallowed Knights, this small army began a desperate flight out of darkness and towards hope.

When Alarielle collapsed and shrank into her glowing soulpod form, it seemed all was lost. The goddess could not battle her tormentors in such a state. With her realm so diseased, there was no guarantee Alarielle would have the strength to rejuvenate herself ever again. Even if she did, none could be sure she would not be irrevocably tainted by the poisons of Chaos that coursed through the land.

Led by the plague lord Torglug the Despised, Nurgle's servants had smashed their way past the rearguard of sylvaneth and Stormcasts who stood to bar their path. Torglug's festering horde was snapping at the heels of Alarielle's guardians, sure of imminent victory.

Amidst the darkness of such impossible odds, true heroes shine all the brighter. The Lady of Vines took up Alarielle's soulpod and led her desperate warband into the wilds. The Branchwraith moved with purpose, determined that her mother would never fall into Nurgle's festering clutches.

Alarielle's protectors made haste along the Cascading Path. This magical causeway flowed across the lands in a raging torrent of life magic, bearing the sylvaneth and Stormcasts to the edge of the Forest of Druidia. Their head start was short lived, however, for Torglug was a native of Ghyran, and he also knew of the spirit path. By the time the Lady of Vines and Lorrus

Grymn were leading their forces to the edge of the Sea of Serpents, the hordes of Nurgle were slithering close behind. It was then that the land itself came to Alarielle's rescue in the form of a dying Jotunberg, one of the fabled living winters.

An animate mountain of incredible size, this monolithic being had sickened beneath the influence of Nurgle, though it managed to muster enough strength to lumber into the ocean waves before it fell for the last time. As the Jotunberg passed, its ensorcelled energies flowed outwards, freezing the Sea of Serpents into a wave-curved ice shelf across which Alarielle's guardians continued to flee.



THE LADY OF VINES

Grown from the severed right hand of Alarielle, the Lady of Vines serves as seneschal and first-maiden to her queen. The Life goddess' hand grew back soon enough, and the pain of her sacrifice was rewarded with a devoted and brilliant general. Having been created while Alarielle was in the full bloom of her war aspect, the heartwood of the Lady of Vines sings with fiery determination and an unquenchable certainty of victory. Centuries of conflict have tempered her as a war leader, a battle-gnarled matriarch whose authority over even Treelords is absolute and effortless. Though she had watched Alarielle become cold and distant, the Lady of Vines never gave up hope, even for a moment. Her loyalty to Alarielle remained as strong as the day she had first laid eyes upon her mother. This total devotion saw the Lady of Vines bear the goddess from the clutches of Torglug the Despised, and she will continue to defend her queen even to her last pulse of bloodsap.



By now, the protectors were fighting almost every step of the way. Lord-Castellant Grymn, and his Hallowed Knights, won one savage rearguard clash after another. Forest spirits from half a dozen different clans fought and died to protect Alarielle, Treelords of Clan Landragael battling alongside Dryads from Clans Bel'ath and Tethil. More Stormcasts flashed down from above, as Sigmar sent his Knights Excelsior to aid in the desperate fight.

Through heroism and bloodshed, Alarielle's protectors at last won through to the far shore. They had entered the Kingdom of Blackstone, and there, the Lady of Vines' plan was revealed. With their pursuers driven

back or plunged into ragged holes in the ice, the Branchwraith led her surviving followers along the Path of the Purified. This ancient way sang with cleansing life magic and would, the Branchwraith hoped, drive any Chaos taint from Alarielle's soulpod. The healing road led up to Blackstone Summit, a high and lonely place upon which had been buried the heroic dead of the first Ironthorne War. The Lady of Vines intended to plant Alarielle's seed in soil blessed by the touch of such heroes, hoping that their nobility and desire for vengeance would infuse the Queen of the Radiant Wood and allow her to be reborn in her most bountiful and warlike aspect, singing with the fury of a warrior queen renewed.

The Lady of Vines knew her efforts would not go unopposed, and sure enough, the final battle atop Blackstone Summit was as desperate as it was glorious. The Chaos Lord Torglug waited there, all the feculent might of Nurgle at his command. Alarielle's defenders took a huge toll upon their foes, but still they fell. When Torglug hacked down the Lady of Vines, Alarielle's fate seemed inevitable. Yet at that moment, Sigmar's Celestant-Prime swept down from on high, smiting Torglug and scattering his followers. Alarielle's soulpod was saved, taking root upon a fresh battlefield amid the cooling bloodsap of her most devoted daughter. The goddess' spirit flowed into the land, and a change began...





Time flowed ever onwards, racing away from the moment of Alarielle's planting like a gushing river. Lives fell like leaves from withered boughs, dancing upon the foetid wind before being swept away. Ghyran cracked and crumbled like parched earth in Nurgle's covetous grip. The War of Life, once a raging forest fire, was little but embers and ash, smothered by rancid slurry.

And yet, a change was coming.

Rotting branches stiffened with new life, fresh green leaves unfurling from them. Waters that had long churned with filth ran clear and musical once more. Cool breezes blew from hidden dells, thick with the scent of wildflowers and pine sap. Gradually, the influence of Alarielle was felt, a burgeoning of life, a breathless pause before the plunge.

And then came the moment of sudden bloom. The Queen of the Radiant Wood was reborn from the land she loved, and as she rose, she sang. All across Ghyran, the spirit-song swelled, pouring out into every realm – a cascading, tumbling, soaring crescendo of hope, fury, loss and exhilaration. Alarielle's children felt their mother's might, even as the servants of Nurgle quailed. Wrongs would be righted, the lands would be healed and places of power would be reclaimed. The War of Life would begin anew. The sylvarth would have their revenge.



ENCLAVES OF THE SYLVANETH

In the Age of Myth, Alarielle walked the wilds of the Realm of Life alone. Only when she tired of her solitude did the goddess sow her seeds, which she had recovered from the ruins of the world-that-was. The race that bloomed from them would become Alarielle's most beloved children.

In the days when Sigmar's pantheon still reigned, the sylvaneth ruled much of Ghyran. They existed in harmony with nature and – for the most part – with the mortal tribes of the Jade Kingdoms. There was danger, of course, from rampaging beasts and hostile barbarian tribes. The Wargroves of the courageous Noble Spirits crushed each of these threats as they arose, fulfilling their role as protectors so that the Dryads could nurture the lands and live in peace. All were united by the spirit-song that echoed through their souls, and they enjoyed a concord with all living things. Alarielle looked upon her creations and knew peace at last.

Time passed, and the children of the Radiant Wood spread beyond the bounds of Ghyran. Whether by soulpod seeds carried through Realmgates, or by the staging of deliberate expeditions, sylvaneth enclaves sprung up across all the Mortal Realms. There was more danger outside Ghyran, for many lands were wild and hazardous. The Noble Spirits of the glades fought great battles against wild tribes of orruks and scurrying infestations of skaven. Entire sylvaneth clans were lost to war and catastrophe. Still, the sylvaneth prevailed and spread. There was one hazard they could not have planned for though; once beyond the Realmgates,

the sylvaneth found themselves cut off from the spirit-song of their mother.

The sylvaneth who travelled to new realms could still perceive the spirit-song that echoed from within, but they found themselves islands of harmony amidst a terrible silence. Some went mad, while others fled back to the comfort of their heartglades. Tales are still told of the terrible season in which Silverthorn Glade was lost altogether. Those sylvaneth who endured sought out those places in the new lands where life magic flowed the strongest. In these places of power, they planted soulpod groves and sank their realmroots deep.





So grew the new enclaves of the sylvaneth, and from them, the song rang out once more. These were places of ethereal pulchritude. The vast Hunter's Moon, the Singing Mountains, the Citycaverns of Briardell and countless others echoed the beautiful wonder of the sylvaneth homeland.

Then came Chaos. Though the sylvaneth fought bravely, mutants and monsters tore down their enclaves and torched the souldod groves. Magical places of exquisite beauty were reduced to tainted wastelands, heaped with the kindlewood corpses of sylvaneth dead. Alarielle's children were driven from their homes and forced into a desperate, hunted existence. But Chaos could not destroy everything. Seeds of hope were buried deep, and some roots remained untainted, waiting for the rains of a brighter season to coax them into life once again.

As Alarielle sowed her seeds through the wilds of Ghyran, she sang a beautiful song for her children-to-be. More than melody, it was an outpouring of love and wisdom, an enchantment that would bind the sylvaneth to one another even as it bonded them to her.

Whether Dryad or Treelord, Kurnoth Hunter or Tree-Revenant, all sylvaneth hear this spirit-song from their first moments of life. It flows into their thoughts, courses through their bodies, and echoes from their roots into the land itself. The spirit-song is impossible for most non-sylvaneth to comprehend, and can cause terrible pain to those who do. It is as much emotion and metaphor as it is harmony, and only the barest edge of this magical phenomenon can be expressed vocally. The more sylvaneth present, the greater the chorus swells. Alarielle's children draw comfort and strength from this melodic bond, and conversely, they know no greater fear than becoming a single, lonely voice amid the silence.

The spirit-song is what ties the sylvaneth to those fractured realmroots that remain – the spirit paths along which the most powerful of their number can travel – and allows them to communicate as a race over great distances. It is a vital tool in battle, allowing Noble Spirits to coordinate their forces, to warn their warriors of danger, and to know their followers' thoughts as though they were their own.





THE CHILDREN OF ALARIELLE

The sylvaneth mindset is wholly inhuman, approaching concepts of society and military strategy from a naturally ordered perspective. Their armies and clans comprise distinct layers, like the rings of a tree, within which all sylvaneth instinctively know their place.

Sylvaneth armies fight with the wrath of nature unleashed. They are terrifying foes for, though they can appear as graceful as a warm zephyr, they can swiftly transform into a howling gale. Keening bands of Dryads burst from ambush amongst the Wyldwoods, their Branchwraiths leading them in a lashing dance of war. While these Forest Folk encircle the enemy, the Noble Spirits flicker along the spirit paths to slam into their foes from unexpected angles, locking the enemy in place while the rest of the sylvaneth Wargrove picks them mercilessly apart. Under this onslaught, enemy battle-

lines crumble like mighty cliffs torn down by swift-snaking roots.

The Forest Folk are the most widespread and numerous of the sylvaneth. They are the Dryads and Branchwraiths, whose numbers have been rising sharply since Alarielle's return. Though now a key part of the sylvaneth war against the dominion of Chaos, the Forest Folk were not warriors during the Age of Myth. At that time, Dryads and Branchwraiths were peaceful creatures, deeply spiritual beings who instinctively tended the wild places of Ghyran.

When the Age of Chaos began, the Forest Folk suffered horribly. It was no longer enough to take shelter while the Noble Spirits fought on their behalf; any sylvaneth who could not fight were doomed to fall beneath the invaders' blades. Through successive generations, the Forest Folk were winnowed down until only the strong and cunning survived. They learned to fight from the shadows, and to defend their enclaves with vicious determination.

In contrast, the Noble Spirits have always been warriors. They lead the soldiers of the sylvaneth as

commanders and champions. They are stern and sombre, from the Treelord Ancients who rule the woodland clans to the ranks of Tree-Revenants that patrol the enclaves and form the heartwood of any sylvaneth army.

It is the Noble Spirits who protect and preserve the spiritual heritage of their people. Within the Noble Spirits live the race-memory of the sylvaneth people, echoes of former lives ringing back through the ages into the farthest mists of time. Some even claim that the Noble Spirits preserve dim recollections of the world-that-was, and that it is from these deep-set roots that the notion of the mythical Protectors sprouts.

None amongst Alarielle's children knows precisely who or what the Protectors were, or whether these beings were even real. They know only that a notion persists, an idea of nobility and selfless guardianship that



The willowsilk banner of Noble House Lathrien.

the Noble Spirits still model themselves on today. Many amongst the Noble Spirits even come to physically resemble the ghosts of the Protectors that echo in their memories, and draw the magic and minerals of the land up through their roots to craft weapons like those the Protectors are believed to have wielded.

The Noble Spirits rule over the sylvaneth enclaves with ancient wisdom and timeless caution. They serve their goddess mother in all things, and owe no loyalty to any other than Alarielle. It is upon the orders of the Noble Spirits that the sylvaneth march to war, and it is by their strength that they prevail.

The division between the Noble Spirits and the Forest Folk is as natural to the sylvaneth as the flowing of water or the stirring of the wind. Alarielle's children do not question such matters, but are content to know that their roles are sanctioned by nature itself.

FELYNDAEL, GUARDIAN OF THE WANING LIGHT

Felyndael of House Lathrien fought in many desperate conflicts during the Age of Chaos, from the savagery of the Third Harvest to the pyrrhic victory of the Crucible of Life. He led his band of Tree-Revenants to victory time and again, weaving thunderous echoes of glory into the spirit-song that resound to this day.

A Noble Spirit of the Heartwood Glade, Felyndael was rightly proud of the blows he and his warriors struck in Alarielle's name, yet as with all his kin, he was forced to endure the slow waning of his race. After the fall of the pinnacle at Mount Moonson, Felyndael drew the last remnants of that living mountaintop into his roots and crafted for himself a glimmering blade that has borne its name ever since. Felyndael became a cold and vengeful being, his heartwood dulled by centuries of retreat and loss. Even so, this ancient champion never gave up his dream of striking back at the foul despoilers of his lands. That time has finally come.





THE SONG OF WAR

When the season of war breaks across the land, the spirit-song darkens like the menacing beat of some great beast's heart. Its thunder shudders through the minds of the sylvaneth, calling them to the gathering of their clans. Like gale-tossed leaves, the sylvaneth turn and make their way to the muster.

Sylvaneth armies, often known as Wargroves, are as mercurial and deadly as the individual spirits that make up their ranks. Not only are they fast-moving and supernaturally coordinated, but their mustering seems, to outsiders, a spontaneous and inexplicable phenomenon. In truth, this is not the case. Rather, it is the most powerful leaders of the sylvaneth who call the muster, be they clan leaders, the Regents of the Glades, or even the Queen of the Radiant Wood herself.

When such a mustering is needed, the spirit who will lead the army gathers their strength and sends forth the song

of war. Around them, shivering on the air and thrumming through the bones of the land, the spirit-song takes on a bloody hue. Compelling notes of violence and anger twine jaggedly through images of battle and deep, wordless calls for vengeance and fealty.

Though it would not be impossible for the sylvaneth to refuse the song's summons, few would choose to do so. Amongst Alarielle's children, loyalty is more than a concept. It is an instinct as deep-rooted as the desire to survive and to protect their own. Thus, when the sylvaneth are called to war, they answer willingly, abandoning all

other endeavours even should they be hundreds of miles distant.

Clans are drawn to their own glade's war-song first and foremost, Harvestboon to Harvestboon and Gnarlroot to Gnarlroot, though it is not unheard of for clans to join the musters of other glades. The strongest songs – those sung in places of power or by Alarielle herself – summon clans from many glades, and it is then that the sylvaneth are at their mightiest.

Mustering can take days or weeks to complete, often occurring in stages as the Wargrove marches to battle. New

Rhilha stalked through the field of corpses, her face an impassive mask despite the horrors surrounding her. The Branchwych was hardened to death, for had she not fought in its shadow for seasons beyond count? Besides, the majority of the dead were flesh and blood, the hated beast-kin good only for fertilising the Wyldwoods with their corpses. Among the cursed ones lay more worthy dead, and it was to these that Rhilha tended. Reverently, she plied her scythe, harvesting the lamentiri – the life echoes – one by one. Heartseeds, the mortals called them, or Tears of the Mother, or one of a hundred other names that could never truly convey their intricate beauty and importance. All Noble Spirits were podborn with lamentiri nestled in their heartwood or twined amidst their branches, and from birth to death, the small runic whorls were those spirits' most precious possessions.

Not only did the lamentiri hold within them the echoes of the sylvaneth race-memory, but they also drew into themselves the essence of the Noble Spirit who bore them. In this way, Rhilha saw the lamentiri as motes of her people's collective soul, gifts Alarielle gave her children so that they might never forget who or what they were. This echoharvest was the solemn duty of Branchwyses like Rhilha after every battle. The precious seeds must be cut loose from the fallen and returned to a soulpod grove, where they would be planted with all due reverence. Only in this way could the racial memories of the sylvaneth be preserved, drawn back into the roots of the groves and passed on to the next generation. And so Rhilha plied her scythe as she strode amongst the slain, and as she went, she sang a delicate lament for the fallen, tinged with hope and promise for the generation to come.



clans and bands of Free Spirits gather around the regal being that first uttered the song of war. Households of Noble Spirits sway in silent communion while bands of Dryads raise lilting melodies to the skies. Outcasts – the shunned ones – stalk the shadows at the muster's edge, while Treelord Ancients make their way through the growing throng, committing faces and names to memory that they might better sing of the battle to come. The tiny spirit-imps known as spites scamper and buzz hither and thither, chattering to one another or aping the patrolling sentries with their tiny faces scrunched into serious frowns.

With every new band of sylvaneth that joins the muster, the spirit-song swells, becoming a hurricane of melody and metaphor that only the sylvaneth can truly interpret. It is like a roaring waterfall, like rolling cloud banks lanced by the rays of the sun, like the beating of a vast oaken heart deep beneath the roots of the realms, and yet it is like none of those things. It is the glory of the sylvaneth in its singular, mystical power.

When the mustering is done, the spirit-song rises to a final shattering crescendo that fills the sylvaneth with soaring vitality and vengeful purpose. Treelords boom out deep war cries while Branchwraiths raise their voices in melodious battle-songs and Wyldwoods burst spontaneously from the ground to ensnare the foe in their tall boughs. Nature's wrath is set loose in a flood as the sylvaneth sweep down upon their hapless enemies, and battle is joined.



THE ENDLESS CYCLE

The sylvaneth reckon time by cycles and seasons, from the hope of zenith and the violence of reaping, to the whimsy of mellowing and the sorrow of dwindling. Of late, there have only been cycles of death, leaving Alarielle's children to wonder if they will ever see the hopeful days of blooming again.

THE SOWING

IN THE AGE OF MYTH, ALARIELLE WALKED HER GARDEN REALM AND SOWED HER SEEDS IN LAKES OF LIGHT AND SIGHING GLADES. FROM GOLDEN MOUNTAINS TO THE OCEAN DEPTHS, ALARIELLE PLANTED SOULPOD GROVES, AND FROM THESE ENCHANTED PLANTS CAME THE FIRST OF THE SYLVANETH. THE FIRST WERE THE ANCESTORS OF THE OAKENBROW AND GNARLROOT GLADES, THOUGH MORE SYLVANETH SOON FOLLOWED.

THE BONEBARK MARCH

Noble Spirits of Clans Dernoth and Laeril marched to war alongside the ranks of the undead. They crushed a horde of Beastmen at Sunderstone Peak, a major victory for Sigmar's alliance.

THE WAR OF LIFE

As the Age of Chaos began, Nurgle's foul daemons gained a toehold in Ghyran. Spreading like a plague, his followers soon shook the Jade Kingdoms with their trudging feet. Alarielle and her children fought back, and the death toll climbed...

THE SHROUDED TIME

The War of Life worsened daily. The sylvaneth Wargroves found the conflict turning against them despite their every effort. Alarielle vowed to her Royal Moot that she would turn the tide, no matter the price. What horrors followed are a mystery, veiled from memory by enchanted forgetfulness. Some sylvaneth speculate that it was during this time that the curse of the Outcast fell upon their people. Others say that whatever transpired, it began Alarielle's waning.

THE SONS' QUEST

Alarielle despatched twelve of the Sons of Durthu into the Ulgulands. They sought a weapon of incredible power that would liberate Ghyran, but after many great battles, the last of them vanished altogether. Some say they quest still, and will one day return with their prize.

A BITTERHARVEST

As the sylvaneth places of power across the Mortal Realms fell one by one, Alarielle was forced to ever more extreme measures to save her children. Seeking a way to turn the tide of war, she planted the seed of Drycha deep within the vale of Hamadrithil. What emerged from that dark place was not what the goddess expected...

THE WAR OF CINDERS

In Aqshy, the clans of Ironbark Glade were pushed back to the Bladewood Gate by the fury of the Bloodbound. The archduke of Ironbark secured an alliance with the Fyreslayers of the Vostarg lodge that, after a crushing victory at Baelmaw Chasm, became both lucrative and long-standing.

THE SILVERED GROVE BESIEGED

A vast Rotbringer army laid siege to the Silvered Grove, greatest stronghold of Gnarlroot Glade. Household after Household sallied out to drive the Nurgle hordes from the great rootbridges, while a conclave of Treelord Ancients unleashed life magics to tear their attackers apart. Eventually, the plague horde was broken, though the cost was steep.

THE IRONTHORNE SABOTAGE

Before the Ironthorne Wall, the human tribes of Blackstone marched against Nurgle's hordes, this time with sylvaneth Wargroves at their side. Tragically, the Blackstone shamans were infested by blightworms, and at the battle's height, summoned a vast Tallyband of Nurgle daemons that swept all before it.

AMBUSH AT WIDOWBITE

ATOP WIDOWBITE CRAG, THE ROOT CLANS OF WINTERLEAF GLADE FACED THEIR DOOM. WITH FATALISTIC DETERMINATION, THE SYLVANETH HURLED BACK WAVES OF FRENZIED SKAVEN, BUT WITH EACH ASSAULT MORE TREE-SPIRITS FELL. JUST AS ALL SEEMED LOST, DRYCHA HAMADRETH BURST FROM THE CAVES AT THE MOUNTAIN'S FEET LEADING A HORDE OF OUTCASTS, AND FELL UPON THE RATMEN. FEW SKAVEN LIVED TO TELL OF THE HORRIFIC MASSACRE THAT FOLLOWED.

INTO HIDING

LONG SEASONS OF DEATH AND DISASTER HAD WITHERED ALARIELLE'S HEARTWOOD AND EMBITTERED HER SPIRIT. HER BEST EFFORTS TO HEAL THE LAND HAD FAILED. BETRAYALS HAD ERODED HER FAITH IN EVEN HER OWN BELOVED CHILDREN, AND IN A FIT OF MADNESS, SHE HAD BANISHED HER REMAINING SONS OF DURTHU. NO LONGER BELIEVING THAT VICTORY OVER NURGLE WAS POSSIBLE, THE QUEEN OF THE RADIANT WOOD RETREATED TO THE HIDDEN VALE OF ATHELWYRD AND LEFT THE LAST ENCLAVES OF SYLVANETH TO FIGHT ON ALONE.

SAVING GRACE

A thousand Tree-Revenants marched into the ruins of Ghoremfel, led by the Lady of Vines and a coven of Branchwyches. Carving through Slaaneshi cultists, the sylvaneth recovered the sacred Tear of Grace from its embervault.

THE STORM APPROACHES

The sylvaneth enclaves across the Jade Kingdoms, and the realms beyond, stood abandoned. Yet there were those who felt a strange hope at the dark clouds filling the skies...

HOPE SPRINGS ANEW

With the coming of Sigmar's Storm, the sylvaneth found fresh allies. From Briarhaven to the Gnarled Spire, the sylvaneth went into battle alongside the Stormcast Eternals. Meanwhile, in Ghyran, the Lady of Vines helped the Stormcasts find Athelwyrd with hope in her heartwood, little knowing what would come next.

DEATH AND REBIRTH

Discovered by Torglug the Despised and his revolting Nurgle horde, Alarielle fled Athelwyrd. Though the Chaos worshippers' pursuit was foiled at the last, and Alarielle's soulpod planted atop Blackstone Summit, her life-force would have to become one with the land before the Queen of the Radiant Wood could return to the fight. In the meantime, the Realmgate Wars raged on.

QUEEN OF MALICE

Drycha's claims that their mother was gone for good moved many sylvaneth to join her ranks, several clans of Dreadwood Glade foremost amongst them. She assembled a vast Wargrove, leading her followers on a destructive rampage that left millions dead.

THE STIRRING

ALL NINE CLANS OF HARVESTBOON GLADE MUSTERED TO BESIEGE THE FOULSPINE IN GHYRAN. THOUGH MANY SYLVANETH FELL, A BAND OF TREELORDS TORE DOWN THE SUPPURANT GATE, AND HUNDREDS OF DRYADS POURED INTO THE DREADHOLD'S FESTERING HEART. PUTRUS THE ROTLORD WAS LEFT IMPALED UPON HIS OWN THORN-STRANGLED BATTLEMENTS, THE WILLOWQUEEN OF HARVESTBOON PROCLAIMING HER VICTORY AS A SIGN OF NEW HOPE.

BLACKHOLLOW

During the infamous battle of Blackhollow, the clans of Dreadwood were forced to ally with the Hallowed Knights to prevail over the Nightmare Host. Sigmar's warriors were horrified at the spite and cruelty of their fey allies, though the sheer monstrosity of their enemies was a more pressing concern.

HEARTWOOD'S REVENGE

Early in the Age of Chaos, Heartwood Glade lost Verdantia in Ghur to a Tzeentchian daemon lord. Then, with a constellation of seraphon at their side, Heartwood's clans marched upon the usurpers' kingdom and, over a bloody decade, reduced it to glittering rubble.

SONS OF BEHEMAT

Following the death of the zodiacal gargant Behemat, his last sons wandered lost across Ghyran. Wise and compassionate, the clans of Oakenbrow welcomed these powerful – if crude – allies to their lands.



REBIRTH

ALARIELLE WAS REBORN IN HER MOST WARLIKE ASPECT. AS SHE ROSE UP, HER SONG OF VENGEANCE ECHOED ACROSS THE MORTAL REALMS. THE SOULPOD GLADES SURGED WITH LIFE, BIRTHING NEW GENERATIONS OF SYLVANETH AND STRANGE FOREST SPIRITS WITH EVERY PASSING DAY. THE SCATTERED SONS OF DURTHU BEGAN TO RETURN TO THEIR QUEEN'S SIDE, AND EVERYWHERE, THE SYLVANETH STRUCK BACK WITH FRESH DETERMINATION AGAINST THE DOMINION OF CHAOS.

BEFORE THE GENESIS GATE

From atop the Starspun Coil Alarielle called a great muster, gathering Wargroves of every glade to her side. Alongside Sigmar's Stormhosts, she led this mighty army against the Genesis Gate.

THE CYCLE OF RENEWAL

As the Ironjaw warclan of Megaboss Drogg rampaged across Lunarium, Clan Vendrith of Harvestboon followed in its wake, sowing new Wyldwoods in areas razed by the hordes of destruction.

THE ANVIL GATE

One hundred Kurnoth Hunters scaled Mount Anvil, seizing the Realmgate at its peak from the verminous swarms of Clan Feesik.

OLD ALLIANCES


Despite their malcontent, the clans of Dreadwood fought alongside those of Ironbark and Oakenbrow to turn back the Poxfang Tide. With the defeat of this scourge, a stretch of the Cascading Path was purified once more, opening new tributaries throughout the Jade Kingdoms.

HUNTERS' VENGEANCE

The Mistwoods of Shae-Rahat rang to the sounds of battle as the sylvaneth Wild Hunt pursued monstrous quarry. Led by a spearhead of Kurnoth Hunters and Tree-Revenants, a muster of clans hunted the Great Unclean One Gruxulok. Cornered and outnumbered, this hated plague-bringer and his followers found themselves fighting a desperate battle in which the very landscape itself turned savagely against them.

THE WYLDWOODS RISE

Across the Mortal Realms, the sylvaneth were resurgent. With their queen in the full bloom of war, their soul was whole again. In the Stormcasts, the sylvaneth found strong allies, while the seraphon and Fyreslayers also fought in common cause with Alarielle's children. Sylvaneth numbers grew by the day, their soulpod glades knowing abundance they had not seen for many miserable seasons. Musters were staged the like of which had not been seen in centuries, and the spirit-song shivered the air. The hordes of Chaos fell back in disarray on hundreds of battlefronts before the spite and strength of the sylvaneth, for this time, Alarielle and her children would know victory.





SPIRITS OF THE FOREST





ARMIES OF THE GLADES

Sylvaneth Wargroves are powerful gatherings of Forest Folk, Noble Spirits, Free Spirits and Outcasts who fight for the Everqueen across the Mortal Realms. They comprise warriors from one or more clans, while each clan in turn belongs to one of the great glades.

Outsiders observing sylvaneth armies often believe them to be anarchic and disordered, but this could not be further from the truth. The sylvaneth obey ancient, instinctively binding social conventions, which are as clear to them as they are strange to others.

The sylvaneth race is made up of glades. The closest mortal comparison would be nations, or perhaps empires, though each glade is more like a vast extended family whose descendents are scattered in enclaves across the Mortal Realms. At least seven glades were known to exist at the time of Alarielle's rebirth, though glades dying out, springing up, or being lost and subsequently

rediscovered is not unheard of. Each glade is ruled over by one of the mighty Regents of the Glades, and possesses its own traditions, traits and culture. Oakenbrow, for example, claim to be the most ancient glade, and their ways are noble and proud. By comparison, Harvestboon is the youngest and most vibrant glade. Having sprung up during the Age of Chaos, they have known little but war and the fight for survival. No glade is superior, though they vary in size and age; all are equal in Alarielle's eyes.

Each glade is made up of a number of clans, many of which are given names like Il'leath, Tethil and Gilhead,

echoing lives and times long turned to dust. Within a particular glade, most of the clans will share certain similarities, such as the grim fatalism and pale hues of Winterleaf Glade, Gnarlroot's endless thirst for knowledge, or the strength and warrior spirit of Heartwood. Otherwise, each clan is its own distinct social and military gathering, with many occupying territorial enclaves while others travel as nomads across the realms. Just as the number of clans in a glade can vary, so is the size of the clans themselves fluid. The smallest are little more than tribal bands of Forest Folk watched over by a few Noble Spirits, while the largest are entire kingdoms in their own right.

First and most glorious amongst sylvaneth society is the **Royal Moot**. This is the court of Alarielle herself, and it comprises the Queen of the Radiant Wood and the Regents of the Glades. This mighty assemblage has gathered in person only a handful of times in all the history of the Mortal Realms. Some of the Regents are strange beings for whom travel across vast distances is not easy, and even for those who can, it is perilous to journey in such war-torn times. Thus, the Royal Moot most often meets in part, or else the Regents send to Alarielle their most trusted lieutenants to speak on their behalf. It is this assemblage that makes the most important decisions for the sylvaneth race and that enacts Alarielle's will, even if some of them resent it more than others. The Everqueen has more direct and warlike agents in the

Free Spirits. These include the Sons of Durthu and the Kurnoth Hunters, courageous forest spirits who exist outside the hierarchies of the glades and who speak with the voice of Alarielle. The Free Spirits are powerful fighters and this, coupled with their unquestioning dedication to their mother goddess, makes them indispensable warriors in the battles to retake the Mortal Realms.

Lastly, there are the shunned ones, the **Outcasts**. Cut off from all but the most violent notes of the spirit-song, these malign creatures are quite mad. They are filled with cruelty, and delight in tormenting other living beings, yet they are still sylvaneth. When war calls, these dark creatures slink from the shadows to join the fight, though they are little loved by their nobler kin.



ROYAL MOOT

Wherein the High King of Oakenbrow, the Old King of Gnarlroot, the Willowqueen of Harvestboon, the Old King of Winterleaf, the Dowager Queen of Heartwood, the Archduke of Ironbark, the Keeper of Dreadwood, and the Huntmaster of Kurnoth, or chosen representatives, gather and attend upon their mother goddess Alarielle, the Queen of the Radiant Wood.

THE FREE SPIRITS

Grown from the seeds of war, planted in the bloodsap of the courageous and the heroic, the Kurnoth Hunters and the Sons of Durthu stand ready to do the bidding of their beloved queen, and to make her will manifest across the Mortal Realms.

OAKENBROW GLADE

The ancient and the noble, the just and the good. Paragons they are, of virtue and of law, whose deeds are governed always by the solemn code of their mighty king.

GNARLROOT GLADE

Old beyond mortal thought, strange and grim in thought and deed – they care only for lore and the hidden secrets of ancient things.

HEARTWOOD GLADE

None braver are there, and none more true. Never was a name more apt, for they are the surging heartwood of their race entire.

IRONBARK GLADE

Never shall they bend, never shall they break. Like deepest root and strongest branch, they endure forevermore.

WINTERLEAF GLADE

Harsh and cold as a leafless bough, their heartwood is naught but ashes and sorrow.

DREADWOOD GLADE

Spiteful as the sharpened thorn, dark as the shadows beneath the forest's heart – fear the spirits of Dreadwood, for no mercy do they feel.

HARVESTBOON GLADE

New shoots grow the swiftest when the fires have passed, and with them grows a hope that long was lost.



ALARIELLE

Alarielle is the goddess of life, the mother of the sylvaneth race and the warrior regent of Ghyran. By her hand were the first soulpod seeds sown and the sylvaneth brought into being. The Queen of the Radiant Wood is also the foremost defender of the Realm of Life from the predations of Chaos. Alarielle's sigil is the ultimate symbol of power to the sylvaneth, and it is borne by each member of the Royal Moot alongside their own. The Free Spirits also march beneath the Everqueen's personal banner, and through their courage and might is her divine will done.



GNARLROOT

The Old King of Gnarlroot claims to have been podborn during Alarielle's first sowing, in the mists of the Age of Myth. The clans of his glade are hidebound traditionalists, deeply suspicious of new concepts and peoples. The Gnarlroot clans prize knowledge and lore above all things, and have many Ancients and Branchwyses amongst their ranks. They seek knowledge from any source, often with a determination bordering on compulsion, and so will set aside their wariness to ally themselves with mages and scholars of any race.



OAKENBROW

Oakenbrow is said to be the First Glade, whose ancestors sprang from the very first soulpods planted by Alarielle. Its noble spirits are renowned for their regal bearing and the wholesome quality of their heartwood, which imparts an innate sense of justice to all they do. The clans of Oakenbrow are many and sizeable, and they have more dealings with the other peoples of the realms than most sylvaneth. While some amongst their race – the spirits of Dreadwood and Gnarlroot in particular – resent Oakenbrow Glade for what they see as arrogance, most recognise their inherent nobility.



HEARTWOOD

The clans of Heartwood Glade are said to be the most courageous and determined of all the sylvaneth. This glade has long worshipped the hunting god Kurnoth as Alarielle's spirit-consort and equal. Since the appearance of the Kurnoth Hunters, the clans of Heartwood have made every effort to welcome them and facilitate their hidden missions if they can. When a Wild Hunt is called, many members of Heartwood heed the call, and its Wargroves have fought in some of the most savage battles of Alarielle's new war.





IRONBARK

From the earliest days, Ironbark Glade have had a strong presence in Chamon. The Ironbark clans are known for their tenacity and resilience, and are famous for weathering the most extreme of circumstances without complaint. The Noble Spirits of Ironbark excel at drawing up precious metals and ores with which to mould their weapons of war. This skill, coupled with a stubborn and taciturn demeanour, has bridged the gap between these sylvaneth and the duardin, and many strong alliances have been forged between them.



WINTERLEAF

The spirits of Winterleaf Glade are fey and melancholy, given to fatalism and introspection. Once, they lived in the most beautiful sylvaneth enclaves among light and wonder. The destruction of those enclaves hit these clans hard; no matter how the War of Life went, to them, it was already lost. Now, the Winterleaf clans surround themselves with desolation, inhabiting blasted heaths, glacial ice-fields and empty ruins. They fight not for victory, but for revenge against Chaos, and will battle alongside any who help them in this.



DREADWOOD

The other glades do not trust Dreadwood, and with good reason. Its clans are cruel, malicious and spiteful, and delight in tormenting non-sylvaneth. There was never much mercy in these sylvaneth, and the terrible centuries of the Age of Chaos have leached away the last of it. They are masters of subterfuge and trickery, and dark whispers persist that this callous and ambitious glade had some involvement in the Shrouded Time. Certainly, it cannot be denied that more Outcasts are drawn to their musters than to any other clan.



HARVESTBOON

Even the eldest of Harvestboon Glade were only podborn during the Age of Chaos. The youngest and most vibrant glade of all, they are warlike and aggressive, but full of hope. The Branchwraiths of Harvestboon clans are known for the flowing beauty and power of their songs and spellcraft, and the Willowqueen sings strongest of all. Leading her kin to one deadly conflict after another, the warrior regent seeks a future free from Chaos, and she will lead Harvestboon through any danger to win that prize.



SYLVANETH WARGROVE

Pictured here is a typical sylvaneth Wargrove, mustered to battle the enemies of the Everqueen. At the heart of this Wargrove is a sylvaneth clan, consisting of the Lords of the Clan, several Households of Noble Spirits, and multiple bands of Forest Folk under their Branchwraith leaders. Additional to this hardened core of warriors, Alarielle has sent a band of her courageous Free Spirits to aid the Wargrove in battle. As the Wargrove has mustered, it has also been joined by Outcasts, Spite-Revenants slinking from the shadows to fight at the side of their cousins.

LORDS OF THE CLAN



LOREMASTER

HEAD OF THE CLAN

GUARDIAN

HOUSEHOLD



WARRIORS OF THE NOBLE HOUSEHOLDS TETH'LAIN, ITHILINIR AND AE'NOLOTHIN

THE OUTCASTS



THE SPITE-REVENANTS GATHER FOR BATTLE, THEIR HEARTWOOD TAINTED BY MADNESS

FREE SPIRITS



A SPIRIT OF DURTHU LEADS SEVERAL ELITE BANDS OF KURNOTH HUNTERS INTO BATTLE

FOREST FOLK



BANDS OF DRYADS WHIRL AROUND THE FLANKS OF THIS WARGROVE, READY TO STRIKE FROM EVERY SIDE





OAKENBROW GLADE

The loremasters of Oakenbrow are incredibly well-versed in the arts of war. Within their ancient minds, they hold thousands of years of cumulative martial experience, allowing them to effortlessly outmanoeuvre any foe upon the field of battle.

The sylvaneth of the Oakenbrow clans are noble of aspect and regal of bearing, even the lowliest Dryads carrying themselves with poise and solemnity. This glade is one of the largest, with hundreds of clans spread across the Mortal Realms, and they have perhaps the most numerous standing musters of Noble Spirits.

This makes the High King of Oakenbrow a powerful regent indeed, and it speaks well of this vast and elder being that he is gracious and fair in his rule.

The disciplined warriors of the Oakenbrow clans favour Sigmar's Stormcasts greatly. In these storm-forged warriors, the sylvaneth see kindred spirits, brave and determined crusaders who will die before they see Chaos victorious.



WARRIORS OF THE FIRST GLADE

As the most regal and noble of the glades, the warrior spirits of Oakenbrow tend towards warm but sombre colours. While still natural in aspect, their clans often display more-regimented colour schemes than those of their fellow glades, having refined them over the ages.



Treelord Ahlenthor of Clan Nathir. The crimson hues of his foliage indicate the clan to which he belongs.



Branchwych Skrilthen of Clan Nathir



Branchwraith Niveach of Clan Nathir



It is unclear if Outcasts retain the hues of their former clan, or adopt those of the sylvaneth they fight alongside.



Dryad branchcrests add to their menacing appearance.

The power of life magic is evident in glowing blue sigils.

Many Dryads harbour tiny spites in their boughs.

The tone of barkflesh often varies between Dryads.



The Tree-Revenants of Clan Nathir are distinguished from their fellows by the golden hair and pale barkflesh that many believe echoes the appearance of the mysterious Protectors of ancient times.



Here can be seen Dryads from different Oakenbrow Clans. To the left is shown the rich orange foliage and gradiating blue-green barkflesh of Clan Erith'or. On the right is displayed the yellow-green barkflesh of Vaeldoth.



Free Spirits often adopt the hues of the clan they fight alongside.



Brown barkflesh and rich red-brown fletches reflect Clan Nathir.



This Kurnoth scythe blade was forged from the steel weapons of fallen foes.



HARVESTBOON GLADE

The spirits of Harvestboon Glade strive at all times to heal and restore the realms to life, but it would be unwise to think them peaceful. Even their Forest Folk are aggressive warriors, avatars of nature's reconquest over the dominion of Chaos. So far, there are only nine Harvestboon clans, but since Alarielle's rebirth, their numbers have been spiralling higher with breathtaking speed. New Harvestboon Wargroves are mustered daily, marching out to battle with their spirit-song full of hope.

The deeds of Harvestboon polarise the opinions of the other glades more than any other subject. Some, the Heartwood chief amongst them, see this dynamic young glade as the shape of things to come and the harbingers of Alarielle's vengeance. The more conservative Regents of the Moot are less convinced, complaining that it can only be a matter of time before the Willowqueen's clans overreach themselves and bring trouble down upon all the sylvaneth.







THE WILLOWQUEEN'S REAPERS

The Harvestboon Clans are most often seen arrayed in the light and vibrant hues of the dawning seasons. Silver-sheened barkflesh, lively green foliage, and tresses the colour of the morning sun are sylvaneth colourations seen more and more as Harvestboon multiply and spread.



Branchwych of
Clan Vendrith

This Branchwraith has
silvery-pale barkflesh.



Even those Outcasts associated with the Harvestboon
clans display the burgeoning hues of new life.



Hallendorm, wise Treelord Ancient of Harvestboon
Clan Vendrith. Note the golden-blonde foliage.



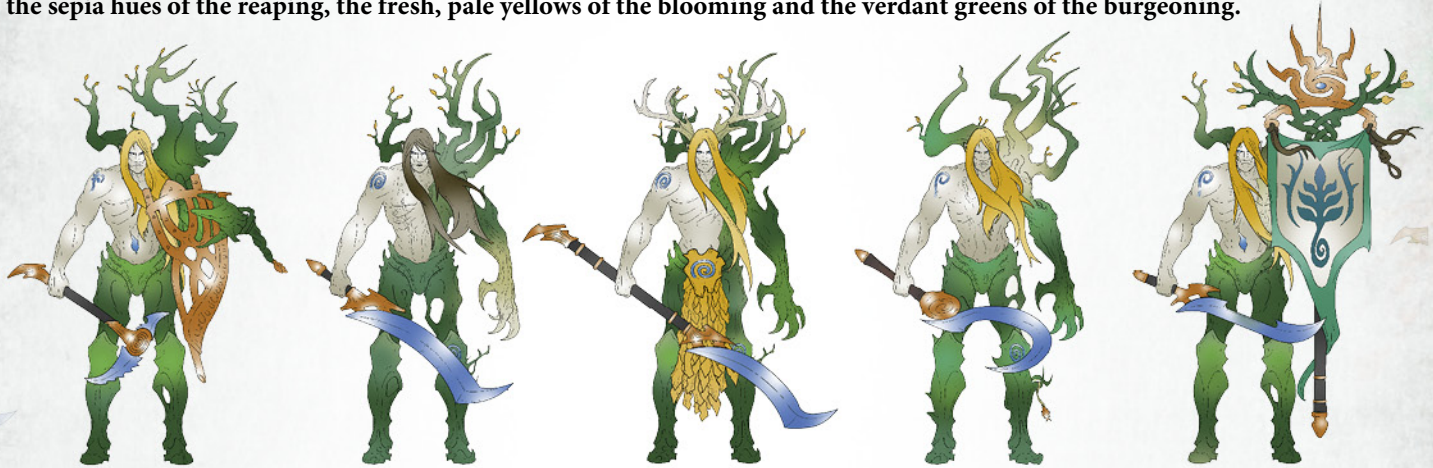
Some Harvestboon Clans have paler colouration, while
others bear vivid runes and foliage.



Left is shown the darker hues of Clan Talath'aan. Right are
the pale-to-dark contrasts of Heithedil.



The Dryads of Clan Talath'aan often vary their appearance from season to season. Note the cold shades of the dwindling, the sepia hues of the reaping, the fresh, pale yellows of the blooming and the verdant greens of the burgeoning.



The golden foliage and vivid green hues displayed by these Tree-Revenants denote their affiliation with Clan Vendrith.



This Kurnoth Hunter bears the hues of Clan Vendrith.



This Kurnoth greatbow was forged from deposits of rare ur-gold.



Many Kurnoth Hunters choose to bear the colours of Harvestboon.



SHADES OF WAR

The sylvaneth manifest a riot of natural colourations, dictated by not only glade and clan, but by the realm where their enclave is based, the season in which they live, and even the mood and mien of the sylvaneth themselves. Alarielle delights in the endless variation shown by her children.



The blades and sigils of Dreadwood's sylvaneth often glow with angry shades reflective of their embittered souls. The last thing their victims see before they are torn to shreds are red eyes gleaming menacingly in the gloom.



This Spirit of Durthu has adopted the colours of the Ironbark Clan Dar'noth.



Quiverspites mimic the colours of their masters.



A Dryad and a Tree-Revenant in the iridescent hues of the Ironbark Clans



Kurnoth Hunter bearing Ironbark colouration



Here can be seen the ruddy-hued barkflesh and shimmering green sigils of a Gnarlroot clan.



The Winterleaf clans manifest cold, pale colours upon their barkflesh, while many have foliage of icy blue. These colours are matched by the bitter green of their sigils, and the cold light of hatred in their eyes.



The brave and selfless warriors of the Heartwood clans tend towards fulsome green foliage and glittering sky-blue sigils.



WARRIORS OF THE RADIANT WOOD







ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN

Mantled in the finery of nature at its most wrathful, Alarielle is both creator and destroyer. Even as she harvests the lives of her foes, the goddess sows seeds of new sylvaneth across the battlefield.

Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood, is an ancient and powerful being. She is the goddess of life magic, her powers tied intrinsically to the flowing energies of Ghyrán. As with all living things, Alarielle is a creature of cycles and seasons, of ebb, flow and adaptation. As time slips by, her aspect changes. The lithe and sudden energy of new bloom gives way to the warm and mellow contemplation of moonharvest, or the coldness and fey melancholy of waning. Of the latter, Alarielle has had more than her fill. She revels now in the power of her warlike aspect, the fiery and thunderous countenance of the reaping season. Alarielle's beauty in this persona is a terrible thing to behold, shattering the hearts of all who see her and filling her enemies with mortal terror. This Alarielle is strong as a mighty oak, and her heartwood burns with rage and passion. She is a source of strength and courage to her children, who march to war in the shadow of their mother and know that she watches over them with fierce pride.

Since her new bloom, the Queen of the Radiant Wood has moved as swiftly as a river in flood. The years she wasted in melancholy have been cast aside, a burden of missed opportunities and senseless defeats for which she burns to atone. Her need for vengeance presses

close to the surface, and her mood veers between kindness and wrath. For Alarielle, the time of misdirection, hiding and surrender is done. Now is the season of reconquest, and she will march out to meet it head-on.

Alarielle goes to war atop an immense spite known as a wardroth beetle. This living battering ram crushes all before it and fights with incredible loyalty to defend its queen. Whenever Alarielle takes to the air upon her fronded wings, her lumbering steed shatters into a million swirling fireflies. These flow through the air around the Everqueen before solidifying once more as her feet touch down upon its back. From the shell of this monstrous creature hang soul amphorae. Within these glittering vessels swirl magical pollens that can bring forth new sylvaneth from the ground or choke the life from the enemy. Even Alarielle's weapons embody the cycle of blooming, reaping and withering. The Spear of Kurnoth projects raking blasts of energy, even as the Talon of the Dwindling drains the life from Alarielle's foes and reduces them to gnarled husks. Such is the nature of the Everqueen, who sees all as flows of energy within the weave of reality, and whose cruelty and spite towards her enemies is matched only by the courage she instils in her allies.



NOBLE SPIRITS

TREELORDS AND TREELORD ANCIENTS

The Treelords and Treelord Ancients are the leaders of their people, both in peace and in war. They are the lore-keepers and the commanders, the nobles who guide the sylvaneth in combat and use their monstrous strength to smash enemy battle lines asunder.

Treelords and Treelord Ancients are incredibly wise, powerful and long-lived beings. They are foremost amongst the Noble Spirits, fulfilling roles such as clan lords, loremasters, royal guards and captains of the Household. These are titles that echo down from memories of past generations, and the Treelords instinctively comprehend their significance and duties. These beings are beloved of all sylvaneth, so much so that swarms of spites often infest their branches and craggy hides.

Treelords and Ancients are suffused with life magic. It sings through their bodies and illuminates their souls with wisdom and compassion. When roused to wrath they are deadly, the surging wellspring of energy in their heartwood fuelling violent acts as easily as it does deeds of nurturing and nobility. Even a single Treelord can turn the course of a battle, roaring with fury as it stomps inexorably through the enemy's ranks, smashing and tearing all that stand before it. Even the high walls of the Chaos Dreadholds are no defence against such beings, for with crushing talon and burrowing root they can bring down the staunchest bastions.

The raw life magics flowing through these huge beings are such that their

connection to the spirit-song is especially strong. Most Noble Spirits can travel along the spirit paths, also called realmroots, for only short distances – usually no further than they can see, hear or smell. The most powerful Treelords and Ancients can sometimes cross greater areas in this way, and there are tales of exceptional individuals, such as Thelphenil of House Ith'laer or Nuurnil the Wanderer, striding many leagues in the blink of an eye.

Treelords and Ancients can usually project and perceive the spirit-song across great distances. They commune with one another in streams of colour and sensation, coordinating strategy and conveying messages between enclaves sometimes hundreds of miles apart. Yet as powerful as they are, even Treelords cannot project their song between realms. That gift is Alarielle's alone.



Treelord Ancients are the rulers of the sylvaneth enclaves. Amongst the sylvaneth, there are few qualities as respected as age and wisdom, and the Ancients possess both in great measure. It is for this reason that Alarielle entrusts them with the governance of her children, and it is to the credit of the Treelord Ancients that they have rarely steered their people wrong.

The Ancients are also the foremost mystics of their people, gifted in the use of life magic. In battle, they send tangling masses of roots and thorns to tear enemies apart, they shield their allies with whirling barriers of wind and twining vines, and even conjure up Wyldwoods from the realmroots far below. As they hurl their magics and lay about themselves with root and stave, the Ancients commit every detail to memory. Even in the direst of circumstances, the Ancients are able to keep some part of their minds serene, taking in every nuance of the events around them. They know the face and name of every spirit that follows them into battle, and weave into their memories every aspect and echo of their enemies. They do this to better preserve their recollections within their lamentiri, so that they can be passed to later generations. Those memories can also be recalled at will with absolute



clarity, allowing Ancients access to centuries of strategic insight.

Treelords are often seen by the Ancients as youthful and impulsive, though even the youngest of their number has likely endured many mortal lifetimes. The Treelords are the boughmasters and strongbranches of the Ancients, arbiters of their will and protectors of their people. Treelords are warlike beings and dynamic leaders in the battle against Chaos. Each combines the skill and discipline of a born warrior with the strength and resilience of a walking siege tower. They burrow their strangleroots through rock and soil to tear their enemies apart, all the while booming forth the song of war to perfectly coordinate their followers upon the battlefield.

Treelords are the Noble Spirits who most personify the traits and peculiarities of their glades. Treelords of the Harvestboon clans, for example, are lithe and passionate beings, quick to wrath but also to mirth. By comparison, the Treelords of Ironbark Glade are stubborn beyond reason, and many glitter with seams of metallic minerals lacing through their living bodies. There are few who trust the sharp-taloned Treelords of the Dreadwood clans; these spirits are noble in name only, favouring duplicity and cruelty to achieve their aims. By comparison, the Treelords of Oakenbrow are the most regal of creatures, and they are just and exceptionally wise in both counsel and deed.





NOBLE SPIRITS

BRANCHWYCHES AND TREE-REVENANTS

Disciplined bands of Tree-Revenants glide serenely into battle, their every motion fast and graceful as they ply their enchanted blades against the foe. In their midst, Branchwyches hiss vehement curses while cutting down the enemy with arcing swings of their greenwood scythes.

The sylvaneth equivalent to a standing army is a Household. Typically, each clan has three such bodies of soldiery, though the largest and most prominent clans – sometimes referred to as the root clans – can field many more. By comparison, the smallest clans – or branch clans – may have as little as a single Household to enforce their will.

Households comprise multiple bands of Tree-Revenants, each one led into battle by a Branchwych and a Treelord. Their duties range widely, from patrolling an enclave's borders and garrisoning its defences, to reconquering places of power and crushing the armies of those who would do the sylvaneth harm.

Whatever their mission, the warriors of a Household fight with unnerving determination and skill, showing absolutely no mercy to their enemies.

To the Household spirits, duty and custom are all. Though the specifics vary from clan to clan – even from Household to Household – these warriors observe all manner of strange rites and rituals before, after and even during battle. Many are invisible exchanges of song or verse, but others, like the Walk of Blades or the Seven Cuts, are strange and unnerving to witness.

The spirits of a Household put great store in the defence of those places their glade considers sacred, and will slaughter invaders and trespassers with sudden ferocity. Those who harm a clan's Forest Folk are treated the same, for the warriors of the Household are utterly dedicated to the defence of their Dryads.

Branchwyches are druidic figures, practitioners of life magic and protectors of their clans' soulpod glades. The Branchwyches also bear the sombre responsibility of harvesting the fallen lamentiri of their Noble Spirits after a battle has ended. These they gather with swings of their





scythes, bearing them back to the soulpod groves so that they may be planted anew in sacred soil. This is a vital part of the sylvaneth life cycle, and a duty that the Branchwyches will go to any lengths to see done.

Branchwyches are greatly respected by their people for their abilities as martial commanders and sorcerous advisors. This is well, for many of these beings have infamously short tempers and are ferocious when roused to anger. Only spite seems immune to the Branchwyches' ire – the odd creatures can do no wrong in the Branchwyches' eyes, and they flock to aid their matriarchal protectors when battle is joined. The most faithful of these companions are the bittergrubs, large caterpillar-like creatures that ride happily upon the Branchwyches' shoulders, and savagely attack her foes if any come near enough. When a bittergrub has fed on enough of its victims' flesh and blood, it metamorphoses, hardening over many days into an emerald cocoon before splitting open to disgorge a shimmering cloud of silver pollen that rejuvenates even the most befouled and corrupted ground.

**'Die thee, plaguespawn!
Rotfinger! Viletouch! Squirm
thy last! The sylvaneth kindled
beauty in these lands you have
befoul'd, and by my scythe, so
we shall again.'**

*- Branchwych Astylia at the
Battle of the Oozing Dell*



The Tree-Revenants affect a sombre aspect, as befits the warrior caste of their people. It is said that their appearance echoes the Protectors of ancient days, their features flowing and strangely delicate, their smooth-barked limbs ending in hands that wield elegant, enchanted blades. Everything the Tree-Revenants do, from their selfless defence of the Forest Folk to the strokes and swirls of their eerie fighting style, is intended to uphold and strengthen the memory of those beings. They even bear worm-silk banners into battle, rallying around these woodland icons like the Protectors of old are said to have done.

Though they fight in a regimented fashion, and form the core of the sylvaneth battle line, this does not mean that bands of Tree-Revenants simply advance stolidly into the teeth of an enemy army. Wherever possible, Tree-Revenants prefer to use the spirit paths to arrive in battle, coursing along the realmroots from one Wyldwood to the next. Such tactics not only allow the Tree-Revenants to outflank or evade their enemies at the speed of thought, they are also extremely disconcerting for their foes. Few sights are as frightening as these fey spirits flickering through the trees with murder in their eyes.



FOREST FOLK

BRANCHWRAITHS AND DRYADS

For centuries, the Forest Folk have fought against the rapacious hordes of Chaos, striking from ambush and tearing their oppressors apart before vanishing back into the wilds. There is little that is gentle or kind left in these beings now, for war has hardened them and filled them with anger.



By far the most numerous and widespread sylvaneth are the Forest Folk. These are the tribal bands of Dryads that make up the bulk of every clan, along with the Branchwraiths who act as their chieftains and spiritual guides.

During the Age of Myth, it was rare for the Forest Folk to be called upon to fight. The realms were wild and often dangerous, but they presented few hazards that the noble Households could not hold at bay. When the darkness of the Age of Chaos descended, everything changed. Those Forest Folk temperamentally or physically incapable of fighting back against the invaders were soon reduced to hacked and splintered corpsewood.

For the rest, life became a constant battle to hide, to flee, to live. Day by day, the joy and cheer was driven out of the Forest Folk, replaced by bitterness and hate for those who had despoiled their paradise. As the years ground by, the Forest Folk became adept at surviving on their own and at fighting back against their oppressors. Gentle hands transformed into jagged talons. Pale eyes burned with a hunger and bitterness that they had not known since the days before myth. War made killers of the Forest Folk whether

SPITES AND THE SYLVANETH

Spites are magical imps that spring up around any concentration of Alarielle's children. Their forms are diverse, from tiny humanoids and insect-like creatures to vast, hulking monsters. Some seem irascible, others whimsical, others cruel or wise, foolish or enigmatic. Many spites are able to conjure magical cantrips. Some spit, bite or sting with an array of venoms, while others fight with tiny weapons or tangle victims in binding thorns. All these talents are turned to the assistance of the sylvaneth, to their great benefit, while in return, the clans indulge the spites in their nonsense and playfulness, and protect them from harm.



they wished it or not, and these now insular and mistrustful creatures excel in stalking and ambushing their enemies. While they will never have the discipline and martial skill of the Noble Spirits, the Forest Folk have become warlike, frightening creatures and they can be especially deadly in large numbers or amidst the tangled boughs of the Wyldwoods.

Branchwraiths lead all but the most wayward or unfortunate enclaves of Forest Folk. They are matriarchal authority figures and spiritual warrior chieftains who curb the wild instincts of the more fey and whimsical of their followers, striving constantly to ensure the survival and well-being of their Dryad kin.

Branchwraiths are powerful forest spirits, and many are gnarled by centuries of warfare and unflinching pragmatism. The Branchwraiths carry within their heartwood an echo of the Noble Spirits' greatness and, though they do not bear lamentiri, they still comprehend the importance of their place to their people. It is the Branchwraiths who most clearly hear and project the spirit-song amongst the Forest Folk, and they who ensure that, when the song of war is sung once more, their Dryad bands join the muster.

Natural currents of life magic suffuse the Branchwraiths. They channel this surging energy into coiling blasts of thorned destruction to tear apart their enemies, or as a harmonic resonance to coordinate, protect and summon forth their Dryad followers.

The Dryads themselves are a wild force of nature, flighty and impulsive creatures whose minds whirl with mercurial thoughts and emotions. They do not think in terms of grand strategy or military manoeuvre. Instead, they fight with unrestrained ferocity, spinning and lashing at the enemy like a storm. Their vicious talons are as sharp as any blade and are capable of punching straight through Chaos-wrought armour plates to rend the flesh beneath. Dryads are surprisingly resilient for such willowy-looking beings, their tough, bark-like hide shrugging off blows that would normally fell an armoured man. As they fight, the Dryads sing keening

dirges of loss and fury that tear at mortal senses like vicious thorns, confounding and distracting their prey.

There are some Noble Spirits, especially from amongst the more elitist root clans, who look down upon the Dryads and see them as beings possessed of fleeting attention spans and petty concerns, although others believe such arrogance is unfair and unfounded. The Dryads fight hard in the ongoing war against the invaders of the realms, and though they rarely look far ahead, they care deeply about their cause and, if anything, the immediacy of their thoughts brings them closer to the urgency of their mother goddess.







FREE SPIRITS

THE SONS OF DURTHU

The Queen of the Radiant Wood is a fearsome warrior, but even a goddess requires devoted protectors about her when the enemy press close. The Sons of Durthu serve Alarielle in this, acting as fearless bodyguards and champions of her will.

A Spirit of Durthu is similar in aspect to a Treelord, but can be distinguished by the flickering energies that dance within its body and the guardian sword it wields in battle. Each Spirit of Durthu is a mighty warrior, and since time immemorial, Alarielle has formed them into her personal bodyguard, which she dubs the Sons of Durthu.

The Sons are tight-knit rootbrothers, podborn as echoes of the ancient and heroic ancestor after whom they are named. Their minds are full of the knowledge of battle, while their heartwood is infused with a sense of nobility, duty and determination that makes them perfect bodyguards. Every Son of Durthu is instinctively bonded to his brothers on a level so deep it is almost like a shared consciousness. Spirits of Durthu are intrinsically good beings, but their loyalty belongs absolutely to Alarielle. They follow her every command with selfless determination, and would gladly cut down friend and foe alike were it necessary to protect the Everqueen from harm.

Spirits of Durthu are not mindless servants. Rather, the wisdom and lore that sings within them makes them ideal advisors to Alarielle. They act as her conscience, her warlords, and the

agents of her will. The Sons of Durthu speak with Alarielle's voice, bearing her authority amongst other sylvaneth and exercising it when they must.

Alarielle has not always listened to her bodyguards, and at times they have caused her great displeasure. The worst such occasion was during the darkest days of the Age of Chaos, in the years before Alarielle's retreat to Athelwyrd. No one knows what caused the Everqueen to fly into a rage with her protectors, but rage she did, and with terrible curses, she banished the Sons of Durthu from her lands. Dismayed

but duty bound, the Sons left their queen in a terrible exodus known as the Splintering, and scattered across the Mortal Realms. Some fell into a state of miserable hibernation, while others sought final death in battle rather than face their sorrow. Most wandered far, battling evil wherever it could be found and hoping that their mother would one day call them back. Summoning them was Alarielle's first act upon her rebirth, and most of her lost protectors have answered her call. They quest back across the realms even now, more returning to Alarielle's side with every passing day.

Dollenthal let loose a bone-shattering roar as he swung his mighty blade through the enemy ranks. Broken orruk corpses sailed through the air, flung away by the Spirit of Durthu's titanic swing. To his left and right, Oadenwul and Maesleir were fighting just as furiously, stamping, kicking and smashing enemies into bloody paste. Not a single orruk would get past them to defile the Lifewell Clearing. His brothers fought as he did, thought Dollenthal, with the legend of Durthu at the forefront of their minds. That mythic figure had been a loyal companion to the Everqueen in the days before days, and her faithful warrior unto the ending of the world. He was the strength behind Dollenthal's every mighty swing, as he was to all the Sons of Durthu – they strove always to be worthy of his name and prove that they deserved to bear his mantle. With every orruk he crushed, smashed or sliced apart, Dollenthal reflected upon the fact that, though none knew what had become of their ancestor, every Spirit of Durthu held themselves accountable to his judgement. They would not be found wanting.



FREE SPIRITS

KURNOTH HUNTERS

Kurnoth is one of the few deities the sylvaneth worship alongside Alarielle herself. He represents nature's wildness and hunger, a god of the hunt who some believe to be Alarielle's soul-consort. The Kurnoth Hunters are living embodiments of his wrath.

Hulking warriors nearly twice the size of a Dryad, the Kurnoth Hunters are the speartip of Alarielle's new war. They have emerged from the soulpod groves only since Alarielle took up the Spear of Kurnoth, and thus the hunters are a relatively recent addition to the sylvaneth ranks. Masters of sword, bow and scythe, they are strong enough to tear a Chaos warrior in two and tough enough to shrug off dragon-fire. The Kurnoth Hunters are agile and skilful fighters with a grace that seems almost supernatural in beings so large and powerful.

Travelling in small bands, the Kurnoth Hunters range ahead of Alarielle's Wargroves. Some sorcery of their mother goddess lends speed and subtlety to their movements, allowing them to pass undetected through all but the most heavily guarded terrain. Then, they watch the enemy's movements with infinite patience before choosing the perfect moment to strike.

When they fight, the Kurnoth Hunters show none of the capricious whimsy of some of their kin. They always have a purpose, a mission, and a carefully

considered method. Calm as an ancient oak, certain as the seasons turn, the Kurnoth Hunters lure their victims into traps and strike swiftly from ambushes.

The Kurnoth Hunters are not only exceptional scouts, but also serve as the Everqueen's executioners. Should an enemy war leader be deemed too dangerous to live, or some perpetrator of great misery against the sylvaneth be found, the Kurnoth Hunters have their queen's dispensation to call the Wild Hunt. At such times, all sylvaneth are compelled to lend their strength to the



Hunters' quest and will not rest until their prey has been cornered and slain.

Though taciturn and strange, even by sylvaneth standards, the Kurnoth Hunters are deeply focussed beings through whom the spirit-song reverberates in full force. They venerate their living goddess and devote themselves utterly to her will. They also give praise to their soulfather, the Hunter God Kurnoth, and dedicate those slain in battle as sacrifices upon his altar. Across the Mortal Realms, many sylvaneth observe rites to minor deities and demigods of cycles and seasons, but their overt worship of another deity leads some to mistrust the Kurnoth Hunters. Alarielle vouches for her most warlike sons, and this is enough for most, but there are still those who watch the newcomers warily, despite all their great victories against the forces of Chaos.

The Huntmaster of Kurnoth has only recently taken his place in the Royal Moot. His role is nuanced and difficult for non-sylvaneth to fully comprehend, but sits somewhere between captain of the guard, martial advisor, high priest of Kurnoth and the queen's spy master. In keeping with this, the Huntmaster himself is a figure veiled in mystery and misdirection.

At any given meeting of the Moot, a single Kurnoth Hunter will attend, purporting to be the Huntmaster. None but Alarielle is truly sure if this representative is who he claims to be, whether he is in fact just a chosen representative of his master, or whether the Huntmaster actually possesses the bodies of his followers. Some even claim that the Huntmaster of Kurnoth is the embodiment of Kurnoth himself, an avatar of the predator god given form.

Either way, the Royal Huntmaster has total authority over the rest of the Kurnoth Hunters, coordinating them in a hidden scheme that only the Everqueen knows. Some amongst the Regents have expressed deep concerns at how much this enigmatic being has been within Alarielle's counsel since her rebirth. The keeper of Dreadwood has been particularly vocal in his malcontent, grumbling that no mysterious upstart should be more trusted by Alarielle than her ever-devoted and loyal Regents.



THE OUTCASTS

SPITE-REVENANTS AND DRYCHA HAMADRETH

Hissing and shrieking, the Outcasts surge from the shadows of the Wyldwoods and fall upon their victims with malicious savagery. Darkness twines around these terrible creatures, and many enemies flee screaming rather than battle such nightmares.

The sylvaneth have long speculated about the origins of the Outcasts. They are of the sylvaneth yet not, a dark reflection of Alarielle's otherwise vibrant children. Perhaps they were spites who tried to become sylvaneth and became something monstrous instead? Maybe they are the product of soulpods growing in tainted soil? Many

believe that the Outcasts are sylvaneth who gave in to despair or broke an oath to Alarielle. All agree that the first of the Outcasts appeared in the wake of the Shrouded Season, that sinister time of forgetting into which even the eldest sylvaneth cannot cast their minds. What can have occurred, they wonder, that was so awful it compelled Alarielle

to shield her children behind a veil of forgetfulness, and to bear the burden of memory alone? None can say, but all sylvaneth are filled with disquiet when they think upon such things. Most frightening of all is that, even now, none know where new Outcasts come from.

The Outcasts inhabit wild places soured by bitterness and malice. These twisted spirits are quite mad, for they are cut off from all but the darkest harmonies of the spirit-song. Their minds exist in a terrible void, though whether this is a symptom of their condition or its cause is unclear. The Outcasts perceive only the song of war, and thus interact with their uncorrupted kin only when the sylvaneth muster for battle. Even then, the Outcasts stand apart from the clans, a situation that Alarielle's untainted children strive to maintain. After all, no one is really sure whether the Outcasts' madness is contagious...

Spite-Revenants gather to the muster in numbers that echo the noble Households. These terrible creatures hurl themselves into battle, dancing wildly through the enemy ranks with talons slashing and fangs bared. The fires of madness burn in their eyes, and the shadows churn and flicker weirdly all about them. Where Dryads sing a





war dirge in battle, Spite-Revenants scream a sawing, nerve-shredding cacophony of horror and hate fit to drive mortal minds beyond the brink of sanity. They drench themselves in the blood of the foe, perpetrating acts of murderous butchery that shock even the bitterest sylvaneth.

Only one twisted in mind and soul would seek the company of such horrors, yet Drycha Hamadreth has named herself their Regent. It is said that Drycha is a truly ancient spirit who fought in the wars at the end of the world-that-was. Many say she failed Alarielle at that time. Certainly, it was not until the darkest days of the Age of Chaos that the Everqueen relented and planted Drycha's soulseed, releasing the Branchwraith from her millennial limbo. In truth, Alarielle feared the damage that Drycha's firebrand madness might do and the horrors she might wreak. The Everqueen worried also that Drycha's was a necessary darkness, and that by keeping her imprisoned, the mother had somehow weakened her children.

Alarielle planted her barbed seed in the hateful chasm known as the Hamadrithil. There dwelt an ancient and malicious sentience that Alarielle hoped would make Drycha strong. The Everqueen got her wish and more. What burst from the rift was no mere Branchwraith. Drycha Hamadreth walked in a body of twisted vines and gnarled thorn-root, the embodiment of the Hamadrithil's malice given form. Ever torn between rage and depression, Drycha's bitter soul drew deadly spites to infest her form. The flitterfuries



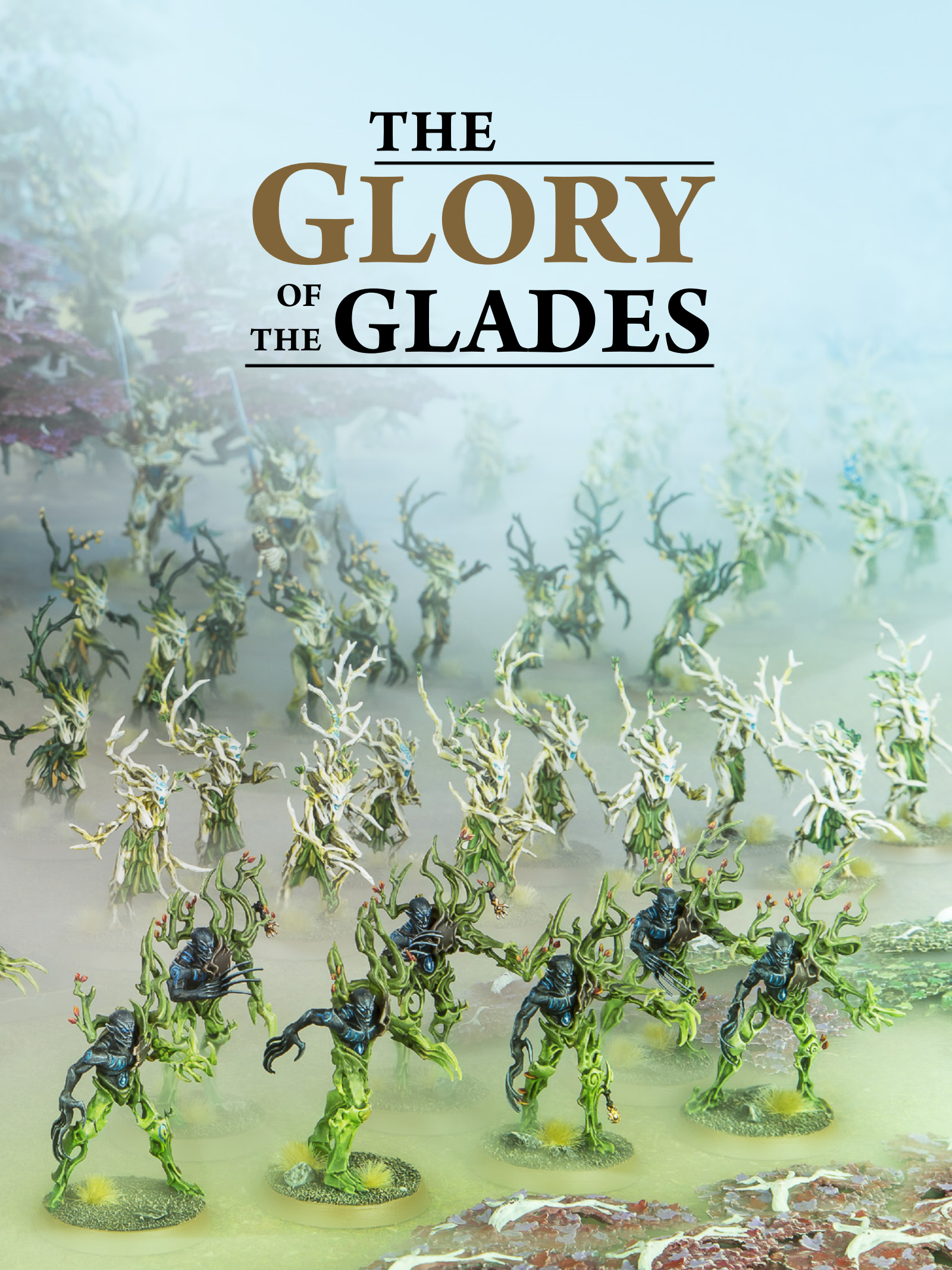
came to bask in the heat of Drycha's rage, while the squirmings suckled at her sorrow.

Drycha sang her own song, a discordant dirge of hatred for all those not of the sylvaneth, and she drew the Outcasts to her in great number, along with other disaffected clans besides. Drycha's host was uncontrollable, a force of nature's wrath that ripped through the allies of the sylvaneth as readily as their enemies. Unable to command her wayward daughter, but unwilling to destroy her, Alarielle was forced to name Drycha an Outcast herself. This seems only to have strengthened Drycha's resolve, for she

rules the other Outcasts as a twisted queen in the place of their estranged mother. Drycha herself remains an agent of anarchy and destruction, though she retains a grudging loyalty to her mother goddess. She draws no distinction between orruk and Stormcast, gor-kin and duardin, in her battles. Sometimes she fights at the head of Wargroves, other times alone or even at the side of those flesh-and-blood beings she hates, providing that to do so furthers her genocidal aims. Drycha seeks only the total dominion of the sylvaneth over the Mortal Realms, and she will fight however and wherever she feels she must until that end is achieved.



THE GLORY OF THE GLADES











Kurnoth Hunters armed with Kurnoth Greatbows loose volleys of huge arrows into their foes.



Wielding their Kurnoth Greatswords and Scythes, the Kurnoth Hunters lead the Oakenbrow charge.



Shimmering with ethereal magnificence, the Tree-Revenants lead the Noble Spirits of the Household to war.



A keening Branchwraith leads a band of lithe-limbed Dryads through the Wyldwoods and into battle.







None can stand against the expertly wielded blades of the Tree-Revenants of Harvestboon.





Drycha Hamadreth is an unstoppable destroyer, screaming with hatred as she rips her way through the foe.





Alarielle the Everqueen on Wardroth Beetle



Kurnoth Hunter



Kurnoth Huntmaster



Kurnoth Hunter



Tree-Revenant Scion



Glade Banner Bearer



Tree-Revenant with Waypipes

'EAVY METAL



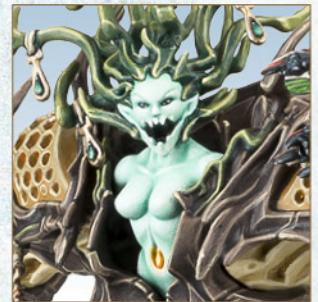
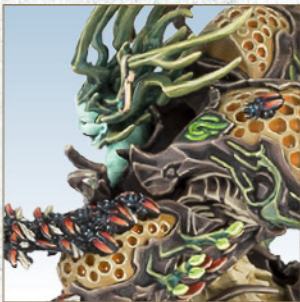
Spite-Revenant



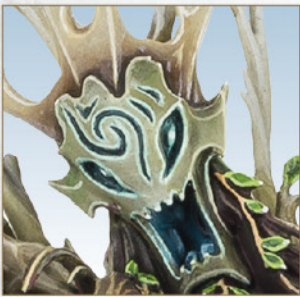
Shadestalker



Spite-Revenant



Drycha Hamadreth



Treelord Ancient



Branchwych



Dryads



THE **SEASON** OF REAPING





TO PURGE THE TAINT

For the first time in centuries, the sylvaneth were truly on the offensive. No longer were they restricted to localised counter-attacks or pyrrhic acts of defiance. Across every Mortal Realm, the children of Alarielle were striking back in numbers not seen for many long and terrible seasons.

For hundreds of years, the sylvaneth were forced to endure a long, slow retreat. They waned in the cold shadow of Chaos, watching as all they held sacred was taken from them and despoiled. The sylvaneth were tied more closely to the natural energies of the Mortal Realms than any other beings, and so they suffered worst of all as those flows and cycles were corrupted by Chaos. As a people, the sylvaneth were wounded deeply, scarred in heart and soul, and pushed close to the abyss of annihilation. And then, in their darkest hour, Alarielle was reborn.

As the goddess came forth in new bloom, so did her race, sylvaneth populations now flourishing within their scattered enclaves. Like a dry river bed suddenly bursting its banks with floodwaters, the sylvaneth surged out upon the attack once more. Though their strength was bolstered and their hope renewed, the wounds of bitterness and shame remained. Alarielle and her children knew a depth of anger and hatred that they had never felt before. Like a wildfire raging through a drought-dry forest, it was a conflagration that would annihilate anything in its path.

Alarielle's plan of reconquest was simple, and as her song of rebirth echoed out across the Mortal Realms, it filled the thoughts of her children. The Realmgates must be seized and taken back from the invaders who had claimed them, for only in this way could the scattered enclaves of sylvaneth reunite and Nurgle's route into the Realm of Life be sealed. At the same time, the sylvaneth aimed to reclaim their places of power. At these confluences of life energy, the seeds of hope waited to send up fresh shoots. The sylvaneth had but to cleanse the land to restore their great wonders.



Even resurgent, Alarielle's children could not win this fight alone. Their numbers grew daily, but even their most populous enclaves were still islands adrift in an endless sea of foes. If they should overreach themselves, they would soon see their remaining soulpod groves in flames.

So Alarielle renewed her old alliance with Sigmar, putting aside, for now, any lingering anger she felt towards his Stormcasts for their role in the demise of Athelwyrd. She also commanded her children to fight alongside the Fyreslayers of Grimnir and the celestial hosts of the seraphon wherever they found common cause. She even gave leave for the sylvaneth to march to war alongside the servants of Nagash or the crude children of Gorkamorka where necessary, thus resurrecting a pale ghost of the once-grand alliance.



The Greenwood Scythe of Leichthair, a Branchwyth of Oakenbrow Glade.

The allegiance of the sylvaneth was not given unconditionally. Alarielle's children would be nobody's pawns, and would fight for their own ends. If healing the land meant tearing down fortifications that their allies would prefer be left standing, then those walls would be cast down. If the sylvaneth ability to defend their soulpod groves was jeopardised by losses then they would fade away, preserving their own lives even if it meant abandoning allies to a desperate fate. Alarielle and her children saw the ebb and flow of the tides of life, not each individual mortal existence within them. They respected the natural order of cycles and seasons, not the artificially imposed laws of mortal beings. Though seemingly capricious and inconstant, the sylvaneth were mighty allies, and as their Wargroves marched out to battle, few could stand in their way.

TIME OF WAR

The places of power are a remnant of the Age of Myth, when the sylvaneth had spread their enclaves across the breadth of the Mortal Realms. Although most of their glorious structures have been razed to the ground or desecrated by the forces of Chaos, their roots still linger beneath the surface...

PLACES OF POWER

When deciding which realm a battle takes place in, you can also decide that it will take place at the site of one of the places of power, so long as one of the armies contains any SYLVANETH units. If you do, the following rules apply.

FALLEN TO CHAOS

Wherever the sylvaneth go, whatever their mission, they are always seeking the places of power, now buried

beneath the detritus of war and conquest. As Alarielle's kin approach, the spirit-song growing louder with each step, green shoots break the ground for the first time in aeons.

At the start of the game, roll a dice, subtracting 1 from the result if there are any CHAOS units on the battlefield (to a minimum of 0). This is the current level of awakening – keep a running total of it as the battle progresses.

At the start of each battle round, after determining which player will take the first turn, consult the table below to see the awakening's effect on the battle. Then, roll a dice as long as there is at least one SYLVANETH unit on the battlefield. Add the roll to the current level of awakening.



Awakening	Effect	Awakening	Effect
0-3	The Agony of Loss: The place of power shows no sign of waking, and the area thrums with the hurtful power of Chaos. Roll a dice for each SYLVANETH unit on the battlefield. On a result of 1, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.	15-19	Life Flourishes: Across the battlefield, the ground shakes and foundations crack as saplings grow tall and broad, their roots spreading wide. The player with the most SYLVANETH units on the battlefield can set up a Sylvaneth Wyldwood anywhere that is at least 1" from any other models. Then, roll a dice for each wounded SYLVANETH model on the battlefield; on a 5 or 6, that model heals a wound.
4-8	The First Shoots: Deep beneath the ground, ancient roots have begun to stir. However, this place has been too long devoid of the spirit-song, and it will take time to reverse the damage that has been done. There is no effect... yet.	20+	The Woods Awakened: The sylvaneth are exultant, the spirit-song resounding among the trees as the place of power is returned to its former glory. All SYLVANETH models have +1 Bravery. The player with the most SYLVANETH units on the battlefield can set up a Sylvaneth Wyldwood anywhere that is at least 1" from any other models. Then, roll a dice for each wounded SYLVANETH model on the battlefield; on 4, 5 or 6, that model heals a wound.
9-14	Life Emerges: The spirit-song swells as green boughs begin to sprout from the surface, bringing with them a wellspring of energy that is a source of succour for Alarielle's kin. Roll a dice for each wounded SYLVANETH model on the battlefield; on a 6, that model heals a wound.		



FOUL CORRUPTION

While the sylvaneth make every effort to reawaken the places of power, the followers of the Dark Gods will do anything to stop them. While fighting in the places of power, CHAOS WIZARDS know the Corrupt the Land spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

CORRUPT THE LAND

Corrupt the Land has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, decrease the awakening level by 1, or by D3 if the result of the casting roll was 8 or more.

RITE OF AWAKENING

Among the ranks of the sylvaneth, there are a chosen few who know the spirit-song of old, the one which flowed across the realms before the places of power fell. While fighting in the places of power, SYLVANETH WIZARDS know the Rite of Awakening spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

RITE OF AWAKENING

Rite of Awakening has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, increase the awakening level by 1, or by D3 if the caster is within 10" of any Sylvaneth Wyldwoods.



PLACES OF POWER TRIUMPHS

If you win a **major victory** in a battle amid the places of power, you can roll on the following table instead of the Triumph table on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet in your next battle.

D6 Reward

- 1 **Wyldseed:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to carry the wyldseed. They can throw it once during the battle, in your hero phase. Set up a Sylvaneth Wyldwood so that it is entirely within 15" of the thrower, and not within 1" of any other models. Then, roll a dice for each of your wounded models that is within 5" of the Wyldwood. On a 4 or more (2 or more, if it is a SYLVANETH model), it heals D3 wounds.
- 2 **Thistlebarb:** Pick a unit in your army to be accompanied to battle by this spite. Once during the battle, at the start of your combat phase, that unit can call upon its power, rendering the enemy's armour useless against its weapons. Until the end of the phase, your opponent must subtract 1 from any save rolls made against this unit's attacks.
- 3 **Spiritwalker:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to be a spiritwalker. Once during the battle, in your hero phase, they can walk the spirit paths, or enable another unit within 5" to do the same. Remove the **HERO** (or unit) from the battlefield, then set them up within 3" of either an edge of the battlefield or a Sylvaneth Wyldwood. They cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.
- 4 **Soulboon:** Your general has been marked by the spirits of the lost glades and infused with their vital energies. Once during the battle, in your hero phase, they can call upon this power to heal D3 wounds.
- 5 **Flitterfright:** Once during the battle, after your opponent has rolled the dice when taking a battleshock test, but before any of their models are removed from play, you can declare that this horrific spite will leap out of the shadows and terrify them. Your opponent must roll two more dice, and use the highest result out of the three (including the one they have already rolled) to determine the result of the battleshock test.
- 6 **Witherhusk:** Pick a **WIZARD** in your army to bear the witherhusk. You can unleash its power once during the battle, at the end of any combat phase. Each enemy unit that is within 6" of the bearer suffers D3 mortal wounds as their hearts begin to wither in their chests.



ATOP THE GREATSTUMP

In Thornfallow, the mountain-like Greatstump rose to the fire-touched heavens. Within its hollow crown the Peakwood grew, the last remnants of a beautiful sylvaneth enclave much coveted by Nurgle. Yet the Plague God would find that his prize was not so easy to seize.

When Plaguelord Glurbchrot led his diseased horde up the winding stair set onto the Greatstump's flank, he did so with a song in his rotten heart. All the way up to the Nurgle-held fortifications of the Rusted Ring, Glurbchrot raised a bubbling chant, his Rotbringers joining him in his devotions. The robed vermin of Clan Feesik stared at the Rotbringers askance, but Glurbchrot cared not for the opinions of grubbing skaven. He and his followers had been charged with striking the killing blow against one of the last wild enclaves of Ghyran, and Glurbchrot intended to discharge his task with all the relish it deserved.

Even the most bellicose Rotbringer fell silent as the host marched through the gates of the Rusted Ring. Beyond those flaking walls, skeletal trees clawed from amidst the churning muck of Nurgle's glopsom glory. Bloated horrors lumbered through the fumes rising from that cursed mire, and stinking slop bubbled and popped on all sides. High above, rumbling firestorms lit the trailing clouds, sending down a snow of cinders from where Ghyran and Aqshy collided like continental plates. Ahead, along the raised dirt causeway, the last huddled remains of the forest of Peakwood clung to its besieged

existence. Glurbchrot intended to lead his followers along the road for many leagues, and to hack his way through that island of untainted life to despoil the mystic groves at its heart. There, seeded plague spores and vomitus concoctions would soon smother whatever spark of defiance the forest might be harbouring. The Plaguelord's confidence was misplaced, for he had sorely underestimated the threat that lay in wait for his warriors.

With Alarielle's rebirth, new realmroots had begun to twine their way up through the heart of the Greatstump.



Via an offshoot of the Cascading Path, these roots had brought a force of Oakenbrow sylvaneth to defend the Peakwood, and to reawaken the soulpod groves long hidden at its heart. Treelord Ancient Haaldhorm, of the Clan Naeth'aer, had no intention of allowing the Rotbringers to despoil this place. The noxious foe had not yet realised that they, not the sylvaneth, should be treading the Jade Kingdoms with fear. Haaldhorm would enlighten them.

It was as the Chaos horde neared the heart of the Peakwood that the first sylvaneth appeared. The path was flanked by peculiar tangles of shimmering trees around which hung drifting silver motes. It was from the midst of such a grove that the Dryads appeared, the small band of Forest Folk stepping from the tree line and straight into the path of Glurbchrot's forces. The Plague Monks of Clan Feesik were the first to spot the tree spirits and,

with frenzied shrieks, they broke ranks and charged. With a show of alarm, as though they had only just realised their peril, the Dryads turned and fled down the road. Fangs bared, the frothing skaven scurried close behind. Chortling indulgently, Glurbchrot followed at a cumbersome jog, his warriors at his back.

The plaguelord's mirth was short lived. The scrambling mass of Plague Monks and Censer Bearers was almost out of sight in the gloom when sudden, violent motion erupted all around them. Half-glimpsed roots burst from the packed dirt of the path, lashing around to throttle and tear. Arrows the length of saplings whipped from the gloom, punching into robed skaven with such force that the screeching creatures were plucked off their feet and hurled into the trees. On all sides, the forest came alive with cold faerie lights, while clouds of glimmering spites galloped through the air on

shrieking steeds to stab at the skaven with tiny spears. The Dryads – so recently feigning flight before the skaven charge – had now turned in the path, tearing their way into the front skaven ranks. At the same time, Tree-Revenants hit the skaven flanks, flowing from the trees with their glowing blades whipping in tight, deadly arcs.

Glurbchrot roared in anger at this sudden ambush. He shook his massive axe in the direction of the fight, signalling for his Rotbringers to advance. The sylvaneth attack had been unexpected, but the road was still packed with hundreds of ratmen, stabbing and biting at the forest spirits. The Rotbringers had only to restore some order, and the outnumbered sylvaneth would be crushed. The plaguelord had taken barely seven steps when a Wyldwood surged up from beneath him, its gnarled trunks and lashing boughs cutting the Rotbringers off from their skaven allies.

TREELORD ANCIENT HAALDHORM

Known as the Wrathsinger of Clan Naeth'aer, Haaldhorm is his clan's most warlike Ancient. He embodies the strength and nobility of Oakenbrow, leading his kin to battle with a confidence born of vast experience. Old even by the standards of the sylvaneth, Haaldhorm has fought for many centuries against his peoples' enemies, and this constant warfare has honed his abilities as warrior and commander both. Haaldhorm harbours a timeless hatred for the destructive scions of Chaos, and delights in tearing them apart with talon and spell. The Ancient does not allow his hate to make him reckless, however, for he values the life of every sylvaneth that fights beneath his canopy. The War of Life has long been fought against overwhelming enemy forces, and early on, Haaldhorm mastered the art of battling superior foes with whatever small forces were available to him. The Ancient prefers the art of the perfect ambush rather than engaging in costly stand-up fights, and as such, he values the Forest Folk highly for their skills in guerilla warfare.





At the same moment, lithe figures surged from the trees either side of the road. The lilting war-dirge of fresh bands of Dryads filled the air as the Forest Folk whirled through the Rotbringer ranks, lashing and stabbing as they went. Talons ripped through blubbery flesh and spilled foetid innards onto the road, even as ponderously swung axes hewed down sylvaneth and reduced them to kindlewood.

Ripping his way free of the Wyldwood that was trying to tear him apart, Glurbchrot turned and sank his axe into a nearby Branchwraith. The matriarch's song was stilled, but a deeper, more sonorous, note rang out, a bass thunder that Glurbchrot felt in his soul as much as his body. Rotbringers staggered, clutching at their heads as their rancid eyeballs burst and black blood spilled from under their rusted

helms. The sonant assault grew in intensity, reaching a crescendo that blasted several of Glurbchrot's followers from their feet and saw others collapse in shuddering heaps. Striding from the trees came three towering figures, the clan lords of Naeth'aer who had loosed the war song upon their enemies.

At the head of this trio strode Ancient Haaldhorm, eyes burning with cold vengeance as they settled on the plaguelord. Glurbchrot had recovered himself somewhat, and in a show of bravado, he kicked loose the Branchwraith corpse still twitching on his axe-head before licking her sap from the blade.

Haaldhorm gave a deep cry of anger and summoned the Wyldwood's roots to snatch at Glurbchrot's flabby limbs. Bursting from the ground, the sinewy tendrils wrapped and curled

around the plaguelord's bulbous legs. As Glurbchrot hacked at the darting, stabbing plant life around him, the other two clan lords ploughed into the surviving Rotbringers. Treelord Haethellae stamped a path through the rancid warriors while Ancient Loremaster Il'yuthorn blasted Rotbringers apart into bloody clouds with bolts of sorcery.

The impact of the sylvaneth ambush was spectacular, and dozens of Rotbringers were brought down. Still, Glurbchrot was a mighty lord, much-blessed by Nurgle, and his followers were many. With nearly every bite of rotting skaven fangs, every thumping impact of rusted axe or mouldering mace, another of Alarielle's children fell. Soon, congealed gore and cooling bloodsap mingled upon the loamy ground, and still the combatants tore at one another with naked ferocity.

Haaldhorm hissed in pain as the rotling's axe lopped off several of his roots. The Ancient hurled a vivid bolt of life magic into his foul enemy's chest. Pus and flesh spattered in all directions, but the filthy Nurgle worshipper responded with a bullish charge, swinging his axe like a woodsman going at a great oak. Haaldhorm parried with graceful sweeps of his staff, but felt himself gradually being pushed back before the sheer power of this rotling's onslaught.

As he fought, the spirit-song rolled through Haaldhorm's being, a flood of emotion and melody from the violence raging all around him. Realising that the battle hung in the balance, the Ancient began a new song. His kin joined their melodies to his, twining chords of awakening and summoning

into a melody that shuddered out through the nearby souldod groves. Within moments, the silver pollen surrounding them had swirled into a firefly storm, and from that ensorcelled haze stepped fresh waves of forest spirits. With talons at the ready, these newborn sylvaneth lunged straight into the battle. The suddenly outnumbered Chaos forces fought frantically, hacking down many sylvaneth, but one by one, they were torn apart. The rotling lord was the last to fall, sliced and hewn by Tree-Revenants before finally being crushed beneath Haaldhorm's mighty roots.

The Treelord Ancient felt cold satisfaction as he gazed at the heaped Chaos corpses. His ambush had succeeded and the Peakwood had reawakened. The Greatstump would belong to the sylvaneth again soon enough.

THE GREAT SWARM

THE STUMPWALL

THE THORNED SPAN

CLAN THAENIR
FELL HERE

BATTLE OF THE
EIGHTFOLD STAIR

THE FOETID MIRE

NURGLE
DAEMONS

SLOPDRAKE
PITS

NURGLE'S
BLOOM

OAKENBROW
AMBUSH

THE RUSTED
RING

POXMAGGOT
HATCHERY

THE
STUMPSTAIR

FESTERING FALLS

HERE BE
FOULCRAWLERS

THE BATTLE OF
DOLG'S FOLLY

THE GHASTLY DELL

SPARKFLY
SWARMS

ONLY THE BRAVE WALK
THE THORNWAY AND LIVE

PESTILENS
GNAWHOLE

BATTLEPLAN

THE SACRED GLADE





HOW TO USE BATTLEPLANS

This book contains three battleplans, each of which enables you to fight a battle based upon the exciting narrative that leads up to it. These battles should be fought using all of the rules on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet unless the battleplan specifically indicates otherwise. Each of the battleplans includes a map reflecting the landscape on which the battle was fought; these maps usually show a battlefield that is 6 feet by 4 feet in size, but you can use a smaller or larger area if you wish.

Alarielle's quest for vengeance has led her to send her children across the wide expanses of the Mortal Realms, seeking groves of dormant soulpods that have slumbered since the Age of Myth. These repositories of life magic, many hidden among the ruins of civilisations that sprung up around them, are ready to burst forth at the call of the spirit-song.

This battleplan tells the tale of one such glade, and how the sylvaneth came to rid it of those who had claimed it as their own. You could recreate the awakening of the groves atop the Greatstump, as described on the previous pages, or another sacred glade of your own invention.

THE ARMIES

One player commands the sylvaneth army, and the other commands the intruders who have deigned to defile the sacred groves.

The sylvaneth army has a unique ability, in addition to any others it may have.

SYLVANETH OBJECTIVE

It is your quest to travel the realms, bringing the spirit-song to places long bereft of its vital melodies. If you are fortunate, you will find a sacred grove where soulpods lie dormant, awaiting your return. Should chance smile upon you even further, the grove will have remained unsullied by the Chaos tribes that wander the realms. On this day, you have not had such fortune. Let the soulpods hear your song, and bring forth your kin to scour the intruders from the land of your people.

INTRUDER'S OBJECTIVE

Your campaigning has been successful of late, the people of these lands falling as wheat before the scythe. They pose no challenge to a powerful warlord such as yourself. Now, your army has come to a place filled with strange trees and the air itself is alive with glittering motes. Whether it is a natural occurrence or some holy place matters not; you will annihilate the small force that seems intent on defending it.



SYLVANETH ARMY ABILITY

DRYADS in the sylvaneth army have the Gift of Life ability in addition to those listed on their warscroll.

Gift of Life: During each sylvaneth hero phase, you can return 1 slain model to each Dryad unit that is even partially within a soulpod grove (see The Battlefield, page 84). You can instead return D3 slain models to any Dryad unit that is even partially within a soulpod grove that has been awakened (see Waking the Groves, page 84).



THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place in a location sacred to Alarielle's children, where groves of ancient trees betray the legacy of the sylvaneth.

Starting with the intruder, the players take turns setting up Sylvaneth Wyldwoods, each one representing a soulpod grove. Four groves are set up in total. None can be placed within 10" of another grove or more than 24" from the eastern edge of the battlefield. No scenery rules apply to the groves until they are awakened (see below).

Then, generate the remaining scenery for the battlefield as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet (setting up one less terrain feature in a 2-foot square area if it already contains a soulpod grove).

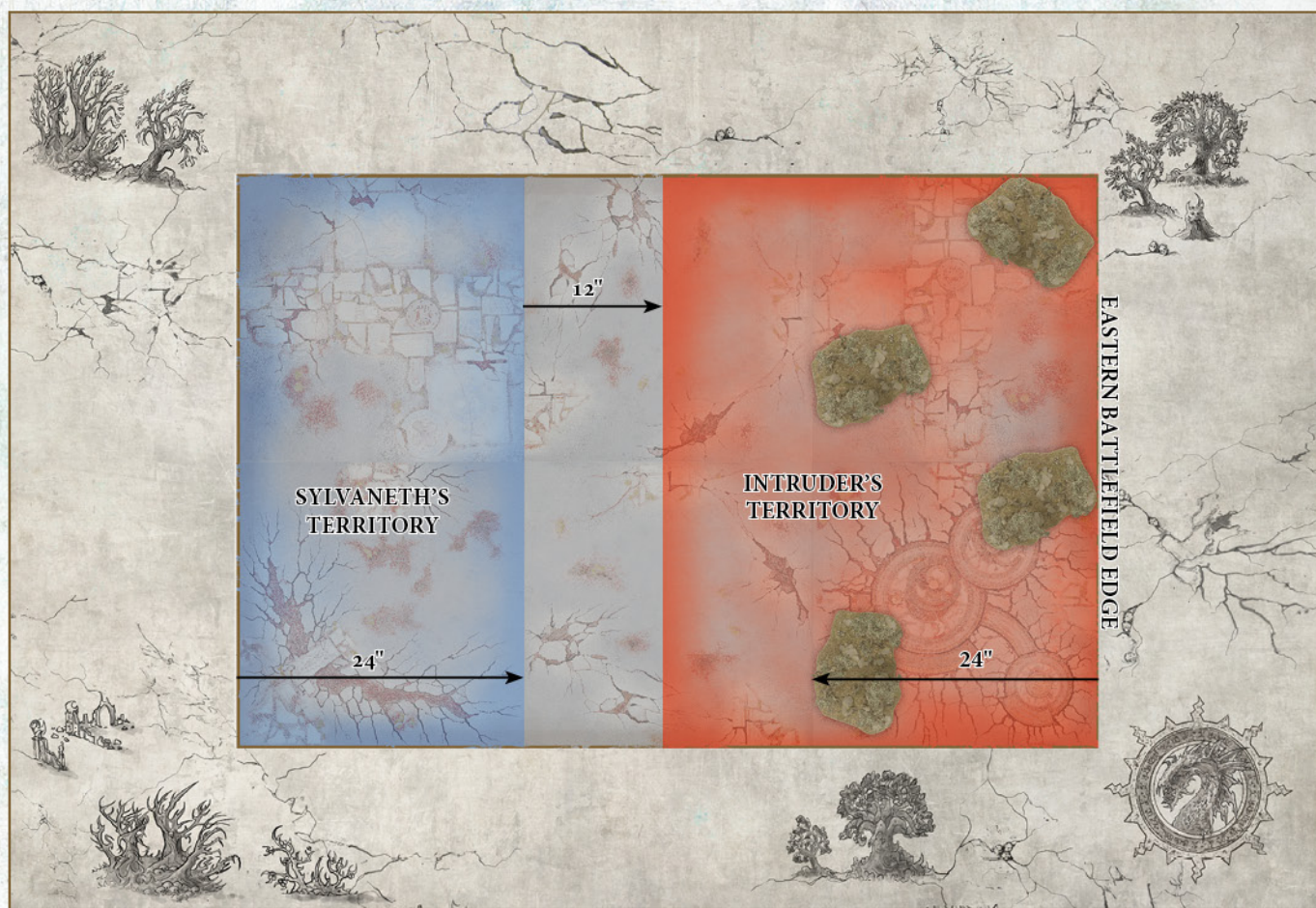
SET-UP

The intruder sets up anywhere in their territory. Their force is spread out, searching for any lingering sylvaneth, so no unit can be set up within 10" of another. Any units that cannot be set up are searching elsewhere, and are not used in this battle.

Then, the sylvaneth player then sets up three units from their army, anywhere in their territory.

WAKING THE GROVES

Roll a dice for each soulpod grove at the end of each sylvaneth movement phase, adding 2 to the result for each sylvaneth unit within 3" of it. On a 7 or more, the grove hears the spirit-song for the first time in centuries and is awakened for the rest of the battle. Once awakened the grove is treated as a Sylvaneth Wyldwood for the rest of the battle.





LIFE SPRINGS FORTH

From the second battle round onwards, the sylvaneth player receives reinforcements in their hero phase.

Roll a dice. If the result is higher than the number of units you have on the battlefield, you can immediately add a unit to your army. This could be a unit that has been slain, or an entirely new one.

After you have chosen your unit, pick one of the battlefield edges or an awakened soulpod grove. Set up the unit so that all of its models are within 3" of the battlefield edge or grove that you picked, and not within 6" of the enemy. The unit cannot move in the movement phase of this turn.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the battle continues for five battle rounds, or until one side has no models on the battlefield at the end of a battle round – whichever comes first. When the battle ends, the sylvaneth player rolls a dice, adding 1 to the result if their general is not on the battlefield. If the result is less than the number of awakened soulpod groves, they win a **minor victory**; otherwise, the intruder wins a **major victory**.

If the sylvaneth player awakens all four soulpod groves, the game ends immediately and they win a **major victory**.

HINTS & TIPS

As the sylvaneth player, you have your work cut out for you in this battle. With only a handful of units, you must secure all four soulpod groves to win a major victory. Thankfully, several of your units have abilities that let them move around the battlefield at speed, and your opponent's force is spread wide at the start of the battle.

As the intruder, the key to victory lies in crushing the sylvaneth before they have a chance to outmanoeuvre you. The more quickly you can slay their small force, the less chance they have of achieving a victory.



THE BATTLE OF GROLNOK'S ISLE

Once, the island at the heart of Vastclaw Valley's Sorrowmere Lake played host to a magnificent site of great sanctity, a shrine to Alarielle that towered over the surrounding lands. Though the valley had long ago fallen to Ironjaw orruks, the roots of greatness still remained...

Legend tells of the everbeast Fengarant, and of how that colossus found himself one day with Eagderethil – the father of bladewillows – stabbed like a thorn into his paw. Tribal myths across the plains tell one version of this tale or another, but all agree that, in his efforts to rid himself of Eagderethil, Fengarant trampled a mad path across the Thunderlands and beyond. Finally, the everbeast stamped upon the land so hard that the ground itself ruptured and a titanic valley was formed. Into the heart of this rift, Eagderethil was driven and finally freed of the monster's foot. That expanse, known as Vastclaw Valley, remains to this day.

In the Age of Myth, the sylvaneth grew a wondrous place of power from Eagderethil and raised a mighty enclave there. A bladewillow shrine climbed to the sky and its twining roots carpeted the rocky isle that stood in the centre of the Sorrowmere, a nexus of life energy that brought Alarielle's blessings to the lands for hundreds of miles around.

Then came the Age of Chaos, and the horrors of the Wars of Reaping. After long years of battle, the last sylvaneth defenders of Vastclaw Valley were burned alive within the toppled ruins of their beloved shrine. Where once the glittering seeds of the bladewillows had

drifted down across the Thunderlands, now there fell only a rain of ash.

Vastclaw Valley changed hands several times in the centuries that followed. For a time, it belonged to the barbarian tribes of Lord Hakshadol. The Slaves to Darkness were butchered by the ogor tribes of Mawking Crackmarrow, whose ravenous followers were in turn ousted by the Ironjaw Megaboss Grolnok Gitstompa. The area was so contested because, though largely desolate, the island at the valley's centre was broad enough to support a sizeable encampment, while the Sorrowmere made it highly defensible. Moreover,





the valley itself remained bountiful, and the lingering life magic ensured that whatever army occupied the isle had plentiful food supplies.

Megaboss Grolnok had controlled Vastclaw Valley for only a short while by the time of Alarielle's rebirth. He and his warclan had been busy raising idols to Gorkamorka from the rubble of nearby Ghastenglor City, and he sent his mobs of hulking orruks rampaging far and wide across the Thunderlands. Grolnok ruled with an ironclad fist, smashing every challenge to his leadership, but what he did not realise was that the ruins, and his idols, were built atop Eagderethil's dormant realmroots. The magic of these spirit paths had, over the centuries, leaked out into the surrounding lake and created a new Realmgate – a Realmgate that the sylvaneth had discovered, and one that they now planned to use...

The waters of the lake rippled with sudden motion, and strange lights blossomed in the deeps. In ones and twos, curious Ironjawz ambled down to the water's edge, abandoning scrap piles and grunta pens to stare at the strange phenomenon. The waters on the island's south shore were swirling now, and an eerie green mist rose from the surface. One Brute Boss, a little brighter than his lads, bashed a couple of heads together and sent the orruks to find the tribe's Weirdnob. After all, he reasoned, if something unnatural was happening, the Ironjawz needed to know how best to fight it.

Then the waters of the lake exploded in a flurry of furious motion. The first to break the Sorrowmere's surface was Drycha Hamadreth, her sawing shriek of fury rolling out across the isle. Behind her, rising from the lake's surface like monsters from some tale of horror, a host of Spite-Revenants surged up and onto the shore.

Surprise was total and bloodshed immediate. With pounding steps, Drycha charged up the shore and into battle, the Outcasts mere paces behind. Flitterfuries engulfed Ironjaw Brutes, stinging and biting. Taloned branchlimbs swung, tearing through scrap iron armour to splash orruk blood across the rocks. The Ironjawz reeled, their shocked bellows melding with the shrieks of the Outcasts into a single terrible song.





It did not take the Ironjawz long to realise they were under attack. Drycha and her followers made no pretence at stealth. Within moments, pounding drumbeats rang across the isle as the Warchanters hammered out the heartbeat of Gorkamorka. Bosses roared orders at their lads, kicking them into action. Gruntas snorted and gnashed as their riders leapt onto their backs, riding the bucking boars out of their makeshift pens and off towards the sound of fighting. At the isle's heart, Megaboss Grolnok heard the clangour of war and gave a slow, hungry grin. Rising from the metal throne of a now-dead warlord, the massive greenskin punched his lurking Maw-krusha across the jaw, forcing the huge beast's head down long enough to vault onto its back. Grolnok bellowed orders at the belligerent beast, kicking it until, with a croaking roar, the Maw-krusha launched itself into the air and beat its wings. The Megaboss sped across the isle towards the sound of the attack.

Only then did the true sylvaneth attack begin. On the isle's opposite shore, Households and Forest Folk in the pale hues of Harvestboon Glade began to rise from the lake. With the eyes of the Ironjawz fixed firmly on Drycha's attack, the Wargrove of Clan Tethil strode ashore unopposed. At their head marched Ancient Lharenthol, lord of Clan Tethil and the broker of this uneasy alliance with Drycha. The Ancient knew in his heartwood that the Queen of the Outcasts was a dangerous ally, but her ferocious assault had done its job, drawing the attention of Grolnok and his Ironjawz. Now, Clan Tethil advanced unopposed towards the barren heart of the once-beautiful isle.

The element of surprise did not last long. As they moved deeper into the isle's scrub-tangled interior, the sylvaneth encountered a whole fist of Ardboys. These mobs had hung back from the initial fighting, clever enough to be suspicious of Drycha's sudden

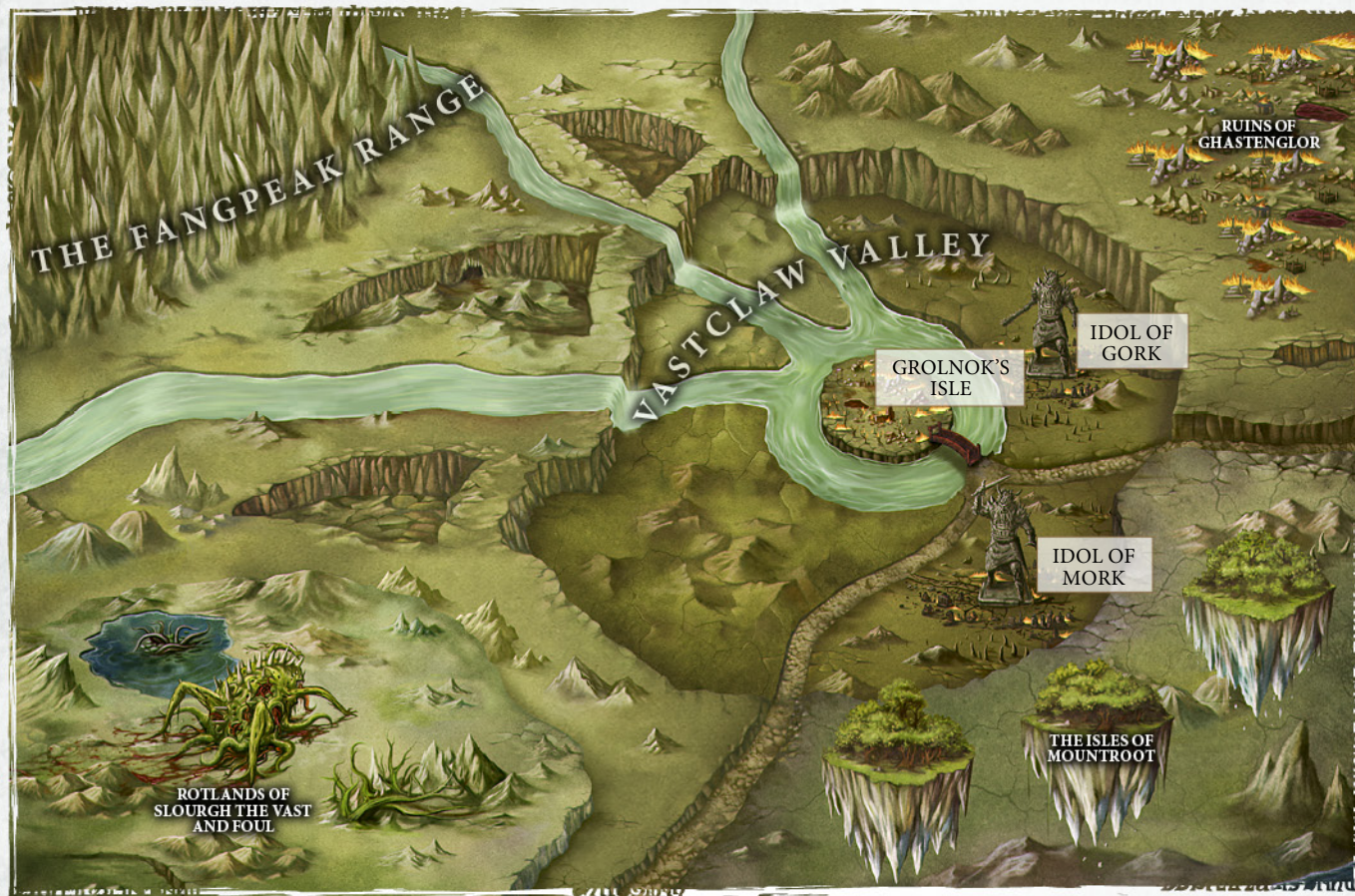
assault. Mobs of Ardboys advanced in ragged ranks, eager for the fight but aware they were hugely outnumbered. Even as the Tree-Revenants and Branchwyches of the Tethil Households slammed into the Ardboys' battle line, the greenskin drummers were pounding out a warning to the rest of the warclan.

Meanwhile, Drycha and her twisted daughters continued to wreak havoc. The Hamadreth was unstoppable, impaling Brutes and hurling Gore-gruntas through the air with every stab and swing. Meanwhile, the shuddersome terror evoked by the massed Outcasts was so great that even seasoned Ironjawz froze before them for crucial seconds, or even hurled down their weapons and ran. The Outcasts were hugely outnumbered, however, and with every passing minute, more of them were hacked down. When Grolnok's Maw-krusha slammed into their midst, the sylvaneth



DRYCHA HAMADRETH

Since emerging from the Hamadrithil, Drycha fought a war unending against all who would face her. From one Mortal Realm to the next, her crusade of violence crossed time and space. Sylvaneth clans were whirled up in her wake like leaves in a gale, hurled against Drycha's enemies unto their mutual annihilation. Still, Drycha swept ever onwards, as unable to stop her rampage as she was unwilling. Rage and sorrow were at war within the Hamadreth's ancient soul, while the venomous malice of the Hamadrithil tainted her with a constant need to cause pain. Even in the dimly recalled times before, Drycha had been embittered and unbalanced, an extremist who sought sylvaneth survival at the cost of all others. Now she embodied the ideals of that crusade, a twisted queen of the desperate and the dispossessed. Though her pilgrimage of slaughter seemed random, there were those who saw a deeper, darker scheme at work in everything that Drycha Hamadreth did. Of this, Alarielle would not speak, but the Royal Moot suspected much...



were sent reeling. Drycha gave a mighty shriek and lunged towards the massive beast, and for long moments, the Outcast Queen and the Megaboss duelled amidst the dead. Then came the thunder of the Ardboys' drums.

Cursing, Grolnok realised he'd been tricked. Yelling at his Gore-gruntas to follow, the Megaboss struck Drycha a glancing blow that drove her back, then wheeled his steed and took off for the isle's interior. The fast-moving Ironjawz reached the heart of the isle just in time to witness the last stand of the Ardboys. Clouds of spites whirled across the battlefield, tangling and biting as they went. Bands of Tree-Revenants flowed through the lines of battle, ensnaring

their armoured foes, while Dryads and Branchwraiths whirled around the greenskins' flanks and tore them apart. At the heart of the battle, Ancient Lharenthol stood with his roots driven deep into the soil and his arms thrown wide. Life-giving energies were pouring from the Treelord Ancient, rolling out further with every passing second.

Megaboss Grolnok ordered the charge, but even the belligerent Ironjaw could see it was too late. The healing magics were not just revitalising the sylvaneth, but were coaxing fresh and monstrous growth from the isle itself. Ardboys were dragged into the yawning ground by whipping roots, or torn apart by snaking thornvines. As the Gore-

gruntas hurtled into battle, many were bloodily impaled upon fresh stands of bladewillows that burst up violently from below.

Kurnoth Hunters quickly closed upon the last of the Ironjawz and hacked them to bloody bits. Seeing this, and hearing Drycha's blood-mad screams still ringing from the shore, Grolnok realised the fight was lost. He had not become a Megaboss by getting himself killed in pointless fights, and he wasn't about to die without getting some payback for this dirty trick. Grolnok turned his Maw-krusha to the horizon, the beast winging clumsily away to fight another day. In its wake, Eagderethil began to rise anew.

BATTLEPLAN

AWAKEN THE LAND





In the Age of Myth, the sylvaneth spread far and wide across the Mortal Realms. From the Iron Plains to the Tusked Isles and far beyond, the children of Alarielle raised great sanctuaries and imbued them with incredible power. Most of these sanctums were lost in the aeons that came after, overtaken by civilisation or razed to the ground amid the endless wars of the Age of Chaos.

Now, for the first time in a great many years, the Everqueen looks to reclaim her territories of old. Her armies march forth, a single purpose in their hearts. With this battleplan you can recreate a key conflict in their reconquest, like the one between Drycha's Outcasts and the Ironjawz for Vastclaw Valley. Will they reclaim what was lost to them?

THE ARMIES

One player commands the sylvaneth army, and the other commands the overlord who now controls the ancient site they wish to reclaim.

After they have chosen their army, the sylvaneth player can choose up to a quarter of their units to perform a feint. These units will appear ahead of the main force to distract the enemy or lead them away from the place of power.

The general of each army has access to an additional command ability, as shown below.

SYLVANETH OBJECTIVE

You have been tasked with the honour of reclaiming a site of great sanctity from those who have desecrated it. They swarm over the barren wasteland that was once a thronging hub of life, but your ferocity and cunning will be more than a match for them. Draw them away, then let this place hear the spirit-song once again and awaken its almighty power.

OVERLORD'S OBJECTIVE

This place has been contested for centuries. Many warlords have held it before you, but you do not intend to relinquish it any time soon. Now, as your army makes camp amid the blasted ruins, a new challenger presents itself. The sylvaneth must be made to face you on your own territory – and you will teach them of their folly!

SYLVANETH

COMMAND ABILITY

Awaken the Spirit Paths: Your general urges ancient roots to awaken, causing new life to spring up amid the barren land. If your general uses this ability, pick a terrain feature within 15". Your units can interact with it as though it were a SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD until your next hero phase.

OVERLORD'S

COMMAND ABILITY

Come About: Your general can use this ability once during the battle. If your general uses this ability, your general, and any of your units within 10" of them, can immediately make a move of up to 2D6" as though it were the movement phase. They cannot run, but if they retreat while making this move they can still charge later in the turn.





THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle is set in a place that was once sacred to the sylvaneth. The ruins of civilisation dot the land, while dread fortresses speak of the warlords and chieftains who have claimed it.

Generate the scenery for the battlefield as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. There must be at least five terrain features in the overlord's territory. The trees here are cut off from the spirit-song; as such, the scenery cannot feature any Sylvaneth Wyldwoods.

Once the scenery has been set up, the sylvaneth player secretly picks a terrain feature that is at least partially in the overlord's territory, and notes it down on a piece of paper. This is the place of power.

THE FEINT

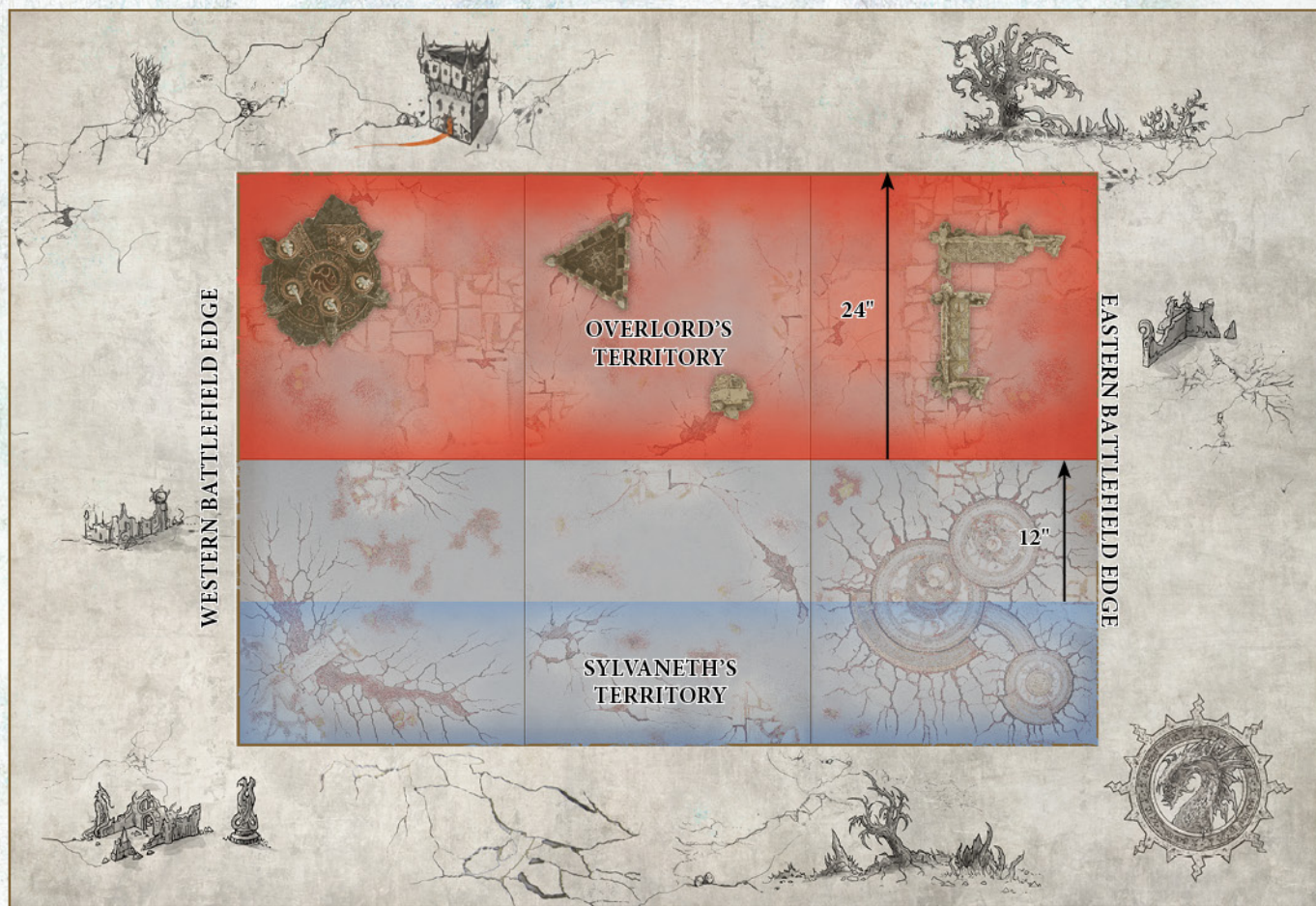
Before set-up begins, the sylvaneth player performs the feint. Pick either the eastern or western edge of the battlefield, then set up the units you set aside (see page 91) so that all models are within your territory and within 15" of the edge you picked.

SET-UP

The overlord sets up their entire force within their territory. Then, the sylvaneth player sets up the rest of their force anywhere in their territory. Count up the number of models in the overlord's army, as this will be required when determining the victory.

FIRST TURN

The overlord takes the first turn in the first battle round.





ANCIENT POWER

Once per battle round, if the sylvaneth general or a **WIZARD** from the sylvaneth army is within 1" of the place of power in their hero phase, the sylvaneth player can unleash its ancient power. The first time you do this, reveal the hidden location to your opponent, then roll a dice for each unit within 5" of the terrain piece. On a result of 4 or more, if the unit is from the overlord's army, it suffers D3 mortal wounds, and if the unit is from your own army, it heals D3 wounds.

Each subsequent time you unleash the ancient power, double the range. The second time you do it, all units within 10" of the terrain feature are affected; the third time, all units within 20", and so on.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

Instead, at the end of each battle round, count up how many models the overlord has on the board. If they have less than a third of the number of models they began with, the battle ends immediately and the sylvaneth player wins a **major victory**.

Otherwise, the battle ends after five rounds, and the overlord wins a **major victory**.

HINTS & TIPS

In this battle, the key to a sylvaneth victory may lie in how you use your *feint*, and if you can lure your opponent's forces into range of the place of power. You would be advised to unleash the ancient power as soon as you can – the more times you use it, the more powerful it becomes.

As the overlord, you should be wary of your opponent's intentions. If there is a terrain feature partially in your territory but reaching out towards theirs, defend it well in case it is the place of power. Of course, the sylvaneth player might expect this, so be ready to reposition at a moment's notice!



NATURE'S WRATH

In the wake of her rebirth, Alarielle seemed to be everywhere at once. Her desire for vengeance would not be denied as the Everqueen led one punishing assault after another upon the scions of Chaos. It was one such demonstration of might that brought Alarielle to Godskull Mesa.

When the Hellhaze Realmgate blazed to life atop Godskull Mesa, it caught the worshippers of Khorne there by surprise. Long had they used that smouldering portal to raid the wilds of Ghyran, but never had enemies come back through it to challenge them. That changed as Alarielle led an unstoppable tide of sylvaneth out across the massive brass rune branded upon the skull-shaped mesa's forehead.

At the Everqueen's side marched clan upon clan of sylvaneth from many of the great glades. Before her, the osseous immensity of the Godskull Mesa stretched away, studded with towering brass fortifications and thundering volcanoes.

In this region of Aqshy, Khorne ruled. Millions of Bloodbound, Slaves to Darkness, and daemons of the Blood God infested the Dreadhold fortresses. Flames of pure wrath roared up from the mesa's canyon maw, lighting the whole region with a hellish glow. As the sylvaneth spread across the mesa's forehead, drums thundered and horns brayed from the fortress' battlements. Bone gates rattled upwards on brass chains, and skull-studded walls screamed as the conquering hordes of Godskull Mesa poured out to meet the invaders. Charnel knights galloped alongside howling Blood Warriors and hissing daemons in numbers to darken the land, yet Alarielle was not dismayed. Instead, she smiled.

Upon the Everqueen's orders, the Wargroves of the sylvaneth advanced. Entire armies of forest-spirits spread out upon either flank, making for the far slopes of the volcanoes that constituted the mesa's eye sockets. Meanwhile, Alarielle led the main bulk of her host straight into battle, standing imperiously atop her wardroth beetle. The Noble Spirits of the Households flowed forwards, meeting the ragged Khornate battle-line with a thunderous crash. Enchanted blades swirled and hacked, cutting through brass armour and brimstone flesh. Treelords stamped and lashed, thundering their spirit-song commands even as hellblades hacked at their bark-clad forms. Skull cannons boomed out volleys of grisly



ALARIELLE RESURGENT

Alarielle's reblooming gave her a perspective that her waning self had lacked. The goddess now saw that the war against Chaos could not be won simply by reclaiming Ghyran. The corruption of the Dark Gods must be purged utterly from all the Mortal Realms, lest they all be brought to ruin. It was this revelation that led Alarielle through the Ghyran Realmgate known as the Copper Falls – which connected to the Hellhaze Realmgate in Aqshy – and into battle atop Godskull Mesa. It also gave her a strength and determination that none of her previous incarnations had ever quite matched. Countless seasons of war had come and gone for Alarielle, but never before had they followed such a time of humbling, relentless defeat. Alarielle was angry in a way that only a deity can be, and she sought to vent her frustrations and shame upon her enemies. Those who had brought Alarielle to her knees would be sorry that they had, for in doing so they had inadvertently raised her higher than ever, and this time she would show them no mercy.



ordnance. Showers of Kurnoth Hunters' arrows pinned screaming Bloodreavers to the ground. Sap and gore swirled in a tide across the battlefield, and still the fighting raged. The worshippers of the Blood God caused hideous carnage amongst the sylvaneth, yet to their dawning shock, they realised that it was they, not their foes, who were being driven slowly back.

Alarielle was every inch the warrior goddess, blasting swathes of enemies from her path even as she healed the hurts of her children and brought them back to the battle time and again. In her wake, new realmroots burrowed through the bone soil, healing its corruption and causing Wyldwoods to burst up into the fiery light. Gradually, Life was blooming across the once-barren Godskull Mesa.

For many days the fighting raged. Moons and stars chased one another across the heavens, and still, beneath the great pall of smoke all was hellish, fire-lit slaughter. Again and again, the servants of Khorne hurled themselves at the sylvaneth. Again and again, they were misdirected, outmanoeuvred, held in place and then torn mercilessly apart. Dryads danced through fresh-blooming Wyldwoods, tearing and rending, before vanishing once again. Noble Households encircled their frenzied enemies, leading them deep into the mystical forests before butchering them wholesale. Shrieking waves of Outcasts met Blood Warriors and Skullcrushers in open battle, the two sides visiting such carnage upon one another that few lived to see its end. As fresh Wargroves flowed through the Realmgate and were joined by those springing up from Alarielle's seeds, the tide of nature forced the servants of the Blood God back. One by one, their Dreadholds were toppled, torn down and cast into ruin by the vast strength of the Treelords and Sons of Durthu. A dark conclave of fifty Slaughterpriests met a circle of as many Branchwyses in an otherworldly contest of wills, and after wreaking terrible carnage, Khorne's followers were engulfed and torn apart by a wave of spites. Everywhere, life advanced and Chaos receded, until finally, the last Khornate host fought with their backs to the Brimstone Maw.



The surviving defenders of Godskull Mesa stood, backlit by the hungry fires of the Brimstone Maw. Around them, the sylvaneth stalked from the Wyldwoods to gather in a vast semicircle. At their heart stood Alarielle, her Sons of Durthu around her. To either side waited glades and clans gathered in vast numbers. Even Drycha Hamadreth waited upon one flank, pacing like a caged animal amongst her Outcasts, impatient for the butchery to begin. Where the worshippers of Khorne bellowed and roared, pounded drums and screamed praise to their god, the sylvaneth waited in absolute silence for the order to attack. Then, within their minds, the song of war boomed loud, and it was on this cue that they surged forwards as one.

Alarielle's children charged the enemy line, sweeping down upon the followers of Chaos like a hurricane. The Everqueen soared at the head of the charge, a shimmering cloud of wardroth-sprites flowing about her as she flew. Only at the very last moment did she drop from the skies, her monstrous steed coalescing into brutal solidity and crashing through the Khornate ranks like a battering ram.

Tides of writhing vines and ripping thorns dismembered skull-helmed warriors. Spirits of Durthu swept their glowing swords right and left, felling enemies like harvestmen at the reap. Elite bands of Kurnoth Hunters looped through the battle, eliminating the enemy's most powerful leaders with blade and bow. In a great rage,

Drycha ripped her way through all that opposed her, until her spite-swarmed body dripped with the gore of her blood-worshipping foes.

Everywhere, brazen axes split barkflesh and spilled sap across the scorched ground. Bloodletters lopped the heads from Tree-Revenants while Skullgrinders whirled through the press, bludgeoning masses of Dryads to kindlewood with their chained anvils. At the battle's heart, a pair of Bloodthirsters wrought absolute carnage upon the sylvaneth, their axes and whips sending splintered bodies flying through the air. Yet still the Chaos forces were driven ever back, until their rearmost warriors began to tumble, screaming, into the blazing gulf at their backs.



Upon the burning
precipice of the rift
a goddess met two
greater daemons in battle.
Their flame-lit silhouettes
whirled and span, stamped
and struck. Thousands had
fallen to these avatars of war,
yet the goddess held both at bay.
Great wings beat and boomed.
Brass axes and chains glinted
bloodily in the ruddy light.
The daemons howled their rage.
The goddess parried titanic
blows, her magic healing shut
those wounds her foes opened,
and as she fought, she screamed
her hate at them in a voice like
midsummer thunder.

The first daemon fell when the
goddess' steed gored it with
its massive horns, and drove
it into the chasm. Even as it
plunged to its death, the second
redoubled its attacks and struck
the goddess' arm from her
shoulder. Glittering sap fell like
rain. Her children moaned in
despair. Yet with the magic of
life flowing through her, the
goddess' arm grew fresh and
new like a sprouting branch,
and with it, she drove her spear
deep into the breast of her foe.
And with that, the goddess
cast down the daemon into the
flaming pit, the last of his fell
brood to be fed to its depths.
So did life return to Godskull
Mesa, and the Blood God's
claim to it was finally broken.







BATTLEPLAN

THE WILD HUNT





Such is the Everqueen's thirst for vengeance that she oft embarks upon a Wild Hunt, her children spreading out before her like an unstoppable tide. As the hunters of the Wargroves sweep over the enemy, the landscape itself is transformed in their wake. Saplings sprout and Wyldwoods bloom as realmroots burrow into the earth, the power of Ghyran purging the soil of the taint of enemy presence. Only once the forest again dominates the land, and Alarielle's foes have either been driven away or lie bloody and defeated, does a Wild Hunt come to an end.

This battleplan allows you to recreate such a conflict, like the battle between the sylvaneth and the Khornate defenders of Godskull Mesa, but it can be used as a template for any of the countless other Wild Hunts undertaken by the sylvaneth.

THE ARMIES

One player commands the sylvaneth army, and the other commands the defending force standing in their way.

The general of each army has access to an additional command ability, as shown below.

SYLVANETH OBJECTIVE

The Wild Hunt has been called, and your objective is simple. The enemy must be driven back, hounded and harried by your forces until they have nowhere else to run and they can be slaughtered wholesale. You advance with the unbound might of Ghyran at your back. Leave none alive.

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVE

You thought yourself safe behind walls of stone and scores of warriors, but you were wrong. A legion of forest-spirits has exploded into your midst, assailing you with the power of a tsunami. They are a force to be reckoned with, but you are no coward. You will stand and face them – and perhaps, if you can break their wild charge, you will win this day.

SYLVANETH COMMAND ABILITY

Flee Before Us: If your general uses this ability, pick an enemy unit within 15" of your general, and roll two dice. If the result is higher than the highest Bravery in the unit, your opponent must immediately move each model in the unit as far as possible towards their own edge of the battlefield, as though it were their movement phase.

DEFENDER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Stand Firm: Looking to their general, the defenders plant their feet and make ready to repel the sylvaneth. If your general uses this ability, then until your next hero phase any units within 10" of your general cannot be chosen by the enemy player as the target for their Flee Before Us ability.





THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place across a great plain in the defender's territory. It is a lifeless wasteland, any trees having been long ago torn down to fuel the fires of war. To the west lies a great Realmgate, through which the sylvaneth will make their attack...

Generate the scenery for the battlefield as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but do not set up any Citadel Woods or Sylvaneth Wyldwoods on the battlefield.

SET-UP

The defender sets up their army first, one unit at a time. The first unit they set up must have all of its models in section 3 and/or 4 (as shown on the map below), while the second must have all of its models in section 5 and/or 6. Continue alternating between the two halves of their territory until all of their units have been set up, or there is no room to set up any more.

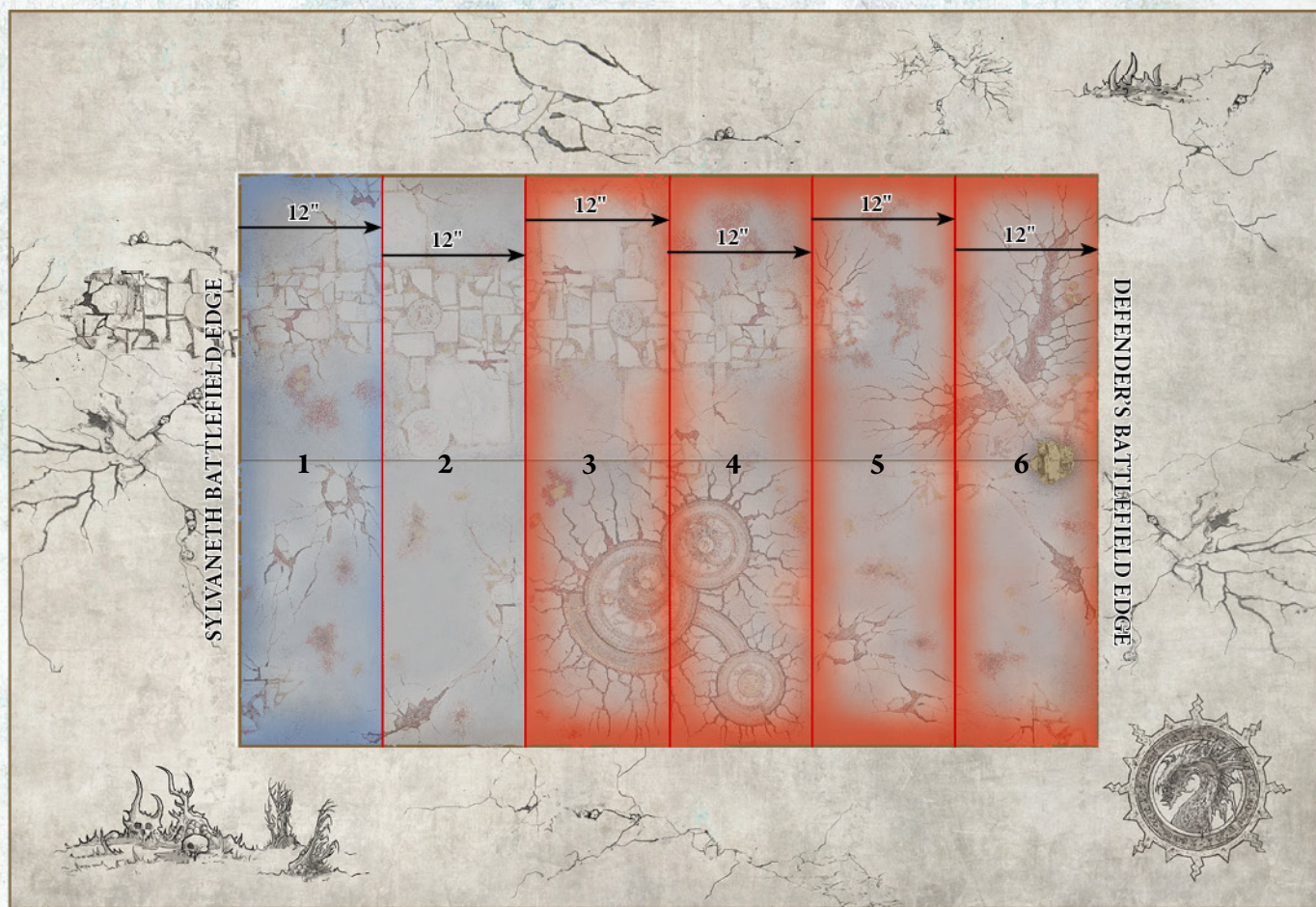
Then, the sylvaneth player sets up their army within their territory.

FIRST TURN

The sylvaneth player takes the first turn in the first battle round.

VIOLENT RENEWAL

As Alarielle's force advances, new life emerges in their wake. The sylvaneth player can place a **SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD** anywhere in their territory in each of their hero phases. It cannot be placed within 1" of any other models. After the Wyldwood has been placed, each enemy unit within 3" of it suffers D3 mortal wounds.





SWEEPING ADVANCE

The sylvaneth player's territory advances along with the army, corpses of trees springing up around them. The map is divided into six sections, with the sylvaneth force's territory beginning in section 1. At the end of each battleshock phase, the sylvaneth player's territory will extend into the next section if there are no models from the defender's army occupying it. Defending models that are within 3" of a unit from the sylvaneth army are not counted, as they have already been overrun.

PANIC SETS IN

While a unit in the defender's army is at least partially within the sylvaneth player's territory, subtract 2 from the Bravery of all its models.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

Instead, the sylvaneth immediately win a **major victory** if their territory extends into section 6.

If there are no models from the sylvaneth army on the battlefield at the end of a battle round, the defender wins a **major victory**.

If the battle has not ended by the end of the fifth battle round, the sylvaneth player rolls a dice. If the result is less than or equal to the number of the furthest section into which their territory has extended, they win a **minor victory**. Otherwise, the defender wins a **minor victory**.

HINTS & TIPS

If you are playing as the sylvaneth player, your advance is dependent on slaying or overrunning enemy units as quickly as you can. The Wyldwoods you set up will both deal the enemy mortal wounds and give many of your units additional abilities, so it is in your interest to extend your territory as quickly as you can.

As the defender, your best hope is to approach this battle with one goal: holding up the sylvaneth force. If it cannot advance, it cannot tie up your troops and easily extend its territory. Use any means at your disposal to slow them down and keep them away from your edge of the battlefield!



THE **ARMIES** OF ALARIELLE





FORCES OF THE SYLVANETH

On the following pages, you will find exciting rules and abilities for your sylvaneth army. These include powerful allegiance abilities, warscrolls and warscroll battalions that describe the swift and deadly forces of the sylvaneth, for you to use in games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

From potent spells to magical items of incredible power, this section describes the rules and abilities for SYLVANETH armies.

ALLEGIANCE

Every unit and warscroll battalion in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* owes allegiance to one of the Grand Alliances – either ORDER, CHAOS, DEATH or DESTRUCTION. Many units and warscroll battalions also have more specific allegiances, for example, STORMCAST ETERNALS or SYLVANETH. If *all* the units and warscroll battalions in your army are SYLVANETH, then it has the SYLVANETH allegiance. An army with the SYLVANETH allegiance – sometimes known as a SYLVANETH army – can use the potent allegiance abilities on the following pages.

When your army qualifies for more than one allegiance – i.e. all of the units are SYLVANETH and ORDER – you must choose which allegiance your army will use before each game. These restrictions aside, you can use allegiance abilities whenever you play your games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

Battle Traits: An army that shares common goals and ideals is a much more deadly enemy than a rag-tag force of unlikely allies. To represent this, armies that share the same allegiance benefit from powerful additional abilities.



Command Traits: Whether cunning strategist or berserk butcher, every general has their own unique style of command. You can use the rules and table found in this book to determine which command trait your army general has.

Artefacts of Power: Artefacts of power are deadly treasures, borne to war by the mightiest heroes. You can use the tables in this book to determine which magical artefacts the HEROES from your army possess.

Spell Lore: The Mortal Realms sing with sorcerous power, which many races have learned to harness in unique and deadly ways. WIZARDS from your army can generate an extra spell from the table in this section.

NAMED CHARACTERS

Alarielle the Everqueen and Drycha Hamadreth are singular and mighty characters, possessed of their own unique personalities and bespoke artefacts of terrifying power. As such, these models cannot have a command trait or artefact of power.

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

This section describes formations made up of several units that march to war as one, combining their strengths to gain powerful new abilities. By fielding these formations you can muster a mighty sylvaneth Wargrove on the tabletop, or represent the forces that fought in historic battles. There are rules for fielding the renowned sylvaneth glades, each possessing its own strengths and distinct character, as well as a unique palette of naturalistic hues and elegant heraldry that the children of Alarielle manifest upon the battlefield.

WARSCROLLS

This section describes the characteristics and abilities of individual sylvaneth models and units.



ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

A host of tree-spirits on the march is a fearsome sight to behold, with the song of war guiding their veangeful campaigns across the realms. This page describes the allegiance abilities that a sylvaneth army possesses, and the command trait that its general can have.

BATTLE TRAITS

Armies with the SYLVANETH allegiance have the following abilities:

Wyldwood Groves: Wherever the sylvaneth march to war, Wyldwood groves burst from the realmroots.

After all other pieces of scenery are set up, but before the battle begins and players choose territory or set up their armies, you can place one Sylvaneth Wyldwood anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 1" from any other piece of scenery.

Forest Spirits: The sylvaneth are natives of the wild places of the realms, lurking in wait to strike at their enemies. They flow from ambush with lithe grace, falling upon the foe without mercy or restraint.

Instead of setting up a SYLVANETH unit or battalion, you can place it to one side and say it is set up as part of your army in one of the hidden enclaves. In any of your movement phases, you can transport the unit (or battalion) to the battlefield. When you do so, set it up so that all models are within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood and more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for that movement phase.

Navigate Realmroots: Sylvaneth armies favour a swift, hit-and-run fighting style, using spirit paths to strike and fade before the enemy can react.

If a SYLVANETH unit is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood at the start of your movement phase, it can attempt to traverse the spirit paths instead of moving normally. If it does so, remove the unit from the battlefield, then set it up within 3" of a different Sylvaneth Wyldwood, more than 9" from any enemy models. Then, roll a dice and consult the table below.

D6 Spirit Path Result

- 1 Tangled Roots:** The realmroots were tangled and the unit was delayed as it traversed them. The unit can do nothing else for the rest of your turn.
- 2-5 Safe Passage:** The unit navigates the spirit paths successfully, but cannot move further during this movement phase.
- 6+ Pathway Revealed:** The unit found a hidden pathway and has arrived at its destination ahead of time. The unit can move again during this Movement phase.

TREELORDS, TREELORD ANCIENTS and SPIRITS OF DURTHU that use this ability always treat results of Tangled Roots as Safe Passage, such is their knowledge of the spirit paths.

COMMAND TRAITS

In addition to their command abilities, the general of a SYLVANETH army can have a command trait from the list below. Pick the trait that best suits your general's personality. Alternatively, you can roll a dice to randomly determine a trait. If, for any reason, you must select a new general during a battle, immediately generate a trait for them.

D6 Command Trait

- 1 Realm Walker:** If your general uses the Navigate Realmroots ability, add 2 to the dice result.
- 2 Gnarled Warrior:** When you make save rolls for your general, ignore the enemy's Rend unless it is -2 or better.
- 3 Gift of Ghyran:** Your general heals 1 wound at the start of each of your hero phases, or D3 wounds if they are within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood.
- 4 Lord of Spites:** You can re-roll the first failed hit roll made for your general in each phase.
- 5 Warsinger:** You can add 1 to any charge rolls made for friendly SYLVANETH units that are within 10" of your general.
- 6 Wisdom of the Ancients:** All friendly SYLVANETH units within 10" of your general in the battleshock phase add 1 to their Bravery.

DEEPWOOD SPELL LORE

This page describes the spell lore of the Deepwood, the mystical magics shared by sylvaneth spellcasters to harness the power of Ghyran.

Each WIZARD in a SYLVANETH army knows an additional spell chosen from the Deepwood spell lore, the natural mastery of life magic that allows the children of Alarielle to turn the realms themselves against their foes. Pick one that best matches the background story or glade of your wizard. Alternatively, you can roll a dice to randomly determine which extra spell is known to the wizard.

Note that each WIZARD in a SYLVANETH army can know a different spell. If you prefer, you can instead generate (pick or roll) one spell that will be known by *all* your SYLVANETH WIZARDS.

D6	Spell
1	Throne of Vines
2	Regrowth
3	Verdant Blessing
4	The Dwellers Below
5	The Reaping
6	Treesong

HINTS & TIPS – TREESONG

A certain amount of common sense will be needed when you use the Treesong spell, as you may not be physically able to move terrain models around your battlefield. The intent is that the spell can be used to move free-standing Sylvaneth Wyldwoods. If your battlefield doesn't have any such Wyldwoods, we suggest you pick a different spell for your wizard.

1 THRONE OF VINES

Raising their arms high, the caster summons a waving nest of glowing emerald vines. These vibrant tendrils entwine the caster's body before rearing like snakes and plunging down into the soil beneath their feet. Borne aloft upon this seething, coiling throne of magical vines, the caster drinks deep of the sorcerous energies that flow beneath the skin of the Mortal Realms. So empowered, their incantations roll across the land like thunder and tear their enemies apart, while with a contemptuous flick of the wrist they snuff out the spells of the enemy as though they had never been.

Throne of Vines has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, the caster can add D3 to all future casting and unbinding rolls they make until they next move. Once cast, the caster cannot cast this spell again unless they have moved.

2 REGROWTH

The children of Alarielle are filled with the burgeoning magic of life. It sings within their heartwood and thrums through every fibre of their beings. Those sylvaneth with an innate command of the mystic arts can harness this energy, focussing it into a surge of raw life magic that heals even the most grievous of hurts. Barkflesh reknits. Snapped and twisted limbs crackle and creak as they are made whole once more. Even those hacked and hewn warriors who teeter upon the very brink of death can be brought surging back into the fight by such sorcerous regrowth, eschewing the cold grip of death for the warm and vibrant embrace of life.

Regrowth has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick the caster, or a friendly unit within 18". One model in the unit you picked heals D3 wounds. If the unit you picked is a SYLVANETH unit, one model in the unit heals D6 wounds instead.

3 VERDANT BLESSING

Throwing back their head, the caster gives voice to a vibrant burst of the spirit-song that flows through their being. Those energies surge through the air and then spiral in upon themselves, becoming a shimmering orb of jade energy cupped in the caster's waiting hands. This the caster then hurls across the battlefield. Where it strikes, the orb explodes in a burst of life magic that saturates even the most ashen and deathly wastes, and conjures forth surging new plant life from amidst the ruin of war.

Verdant Blessing has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, set up a new Sylvaneth Wyldwood anywhere within 18" of the caster that is not within 1" of any other model or terrain feature.

5 THE REAPING

The energies of life magic flow like a river, pouring endlessly through every living thing in the Mortal Realms. Just as the sylvaneth can instinctively tap into that flood of power and use it to create life, those of a darker bent can also stem the flood, or leech it away altogether. As the caster of this cruel spell booms out their cold, dark song, their victims feel the energies of life leaving them. They become weary and sorrowful, slumping to the ground as their skin bleaches pale white and their souls seep slowly from their bodies. As the final harsh syllables of the Reaping spill from the caster's mouth, its victims shudder once, a pale green mist seeping from their lungs and frittering away upon the breeze, before death takes them at last.

The Reaping has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, all enemy units within 3" suffer D3 mortal wounds.

4 THE DWELLERS BELOW

Drawing upon the darkest and most spiteful aspects of nature's power, the caster summons a seething swarm of shadowy tendrils from beneath the ground. Grasping talons and half-seen claws snatch at the enemy from below, eliciting screams of panic and terror as they latch onto their victims. Those too slow to scramble clear are dragged down into the soil, their fates too horrible to be imagined.

The Dwellers Below has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 10" of the caster. Roll a dice for each model in the unit you picked; the unit suffers a mortal wound for each roll of a 6.

6 TREESONG

Channelling the spirit-song that floods through their roots and joins them to their kin, the caster implores the simple spirits of the Wyldwoods to join the Wargrove in their fight. With bass rumbles and creaking groans, the Wyldwoods heed the caster's song, raising their roots from the ground and lumbering heavily across the field of battle. Soon enough, slumber reclaims the roused Wyldwoods and they settle once more into still, sombre silence.

Treesong has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick a Sylvaneth Wyldwood within 10" of the caster. That Wyldwood's Roused by Magic ability is immediately activated. After resolving damage (if any), roll two dice and move the Wyldwood in any direction up to the distance rolled in inches. It cannot move within 3" of any enemy models or other terrain features. Any units that are wholly within the Sylvaneth Wyldwood are also moved along with it (if a unit is only partially within the Sylvaneth Wyldwood, the Wyldwood cannot be moved at all).

ARTEFACTS OF THE GLADES

Whether ancient heirlooms of the fabled Protectors, or weapons crafted upon thornspite looms by the Branchwyches, these artefacts are potent relics of war.

If a SYLVANETH army includes any HEROES, then one may bear an artefact of power. Declare which HERO has the artefact after picking your general, and then pick which artefact of power the HERO has. Ideally, that artefact should fit the appearance of the model, or the heroic backstory you have given them. Alternatively, roll a dice and look up the roll on the table to randomly select one.



If the HERO is a WIZARD, they may wield an item from the Arcane Treasures table instead of the Magical Artefacts table.

You may choose one additional HERO to have an artefact of power for each warscroll battalion you include in your army. The same model cannot have more than one artefact of power.

MAGICAL ARTEFACTS: SYLVANETH

Any SYLVANETH HERO can be given a magical artefact.

D6 Artefact

- 1 **Daith's Reaper:** Drawn up and fashioned from the only ever seam of Harrowgold, no armour can turn aside this ancient blade if its wielder's aim is true.

Pick one of this HERO'S melee weapons to be Daith's Reaper. When making attacks with this weapon, any wound rolls of 6 or more have a Rend characteristic of -4.

- 2 **The Oaken Armour:** Twined from bark shorn from the mighty Oak of Ages, it is all but impossible to tell where this armour ends and the hide of its sylvaneth wearer begins.

Add 1 to any save rolls made for this HERO.

- 3 **Briarsheath:** This shadowed branchcrest renders its wearer's true form difficult to discern.

Your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against the Briarsheath's bearer.

- 4 **Seed of Rebirth:** Should its bearer ever fall, the seed's rejuvenating energies will pour into its host to grant them new life.

The first time the bearer of this artefact loses its last wound, it immediately heals D3 wounds.

- 5 **Wraithstone:** This crystal emits the ghostly screams of all whose souls were torn from their bodies by the ancient spirits of the forest and bound within it.

Subtract 1 from the Bravery of all enemy units within 10" of the bearer in the battleshock phase.

- 6 **Glamourweave:** Such are Glamourweave's illusory enchantments that even the surest blow struck against its wearer can be proven false.

Roll a dice each time the bearer suffers an unsaved wound or a mortal wound. On a roll of 6, the wound is ignored.

ARCANE TREASURES: SYLVANETH

Any SYLVANETH WIZARD can be given an arcane treasure.

D6 Treasure

- 1 **Acorn of the Ages:** This unassuming acorn is verdant life given form.

Once per game, in your hero phase, set up a new Sylvaneth Wyldwood anywhere within 5" of the bearer. The wood cannot be set up within 1" of any other models or terrain features.

- 2 **Warsong Stave:** This staff's bearer can call upon all the forest to lend aid.

The bearer knows the Treesong spell (pg 109) in addition to any other spells they know.

- 3 **Moonstone of the Hidden Ways:** This incredible shard reshapes the spirit paths as its bearer wills.

Once per game, instead of moving the bearer in the movement phase, remove them from the battlefield and place them anywhere that is more than 4" from any enemy models.

- 4 **Ranu's Lamentiri:** Even in death, Ranu's Lamentiri serves to lend sorcerous strength to his kin.

Add 1 to all casting rolls made for the bearer of Ranu's Lamentiri. If they attempt to cast a spell from the Deepwood spell lore (pg 108), add 2 to the casting roll instead.

- 5 **Hagbane Spite:** These rare forest spite are deadly to the sorcerous foes of the sylvaneth.

Once per game, instead of attempting to unbind a spell, the bearer can send forth their Hagbane Spite to attack the caster. After resolving the spell's effects, the caster immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds.

- 6 **The Silverwood Circlet:** This silverwood crown enables its wearer's perception to travel far afield.

Add 6" to the maximum range of every spell that the wearer knows.





COLLECTING SYLVANETH

Having pored over the rich background and gorgeous artwork in this book, by now you are no doubt keen to start growing your own sylvaneth Wargrove, if you haven't already. This section of the battletome will provide information and guidance for doing just that.

One of the great things about collecting Citadel Miniatures is that there are so many ways to start new collections and add to existing ones. For many people, the miniatures themselves are their inspiration, and you could do a lot worse than following your instincts and just starting with whichever models you find the most appealing. Are you captivated by the model of Alarielle atop her Wardroth Beetle? Pick one up and get painting! Did the pictures of Tree-Revenants and Branchwyches mustering for war make you want some of your own? If so, that's your starting point. Collecting miniatures that really excite you will make assembling and painting them that much more compelling and enjoyable.

The same goes for how you paint them. Some collectors just choose their favourite colours and paint their models accordingly. Others will decide to use hues and iconography they've seen in books like this one, or in *White Dwarf* magazine, and replicate those. Whatever you choose to do, your paint scheme will unify your collection and represent its unique character and identity, whether the models are in pride of place on a cabinet shelf or rampaging across the tabletop. Whatever the case, a fully painted collection of Citadel Miniatures is a truly satisfying spectacle of which you can be rightly proud.

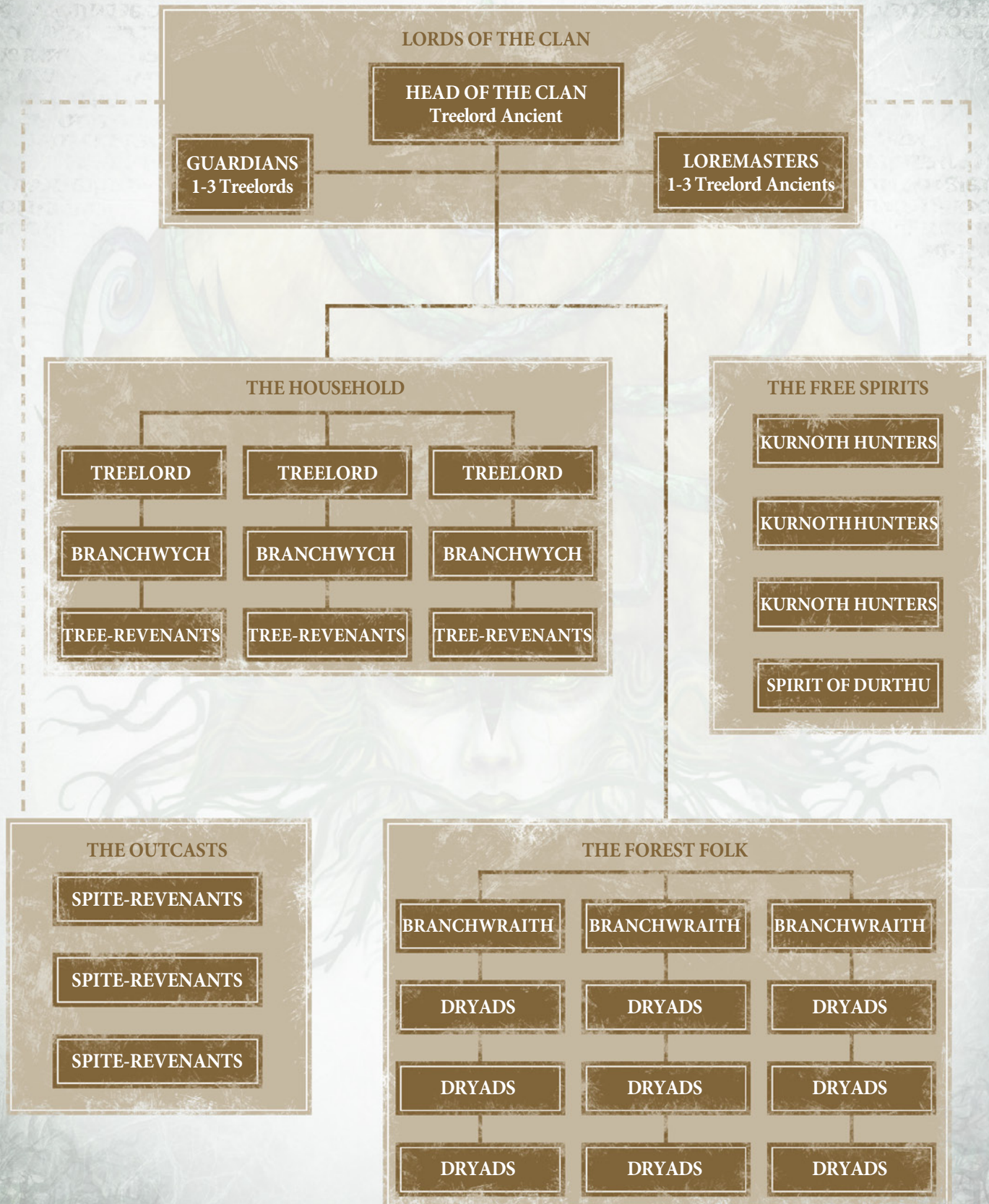
Another source of inspiration for many collectors is the rich background presented throughout our range of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* books. Perhaps your imagination was sparked by the tale of the Oakenbrow ambush atop the Greatstump, or perhaps you want to delve further into the sinister history of Dreadwood Glade? Maybe another narrative occurred to you, all of your own? All you need is an idea to get started, and there are few things more gratifying than growing a collection based around the story of your army. This can even be carried over onto gaming boards and themed terrain, adding yet another level of dynamism to your collection.

Of course, if an army is meant for one thing, it's war, and the forces of the sylvaneth take this to their heartwood. They have a mighty military structure rooted in their history and culture, which provides many different ways to arrange collections of sylvaneth models for battle. Throughout this battletome is a wealth of information on how the sylvaneth prefer to organise their Wargroves. You can use this directly – by referring to the chart on the next page to guide your collection – or as a starting point for the style of war your own glade will adopt, be it a small number of Spite-Revenants led by the legendary Drycha, or a vast muster of Alarielle's verdant children.

If you want to get the dice rolling and play some games with your sylvaneth collection, the warscroll battalions found on pages 115-119 of this book will be particularly helpful. Each one represents a different element of the sylvaneth military and provides an easy-to-follow guide to collecting a formation. An army is more than the sum of its parts, and these battalions represent the synergy of units working in concert by granting them powerful abilities that reflect their role within the sylvaneth Wargrove. Using warscroll battalions to build your collection provides escalating benefits and massive satisfaction. Each new battalion that you complete is its own force on the battlefield, and helps your collection grow into a mighty sylvaneth army capable of bringing the full fury of the Everqueen down upon her foes.

Finally, on pages 128-129, there is a unique historical battalion based upon the nail-biting story of Alarielle's flight from Athelwyrd. When the Stormcast Eternals arrived to help the Everqueen take back her realm, they combined their considerable strengths into a force to be feared by the warlords of Chaos. By bringing sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals together in a single collection, this battalion presents a special collecting project, and plenty of seeds for those who want to create their own exciting stories set in the Age of Sigmar.

SYLVANETH WARGROVE



WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

The warriors of the Mortal Realms often fight in battalions. Each of these deadly fighting formations consists of several units that are organised and trained to fight alongside each other. The units in warscroll battalions can employ special tactics on the battlefield, making them truly deadly foes.

If you wish, you can organise the units in your army into a warscroll battalion. Doing so will give you access to additional abilities that can be used by the units in the battalion. The information needed to use these powerful formations can be found on the warscroll battalion sheets that we publish for *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*. Each warscroll battalion sheet lists the units that make it up, and the rules for any additional abilities that units from the warscroll battalion can use.

When you are setting up, you can set up all of the units in a warscroll battalion instead of setting up a single unit. Alternatively, you can set up some of the units from a warscroll battalion, and set up any remaining units individually later on, or you can set up all of the units individually. For example, in a battle where each player takes it in turns to set up one unit, you could set up one, some or all of the units belonging to a warscroll battalion in your army.

On the following pages you will find a selection of warscroll battalions. Usually, a unit can only belong to one battalion, and so can only benefit from a single set of battalion abilities. However, some very large battalions include other, smaller battalions, and in this case it is possible for a unit to benefit from the abilities of two different battalions at the same time.



- 1. Title:** The name of the warscroll battalion and a short overview of the background for it and how it fights.
- 2. Organisation:** This section lists the units that make up the warscroll battalion and any restrictions that may apply to the models that you can include.
- 3. Abilities:** Every warscroll battalion includes one or more abilities that some or all of the units from the battalion can use. The abilities listed for a warscroll battalion only apply to the units that make it up (even if there are other units of the same type in your army). These abilities are in addition to the abilities listed on the units' warscrolls.



SYLVANETH FREE SPIRITS

The Free Spirits are the instruments of Alarielle's will, a cadre of elite warriors whose presence hones the sylvaneth muster into a swift and deadly weapon of singular purpose.

ORGANISATION

A Free Spirits battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Spirit of Durthu
- 3 units of Kurnoth Hunters

ABILITIES

Swift Vengeance: The Free Spirits move without delay to fulfil Alarielle's will. In your hero phase, you can pick either an enemy unit or a terrain feature, and then move each unit from the Free Spirits as though it were the movement phase (they cannot run). They must end their move closer to the chosen unit or terrain feature than they were before they moved.



SYLVANETH LORDS OF THE CLAN

The spirit-song surges through the Lords of the Clan like a raging river. As they stride across the battlefield, the Treelords harness that energy to marshal their forces, and to punish their foes.

ORGANISATION

The Lords of the Clan consists of the following units:

- 1 Treelord Ancient (the Head of the Clan)
- 1-3 Treelord Ancients
- 1-3 Treelords

ABILITIES

Deadly Chorus: The leaders of a sylvaneth clan bear a great many duties, not least of which is leading the spirit-song. When standing together, they can cause it to rise into a great chorus so powerful that it rips through the air like a howling gale. In the hero phase, the Head of the Clan can unleash a great chorus. Roll a dice for each enemy unit within 10" of him, adding 1 to the result for each other model from this battalion that is also within 10" of the enemy unit being rolled for. If the result is 6-9, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. If the result is 10 or more, that enemy unit suffers D6 mortal wounds instead.

WARSCROLL BATTALION



SYLVANETH HOUSEHOLD

In ritually ordered formations, the warriors of the Household advance into the teeth of the enemy army, pinning them in battle while the rest of the clan rips into them from all sides.

ORGANISATION

A Household battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Treelord
- 1 Branchwych
- 1 unit of Tree-Revenants

ABILITIES

Discipline of the Ages: The noble warriors of a Household are adept at engaging the foe and drawing them in so that they are open to swift assaults by their fellows. Enemy units cannot choose to retreat if they are within 3" of a Household unit. In addition, units from this battalion add 1 to their Bravery in the battleshock phase if they are within 3" of an enemy unit.



SYLVANETH FOREST FOLK

Moving quickly through the undergrowth, the Forest Folk plunge into battle. Attacking from every side, multiple bands of Dryads lash their victims to bloody tatters before vanishing once again.

ORGANISATION

A Forest Folk battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Branchwraith
- 3 units of Dryads

ABILITIES

Fade from View: The Forest Folk favour a swift, hit-and-run fighting style that allows them to strike and disappear before the enemy can deal a reprisal. Once per game, in your hero phase, the Forest Folk can vanish along the spirit paths. Remove all of the models in the battalion from the battlefield and set them to one side. Then set up each of the units anywhere within your territory, or within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood. They must be set up at least 9" from the enemy, and cannot move in the following movement phase.



SYLVANETH OUTCASTS

The Outcasts are the terrors that lurk in the shadows, the creeping things beneath the forest eaves. When great masses of them surge into battle, it is all the enemy can do to avoid dying of sheer fright.

ORGANISATION

An Outcasts battalion consists of the following units:

- 3 units of Spite-Revenants

ABILITIES

Fear the Forest-kin: Every civilisation has its tales of terrifying creatures that emerge from the trees, blood slick upon their talons, their fangs bared in a terrifying rictus. They come to slaughter, to feast, or simply to revel in the fear that precedes them. When a host of such creatures gathers together, the combined dread they instil can stop their foes' hearts from beating. In your hero phase, roll two dice for each enemy unit that is within 8" of at least two units from this battalion. For each point by which the total dice roll exceeds the unit's Bravery, the unit suffers a mortal wound.



SYLVANETH SYLVANETH WARGROVE

Drawn together by the strident melodies of the song of war, a sylvaneth Wargrove moves and fights as a single mighty warrior whose swift and deadly attacks have been the death of countless foes.

ORGANISATION

A Sylvaneth Wargrove consists of the following battalions:

- 1 Lords of the Clan battalion
- 3 Household battalions
- 3 Forest Folk battalions
- 1 Free Spirits battalion
- 1 Outcasts battalion

ABILITIES

Mighty Wyldwood: When joined in harmony, the sylvaneth can command the forests, summoning trees from even the most barren ground and effortlessly traversing the realmroots to confound their foes. If your army has the SYLVANETH allegiance and includes a Sylvaneth Wargrove, then the Wyldwood Groves ability (pg 107) allows you to set up one additional Sylvaneth Wyldwood. In addition, each time one of your units uses the Navigate Realmroots ability (pg 107), add 1 to the dice result.

SYLVANETH

OAKENBROW WARGROVE



The Wargroves of Oakenbrow Glade are led by great numbers of mighty Treelords and Treelord Ancients. Possessed of unfailing nobility and might, these regal warriors stride at the fore of their Wargrove, smashing a hole in the enemy lines through which their kin then pour. The resilience and tenacity of Oakenbrow's armies is legendary, and it is said that no matter what weapons their enemies wield, or how desperate matters become, the noble warriors of Oakenbrow will never disgrace Alarielle by giving in to defeat.

ORGANISATION

An Oakenbrow Wargrove must contain the following:

- 1 Lords of the Clan battalion
(must contain 2-6 Treelords, instead of 1-3)

An Oakenbrow Wargrove may also contain the following:

- 0-3 Household battalions
(can each contain 1 additional Treelord and 1 additional unit of Tree-Revenants)
- 0-3 Forest Folk battalions
(can each contain 1 additional unit of Dryads)
- 0-1 Free Spirits battalion
- 0-1 Outcasts battalion
- Any number of additional SYLVANETH units

If an Oakenbrow Wargrove contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the Mighty Wyldwood ability (see pg 120).

ABILITIES

Noble Spirits: Oakenbrow Treelords are renowned for the resilience of their heartwood. Oakenbrow Treelords and Treelord Ancients have a Wounds characteristic of 13.

Mighty Hosts: Oakenbrow clans can draw on great numbers. Once during the battle, in your hero phase, you can replace a unit of Oakenbrow Dryads or Tree-Revenants that has been completely destroyed with an identical unit. Set up the replacement unit within 6" of the edge of the battlefield or within a Sylvaneth Wyldwood, and more than 9" from any enemy models. This counts as its move for the following movement phase.

COMMAND TRAIT

Ancient Nobility: Oakenbrow leaders inspire courage in their followers. An Oakenbrow general can have this command trait instead of one of those listed on page 107. All friendly SYLVANETH units within 15" of your general in the battleshock phase add 1 to their Bravery.

SYLVANETH

GNARLROOT WARGROVE



No other sylvaneth army can match the sorcerous might wielded by the Wargroves of Gnarlroot Glade. At their head stride Treelord Ancients who were old even before Sigmar's pantheon was formed, attended by Branchwyches and Branchwraiths privy to the myriad forbidden secrets of their gnarled lords. Even as the warriors of the Households and the Forest Folk spring into battle, they are accompanied by a veritable gale of sorcerous energies that sees the enemy wither like rotted fruit on the vine, while the sylvaneth blossom into greater strength and vitality than ever before.

ORGANISATION

A Gnarlroot Wargrove must contain the following:

- 1 Household battalion
(must contain Treelord Ancient instead of Treelord)

A Gnarlroot Wargrove may also contain the following:

- 0-1 Lords of the Clan battalion
- 0-2 Household battalions
- 0-3 Forest Folk battalions
(can each contain 1 additional Branchwraith)
- 0-1 Free Spirits battalion
- 0-1 Outcasts battalion
- 0-1 ORDER WIZARD
- Any number of additional SYLVANETH units

If a Gnarlroot Wargrove contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the Mighty Wyldwood ability (see pg 120).

ABILITIES

Seekers of Knowledge: Gnarlroot Clans prize arcane knowledge and spell lore above all things. A Gnarlroot Treelord Ancient, Branchwyche or Branchwraith is allowed to attempt to cast one extra spell in each of their hero phases, and unbind one extra spell in each enemy hero phase.

MAGIC

Each Gnarlroot WIZARD also knows the following spell:

VERDUROUS HARMONY

The wizard plucks the youngest sprouts of magic and uses them to renew the broken forms of fallen warriors. Verdurous Harmony has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, select a friendly SYLVANETH unit within 18". One model in that unit that has been slain earlier during the battle is returned to life. Return D3 slain models to the unit instead if they are Dryads or Tree-Revenants.

SYLVANETH

HEARTWOOD WARGROVE



Few Wargroves are as warlike as those of Heartwood Glade. Brave and determined, these sylvaneth warriors worship not only Alarielle but also her spiritual consort, Kurnoth. They draw their inspiration from the teachings of the God of the Hunt, and welcome gladly the Free Spirits who serve as his mortal avatars upon the field of battle. It is common to see the Wargroves of Heartwood led into battle by whole hunting parties of those towering warriors, or racing out upon the Wild Hunt to drag down and tear apart those who have defiled Alarielle's realm.

ORGANISATION

A Heartwood Wargrove must contain the following:

- 1 Free Spirits battalion
(must contain 4-6 units of Kurnoth Hunters, instead of 3)

A Heartwood Wargrove may also contain the following:

- 0-1 Lords of the Clan battalion
- 0-3 Household battalions
- 0-3 Forest Folk battalions
- 0-1 Outcasts battalion
- Any number of additional SYLVANETH units

If a Heartwood Wargrove contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the **Mighty Wyldwood** ability (see pg 120).

ABILITIES

Worshippers of Kurnoth: The clans of Heartwood Glade are dedicated followers of the god Kurnoth, and hold the warriors of Kurnoth's Hunters in the highest regard. Add 1 to the Bravery of any Heartwood units that are within 6" of a friendly unit of Kurnoth Hunters. This bonus does not apply to units of Kurnoth Hunters themselves.

Followers of the Wild Hunt: When a Wild Hunt is called, many members of Heartwood heed the call. Roll a dice in each of your hero phases, adding 1 to the roll if there are any friendly units of Kurnoth Hunters on the battlefield. On a roll of 6 or more you can replace a unit of Heartwood Dryads, Tree-Revenants, or Spite-Revenants that has been completely destroyed with an identical unit. Set up the replacement unit within 6" of the edge of the battlefield or within a Sylvaneth Wyldwood, and more than 9" from any enemy units. This counts as its move for the following movement phase.

SYLVANETH

IRONBARK WARGROVE



Like a towering tree with its roots dug deep, a Wargrove of Ironbark Glade is as immovable as it is mighty. Built around stoic Households of Noble Spirits, each armed with expertly crafted blades of the most enduring metals and minerals, the warriors of Ironbark soak up the fury of the enemy charge before cutting their enemies to pieces without mercy. It is said that the spirits of Ironbark have learned much – perhaps a little too much – stubborn determination from their duardin allies, but there can be no denying that their unfailing grit stands them in good stead upon the field of battle.

ORGANISATION

An Ironbark Wargrove must contain the following:

- 1 Household battalion
(must contain 1 additional unit of Tree-Revenants)

An Ironbark Wargrove may also contain the following:

- 0-1 Lords of the Clan battalion
- 0-2 Household battalions
(each can contain 1 additional unit of Tree-Revenants)
- 0-3 Forest Folk battalions
(can contain Branchwyches instead of Branchwraiths)
- 0-1 Free Spirits battalion
- 0-1 Outcasts battalion
- 0-2 DUARDIN units
- Any number of additional SYLVANETH units

If an Ironbark Wargrove contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the Mighty Wyldwood ability (pg 120).

ABILITIES

Stubborn and Taciturn: Ironbark Clans are famous for their stoic indifference. Halve the number of casualties when working out the result of a battleshock test for a SYLVANETH Ironbark unit, rounding fractions up. For example, if an Ironbark unit suffered 3 casualties, then 2 would be added to its battleshock test rather than 3.

Master-crafted Weapons: Ironbark Sylvaneth excel at drawing up and crafting precious metals. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for the enchanted blades, protector glaives or greenwood scythes used by Ironbark Tree-Revenants and Branchwyches.

MAGICAL ARTEFACT

One Ironbark HERO can have the following artefact of power instead of one chosen from pages 110-111:

Ironbark Talisman: Forged by the duardin, this talisman infuses the sylvaneth's limbs with steely strength. You can add 1 to all wound rolls made for the bearer's melee weapons.

SYLVANETH

WINTERLEAF WARGROVE



To stand before the Wargroves of Winterleaf Glade is to know the icy fury of the blizzard as it rips its way through the rattling, clawing branches of a leafless canopy. Cold of eye and heartwood alike, the warriors of Winterleaf harbour neither mercy nor compassion for their foes. They care nothing for their own lives, believing themselves already dead in every way that matters. Thus they advance with the grim inevitability of the frozen seasons, every savage claw thrust and whistling blade felling another foe and leaving its contorted corpse sprawled amidst the carrion dead.

ORGANISATION

A Winterleaf Wargrove must contain the following:

- 1 Forest Folk battalion
(must contain 1 additional unit of Dryads)

A Winterleaf Wargrove may also contain the following:

- 0-1 Lords of the Clan battalion
- 0-3 Household battalions
- 0-2 Forest Folk battalions
(can each contain 1 additional unit of Dryads)
- 0-1 Free Spirits battalion
- 0-1 Outcasts battalion
- 0-1 **ORDER** unit
- Any number of additional SYLVANETH units

If a Winterleaf Wargrove contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the Mighty Wyldwood ability (see pg 120).

ABILITIES

Surrounded by Devastation: Winterleaf Clans inhabit frozen wastelands filled with empty ruins. Any SYLVANETH Winterleaf units that are set up in a hidden enclave at the start of the battle (see the Forest Spirits rule on pg 107), can be set up within 3" of an Ophidian Archway and more than 9" from any enemy models, in addition to the other ways it can be set up. This is their move for that movement phase.

Embittered by War: Winterleaf Dryads are especially bitter about the destruction of their homeland, and eager to vent their malice. Each time you make a hit roll of 6 or more for a Winterleaf Dryad, it can immediately make one additional attack with its Wracking Talons.

Revenge Against Chaos: The Winterleaf Clans harbour a deep hatred against the followers of Chaos. You can re-roll hit and wound rolls of 1 for any attack made by a SYLVANETH Winterleaf unit upon a CHAOS unit.

SYLVANETH

DREADWOOD WARGROVE



Battling a Wargrove of Dreadwood Glade is like trying to fight choking smoke rising from a fire-blackened forest. These spiteful creatures care nothing for the honour, nobility and grace of their kin. They delight, instead, in spreading confusion, fear and pain. From ambushes and sneak attacks to cruel illusions, torture and terror tactics, there is no strategy that is beneath the cruel warriors of Dreadwood. Such is their malice that even the Spite-Revenants drawn to their musters are blacker of heartwood than most, ripping into their enemies with a savagery that borders on atrocity.

ORGANISATION

A Dreadwood Wargrove consists of the following:

- 1 Outcasts battalion
(must contain 4-6 units of Spite-Revenants, instead of 3)

A Dreadwood Wargrove may also contain the following:

- 0-1 Lords of the Clan battalion
- 0-3 Household battalions
- 0-3 Forest Folk battalions
- 0-1 Free Spirits battalion
- Any number of additional SYLVANETH units

If a Dreadwood Wargrove contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the Mighty Wyldwood ability (see pg 120).

ABILITIES

Malicious Tormentors: The Spite-Revenants that fight alongside Dreadwood Glade are renowned for being especially cruel and malicious, and delight in tormenting their prey. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by Dreadwood Spite-Revenants.

Subterfuge: Dreadwood Clans are masters of subterfuge. Roll a dice at the start of the first battle round; on a 1 or 2 you can use one of the following stratagems, on a 3 or 4 you can use two of them, and on a 5 or 6 you can use all three:

Ambush: A Dreadwood unit can be redeployed anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 6" from an enemy unit.

Hidden Attackers: The maximum range of enemy attacks, abilities and spells against Dreadwood units is limited to 12" during the first round of the battle.

Sneak Attack: Up to 3 Dreadwood units can immediately move as if it were the movement phase (they cannot run).

SYLVANETH

HARVESTBOON WARGROVE



Built around vibrant, quick-tempered warbands of Forest Folk, the Wargroves of Harvestboon Glade are swift and aggressive. The hope that sings through the heartwood of these lithe young spirits lends them speed and agility, and sees them surge across the battlefield like the spear of Kurnoth. Life magic swirls around the Harvestboon Wargroves, focussed upon the Branchwraiths who lead their Forest Folk to war. These graceful creatures shield their kin from harm while ripping gaps in the enemy lines for their warriors to exploit.

ORGANISATION

A Harvestboon Wargrove must consist of the following:

- 1 Forest Folk battalion
(must contain 1 additional Branchwraith)

A Harvestboon Wargrove may also contain the following:

- 0-1 Lords of the Clan battalion
- 0-3 Household battalions
- 0-2 Forest Folk battalions
(can each contain 1 additional Branchwraith)
- 0-1 Free Spirits battalion
- 0-1 Outcasts battalion
- Any number of additional SYLVANETH units

If a Harvestboon Wargrove contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the Mighty Wyldwood ability (see pg 120).

ABILITIES

Chorus of Magic: Harvestboon Branchwraiths are known for the sheer power of their spellcraft. Add 1 to casting rolls for Harvestboon Branchwraiths.

Vibrant Surge: Sylvaneth of Harvestboon have a burning desire to drive any enemies from their territory. Add 1 to any run or charge rolls made for Harvestboon units.

ARCANE TREASURE

One Harvestboon Branchwraith can have the following artefact of power instead of one chosen from pages 110-111:

Tear of Grace: Only in times of dire need is the Tear of Grace risked in open battle. The bearer of the Tear of Grace knows an extra spell, which is always generated from the Deepwood spell lore (pg 108). In addition, the bearer can add 3" to the range of all of their spells.

THE GUARDIANS OF ALARIELLE

No darker hour have the sylvaneth faced than when the followers of Nurgle ousted Alarielle from the vale of Athelwyrd. With their goddess dormant, and enemies snapping at their heels, only the courageous Guardians of Alarielle prevented Nurgle from seizing the Realm of Life once and for all.

It was a strange Wargrove that mustered to defend Alarielle during her frantic flight from Athelwyrd. Made up of those forest spirits fortunate enough to have survived the fall of the Hidden Vale, the force comprised Forest Folk and Treelords from both Harvestboon and Oakenbrow Glades. These disparate bands were given focus and purpose through the cool-headed leadership of the Lady of Vines, Alarielle's right hand, and greatest of all

Branchwraiths. The utter determination and devotion of this matronly figure was inspirational – she would not fail her mother in Alarielle's hour of need, and she would not allow a single one of her fellows to do so either. The Lady of Vines wove such harmonies of courage and defiance into the spirit song that her sylvaneth warriors were physically borne up and kept fighting long after their terrible wounds should have seen them fall.

Further to this selfless courage and determination, the sylvaneth had another advantage in the form of Sigmar's Stormcast Eternals. Though the hordes of Nurgle outnumbered the forces of Order a thousandfold on that dark day, the holy might of the Hallowed Knights did much to even the field of battle. Those Stormcasts, too, had borne witness already to

much fighting and many terrible deeds. Lord-Castellant Lorrus Grymn had himself been forced to kill his own Lord-Celestant, Gardus Steelsoul, rather than see that pure-hearted warrior consigned to an endless hell by the daemonic servants of Nurgle. Far from shaking their resolve, however, the odds they faced only strengthened the Stormcasts further, and fired their righteous determination.

Even as the corpulent blighthordes of Torglug the Despised bore down upon them, the Lady of Vines led her sylvaneth to carve a path towards freedom, while Lorrus Grymn and his Lord-Relictor, Morbus, commanded their Hallowed Knights in a rearguard action that saw the enemy thrown back time and time again. Through such heroics did the Guardians of Alarielle save the goddess' life.

THE HALLOWED KNIGHTS

Of all Sigmar's Stormcast Eternals, there is no Stormhost purer of heart, thought and deed than the Hallowed Knights. These silver-clad warriors are the embodiment of Order, the personification of all that is just and good. They know nothing of weakness, their spirits rendered incorruptible by their Reforging. The Hallowed Knights never give in to despair, for they know that while the God-King commands them they can never know defeat. For all their heroism, the warriors of this Stormhost are humble and pure-hearted, seeking no glory but that which they can win for Sigmar and the forces of Order. It is for this cause that the Hallowed Knights stride to battle, and their foes flee before their purity in terror.





SYLVANETH GUARDIANS OF ALARIELLE

Combining the swift strength of the sylvaneth with the resilience and courage of the Hallowed Knights, the Guardians of Alarielle formed a nigh-unstoppable force to defend the dormant Alarielle.

ORGANISATION

The Guardians of Alarielle consist of the following:

- 1 Branchwraith
(The Lady of Vines)
- 2 Treelords or Treelord Ancients,
in any combination
- 2 units of Dryads
- 1 Lord-Castellant
(Lorrus Grymn)
- 2 units of Liberators
- 1 unit of Judicators

ABILITIES

The Song of the Lady of Vines: The Lady of Vines' song has magical healing powers. She can give voice to the song in each of her hero phases. If she does so, pick a model anywhere on the battlefield; that model heals 1 wound (it heals D3 wounds instead if it is a SYLVANETH unit within 18").

Master of Defence: Lorrus Grymn is a master of defensive warfare. Add 1 to the save rolls of Grymn, and to the save rolls of any STORMCAST ETERNALS unit from this battalion that is within 9" of him when the save is made.

Guardians of the Queen-seed: The Lady of Vines bears Alarielle's dormant form in a soulpod, and those tasked with the Everqueen's defence will fight to the last to protect it. So long as the Lady of Vines is still alive, the Bravery of all Guardians of Alarielle units is 10.

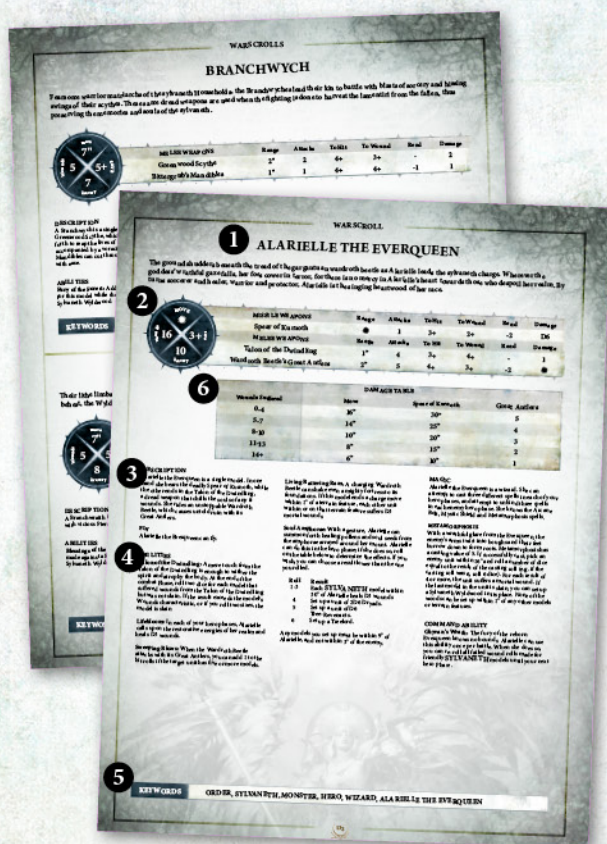
WARSCROLLS

The warriors and creatures that battle in the Mortal Realms are incredibly diverse, each one fighting with their own unique weapons and combat abilities. To represent this, every model has a warscroll that lists the characteristics, weapons and abilities that apply to the model.

Every Citadel Miniature in the Warhammer range has its own warscroll, which provides you with all of the information needed to use that model in a game of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*. This means that you can use any Citadel Miniatures in your collection as part of an army as long as you have the right warscrolls.

When fighting a battle, simply refer to the warscrolls for the models you are using. Warscrolls for all of the other models in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* range are available from Games Workshop. Just visit our website at games-workshop.com for more information on how to obtain them.

The key below explains what you will find on a warscroll, and the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet explains how this information is used in a game. The warscroll also includes a short piece of text explaining the background for the models and how they fight.



- Title:** The name of the model that the warscroll describes.
- Characteristics:** This set of characteristics tells you how fast, powerful and brave the model is, and how effective its weapons are.
- Description:** The description tells you what weapons the model can be armed with, and what upgrades (if any) it can be given. The description will also tell you if the model is fielded on its own as a single model, or as part of a unit. If the model is fielded as part of a unit, then the description will say how many models the unit should have (if you don't have enough models to field a unit, you can still field one unit with as many models as you have available).
- Abilities:** Abilities are things that the model can do during a game that are not covered by the standard game rules.
- Keywords:** All models have a list of keywords. Sometimes a rule will say that it only applies to models that have a specific keyword.
- Damage Table:** Some models have a damage table that is used to determine one or more of the model's characteristics. Look up the number of wounds the model has suffered to find the value of the characteristic in question.



HINTS & TIPS

Modifiers: Many warscrolls include modifiers that can affect characteristics. For example, a rule might add 1 to the Move characteristic of a model, or subtract 1 from the result of a hit roll. Modifiers are cumulative.

Random Values: Sometimes, the Move or weapon characteristics on a warscroll will have random values. For example, the Move characteristic for a model might be 2D6 (two dice rolls added together), whereas the Attacks characteristic of a weapon might be D6.

When a unit with a random Move characteristic is selected to move in the movement phase, roll the indicated number of dice. The total of the dice rolled is the Move characteristic for all models in the unit for the duration of that movement phase.

Generate any random values for a weapon (except Damage) each time it is chosen as the weapon for an attack.

Roll once and apply the result to all such weapons being used in the attack. The result applies for the rest of that phase. For Damage, generate a value for each weapon that inflicts damage.

When to Use Abilities: Abilities that are used at the start of a phase must be carried out before any other actions. By the same token, abilities used at the end of the phase are carried out after all normal activities for the phase are complete.

If you can use several abilities at the same time, you can decide in which order they are used. If both players can carry out abilities at the same time, the player whose turn is taking place uses their abilities first.

Save of ‘-’: Some models have a Save of ‘-’. This means that they automatically fail all save rolls (do not make the roll, even if modifiers apply).

Keywords: Keywords are sometimes linked to (or tagged) by a rule. For example, a rule might say that it applies to ‘all SYLVANETH models’. This means that it would apply to models that have the Sylvaneth keyword on their warscroll.

Keywords can also be a useful way to decide which models to include in an army. For example, if you want to field a Sylvaneth army, just use models that have the Sylvaneth keyword.

Minimum Range: Some weapons have a minimum range. For example 6"-48". The weapon cannot shoot at an enemy unit that is within the minimum range.

Weapons: Some models can be armed with two identical weapons. When the model attacks with these weapons, do not double the number of attacks that the weapons make; usually, the model gets an additional ability instead.

ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN

The ground shudders beneath the tread of the gargantuan wardroth beetle as Alarielle leads the sylvaneth charge. Wherever the goddess' wrathful gaze falls, her foes cower in terror, for there is no mercy in Alarielle's heart towards those who despoil her realm. By turns sorcerer and healer, warrior and protector, Alarielle is the singing heartwood of her race.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Spear of Kurnoth	☀	1	3+	2+	-2	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Talon of the Dwindling	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1
Wardroth Beetle's Great Antlers	2"	5	4+	3+	-2	☀

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Spear of Kurnoth	Great Antlers
0-4	16"	30"	5
5-7	14"	25"	4
8-10	10"	20"	3
11-13	8"	15"	2
14+	6"	10"	1

DESCRIPTION

Alarielle the Everqueen is a single model. In one hand she bears the deadly Spear of Kurnoth, while the other ends in the Talon of the Dwindling, a dread weapon that chills the souls of any it wounds. She rides an unstoppable Wardroth Beetle, which causes untold ruin with its Great Antlers.

FLY

Alarielle the Everqueen can fly.

ABILITIES

Talon of the Dwindling: A mere touch from the Talon of the Dwindling is enough to wither the spirit and atrophy the body. At the end of the combat phase, roll two dice for each model that suffered wounds from the Talon of the Dwindling but was not slain. If the result exceeds the model's Wounds characteristic, or if you roll two sixes, the model is slain.

Lifebloom: In each of your hero phases, Alarielle calls upon the restorative energies of her realm and heals D3 wounds.

Sweeping Blows: When the Wardroth Beetle attacks with its Great Antlers, you can add 1 to the hit rolls if the target unit has five or more models.

Living Battering Ram: A charging Wardroth Beetle can shake even a mighty fortress to its foundations. If this model ends a charge move within 1" of a terrain feature, each other unit within or on that terrain feature suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Soul Amphorae: With a gesture, Alarielle can summon forth healing pollens and soul seeds from the amphorae arrayed around her mount. Alarielle can do this in the hero phase; if she does so, roll on the table below to determine the effects. If you wish, you can choose a result lower than the one you rolled.

Roll	Result
1-3	Each SYLVANETH model within 30" of Alarielle heals D3 wounds.
4	Set up a unit of 2D6 Dryads.
5	Set up a unit of D6 Tree-Revenants.
6	Set up a Treelord.

Any models you set up must be within 9" of Alarielle, and not within 3" of the enemy.

MAGIC

Alarielle the Everqueen is a wizard. She can attempt to cast three different spells in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind three spells in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Metamorphosis spells.

METAMORPHOSIS

With a wrathful glare from the Everqueen, the enemy's arms twist into boughs and their feet burrow down to form roots. Metamorphosis has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 16" and roll a number of dice equal to the result of the casting roll (e.g. if the casting roll was 6, roll 6 dice). For each result of 4 or more, the unit suffers a mortal wound. If the last model in the unit is slain, you can set up a Sylvaneth Wyldwood in its place. None of the woods can be set up within 1" of any other models or terrain features.

COMMAND ABILITY

Ghyran's Wrath: The fury of the reborn Everqueen knows no bounds. Alarielle can use this ability once per battle. When she does so, you can re-roll all failed wound rolls made for friendly SYLVANETH models until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN

DRYCHA HAMADRETH

Drycha Hamadreth is a blood-soaked destroyer who keens with psychotic hatred as she tears through her enemies like a raging storm. The self-titled Queen of the Outcasts fights a never-ending crusade to eradicate those she sees as a threat to her race, leaving a trail of corpses both friend and foe in her wake as she rampages across the Mortal Realms.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Colony of Flitterfuries	☀	—	—	See below	—	—
Swarm of Squirmlings	10"	—	—	See below	—	—
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Slashing Talons	2"	☀	4+	3+	-1	2
Thorned Slendervines	2"	2D6	4+	4+	-	1

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Colony of Flitterfuries	Swarm of Squirmlings	Slashing Talons
0-2	18"	3+	6
3-4	15"	4+	5
5-6	12"	4+	4
7-8	9"	5+	3
9+	6"	5+	2

DESCRIPTION

Drycha Hamadreth is a single model. A single-minded fighter, she lays about herself with Slashing Talons and flays her enemies alive with the Thorned Slendervines that trail from her armoured form. She does not fight alone, however, for she is the very embodiment of Hamadrithil's malice. Her form plays host to either a Colony of Flitterfuries or a Swarm of Squirmlings.

ABILITIES

Colony of Flitterfuries: Ravenous Flitterfuries rove out from Drycha in great clouds that darken the sky. When she attacks with her Colony of Flitterfuries, roll 10 dice for each unit within the range shown on the damage table. For each roll of a 6, that unit suffers a mortal wound.

Swarm of Squirmlings: At Drycha's command, a Swarm of Squirmlings bursts forth to assail nearby foes. When she attacks with her Swarm of Squirmlings, pick an enemy unit and roll a dice for each model in that unit that is within 10". For each result that equals or exceeds the number shown on the damage table, the unit suffers a mortal wound.

Mercurial Aspect: Drycha's unpredictable bouts of fury are as famous as her sudden bouts of melancholy. At the start of each battle round, after rolling to see who takes the first turn, roll a dice. On a result of 1, 2 or 3, Drycha is enraged, while on a 4, 5 or 6 she is embittered. Her mood lasts until the end of the battle round.

Enraged: While Drycha is enraged, double the number of attacks she makes with her Slashing Talons. Flitterfuries are sustained by her anger, so you can re-roll any dice that score a 1 if she attacks with her Colony of Flitterfuries.

Embittered: While Drycha is embittered, the sting of agony invigorates her. Subtract two from the number of wounds Drycha has lost when referring to the damage table. Squirmlings take delight in her spiteful melancholy, so you can re-roll any dice that score a 1 if she attacks with her Swarm of Squirmlings.

Song of Spite: Drycha shares a special kinship with the Outcasts, who seem to emulate her fury. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for Spite-Revenants whilst their unit is within 10" of Drycha Hamadreth.

MAGIC

Drycha Hamadreth is a wizard. She can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Primal Terror spells.

PRIMAL TERROR

Throwing back her head, Drycha gives voice to a deafening scream of anguish and pain. Primal Terror has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 10" of the caster, adding 2 to the result. For each point by which the total exceeds the highest Bravery in that unit, the unit suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, DRYCHA HAMADRETH

SPIRIT OF DURTHU

Fighting alone as embodiments of Alarielle's will, or together as the fabled Sons of Durthu, these imposing forest spirits are mantled with the greatness of their ancestor. With their every deed they strive to be worthy of the legacy of legendary Durthu, and this determination makes them some of the most powerful warriors in the sylvaneth Wargroves.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Verdant Blast	15"	☀	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Guardian Sword	3"	3	3+	3+	-2	☀
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	☀	-2	1

Wounds Suffered	DAMAGE TABLE		
	Verdant Blast	Guardian Sword	Massive Impaling Talons
0-2	6	6	2+
3-4	5	D6	2+
5-7	4	D6	3+
8-9	3	D6	3+
10+	2	D3	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Spirit of Durthu is a single model. He is armed with Massive Impaling Talons, and can attack with his Guardian Sword. A Spirit of Durthu can also channel a Verdant Blast through his Guardian Sword, drawing on his own vital energy to scour his enemies.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: At the start of the combat phase, the Spirit of Durthu stomps the ground; roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a roll of 4 or more, that unit is knocked off their feet by the impact and must subtract 1 from all hit rolls in that combat phase as they regain their footing.

Impale: If the Spirit of Durthu's Massive Impaling Talons inflict a wound on an enemy model, roll a dice. If the result exceeds the number of wounds the enemy model has remaining, it is slain.

Spirit Paths: If a Spirit of Durthu is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood at the start of your movement phase, he can travel along the spirit paths. If he does so, remove the Spirit of Durthu from the battlefield, and then set him up within 3" of a different Sylvaneth Wyldwood, more than 9" from any enemy models. This is his move for the movement phase.

Guardian Sword: The Spirit of Durthu makes an extra D3 attacks with the Guardian Sword if he is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood when he attacks in the combat phase.

Champions of the Everqueen's Will: Spirits of Durthu instil courage in the Everqueen's children. All friendly SYLVANETH units that are within 8" of any Spirits of Durthu in the battleshock phase add 1 to their Bravery.

Verdant Blast: When a Spirit of Durthu attacks with a Verdant Blast, you can declare that he will channel his life-force to intensify its power. Add 2 to the weapon's Attacks for the rest of the turn. If the Spirit of Durthu uses this ability, he suffers D3 mortal wounds at the end of the shooting phase.

Solemn Guardian: Spirits of Durthu belong to no clan or glade, instead answering directly to their Everqueen. They are her sworn protectors, and when she sends them to battle they stand in defence of her chosen commanders. If an attack that targets a friendly SYLVANETH HERO within 6" of a Spirit of Durthu causes a wound, roll a dice. On a result of 4 or more the wound is inflicted on the Spirit of Durthu instead (you can make a save roll as normal).

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, SPIRIT OF DURTHU

TREELORD ANCIENT

The fury of the forest is roused by the magical powers of the Treelord Ancients who lead the sylvaneth to war. Amongst the eldest living creatures in the realms, these towering tree spirits are not only fearsome warriors able to walk the spirit paths at will, but also potent spell-wielders who can loose the wrath of the Wyldwoods upon their victims.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Doom Tendril Staff	18"	1	☀	3+	-1	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sweeping Blows	3"	☀	3+	3+	-1	D6
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	☀	-2	1

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Doom Tendril Staff	Sweeping Blows	Massive Impaling Talons
0-2	2+	3	2+
3-4	3+	2	2+
5-7	4+	2	3+
8-9	5+	1	3+
10+	6+	1	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Treelord Ancient is a single model. It is armed with Massive Impaling Talons, and can also attack with devastating Sweeping Blows, or from afar with its Doom Tendril Staff.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: At the start of the combat phase, the Treelord Ancient stomps the ground; roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a roll of 4 or more, that unit is knocked off their feet by the impact and must subtract 1 from all hit rolls in that combat phase as they regain their footing.

Impale: If a Treelord Ancient's Massive Impaling Talons inflict a wound on an enemy model, roll a dice. If the result exceeds the number of wounds the enemy model has remaining, it is slain.

Spirit Paths: If a Treelord Ancient is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood at the start of your movement phase, they can travel along the spirit paths. If they do so, remove the Treelord Ancient from the battlefield, and then set them up within 3" of a different Sylvaneth Wyldwood, more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for the movement phase.

Silent Communion: In the hero phase, a Treelord Ancient can commune with the realmroots, calling forth a glade of trees. Roll a dice. On a result of 4 or more, you can set up a Sylvaneth Wyldwood. Each Citadel Wood must be placed within 15" of the Treelord Ancient, and not within 3" of any other models.

MAGIC

A Treelord Ancient is a wizard. It can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Awakening the Wood spells.

AWAKENING THE WOOD

Awakening the Wood has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick a Sylvaneth Wyldwood that is within 24" of the caster. Each enemy unit within 3" of this Sylvaneth Wyldwood suffers D3 mortal wounds as the trees come to life and attack with twisted branches and thorny boughs.

COMMAND ABILITY

Heed the Spirit-song: The Treelord Ancient speaks to its kin through the spirit-song, warning them of approaching dangers. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll save rolls of 1 for SYLVANETH units if they are within 10" of the Treelord Ancient.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, TREELORD ANCIENT

TREELORD

Mighty defenders of the forest, the sylvaneth Treelords storm towards the foe with earth-shaking strides. Their roots burrow through the soil as fast as an arrow through the air, exploding from the ground to rend and throttle. Meanwhile, every swing of the Treelord's vast talons slaughters another swathe of enemies.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Strangleroots	12"	5	☀	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sweeping Blows	3"	☀	3+	3+	-1	D6
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	☀	-2	1

Wounds Suffered	DAMAGE TABLE		
	Strangleroots	Sweeping Blows	Massive Impaling Talons
0-2	2+	4	2+
3-4	3+	3	2+
5-7	4+	2	3+
8-9	5+	2	3+
10+	6+	1	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Treelord is a single model. Treelords are armed with Massive Impaling Talons, and can also attack with huge Sweeping Blows, or from afar with writhing Strangleroots.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: At the start of the combat phase, the Treelord stomps the ground; roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a roll of 4 or more, that unit is knocked off their feet by the impact and must subtract 1 from all hit rolls in that combat phase as they regain their footing.

Impale: If a Treelord's Massive Impaling Talons inflict a wound on an enemy model, roll a dice. If the result exceeds the number of wounds the enemy model has remaining, it is slain.

Spirit Paths: If a Treelord is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood at the start of your movement phase it can travel along the spirit paths. If it does so, remove the Treelord from the battlefield, and then set it up within 3" of a different Sylvaneth Wyldwood, more than 9" from any enemy models. This is its move for the movement phase.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, TREELORD

BRANCHWYCH

Fearsome warrior matriarchs of the sylvaneth Households, the Branchwyches lead their kin to battle with blasts of sorcery and hissing swings of their scythes. These same dread weapons are used when the fighting is done to harvest the lamentiri from the fallen, thus preserving the memories and souls of the sylvaneth.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Greenwood Scythe	2"	2	4+	3+	-	2
Bittergrub's Mandibles	1"	1	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Branchwych is a single model. She wields a Greenwood Scythe, which she swings back and forth to reap the lives of her enemies. She is accompanied by a voracious Bittergrub whose Mandibles can cut through flesh and bone with ease.

ABILITIES

Fury of the Forest: Add 1 to all hit rolls made for this model while she is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood.

Quick-tempered: If a Branchwych is wounded in the combat phase, she makes 4 attacks rather than 2 with her Greenwood Scythe for the rest of the phase.

MAGIC

A Branchwych is a wizard. She can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Unleash Spites spells.

UNLEASH SPITES

Unleash Spites has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, the Branchwych summons a swarm of malicious spites which spiral outwards to attack those who have displeased her. For each enemy unit within 9" of the Branchwych, roll as many dice as the result of the casting roll (e.g. if the casting roll was 6, roll 6 dice for each unit in range). For each result of a 6, that enemy unit suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, HERO, WIZARD, BRANCHWYCH

BRANCHWRAITH

Their lithe limbs singing with the power of Ghyran, the Branchwraiths are the priestesses and the leaders of the Forest Folk. At their behest, the Wyldwoods stir to life, and slumbering Dryads emerge from the shadows to answer the Branchwraiths' call to war.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Piercing Talons	2"	3	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Branchwraith is a single model. She is armed with vicious Piercing Talons.

ABILITIES

Blessings of the Forest: Subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against a Branchwraith if she is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood.

MAGIC

A Branchwraith is a wizard. She can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Roused to Wrath spells.

ROUSED TO WRATH

Roused to Wrath has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, set up a unit of 2D6 Dryads more than 3" from the enemy, and fully within a Sylvaneth Wyldwood that is within 12" of the caster.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, HERO, WIZARD, BRANCHWRAITH

TREE-REVENANTS

The Tree-Revenants move with flowing grace, flickering along the spirit paths to carve their way through the enemy ranks. These forest spirits' warrior aspect echoes the Protectors from sylvaneth lore, while their highly ritualised way of war lends them a lethal speed and skill that few enemies can stand against.



MELEE WEAPONS

Enchanted Blade

Protector Glaive

Range

Attacks

To Hit

To Wound

Rend

Damage

1"

2

4+

3+

-1

1

1"

2

4+

3+

-1

2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Tree-Revenants has 5 or more models. They fight with a variety of Enchanted Blades.

SCION

The leader of this unit is a Scion. A Scion wields either a Protector Glaive or an Enchanted Blade. A Scion armed with an Enchanted Blade makes 4 attacks rather than 2.

GLADE BANNER

Models in this unit may bear Glade Banners. Models in a unit containing any Glade Banners can pile in up to 6".

WAYPIPES

Models in this unit may play Waypipes. Instead of moving in the movement phase, a unit with any Waypipes can walk the spirit paths. Remove it from play, and set it up so that all its models are within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood or an edge of the battlefield, and more than 9" from the enemy.

ABILITIES

Martial Memories: Tree-Revenants are suffused with the echoes of their predecessors' lives, and can draw on centuries of experience when they go to war. Once per phase, you can re-roll a single dice for this unit. This could be one of the dice you roll to see how far it charges, a hit roll, a save roll, a battleshock test, a roll to see whether a model is slain by deadly scenery etc.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, TREE-REVENANTS

SPITE-REVENANTS

Where other sylvaneth are graceful and suffused with life magic, the Spite-Revenants are shrieking terrors from the depths of a nightmare. Light and shadow flicker weirdly around these ghastly creatures as they tear and bite at their victims, rending to bloody tatters any who do not simply fling down their weapons and flee.



MELEE WEAPONS

Cruel Talons and Fangs

Range

Attacks

To Hit

To Wound

Rend

Damage

1"

3

4+

4+

-

1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Spite-Revenants has 5 or more models. They need no crafted weapons, tormenting the prey before tearing them apart with their Cruel Talons and Fangs.

SHADESTALKER

The leader of this unit is a Shadestalker. A Shadestalker makes 4 attacks rather than 3 with her Cruel Talons and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Whispers in the Dark: Scenery within 8" of any Spite-Revenants is haunted by susurrating voices which hiss threats in an unknowable tongue. Your opponent must roll two dice when taking battleshock tests for any of their units that are within 3" of such a terrain feature, and use the highest dice result.

Unbridled Malice: Spite-Revenants are rightly feared for the cruel delight they take in granting their prey slow, lingering deaths. Enemy units within 3" of any Spite-Revenants must subtract 1 from their Bravery.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, SPITE-REVENANTS

KURNOTH HUNTERS

The elite of the sylvaneth Wargroves, the Kurnoth Hunters are Free Spirits who fight upon the orders of the Everqueen herself. Strong, swift and incredibly skilled, these warrior spirits embody the power of the hunter god Kurnoth in every blade-swing and bow-shot, picking off their enemies with frightening efficiency.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Kurnoth Greatbow	30"	2	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Kurnoth Greatsword	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	2
Kurnoth Scythe	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	D3
Quiverling's Vicious Claws	1"	3	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Kurnoth Hunters has 3 or more models. Some units wield Kurnoth Greatswords, while others bear wicked Kurnoth Scythes. Others attack at range, loosing arrows from Kurnoth Greatbows while their Quiverling companions attack nearby enemies with their Vicious Claws.

HUNTMASTER

The leader of this unit is a Huntmaster. Add 1 to the result of any hit rolls for a Huntmaster's attacks.

ABILITIES

Tanglethorn Thicket: At the start of either player's charge phase, Kurnoth Hunters can sprout a thick weave of thorned branches. Until the end of the turn, they cannot move except to pile in up to 1", but you can re-roll failed save rolls for them.

Envoys of the Everqueen: If your general is a **SYLVANETH HERO**, any Kurnoth Hunters in your army always count as being in range for any command ability the general uses. In addition, any **SYLVANETH** units within 8" of this unit also count as being in range for any command ability the general uses.

Trample Underfoot: At the end of the combat phase, pick an enemy unit and roll a dice for each Kurnoth Hunter from this unit that is within 1" of it. For each result of 4 or more, the enemy unit suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, KURNOTH HUNTERS

DRYADS

Crooning a song of slaughter, the sylvaneth Dryads stride from the forest's depths to fall upon those who would defile their soulpod groves. With vicious talons, the Dryads stab and strangle, dancing lithely between their enemies even as they tear them apart. They are nature's wrath made manifest, and they vent their spite upon all who despoil the realms.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Wracking Talons	2"	2	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Dryads has 5 or more models. They are armed with vicious Wracking Talons.

BRANCH NYMPH

The leader of this unit is a Branch Nymph. A Branch Nymph makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

ABILITIES

Blessings of the Forest: Subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against this unit if it is within 3" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood.

Enrapturing Song: In your own combat phase, you can enrapture one enemy unit that is within 3" of this unit. You can add 1 to the hit rolls made for these Dryads against the enraptured unit in that combat phase.

Impenetrable Thicket: When Dryads gather in great numbers, their many twisting limbs and branches form an interlocking shield of thorns that protects them against the enemy's blows. You can add 1 to the result of save rolls for this unit if it includes at least 12 models.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, SYLVANETH, DRYADS



SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD

The Wyldwoods of the sylvaneth are far more than mere trees. Ancient, powerful spirits lurk within every sentient trunk and bough, eager for the chance to vent their spite upon beings of flesh and blood. From beneath them spread the realmroots, the spirit paths that heal the lands and provide swift passage for the Noble Spirits.

DESCRIPTION

A Sylvaneth Wyldwood is a terrain feature consisting of up to three Citadel Woods placed within 1" of each other. For the denizens of the forests, they are places of shelter and respite. However, the spirits within the trees are easily angered by other creatures that trespass their boundaries, and magical power is guaranteed to drive the Wyldwood into a fury.

SCENERY RULES

The following scenery rules are used for these models (do not roll on the Scenery Table on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet).

Wyldwood: Roll a dice for each model that makes a run or charge move across, or finishing on, a Sylvaneth Wyldwood. On a roll of 1, the model is slain. Do not roll for models that have the **SYLVANETH**, **MONSTER**, or **HERO** keywords.

Roused By Magic: Roll a dice whenever a spell is successfully cast within 6" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood (even if it is unbound). On a roll of 5 or more, the forest is roused by the magical energy and attacks. If this happens, all units within 1" of the Sylvaneth Wyldwood suffer D3 mortal wounds. **SYLVANETH** units are not attacked if a Wyldwood is roused in this way.

KEYWORDS

SCENERY, SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD

THE RULES

Warhammer Age of Sigmar puts you in command of a force of mighty warriors, monsters and war engines. This rules sheet contains everything you need to know in order to do battle amid strange and sorcerous realms, to unleash powerful magic, darken the skies with arrows, and crush your enemies in bloody combat!

THE ARMIES

Before the conflict begins, rival warlords gather their most powerful warriors.

In order to play, you must first muster your army from the miniatures in your collection. Armies can be as big as you like, and you can use as many models from your collection as you wish. The more units you decide to use, the longer the game will last and the more exciting it will be! Typically, a game with around a hundred miniatures per side will last for about an evening.

WARSCROLLS & UNITS

All models are described by warscrolls, which provide all of the rules for using them in the game. You will need warscrolls for the models you want to use.

Models fight in units. A unit can have one or more models, but cannot include models that use different warscrolls. A unit must be set up and finish any sort of move as a single group of models, with all models within 1" of at least one other model from their unit. If anything causes a unit to become split up during a battle, it must reform the next time that it moves.

TOOLS OF WAR

In order to fight a battle you will require a tape measure and some dice.

Distances in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* are measured in inches ("), between the closest points of the models or units you're measuring to and from. You can measure distances whenever you wish. A model's base isn't considered part of the model – it's just there to help the model stand up – so don't include it when measuring distances.

Warhammer Age of Sigmar uses six-sided dice (sometimes abbreviated to D6). If a rule requires you to roll a D3, roll a dice and halve the total, rounding fractions up. Some rules allow you to re-roll a dice roll, which means you get to roll some or all of the dice again. You can never re-roll a dice more than once, and re-rolls happen before modifiers to the roll (if any) are applied.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Be they pillars of flame, altars of brass or haunted ruins, the realms are filled with strange sights and deadly obstacles.

Battles in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* are fought across an infinite variety of exciting landscapes in the Mortal Realms, from desolate volcanic plains and treacherous sky temples, to lush jungles and cyclopean ruins. The dominion of Chaos is all-pervading, and no land is left untouched by the blight of war. These wildly fantastical landscapes are recreated whenever you play a game of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

The table and scenery you use constitute your battlefield. A battlefield can be any flat surface upon which the models can stand – for example a dining table or the floor – and can be any size or shape provided it's bigger than 3 feet square.

First you should decide in which of the seven Mortal Realms the battle will take place. For example, you might decide that your battle will take place in the Realm of Fire. Sometimes you'll need to know this in order to use certain abilities. If you can't agree on the realm, roll a dice, and whoever rolls highest decides.

The best battles are fought over lavishly designed and constructed landscapes, but whether you have a lot of scenery or only a small number of features doesn't matter! A good guide is at least 1 feature for every 2 foot square, but less is okay and more can make for a really interesting battle.

To help you decide the placement of your scenery, you can choose to roll two dice and add them together for each 2 foot square area of your battlefield and consult the following table:

Roll	Terrain Features
2-3	No terrain features.
4-5	2 terrain features.
6-8	1 terrain feature.
9-10	2 terrain features.
11-12	Choose from 0 to 3 terrain features.

MYSTERIOUS LANDSCAPES

The landscapes of the Mortal Realms can both aid and hinder your warriors. Unless stated otherwise, a model can be moved across scenery but not through it (so you can't move through a solid wall, or pass through a tree, but can choose to have a model climb up or over them). In addition, once you have set up all your scenery, either roll a dice on the following table or pick a rule from it for each terrain feature:

THE SCENERY TABLE

Roll Scenery

- 1 Damned:** If any of your units are within 3" of this terrain feature in your hero phase, you can declare that one is making a sacrifice. If you do so, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds, but you can add 1 to all hit rolls for the unit until your next hero phase.
- 2 Arcane:** Add 1 to the result of any casting or unbinding rolls made for a wizard within 3" of this terrain feature.
- 3 Inspiring:** Add 1 to the Bravery of all units within 3" of this terrain feature.
- 4 Deadly:** Roll a dice for any model that makes a run or charge move across, or finishing on, this terrain feature. On a roll of 1 the model is slain.
- 5 Mystical:** Roll a dice in your hero phase for each of your units within 3" of this terrain feature. On a roll of 1 the unit is befuddled and can't be selected to cast spells, move or attack until your next hero phase. On a roll of 2-6 the unit is ensorcelled, and you can re-roll failed wound rolls for the unit until your next hero phase.
- 6 Sinister:** Any of your units that are within 3" of this terrain feature in your hero phase cause fear until your next hero phase. Subtract 1 from the Bravery of any enemy units that are within 3" of one or more units that cause fear.

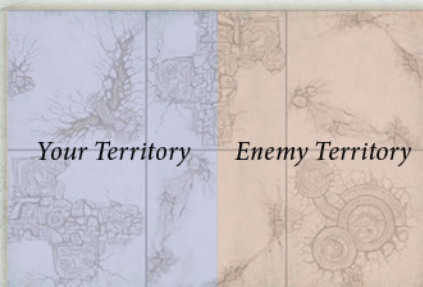
THE BATTLE BEGINS

Thunder rumbles high above as the armies take to the battlefield.

You are now ready for the battle to begin, but before it does you must set up your armies for the coming conflict.

SET-UP

Before setting up their armies, both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls higher must divide the battlefield into two equal-sized halves; their opponent then picks one half to be their territory. Some examples of this are shown below.



The players then alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the player that won the earlier dice roll. Models must be set up in their own territory, more than 12" from enemy territory.

You can continue setting up units until you have set up all the units you want to fight in this battle, or have run out of space. This is your army. Count the number of models in your army – this may come in useful later. Any remaining units are held in reserve, playing no part unless fate lends a hand.

The opposing player can continue to set up units. When they have finished, set-up is complete. The player that finishes setting up first always chooses who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THE GENERAL

Once you have finished setting up all of your units, nominate one of the models you set up as your general. Your general has a command ability, as described in the rules for the hero phase on the next page.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

In the Mortal Realms battles are brutal and uncompromising – they are fought to the bitter end, with one side able to claim victory because it has destroyed its foe or there are no enemy models left on the field of battle. The victor can immediately claim a **major victory** and the honours and triumphs that are due to them, while the defeated must repair to their lair to lick their wounds and bear the shame of failure.

If it has not been possible to fight a battle to its conclusion or the outcome is not obvious, then a result of sorts can be calculated by comparing the number of models removed from play with the number of models originally set up for the battle for each army. Expressing these as percentages provides a simple way to determine the winner. Such a victory can only be claimed as a **minor victory**. For example, if one player lost 75% of their starting models, and the other player lost 50%, then the player that only lost 50% of their models could claim a minor victory.

Models added to your army during the game (for example, through summoning, reinforcements, reincarnation and so on) do not count towards the number of models in the army, but must be counted among the casualties an army suffers.

SUDDEN DEATH VICTORIES

Sometimes a player may attempt to achieve a sudden death victory. If one army has a third more models than the other, the outnumbered player can choose one objective from the sudden death table after generals are nominated. A **major victory** can be claimed immediately when the objective is achieved by the outnumbered player.

TRIUMPHS

After any sudden death objectives have been chosen, if your army won a major victory in its previous battle, roll a dice and look up the result on the triumph table to the right.

THE SUDDEN DEATH TABLE

Assassinate: The enemy player picks a unit with the **HERO**, **WIZARD**, **PRIEST** or **MONSTER** keyword in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

Blunt: The enemy player picks a unit with five or more models in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

Endure: Have at least one model which started the battle on the battlefield still in play at the end of the sixth battle round.

Seize Ground: Pick one terrain feature in enemy territory. Have at least one friendly model within 3" of that feature at the end of the fourth battle round.

THE TRIUMPH TABLE

Roll Triumph

- 1-2 Blessed:** You can change the result of a single dice to the result of your choosing once during the battle.
- 3-4 Inspired:** You can re-roll all of the failed hit rolls for one unit in your army in one combat phase.
- 5-6 Empowered:** Add 1 to your general's Wounds characteristic.

BATTLE ROUNDS

Mighty armies crash together amid the spray of blood and the crackle of magic.

Warhammer Age of Sigmar is played in a series of battle rounds, each of which is split into two turns – one for each player. At the start of each battle round, both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who takes the first turn in that battle round. Each turn consists of the following phases:

- 1. Hero Phase**
Cast spells and use heroic abilities.
- 2. Movement Phase**
Move units across the battlefield.
- 3. Shooting Phase**
Attack with missile weapons.
- 4. Charge Phase**
Charge units into combat.
- 5. Combat Phase**
Pile in and attack with melee weapons.
- 6. Battleshock Phase**
Test the bravery of depleted units.

Once the first player has finished their turn, the second player takes theirs. Once the second player has also finished, the battle round is over and a new one begins.

PRE-BATTLE ABILITIES

Some warscrolls allow you to use an ability 'after set-up is complete'. These abilities are used before the first battle round. If both armies have abilities like this, both players roll a dice, re-rolling in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest gets to use their abilities first, followed by their opponent.

HERO PHASE

As the armies close in, their leaders use sorcerous abilities, make sacrifices to the gods, or give strident commands.

In your hero phase you can use the wizards in your army to cast spells (see the rules for wizards on the last page of these rules).

In addition, other units in your army may have abilities on their warscrolls that can be used in the hero phase. Generally, these can only be used in your own hero phase. However, if an ability says it can be used in every hero phase, then it can be used in your opponent's hero phase as well as your own. If both players can use abilities in a hero phase, the player whose turn it is gets to use all of theirs first.

COMMAND ABILITY

In your hero phase, your general can use one command ability. All generals have the Inspiring Presence command ability, and some may have more on their warscroll.

Inspiring Presence: Pick a unit from your army that is within 12" of your general. The unit that you pick does not have to take battleshock tests until your next hero phase.

MOVEMENT PHASE

The ground shakes to the tread of marching feet as armies vie for position.

Start your movement phase by picking one of your units and moving each model in that unit until you've moved all the models you want to. You can then pick another unit to move, until you have moved as many of your units as you wish. No model can be moved more than once in each movement phase.

MOVING

A model can be moved in any direction, to a distance in inches equal to or less than the Move characteristic on its warscroll. It can be moved vertically in order to climb or cross scenery, but cannot be moved across other models. No part of the model may move further than the model's Move characteristic.

ENEMY MODELS

When you move a model in the movement phase, you may not move within 3" of any enemy models. Models from your army are friendly models, and models from the opposing army are enemy models.

Units starting the movement phase within 3" of an enemy unit can either remain stationary or retreat. If you choose to retreat, the unit must end its move more than 3" away from all enemy units. If a unit retreats, then it can't shoot or charge later that turn (see below).

RUNNING

When you pick a unit to move in the movement phase, you can declare that it will run. Roll a dice and add the result to the Move characteristic of all models in the unit for the movement phase. A unit that runs can't shoot or charge later that turn.

FLYING

If the warscroll for a model says that the model can fly, it can pass across models and scenery as if they were not there. It still may not finish the move within 3" of an enemy in the movement phase, and if it is already within 3" of an enemy it can only retreat or remain stationary.

SHOOTING PHASE

A storm of death breaks over the battle as arrows fall like rain and war machines hurl their deadly payloads.

In your shooting phase you can shoot with models armed with missile weapons.

Pick one of your units. You may not pick a unit that ran or retreated this turn. Each model in the unit attacks with all of the missile weapons it is armed with (see Attacking). After all of the models in the unit have shot, you can choose another unit to shoot with, until all units that can shoot have done so.

CHARGE PHASE

Howling bloodcurdling war cries, warriors hurl themselves into battle to slay with blade, hammer and claw.

Any of your units within 12" of the enemy in your charge phase can make a charge move. Pick an eligible unit and roll two dice. Each model in the unit can move this number in inches. You may not pick a unit that ran or retreated this turn, nor one that is within 3" of the enemy.

The first model you move must finish within 1/2" of an enemy model. If that's impossible, the charge has failed and no models in the charging unit can move in this phase. Once you've moved all the models in the unit, you can pick another eligible unit to make a charge, until all units that can charge have done so.

COMBAT PHASE

Carnage engulfs the battlefield as the warring armies tear each other apart.

Any unit that has charged or has models within 3" of an enemy unit can attack with its melee weapons in the combat phase.

The player whose turn it is picks a unit to attack with, then the opposing player must attack with a unit, and so on until all eligible units on both sides have attacked once each. If one side completes all its attacks first, then the other side completes all of its remaining attacks, one unit after another. No unit can be selected to attack more than once in each combat phase. An attack is split into two steps: first the unit piles in, and then you make attacks with the models in the unit.

Step 1: When you pile in, you may move each model in the unit up to 3" towards the closest enemy model. This will allow the models in the unit to get closer to the enemy in order to attack them.

Step 2: Each model in the unit attacks with all of the melee weapons it is armed with (see Attacking).

BATTLESHOCK PHASE

Even the bravest heart may quail when the horrors of battle take their toll.

In the battleshock phase, both players must take battleshock tests for units from their army that have had models slain during the turn. The player whose turn it is tests first.

To make a battleshock test, roll a dice and add the number of models from the unit that have been slain this turn. For each point by which the total exceeds the highest Bravery characteristic in the unit, one model in that unit must flee and is removed from play. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic being used for every 10 models that are in the unit when the test is taken.

You must choose which models flee from the units you command.

ATTACKING

Blows hammer down upon the foe, inflicting bloody wounds.

When a unit attacks, you must first pick the target units for the attacks that the models in the unit will make, then make all of the attacks, and finally inflict any resulting damage on the target units.

The number of attacks a model can make is determined by the weapons that it is armed with. The weapon options a model has are listed in its description on its warscroll. Missile weapons can be used in the shooting phase, and melee weapons can be used in the combat phase. The number of attacks a model can make is equal to the Attacks characteristic for the weapons it can use.

PICKING TARGETS

First, you must pick the target units for the attacks. In order to attack an enemy unit, an enemy model from that unit must be in range of the attacking weapon (i.e. within the maximum distance, in inches, of the Range listed for the weapon making the attack), and visible to the attacker (if unsure, stoop down and get a look from behind the attacking model to see if the target is visible). For the purposes of determining visibility, an attacking model can see through other models in its unit.

If a model has more than one attack, you can split them between potential target units as you wish. If a model splits its attacks between two or more enemy units, resolve all of the attacks against one unit before moving onto the next one.

MAKING ATTACKS

Attacks can be made one at a time, or, in some cases, you can roll the dice for attacks together. The following attack sequence is used to make attacks one at a time:

1. Hit Roll: Roll a dice. If the roll equals or beats the attacking weapon's To Hit characteristic, then it scores a hit and you must make a wound roll. If not, the attack fails and the attack sequence ends.

2. Wound Roll: Roll a dice. If the roll equals or beats the attacking weapon's To Wound characteristic, then it causes damage and the opposing player must make a save roll. If not, the attack fails and the attack sequence ends.

3. Save Roll: The opposing player rolls a dice, modifying the roll by the attacking weapon's Rend characteristic. For example, if a weapon has a -1 Rend characteristic, then 1 is subtracted from the save roll. If the result equals or beats

the Save characteristic of the models in the target unit, the wound is saved and the attack sequence ends. If not, the attack is successful, and you must determine damage on the target unit.

4. Determine Damage: Once all of the attacks made by a unit have been carried out, each successful attack inflicts a number of wounds equal to the Damage characteristic of the weapon. Most weapons have a Damage characteristic of 1, but some can inflict 2 or more wounds, allowing them to cause grievous injuries to even the mightiest foe, or to cleave through more than one opponent with but a single blow!

In order to make several attacks at once, all of the attacks must have the same To Hit, To Wound, Rend and Damage characteristics, and must be directed at the same enemy unit. If this is the case, make all of the hit rolls at the same time, then all of the wound rolls, and finally all of the save rolls; then add up the total number of wounds caused.

INFLECTING DAMAGE

After all of the attacks made by a unit have been carried out, the player commanding the target unit allocates any wounds that are inflicted to models from the unit as they see fit (the models do not have to be within range or visible to an attacking unit). When inflicting damage, if you allocate a wound to a model, you must keep on allocating wounds to that model until either it is slain, or no more wounds remain to be allocated.

Once the number of wounds suffered by a model during the battle equals its Wounds characteristic, the model is slain. Place the slain model to one side – it is removed from play. Some warscrolls include abilities that allow wounds to be healed. A healed wound no longer has any effect. You can't heal wounds on a model that has been slain.

MORTAL WOUNDS

Some attacks inflict mortal wounds. Do not make hit, wound or save rolls for a mortal wound – just allocate the wounds to models from the target unit as described above.

COVER

If all models in a unit are within or on a terrain feature, you can add 1 to all save rolls for that unit to represent the cover they receive from the terrain. This modifier does not apply in the combat phase if the unit you are making saves for made a charge move in the same turn.

WIZARDS

The realms are saturated with magic, a seething source of power for those with the wit to wield it.

Some models are noted as being a wizard on their warscroll. You can use a wizard to cast spells in your hero phase, and can also use them to unbind spells in your opponent's hero phase. The number of spells a wizard can attempt to cast or unbind each turn is detailed on its warscroll.

CASTING SPELLS

All wizards can use the spells described below, as well as any spells listed on their warscroll. A wizard can only attempt to cast each spell once per turn.

To cast a spell, roll two dice. If the total is equal to or greater than the casting value of the spell, the spell is successfully cast.

If a spell is cast, the opposing player can choose any one of their wizards that is within 18" of the caster, and that can see them, and attempt to unbind the spell before its effects are applied. To unbind a spell, roll two dice. If the roll beats the roll used to cast the spell, then the spell's effects are negated. Only one attempt can be made to unbind a spell.

ARCANE BOLT

Arcane Bolt has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 18" of the caster and which is visible to them. The unit you pick suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MYSTIC SHIELD

Mystic Shield has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick the caster, or a friendly unit within 18" of the caster and which is visible to them. You can add 1 to all save rolls for the unit you pick until the start of your next hero phase.

THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE

In a game as detailed and wide-ranging as *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*, there may be times when you are not sure exactly how to resolve a situation that has come up during play. When this happens, have a quick chat with your opponent, and apply the solution that makes the most sense to you both (or seems the most fun!). If no single solution presents itself, both of you should roll a dice, and whoever rolls higher gets to choose what happens. Then you can get on with the fighting!

WHAT'S NEXT?

Warhammer Age of Sigmar is a collecting, painting and gaming experience whose appeal and excitement lasts a lifetime. Whether it be assembling and painting a mighty horde of fantastical warriors or immersing yourself in the magical worlds and stories of the realms, *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* offers endless opportunities for enjoyment. Equally, if you hunger to launch your own crusade of conquest, you'll be hurling your armies into bloody battle before you know it.

INTO THE REALMS...

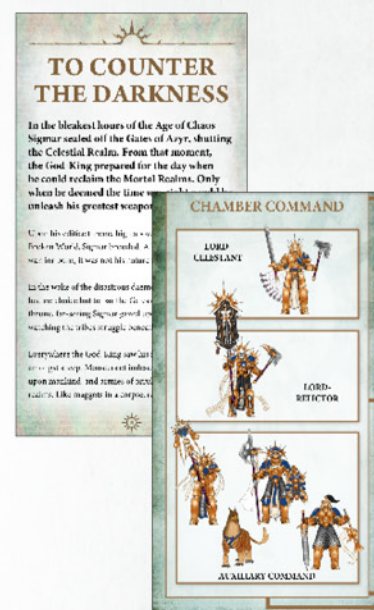
They say that every journey begins with a single step, and in the case of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* there is no better first step than the starter set itself. Contained within this exceptional set is an impressive range of beautifully detailed Citadel Miniatures, excellent starting forces for the brave and noble Stormcast Eternals and the murderous Khorne Bloodbound. This starter set is the starting point of a truly

epic story, pitting Vandus Hammerhand and his Hammers of Sigmar against the daemon-worshipping Korghos Khul and his cruel Goretide warriors. As such, not only does this starter set get you off to a great start with your model collections, but it also represents an excellent way to learn the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules and plunge straight into the story of the Age of Sigmar.



Another excellent avenue into *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is the book of the same name. Providing the perfect companion volume to the contents of the starter set, this book is replete with beautiful artwork, helpful painting guides and showcases of models painted by the world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team – all in all, it's an excellent visual guide to the war across the realms. Furthermore, this book expands hugely upon the back story

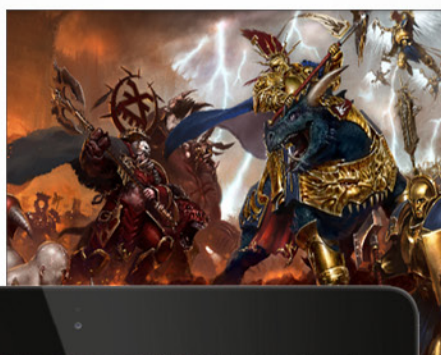
of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*, setting out the blood-soaked history of the Age of Chaos and revealing the opening moves of the God-King Sigmar's great gambit to defeat the Dark Gods. As if all this were not enough, it provides a wealth of warscrolls and battleplans allowing you to expand your own collections of miniatures, add new factions to your battles, and fight through many exciting new scenarios as your army grows.



THE REALMGATE WARS

A major feature of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is its grand, ongoing narrative. This is more than just a collecting and gaming experience, it is also an interactive saga of battle in which you play the lead role. Just as *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* helps you begin this journey, so your copy of *The Realmgate Wars: Quest for Ghal Maraz* plunges you deeper

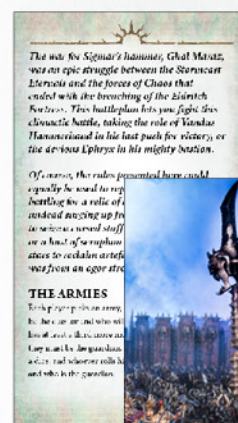
into this epic tale. This is an excellent next step down the collecting road, as this book details a plethora of new units to add to your armies and new battleplans for them to fight through. This is but the first in an ongoing series of narrative supplements, so as your collection of Citadel Miniatures grows and diversifies, so the stories you can tell on the battlefield grow ever more grand and exciting as well.



BATTLETOMES

Many collectors begin their journey with the miniatures from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* starter set, which provides all the excitement and satisfaction you need in your introduction to the battlefields of the Mortal Realms. Soon enough though, you will probably find that the many factions that wage war across the realms draw your eye. With their ever-growing miniatures ranges and inspiring stories, the races of the realms offer near-endless diversity for collectors; in each case, this history and model range is fully explored in the battletome

that accompanies that race. Whether it be the gore-drenched berserkers of the Khorne Bloodbound, the god-forged heroes of the Stormcast Eternals, the strange and otherworldly seraphon, or any of the other warlike races that populate the realms, the battletome will furnish you with everything you need to collect, organise, and tell stories upon the battlefield with that race. Thus, with each battletome you read, your knowledge of the races of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* will grow, and most likely your miniatures collection along with it.



THE STORY CONTINUES

With such vast and thrilling worlds to explore, there's always scope for more stories and greater adventures. As a fantastic companion to the narrative presented in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* collecting and gaming supplements – and your own tabletop tales of war and glory – you can also read about the exploits of the heroes and villains of the realms in our accompanying novels. These books can be both an invaluable

source of inspiration for your collection, and a great way to live out the action of the Realmgate Wars and beyond, blow by visceral blow. Such exciting tales as *War Storm* and *Ghal Maraz* tie directly into the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* narrative as it develops, giving you yet another route into the Mortal Realms and providing unique insights into the action that aren't available anywhere else.

